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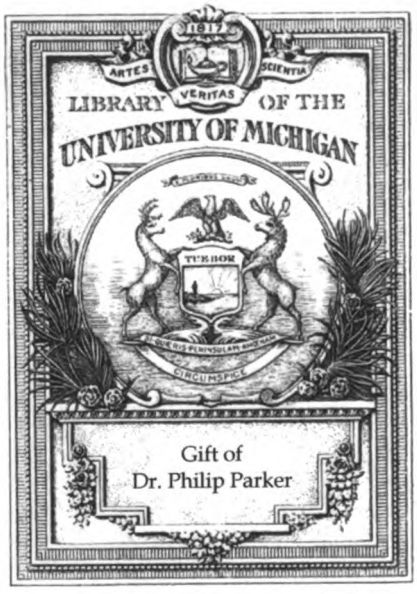
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THE

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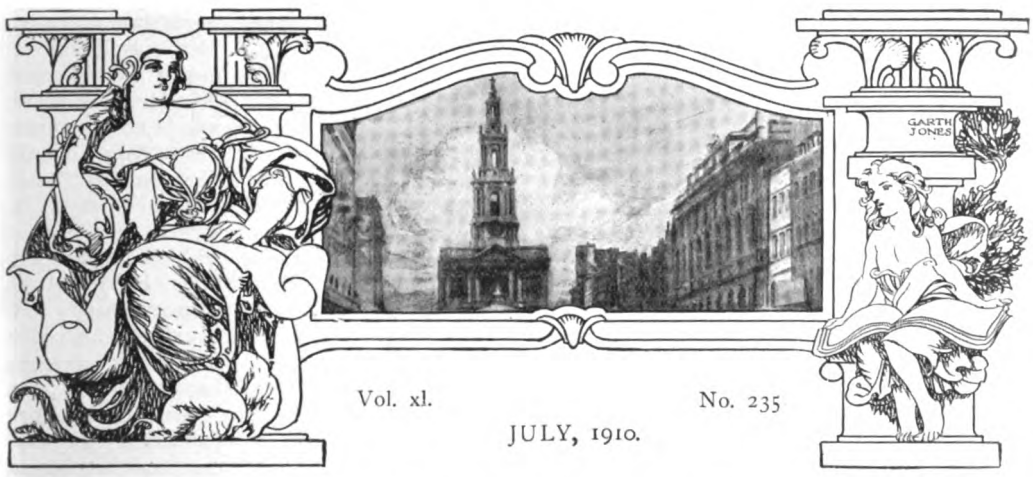
GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, AND EXETER STREET, STRAND, LONDON, ENGLAND.

"THERE, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STUDIO, WAS THE LAY-FIGURE, DRAPED IN ITS WHITE SHEET, KNEELING AND PRAYING TO THE MOON!"

(*See page* 17.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE



Vol. xl. No. 235
JULY, 1910.

THE FIRE-ESCAPE.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

IF Kitty Drew had done as she once proposed and had written an essay on fathers she would have been unjust to many excellent men. Her experience of fathers was limited. It was, in fact, confined utterly to her own, and her own was an uncommon person. He was not only a misanthrope, but a misogynist as well. Taking this view of the world in general it was not likely that he would smile on young men as lovers. He reduced his own clerks to anguish and despair; they shook their fists at him and shook the dust of his office from their boots as soon as they could get another job at nearly the same money. Such male friends as he possessed he entertained at his club; they never entered the flat where he was currently reported to keep a very pretty daughter guarded by an ironclad great-aunt of imperishable virtue and incalculable ugliness. He had no feminine friends; his view of his own brief married life was that he had been temporarily insane. His wife's view was that she also had been mad to marry him, and she died with no other regret than Kitty. If she had been a student of heredity she might have had hopes for her daughter's future. A hard father is pretty sure to run up against some of his own characteristics in his offspring, and though Kitty was as sweet as violets she had as much courage deep within her as her armoured and cuirassed aunt could boast. Nevertheless, being sweet, she was long-suffering, and endured the slings and arrows of her outrageous fortune till she was twenty. On her birthday her father presented her with a shilling copy of the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius" and her aunt gave her a thick veil. Kitty opened Marcus Aurelius and, having read a few solemn remarks which were all very well for a Stoic emperor but had little relevance to the life of a pretty girl in Kensington, put the book down again with lifted eyebrows.

"Good heavens," said Kitty, scornfully; "it's all about wisdom!"

She inspected the thick veil with much disdain.

"Aunt says it's for my complexion. She doesn't want my complexion to be seen. But it shall be seen."

She painted in water-colours, but her complexion needed no paint. Any painter would have yearned to depict it on canvas, and Kitty had a very strong notion that one artist did yearn to put it there. She would have had no objection, but, as he had only seen her twice in the street when her aunt was convoying her, she had no chance of telling him so.

"But I would—yes, I would!" said Kitty. She knew he was a painter, for she saw paint on his coat-sleeve the first time they passed each other in the street, and the second time there was an accidental patch of cobalt-blue on his cheek. He also had cobalt-blue in his eyes, blue that looked merry and would not wash out, while his moustache was a very pleasing tint, being the colour of brown madder with a little chrome yellow in it. The second time they passed in the Kensington High Street he looked at her pleadingly, and Kitty's heart beat ninety to the minute instead of a modest eighty.

"KITTY OPENED MARCUS AURELIUS."

"He'd like to speak to me," said Kitty. "I wish he would, but I wouldn't let him, of course."

Then she added:—

"Wait till I'm twenty!"

Now she was twenty, and had Marcus Aurelius and a thick veil to prove it.

"What shall I do?" she said, when she went back to her little sitting-room, where she faked pretty water-colours and mourned for the passing of youth.

"Oh, Polly, what shall I do?" she cried. And the parrot, who was as wise as Marcus Aurelius or any owl, put his head sideways and said nothing.

"Silly bird," said Kitty; "we're both in a prison. You don't seem to mind it. But I do. To think that I can't go out by myself even at my age."

It certainly was ridiculous, but Miss Araminta Bolt, the armour-clad aunt, always went out with her.

"I get no chance," said Kitty, sadly. Miss Bolt never meant to give her one. Her sole desire was to keep her niece unmarried. She could not have explained why. It was in her bones, and as she was all bones Kitty had no opportunity of escape, unless something strange happened.

She went on painting and thinking, and had lunch with the impenetrable aunt without seeing any way out of the flat into real life.

"Put on your veil and come for a walk," said the impenetrable one.

"I can't see through it," said Kitty.

"You can't be seen through it, you mean," said Miss Bolt.

"Yes, that's what I do mean," said Kitty. She felt she could endure no more. She must be open, even if rude, or perish for ever. Her aunt glared at her.

"You actually mean you desire to be seen?" she asked, ferociously.

"Why not?" asked Kitty, airily. "I rather like it."

"You rather like it—oh, I must speak to your father," said her aunt. "This is preposterous! You never said such a thing before. I wish I had bought a thicker one."

"I could have used it as a blanket," said Kitty, as she went to her room.

"What has come to the girl?" asked Miss Bolt. "I am alarmed—really alarmed. Has she, in spite of my tender, unremitting care, seen or spoken to—a Man?"

Thomas Drew was not a man; he was her nephew, and he disliked men as much as

she did. A Man to Miss Araminta Bolt was someone with a bright eye and a quick tongue — a creature who ran after and devoured pretty girls, one a week at the least. They were all wicked, not to be trusted during five minutes by any woman.

"I fear she has seen a Man," said Miss Bolt. Nevertheless, she took Kitty into the Gardens, and when they were safe inside she breathed more easily. There are large desolate spaces in the Gardens free from men. She chose the largest and emptiest of them, and walked in the middle of it, eyeing every vista as if a lion in the shape of a godlike youth were likely to issue from it and bear off Kitty. Kitty walked beside her, but her mind was not there, nor was her heart. Though she had not by any means surrendered it to the artist with cobalt-blue eyes, her mind was very busy with him. He was actually and without doubt the very first man she had ever seen in her life who seemed sympathetic, and when anyone is sympathetic his eyes speak most eloquently.

"You are very silent, Kitty," said her great-aunt.

"Yes," said Kitty.

"Why is it?" asked Majesty in buckram.

"I haven't anything to say," replied youth in chains.

"Have you read any of Marcus Aurelius yet?" asked her aunt, by way of making light conversation.

"No," said Kitty.

"Let us go home," said her aunt, curtly. She was moved to do this, not only by Kitty's conversation, which was either the result of impudence or incipient idiocy, but also by the fact that a Man was seen coming their way with long strides. Kitty saw him, too, and put up her veil for an instant. Afar off she recognized the fact that the man was an artist. He was carrying a pochard box and a light easel.

"I believe he's Cobalt-Eyes," said Kitty. With a dexterous hand she undid her veil at the back and, letting it fall, trod on it heavily.

"Oh, dear, my veil fell off," said Kitty, "and I've trodden on it, aunt."

"Most extraordinary," said Miss Bolt. And then the Man passed them. He looked at Miss Bolt firmly, doing it in a way that increased Kitty's respect for him. She had seen strong old men quail when meeting her aunt's grey eye. Then he looked at Kitty and smiled, and suddenly looked sad too.

Then a remarkable thing happened. The artist, using great dexterity to accomplish the feat, put the legs of the easel between his own legs and fell headlong.

"Oh, dear; oh, dear!" said Kitty. For he went down quite heavily. The pochard box flew three yards and came open and all the paints tumbled out and lay scattered on the grass. Miss Bolt stopped, transfixed with horror. She might not understand Kitty, but she did understand that if this wretched stranger had really hurt himself she would have to stop and speak to him. She now regretted she had chosen that particular open space.

"Oh," said Cobalt-Eyes. He made an awful face, a face of extreme anguish. Such a look would have inspired pity in Medusa's self. Kitty clasped her hands.

"Oh, aunt, he's hurt himself," she cried.

Miss Bolt clenched her fists and advanced majestically. "Have you hurt yourself?" she demanded, as if she were going to hit him.

"I'm afraid so," said the stranger, caressing his ankle.

"Can you move?" asked Kitty, anxiously.

"I doubt it," said the stranger; "it's most silly of me. How did I do it?"

"It was the easel," said Kitty. She began to pick up the paints and restore them to the pochard box.

"Can we do anything for you, sir?" demanded Miss Bolt, reluctantly.

"Oh, what?" asked Kitty.

"Perhaps you might," said the artist, "if you would be so good."

"What shall we do?" demanded Miss Bolt.

He said his name was Carey and that he lived in the block of studios two streets away, at Number seventeen, but perhaps if they would be kind enough to call at Number ten on the ground floor his friend Simpson would come and help him home.

"Very well, we will call on Mr. Simpson," said Miss Bolt. "Good morning. Come, Kitty."

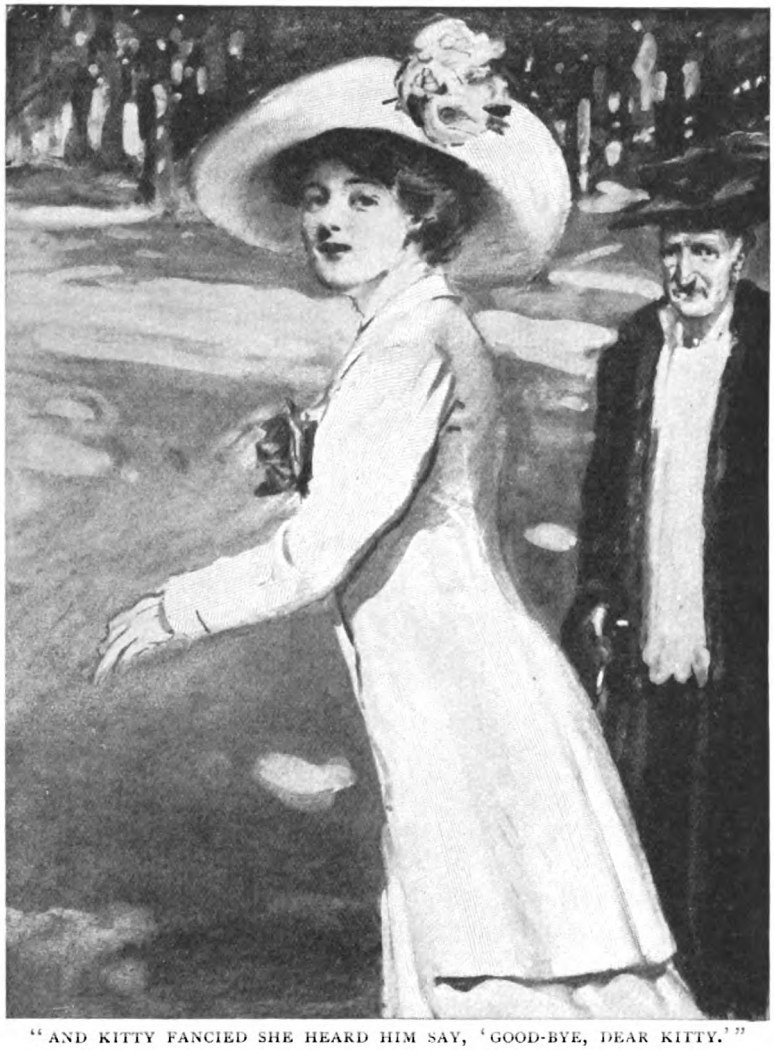
"Here's another tube," said Kitty. She put it in the box, closed it, and carried it to Cobalt-Eyes.

"Oh, how sweet of you," he whispered.

"I'm so—so sorry," said Kitty.

They exchanged looks—very remarkable looks. His said she was too pretty for words, and that it was an awful shame that she had her aunt with her, and that he would love her till death. Hers were more reticent, but not at all discouraging, for they agreed with his on the subject of aunts, and said she rather liked him.

"Come, Kitty," said her aunt, sternly.



"AND KITTY FANCIED SHE HEARD HIM SAY, 'GOOD-BYE, DEAR KITTY.'"

And Kitty fancied she heard him say:—

"Good-bye, dear Kitty."

Of course she knew that must be imagination. Nevertheless she went quite pink, and was glad to have the veil, which she put on quickly, to hide her complexion from Araminta Bolt's fierce scrutiny.

"It's most unfortunate," said her aunt.

"Yes, poor fellow," said Kitty.

"I mean having to speak to one total stranger and to have to go to the studio of another. Studios are, I am credibly informed, dens of infamy," said Miss Bolt, severely.

Kitty, who was very happy, did not contradict her, though she did not believe it.

"I think he's delightful. It's the third time I've seen him. I wonder if he—oh, how silly I am!" said Kitty to herself.

Her aunt knocked at the door of Number ten, and was confronted by a merry-looking man in his shirt-sleeves. But he looked less merry when he saw Miss Bolt.

"Yes, madam; what is it?"

"If you are Mr. Simpson, I have to inform you that a Mr. Carey is in the Gardens with a sprained ankle and desires your assistance in returning home," said Miss Bolt, gloomily.

"Good Lord! Tom Carey!" said Simpson; "you don't say so? What part of the Gardens?"

"Not far from the Round Pond," said Miss Bolt. "Good morning."

"Good morning, madam," said Simpson. "I'll put on my coat and nip out."

He caught sight of Kitty and stared hard at her, as any artist might.

"Come, my dear," said Miss Bolt. And from that lady's point of view the incident was closed. She had done her duty, and was satisfied with the sacrifice she had made to it by calling at a "den of infamy." Kitty was also satisfied. She knew Cobalt-Eyes' real name, even his Christian name, and where he lived, and felt that he took a great interest in her. No one but the young can tell what it is to find that an interesting stranger thinks about them. Kitty would have been even more pleased than she was if she had heard her injured friend talking to Simpson. For Simpson did as he said. He put on a coat and hurried to the Round Pond. He found Carey without difficulty, for the painter with the sprained ankle was all alone in the middle of a space smoking a pipe.

"Halloa," said Simpson, "what's all this about? Are you hurt?"

"Not a bit," replied Carey, happily.

"Why, a preposterous person in black and steel said you were," cried Simpson.

"She thought so," said Carey. "In fact I said I was."

"Said you were? I don't savvy," said Simpson, who was a great scallawag, and, having been all over the world, had gathered a pretty stock of slang.

"Did you see the girl with the old piece?" asked Carey, who was also rather slangy.

"Rather! She was sweet. I'd like to paint her," replied Simpson.

"You won't! I will. It was all for her sake I did it," said Carey.

"Did what?" asked Simpson.

"Tripped myself up with my own easel. I went an awful socker," said Carey. "Her name's Kitty—she's a darling. I'm in love with her. She was very sorry for me and picked up my paints. It's a case with me. I wonder what her other name is."

"What an ass you are," grunted Simpson.

"Of course I am. You are, about Edith," said Carey. "If it's safe I may hobble home now. I suppose the ironclad damsel of seventy winters, as old Malory would say, is at home by now."

He rose, picked up his easel and pochard box, and went to his studio.

"I'm going to find out who she is and where she lives, and I think I shall marry her," said Carey.

"Idiot," said Simpson.

That is what Kitty called herself. For she could not help what her own mind kept saying to her. It talked as if it were another person—a chum who would say nice and disturbing things.

"He loves you, I'm sure," said Kitty's chum. "And you love him."

"Nonsense," replied Kitty; "nothing of the sort. Still, he was nice, and he looked as if he liked me. Tom Carey! It's a very, very nice name."

"Mrs. Carey," suggested her mind, and Kitty blushed till she was nearly the colour of her parrot's reddest feathers.

"Oh, dear," she said, "I wonder if I shall ever see him again?"

She looked forward to a series of dim, dull, impossible days, unlightened by the sun of his presence. Weeks—stupid, endless, preposterous weeks, might pass before Cobalt-Eyes looked at her again.

"How shall I endure it?" she asked. She picked up Marcus Aurelius. He was horribly wise, and might tell her how to endure it. Was he not a Stoic? And Kitty understood that a Stoic could endure anything. She came instantly on the following passage.

"Then hath a man attained to the estate of perfection in his life and conversation when he so spends every day as if it was his last day——"

"Oh, nonsense," said Kitty; "just as if a man could. Or as if I could. And I won't."

She preferred to spend every day as if it were the day before her first day. For the first day would certainly be when someone said he loved her to utter distraction, or used words to that effect, even if he didn't tear his hair about it. But the notion so upset her that she jumped up and spoke to the parrot, who looked as wise as Marcus Aurelius, but had a touch of human wickedness in him as every parrot has.

"Good old Polly," said Kitty.

Good old Polly opened up his head feathers and bent to be scratched. So long as Kitty scratched he almost purred, but when she withdrew her finger he tried to bite her.

"Bad old Polly," said Kitty, and Polly whimpered and then looked at her with the intelligence of a satiric philosopher.

"He looks as if he knew," said Kitty. "Do you know, Polly?"

"Scratch-a-poll," said Polly, with an evil smile.

"I love him," said Kitty. "I—I do!"

She spent the afternoon thinking about him and about herself and about her father and about her aunt. At four o'clock Miss Bolt entertained with tea and her conversation three old maids who had all her horror of men. Kitty handed them their cups and

wished the tea was something frightfully intoxicating, or anything to make them natural and lively. When the ordeal was over she read aloud to her aunt. It was a book on Peace. Kitty read it as if it were about war and revolutions, for she was in revolt. After this daily sacrifice to her aunt's astigmatism she tried to paint dear Kensington Gardens from her window, which looked sideways on it. She went out on her little iron balcony which overlooked flat roofs only a storey below her. From her balcony a steep iron fire-escape went down to them. This same ladder also went up to the storey above. Her father, who had a large interest in the flats and owned the two next houses, had put it there, because he dreaded fire as much as Araminta dreaded men and marriage. Kitty often wished to climb the ladder and look into windows, and see if there were tragedies and comedies going on inside. If there were tragedies she hoped they were more entertaining than her own, for the greatest tragedy of all is for nothing to happen. She also thought it would be delightful to climb down upon the roofs below. She saw in the distance several sky-lights and had often noticed light in them when it grew dark.

"I believe—oh, I do believe, they're the windows of the studios," said Kitty, with a gasp. And then the sun went down and the shadows of night came fast. She heard her father come in and she sighed, put away her water-colours, and dressed for dinner. When she saw her father he kissed her perfunctorily and asked if dinner was ready. He thought a great deal about dinner and also about stocks and shares, rubber and Rhodesians, and tin from the Straits Settlements. He could talk about these things with animation which excited wonder in Kitty.

"How do you like the book I gave you?" he asked, when the joint was removed. It was his second remark. His first had been about the soup.

"Oh, Marcus Aurelius. I—I think he's rather dry," replied Kitty.

"You shouldn't say that a book your father gives you is dry," said her great-aunt.

"Why not," asked Kitty, "if it is dry?"

"Life is dry," said her father; "it is necessary to get accustomed to the fact. I bought it in order to cultivate the philosophical side of your character."

"I haven't a philosophical side to my character, papa," said Kitty; "have you?"

"I suppose so," replied her father; "oh, yes, of course."

"And do you like the book yourself?" asked Kitty.

"I've not read it," said Mr. Drew.

"It recommends you to live every day as if it were your last," said Kitty; "do you think that's right?"

"Quite right," said her aunt; "I do so myself."

"I prefer to live as if every day was the day after to-morrow," said Kitty, pensively.

"I don't see how that can be done," said her father.

"It's quite easy, I think," replied Kitty; "but do you live as if every day were your last, papa?"

Mr. Drew wriggled uneasily in his chair.

"Not exactly, perhaps, but it's only right and proper one should" he replied.

"Why is it right and proper?" asked Kitty.

"I daresay Marcus Aurelius explains that," interrupted Miss Bolt. "You shouldn't worry your father at meals, Kitty."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Drew. "I hate being worried at meals."

"Well, certainly I didn't begin about old Marcus Aurelius," said Kitty.

"Don't be pert, girl," said her aunt.

And Kitty smiled, while Mr. Drew went on eating as if it were to be his last meal on earth. When the cheery repast came to a close Kitty retired to her own den, took off her frock, put on her dressing-gown and slippers, and then gave the parrot some sugar. By that time it was dark, and Kitty went out on her little balcony overlooking the world. She saw the lights come out and saw some of the glass roofs of the studios begin to shine. She dreamed for an hour or even more, for the air was warm and kindly.

"I wonder which is—Tom's light," she said. Then she blushed, but she was sure he liked her tremendously.

"Oh, life's very dull," she murmured, "but it's not so dull to-day as it was yesterday, I'm sure of that. I feel—I feel as if——"

She did not quite know how she felt, but it was as if the cage-door opened. She heard the parrot talking to himself in the room behind her. The parrot was apparently engaged in pitying himself.

"Poor, poor Polly," said the parrot, in a tone of heartrending pathos. His remark naturally aroused sympathy in Kitty. So she brought him out and put the cage down beside her chair without noticing that its door was not quite shut. Then she went back again into the room and once more picked up Marcus Aurelius. If she could

have foreseen, through her desire to live each day as if it were the day after to-morrow, what that book was to accomplish for her, she would have kissed it. As it was she looked at it acidly and opened it with some disdain for philosophy. She chanced upon —"Is the cucumber bitter? set it away. Brambles are in the way? avoid them. Let this suffice." Whereupon she stamped and said, "Oh, nonsense, nonsense," and threw the poor Meditations on the floor, as she stood by the window. The little book fell on its edge close to the window-sill and bounced into the balcony, whereon Polly, who had got out of the cage, gave a terrible squawk, and fluttering through the rails of the balcony went down upon the flat roofs fifteen feet below. And Kitty, too, squeaked.

"Oh, now I've done it—I've done it!" said she. "What—what shall I do?"

By this time it was quite dark save for the lamps and stars and the lights from some of the upper windows in the distance. Nevertheless she could see Polly on the roof beneath her.

"POOR POLLY!"

"Oh, Polly, Polly," said Kitty. She might as well have whistled to the winds. Polly acted as if liberty was as sweet as sugar, and said, cheerfully, "Scratch-a-poll." Then he started on a laborious walk eastwards along the roofs.

"Good heavens," said Kitty. "I must go down, I must." The little gate which led from her balcony to the fire-escape was rusty on its hinges; it groaned as sadly when she opened it as if it warned her of dangers and disasters. She got on the steep ladder-steps and went down gingerly. No one could see her, after all, so what did it matter? To catch Polly would be easy, and in a few minutes she would be back in her room. But things are not always what they seem, and so far the philosophers, including Marcus Aurelius, are right. Polly undoubtedly loved her, but for the moment loved exploration better. He was not in the least nervous, while she was. To be out on the roofs of strange houses just as the clock strikes ten is an odd situation for any young lady of twenty. And to have to chase an elusive parrot there made it no less odd.

"Oh, Polly," said Kitty.

And Polly waddled onwards. Kitty followed gingerly, and tried to get ahead of him. The bird said he was pretty in a hoarse, harsh whisper, and fluttered a yard or two farther. Then he came to a two-foot wall dividing one roof from another. Kitty thought she had him. But the parrot thought not. He flew up with a prodigious flutter of unaccustomed wings.

"Oh, bother you," said Kitty, angrily. But she was persevering and no coward. There was natural grit in her. She had endured Miss Bolt for years, and could stand anything in reason. She climbed over the little wall and saw Polly waddling faster. It was a new delightful game for the bird. He had dim remembrance of wide spaces somewhere in South America. It is quite possible that he believed he would get there presently. At any rate, it was more amusing than being in a cage.

"I'll catch you, if I'm here all night," said Kitty. Polly scaled another wall. So did Kitty. She never looked back. She forgot her father and her aunt and Marcus Aurelius. But she never forgot Tom Carey. There was something inside her which said: "If Polly gets all the way to those studios you might look through a skylight and see him." It was ridiculous, but that is what her mind said. Of course, no one is responsible for what one's mind says, but Kitty refused to listen, which was only right and proper in a well-brought-up girl.

"I'm really only thinking of Polly," she said. "Oh, I wish he'd stop."

It is extraordinary how fast parrots can go on a roof without really flying. No one who has not seen it can believe the pace they get up. Polly waddled, flapped, and floundered absurdly, but nevertheless put space behind him. Three times Kitty reached out her hand to grab him, regardless of the savage bite he would reward her with, but each time she closed her little hand on empty air. Once she touched him and he actually flew the whole distance of a roof-top.

"You—you demon!" said Kitty. The ardour of the chase got hold of her; she felt capable of following him over the house-tops of all London, including the dome of the Albert Hall. And then as she climbed another little wall she saw a skylight in the roof before her. It was the first of the studios.

"Perhaps you'll see Tom," said the irrepressible part of her, the part of her mind which seemed someone else. One always does feel like someone else when in entirely new circumstances, and Kitty had never before chased parrots over roofs between ten and eleven o'clock at night, so it was not surprising that she seemed a little unlike the girl her aunt knew. And that parrot was, perhaps, somewhat more than himself. When Kitty looked back on that hour afterwards he was less a bird than destiny. Now he scrambled on glass and stood on the ridge of a skylight which was not flat but rose to an obtuse angle. Kitty shook her fist at him and looked at the glass.

"I dare not go on it; suppose—oh, suppose I fell through!"

Nevertheless the studio beneath was not lighted. There was apparently no one in it. So Kitty hunted round, and finding some lumps of plaster began to throw them at Polly. He behaved exactly like the celebrated fool-hen of the Western Prairies. Every time a lump of badly-aimed plaster came close to him he gave a little sideways jump and then preened himself at having escaped. The worse Kitty's aim the more angry she grew. She chose larger lumps of plaster, and at last when she had hit the space all round Polly she got a bull's-eye, so to speak. A chunk took Polly where he lived, and over he went backwards, uttering dismal squawks. When he got up he flew upon the next studio.

"All right," said Kitty. "I'll catch you, if I stay at it all night."

This was perhaps an exaggeration, but at the moment she felt equal to hunting him from Hounslow to Hoxton, over all the bricks and mortar intervening. She climbed another low wall, and as she did so Polly fluttered over the next one. The studio on the roof of which she now stood was lighted, so she went very gingerly. When she looked through the skylight she seemed dimly aware of a figure below her—the figure of a man. She wondered if it was Tom Carey! Her heart beat fast, she caught her breath and looked. But the glass was dirty; she could see nothing distinctly. Then she remembered the parrot and pursued the chase. She had another low wall to climb. Polly again selected glass, and flopped about on it as if he were trying to learn skating. The studio beneath was quite brilliantly lighted, but so far as Kitty could see there was no one in it. She went quietly this time, and said "Polly, Polly," as coaxingly as she could. For she was really very angry. She did not know all that gorgeous bird of fate was doing for her.

"I wonder if I could go on the glass," she said, as she tried to creep round quietly so as to get the other side of Polly. This time she almost succeeded in passing him. But just as she was on the point of doing so he gave a terrific squawk and flew. Kitty made a jump, slipped on some slates, recovered herself with difficulty, and stepped upon glass before she knew it. For an instant the glass held, then there was a loud crack, and Kitty gave as sudden and horrid a yell as ever any parrot had perpetrated. The next moment she went clean through the skylight. It seemed to her that it took an absurd time for her to fall. Beneath her she perceived several gas-jets, a stove with a fire in it, and some canvases on easels. But the thing that saved her she did not see, as it was exactly beneath her. It was a very big ottoman, fortunately with strong springs and many cushions. She went down on it with a plump that tried the workmanship of the springs as they had never been tried before, and a shower of glass fell with her. The breath was fairly knocked out of her, and she sat for several seconds where she fell.

"Oh, now I *have* done it," said Kitty.

There was no doubt of it—she had done it completely. She was in a studio, belonging no doubt to a stranger, and could not get back to save her life. For one wild instant she hoped it was the studio of Cobalt-Eyes, but she knew that that was not likely. He lived at Number seventeen, which implied that there were at least seventeen of them, and this meant that it was, at the smallest computation, seventeen to one against it being his place. She had learnt arithmetic, and she faced the facts as well as she could.

"What shall I do?" she asked. Looking up she saw that she had fallen many feet. It was lucky things were no worse. She might have been severely injured. As a matter of fact she was not even scratched, though the ottoman was covered with fragments of glass, which also lay on the floor. But at this minute of breathless surprise the

happier aspect of her surprising adventure did not occur to her. Supposing the door opened and the owner of the studio entered! She felt that an explanation was beyond her, and already was almost in tears. But she got up, shook some glass out of her dressing-gown, recovered a shed slipper, put it on, and looked about her. The first thing she saw behind the ottoman was a human-looking figure covered with a sheet. She gasped, and then saw that it was a lay-figure in a chair.

"Oh, dear," said Kitty. And even as she spoke she heard voices outside the studio. She gasped again and listened with her mouth open. She heard a short conversation.

"All right; wait till I put my gas out," said someone.

"Oh, he's coming in," said Kitty. "But if he is going to put his gas out he won't stay."

She did not catch the next words, but someone called in the passage, and the man outside apparently went away from the door.

"I'll hide," said Kitty; "I'll hide."

Why she should hide or what she was to do afterwards did not trouble her. The only thing in her mind was to avoid being found there. She might be able to get out presently and make her way back home through the streets. She had a dim notion that it would seem very odd at home when she rang at the flat and found them in bed. Nevertheless, all that was in the dim and distant future; she had to deal with the present. In fact, she lost her head completely.

"Where shall I hide?" said Kitty. There was no screen in the place; the ottoman was very low, and she did not see another door which led into a bedroom. And there seemed little time. She heard a shout of laughter outside. It made her shiver. She saw the lay-figure again and an idea came to her.

"Oh, yes," said Kitty. "I'll—I'll be it."

Steps approached once more. She ran to the lay-figure, pulled the sheet off it, picked up the figure, thrust it under the ottoman, which took it with great difficulty, sat down on the chair, and threw the sheet over her head. She hadn't been there five seconds

"THE NEXT MOMENT SHE WENT CLEAN THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT."

before the door opened and a man's steps sounded in the room. He came in whistling, went straight to the gas, and turned it down. And just then another man called out. Kitty didn't hear what he said, but apparently he called the owner of the studio "Bankes."

"Yes, what is it?" asked Bankes.

"That ass Billy has let his fire out," said the other man coming to the studio door.

"Just like Billy," said Bankes.

"Exactly like Billy," owned the other man. "Shall we go to my studio or stay here, or go to Carey's?"

If the light had not been so low and if Bankes had looked at his lay-figure he would have seen it shake. Kitty nearly fell off the chair at the mention of Carey's name. But she prayed devoutly that they would not stay where they were. She did so in vain.

"Oh, let's stay," said Bankes. By this Kitty judged rightly that he meant them to come to him rather than that he should go elsewhere. "Tell 'em to come along here, Smith."

Smith said he would, and when Bankes turned up the light again Kitty turned perfectly rigid with terror. The situation had seemed difficult before. Now it grew impossible.

"I wish I'd never thought of this," said Kitty, "and I wish Polly had died before he flew away. It was all the fault of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus."

She wondered what the stoical emperor would have done if he had fallen through a skylight, and just as she did so she heard Bankes made a sudden exclamation.

"By Jove, my skylight is broken. Who's done it?" he roared, indignantly. Kitty almost jumped. As he spoke others entered the studio. Kitty saw them vaguely through a worn patch in the sheet. One seemed to be the man whom Bankes had called Smith, the other was no doubt Billy, while the third was Tom Carey, who had had such a bad fall in the Gardens that very morning. Kitty wondered innocently why he was not still lame.

"Who's done what?" asked Billy.

"That," said Bankes, pointing to the hole in his glass roof. Kitty saw them stare, and knew they would have stared indeed if they had seen her make it.

"How did it happen?" asked Tom Carey. His voice made Kitty blush under her penitential sheet.

"How the deuce should I know?" asked Bankes, crossly. "It's like my luck. I broke a glass this morning."

"That's bad luck," said Smith, eagerly. "It's a bad omen to break glass."

"Rot," said Carey; "perhaps it was a cat that did it."

And then Kitty heard a voice she knew very well indeed. It made a remark she had heard thousands of times.

"Pretty Polly," said the errant and evil parrot, standing at the very edge of the hole through which his mistress had gone. Then he bowed rapidly several times and added mournfully, "Scratch-a-Polly!"

"By Jove, it's a parrot," said the men in a chorus. And Smith, who looked very gloomy, said that a parrot was also an omen.

"I'm a Polly, pretty Polly, scratch-a-Polly, scratch-a-Kitty," said Polly as he bent down to have a look at the studio. He began to feel lonesome. The game had been very pleasant so long as Kitty played in it. Now he was much puzzled, and, being intelligent and inquisitive, did his best to ask the men down below where she was.

"Well, a parrot couldn't have done it," said Simpson.

"Who said it could?" asked Bankes, gloomily.

"It's very mysterious," said Smith; "I think it must be an omen."

"Can't we catch the parrot?" suggested Carey. "No doubt there is an ancient old maid somewhere wringing her hands over him."

A young maid under a sheet would have given a great deal to wring her hands just then, for Kitty was wildly anxious to move. Sitting still was worse than purgatory.

"Come, pretty Polly," said Carey.

But Polly gave a scream, asked them to scratch him, made several rapid ducks as if thanking his audience for applause, and went away into the night.

"I suppose you haven't a ladder handy?" asked Carey.

"After all this I wouldn't climb a ladder for five pounds," said Smith. "I should fall off and break my leg. This is going to be an unlucky night. Besides, there isn't a ladder."

"Well, let's play cards," said Simpson. Smith immediately discovered that the pack was incomplete, the nine of diamonds being missing.

"They call it the curse of Scotland," said Smith, who seemed to know everything disagreeable and mysterious and ominous that was to be known.

"Confound it, don't let's play at all. Let's talk," said Bankes.

"Yes, let's," said Smith, who was in the mood to tell sad stories of the death of kings.

"Have you seen that young lady again, Tom?" asked Bankes.

Simpson, who was rather cross at not being able to play bridge, cheered up at this and chuckled. "Don't you know what happened to-day?" he asked.

"So he put the leg of his easel between his own legs and went a horrid cropper."

Kitty almost jumped at this. In fact she did move a little, and as a result found that she could see them all much better, as her eye came opposite a little hole in the sheet. Billy Simpson was standing up in front of the open stove, Smith was on the ottoman with

"'HAVE YOU SEEN THAT YOUNG LADY AGAIN, TOM?' ASKED BANKES."

"Anything mysterious?" cried Smith, eagerly.

"Tell 'em, Tom," said Simpson.

But Carey wouldn't tell them anything.

"Then I will," said Simpson. "I've seen her myself!"

"Is she as lovely as Carey makes out?" asked Bankes, cynically.

"Every bit," said Simpson.

"Oh, dear," said Kitty, to herself.

"There's something very mysterious in beauty," said Smith, shaking his head.

"Oh, shut up, Smith," said Bankes.

Then Polly came to the hole again and said he was pretty. This made Smith start.

"Oh, that bird makes me shiver," said Smith. "But tell us all about it, Simpson."

"Tom saw her in the Gardens to-day. She had an awful old lady with her, a bit of antiquity, a dug-up relic of the early Victorian era, an aunt with curls, I should say."

"She was kind to me when I was in pain," chuckled Carey.

"Were you in pain—much pain?" asked Smith.

"I'm coming to that," said Simpson. "Tom saw them in the Gardens and wanted to speak. He had to speak or die, you see."

"Or die," repeated Smith. "Go on."

his back to her, Carey and Bankes were at the table. While Simpson talked Carey built a house of cards.

"I wonder what they'll say about me," said Kitty, tremulously.

"Came a horrid cropper," went on Simpson, "and he lay where he fell, knowing they'd have to speak to him if they'd any decency in them. So the prehistoric maiden lady asked him if he was hurt. So did the angel from heaven that Tom's dotty about. Ever since, he's been raving about the music of her voice, her glorious complexion, her perfect figure, and her divine eyes. She picked up his scattered paints, restored them to him, and took away his heart in exchange. And all the time the hypocrite rubbed his delicate ankle and roared with pain."

"Liar!" remarked Carey. "But I really did hurt myself."

"And he asked them to come and tell me," said Simpson; "that's how I saw 'em. She's really sweet. Ask us all to the wedding, Tom."

"Oh, drop it, Billy," said Carey. "I wish you wouldn't rot a fellow."

Kitty loved the way he spoke. She was prepared to like anything he said or did. She was very glad he thought her beautiful.

It confirmed her own opinion. But she wished she could have heard it all from where the parrot was. Polly again interrupted the conversation by asking them to scratch him. Unless he was scratched he seemed to think he would die. That is what the tone of his voice gave them to understand. It made Smith gloomier than ever.

"I wish you wouldn't build card houses, Tom," said Smith.

"Why not?" asked Carey.

"They're unlucky, especially if they fall down when you've got them at an uneven number of storeys," said the prophetic Smith.

"I'd like to see a pretty girl again before I die," said Bankes. "I don't believe there are any. I went out yesterday and never saw one."

"It's your liver," suggested Simpson. "When I'm ill I never see a decent-looking woman; but when I'm well I see a hundred. I love 'em all, every one of 'em."

"They're all deceitful too," said Bankes.

"Who chucked you last?" asked Simpson.

"Pretty Polly," said the mournful parrot on the roof.

"Confound that bird," said Bankes. But the others roared, for every one knew that Polly Girdlestone, the most charming model who came to that nest of studios, had politely but firmly refused to sit to Bankes any more.

Kitty was learning a good deal. For one thing, she learnt to be sorry for models who had to sit still when every muscle in their bodies demanded rest or change. She had the wildest desire to move. She felt that to scream out would be the most wonderful satisfaction. She also learnt something about these men. Bankes was a nervous, cross man. Simpson was a jovial one. Smith was a weird, talkative person, full of omens. But Carey loved her, and they all seemed to like him very much.

"And to think that I might never have known it. I'm glad I fell through, whatever happens," thought Kitty.

"Well, we'll drink to the fair unknown, anyhow," said Simpson.

So they drank to Kitty, who wished to Heaven they would go to bed. Was she never to get a chance of escape?

But the talk went on, and Smith now directed its channel, because Carey got a house up to the ninth storey and let it collapse before he put a tenth on it.

"That's awfully unlucky," said Smith. "I can't help thinking something very unlucky will happen to you, Carey, and to you, Bankes."

"Why to me?" asked Bankes, hastily.

"On account of the mirror you broke and the roof falling in, and that parrot. A bird is often as bad as a banshee. I believe in omens. Broken glass is also an omen," said Smith, unctuously.

"Dry up with your omens," said Bankes, uneasily.

"Tell us about omens and banshee things," said Simpson, who was pleased to rag Bankes. "Haunted houses, for instance."

"Yes," said Smith, "I can tell lots about them."

He had, though he did not know it, a fine, natural talent for horrid narrative. He made Bankes blanch visibly and look behind him.

"Do you know what Lanyon told me last night?" asked Smith, when Bankes had at last edged his chair back to the wall.

"No. What? Was it horrid? Tell us," said Simpson.

"He had a séance in his studio at Chelsea. They turned the lights down, of course," said Smith, with awful, mysterious gusto, "and then, in the corner of the studio behind a screen, they heard a strange creaking and heavy steps."

"Yes; go on," said Simpson, eagerly.

"And then, and then," said Smith, "there came from behind the screen—what do you think?"

"Tell us," said Bankes, trembling.

"Do," said Simpson.

"It was his lay-figure. It walked, stamping and with jerks, right across the studio," said Smith, with much fervour.

"I—I don't believe it," said Bankes, tremulously.

"Lanyon swears to it," said Smith. "I believe him. He wouldn't lie; we all know him."

"He thought he saw it," said Carey, perhaps a trifle uneasily.

Only Simpson laughed.

"I wouldn't laugh," said Smith, reproachfully. "I can tell you other things."

He went on to tell them other things. In about five minutes Bankes was in a cold perspiration. So was Kitty, who had never heard anything of the kind before. Then the parrot, who had gone for a lonesone little walk in the moonlight, came back and uttered a dirge-like croak which made Bankes jump.

"I should like to see some of these things that Smith talks of," said Simpson. "I like to shiver at midnight. I wish the old-fashioned ghost story hadn't gone out of fashion."

"I hate 'em," said Bankes. "Don't go yet, chaps. Have another drink."

They had another, and Smith resumed. He told Bankes something very encouraging about a spirit. It made Kitty's skin creep.

"I shall positively scream in a minute," said Kitty. "Oh, what shall I do?"

Then Carey rose and said he was going to turn in. So did Simpson. So did Smith, who resisted the entreaties of the unhappy Bankes to stay and tell him some more. Bankes wished for company at any price, even at the price of Smith's stories. He wanted to sit up till dawn. But Smith took himself away, and left Bankes with his broken glass and the anxious parrot, which was as gloomy now as Poe's raven.

"Confound Smith, especially that story of his about the lay-figure," said Bankes. He glanced uneasily at his own, or where he thought it was, and then went to his bedroom, after turning the gas-lights down to pin-points. But they still gave some light, and the fire gave more, while the moon, though at the moment under a cloud, was breaking through it.

"Oh, now, now," said Kitty.

She felt absolutely crazy with stiffness and fatigue, to say nothing about her anxiety as to her ridiculous position. She had to escape and go home and ring them up. She saw her aunt and her father looking at her and at each other while she explained what had happened.

"Oh, it's all impossible," said Kitty. But there she was.

"I'll escape now," said Kitty. And suddenly she almost laughed. It was not happy laughter which was in her, but something very near hysteria.

"I'm—I'm the lay-figure," she said. And suddenly, without quite knowing what she should do or how she should do it, she rose from her chair, and as she rose she stepped on the sheet and her head went through a slit in it. Without waiting to get rid of it she hurried towards the door. Just as she got to the middle of the room the moon shone brightly through the skylight and at that fatal instant Bankes opened his bedroom-door again and stepped into the studio. He saw Kitty in her white sheet, started back, uttered a fearful and resounding yell, and tumbled on the floor. And Kitty ran to the door.

"He thinks I'm the figure—the figure!" she cried. The next moment she was in a dimly-lighted corridor, and she ran down the passage, much hampered by the white sheet, which she was wearing like a poncho.

"Which—which is the way out?" said Kitty, as she ran. And she heard Bankes roar for assistance. Fear got hold of her; she lost her head completely, and then found that she was at the end of the passage with no way out. The light there was very dim. She grabbed at the handle of the nearest door just as she heard voices at the end of the passage, turned it, ran in, slammed it, and finding a key inside locked herself in. Steps came down the passage, doors opened, doors slammed, there was excited talk outside. She heard Smith's voice and Bankes.

"It—It went in there," said Bankes, with an accent of horror. A hand rattled the door.

"It's locked," said Smith, in an awe-stricken voice.

Kitty found herself in an empty studio, lighted only by the moon. Every moment she expected the door to be burst in. She was like a mouse in a trap, with several cats outside. She ran round the studio, wildly seeking for a way out.

"I hear something inside!" cried Smith, on the outside. This was received with exclamations. And Kitty, almost in collapse, leant against the wall. But it wasn't the wall; it was a door. It gave way, being only half-latched, and she fell suddenly into a lighted studio. She rose to her feet, wildly wondering where she was. And then she guessed. On an easel facing her was a sketch from memory of herself!

"It's his studio," said Kitty; "it's his!"

Yes, it was Tom Carey's studio. He and Simpson sometimes used the empty one to box in.

Then she heard Tom Carey's voice outside.

"You're all cracked," said Tom, "or drunk. Oh, go to bed!"

He came into his studio, slammed the door, locked it, turned, and saw Kitty standing there. He started back, upset a small table, and rubbed his eyes.

"Good heavens," said Tom Carey, "am I—am I—mad too?"

Kitty subsided on a sofa and held out her hands in a wild appeal.

"No," she said, "I hope not. Don't be."

"You hope not? I'm not to be?"

"Certainly not," said Kitty; "I beg you won't."

"You—you?"

"Oh, please, yes. It's dreadful!"

"How——"

Kitty scrambled to her feet again as he approached.

She spoke rapidly, feeling as if she were in a strange, rapid dream, in which everything

had to be taken *prestissimo* and *molto tumultuoso*.

"I fell through his skylight," said Kitty. "I was after my parrot on the roof and I fell through on to his sofa, and I was so alarmed I hid myself. I put his lay-figure under the ottoman and sat down with a sheet over me. I was there while you were talking. When you went I got up and tried to escape. He saw me and screamed. Oh, save me; don't let them know—don't, don't!"

"Good Lord," said Tom. "Oh, my darling! I beg your pardon, but it's so confusing——"

"Isn't it?" said Kitty; "oh, most confusing." She grasped his coat, his arm, his hand. "They're out there still. Don't let them in—don't."

"Never—never," said Tom. "Did he think you were the lay-figure?"

"Oh, yes; I believe so. I'm sure of it. He screamed," said Kitty.

Tom looked at her, took her hand, dropped it, glanced round, saw his own lay-figure, which was the twin sister of Bankes's—then he smiled curiously.

"I'll do it," he said.

"Do what?" asked Kitty, in alarm.

But Tom seized the lay-figure.

"HE SAW KITTY IN HER WHITE SHEET, STARTED BACK, AND UTTERED A FEARFUL AND RESOUNDING YELL."

"Give me that sheet," said Tom.

She gave it him obediently, being ready to do anything in the world at his least word. He opened the door through which she had entered, carried in the lay-figure while she watched him, and put it on the floor in a kneeling attitude with one arm up. Then he partially draped it with the sheet. It looked terrible, pathetic, appealing. It prayed to the moon, which stared in through the skylight.

"Oh!" said Kitty. But Tom Carey returned, locked the door quietly, and looked at her. She said "Oh!" again, and then "What?" but Carey only smiled mysteriously.

"Go behind that screen," he said, and Kitty did as she was told. There was again excited talk outside, and even as Tom went towards his door there was a knock. He opened, and found Simpson there, with Smith and Bankes.

"Well, what is it?" asked Tom Carey.

"These fools——" began Simpson, contemptuously.

"I tell you we saw it," urged Bankes. "It passed me in my studio, all white, with its arms up! I—I fainted. Smith saw it too."

"I did," panted Smith. "Oh, it was awful! It ran along the passage, and went in here!"

"The door's locked," said Carey. "What rot!"

"You mad idiots," cried Simpson.

"I tell you we saw it," pleaded Smith and Bankes, "and—and it isn't in the studio; we looked again. It's like what happened in Lanyon's studio—just like it."

"You and Lanyon are both mad," said Carey. "How could it go through a locked door?"

"It—de-materialized itself," said Smith, who was full of the jargon. "That's easy—quite easy!"

"Gammon," said Simpson. "Let's go in, Carey. There's the door in through your studio."

"I locked it after we boxed a week ago, and I've lost the key," said Carey, fluently.

"Then let's burst this door in," said Simpson.

"Oh, no," cried Bankes, shrinking back.

"Oh, yes," said Smith.

"Let's," said Carey.

"Right," said Simpson.

And with one tremendous thrust of Simpson's foot against the lock the door flew open with a crash. There, in the middle of the studio, was the lay-figure, draped in its white sheet, kneeling and praying to the moon!

"Oh, oh!" said Bankes. He fell against the wall and shook to his very teeth.

"Great Scot!" said Simpson.

"Didn't I say so?" said Smith.

"Jerusalem!" said Carey.

"Is it your lay-figure, Bankes?" asked Simpson. "Go and see."

"I wouldn't touch it for worlds," said Bankes. "But it is, of course."

"Didn't I see it go in?" asked Smith, with his eyes bolting out of his head.

Carey went to the figure and took off the draping sheet.

"This is Bankes's old sheet," he said. "I'm pretty sure of it."

"Yes, it is; there's a hole in it," cried Bankes. "Isn't it terrible?"

"Most interesting," said Smith. "This—this is an experience. I'll write about it."

"Pick the old girl up and take her back, Bankes," said Carey. But Bankes declined to do anything of the sort. He shivered visibly, and was as white as the sheet in the moonlight. Smith's teeth chattered, but he had an unholy joy in the affair. He began to think what to write to some spiritualistic paper.

"Let's leave it here then," said Carey. "But if we do, I daresay it will come to you in the night, Bankes."

"I say, Simpson, may I come and sleep in your studio to-night?" asked Bankes.

"If you like," said Simpson, who so far had said nothing, because he was without anything to say. The whole affair was utterly inexplicable, and he didn't pretend to understand it. It made him feel rather odd. But he thought Carey stood it very well.

"Let's hook it, then," said Carey; "I want to go to bed."

They went, casting fearful backward glances as they did so.

"What's it all mean?" asked Simpson.

"Broken glass and croaking birds are omens, as I said," cried Smith. "It's some spirit vivified it."

"I don't believe it," said Simpson.

"Explain it, then," urged Smith.

"Rot!" said Simpson, angry because he couldn't. Bankes took his arm and went away with him, and Smith followed.

They all went into Smith's studio, which was nearer than Bankes's. When Carey saw them go in he ran lightly into Bankes's studio, pulled the lay-figure from under the ottoman, and put it on Bankes's bed. Then Tom went back to his own studio and locked the door.

"Hush; don't speak, Kitty," said Carey. He unlocked the door of the other studio, took up the lay-figure, and carried it into his own place, but left the sheet on the floor. Then he locked the empty studio again. In less than a minute he heard a terrible yell outside, and there came a loud knock at his door.

"It's—it's back, it's back!" cried Smith, lamentably.

Carey opened his door.

"What's back?" he asked.

"The lay-figure; it's on Bankes's bed. Oh, this is very, very strange."

"Nonsense," cried Carey; "it's in there. You know it is."

Bankes and Simpson came and confirmed Smith's statement.

"It's not in there," said Smith. "It's on the bed. We saw it."

"Yes, we did," said Bankes, shaking like a leaf.

Carey went to the door and pushed it open.

"By Jove, it's gone," he said. "But there's the sheet."

He picked up the sheet and gave it to Smith.

"Now do you believe in these things?" asked Smith, as he accepted the magic sheet with great reluctance.

"No, I don't," said Carey.

"Then I think you are little better than an atheist," replied Smith, in great dudgeon.

"I want to go to bed. I'll discuss it to-morrow," said Carey. "If anyone comes to my door again, I'll not open it — so there."

And going in he slammed his door and locked it. Smith went back with the sheet. Neither he nor Bankes thought of sleep till dawn, though they had nothing to do. Carey did not think of sleep either, for he had a great deal to do.

"It's wonderful—wonderful," he said. Then he whispered, "Kitty!"

"Ye-es," said Kitty, from behind the screen.

"Please come out," said Tom Carey. And Kitty came out. They looked at each other in silence, and then they both smiled. The smile became a laugh, for the whole situation was so strange and remarkable. Even a parrot would have laughed at it.

"I say," said Tom, "this is very funny!"

"I want to go home," said Kitty. Then she looked at the picture on the easel. Tom saw her look at it and he actually coloured.

"Is—that me?" she asked.

"I meant it for you," said Tom; "but it's a gross outrage. I'll paint it out to-morrow."

"Don't," said Kitty; "please don't!"

"If I could really paint you——"

"Yes?" said Kitty.

"I say, did you hear everything we said while you were hiding?" asked Tom.

"Everything," said Kitty, with downcast eyes.

"I hope you weren't very angry," said Tom, also looking down.

"Not very," said Kitty, locking her pretty fingers together.

"You see, I had to speak to you, and I didn't know how to arrange it. The notion of upsetting myself came just like —like——"

"Like an inspiration," suggested Kitty.

"Exactly," said Tom. "So I did it. Do you mind, now?"

"Not exactly," said Kitty; "oh, no!"

"You see——" began Tom.

"Yes."

"You see, I—but was the other lady your aunt?" asked Tom.

"My great-aunt," said Kitty. "She's very severe; my father's severe, too."

"Is he? She looked it," said Tom. "Oh, please sit down."

"I want to go home," said Kitty. "I—I ought to."

"Will they miss you?" asked Tom.

"Not till the morning," said Kitty; "but you see——"

"Yes, I see," said Tom. "Do you want to go back by the roofs?"

"Yes, please," said Kitty. "There's my parrot there, you know."

"We shall have to get through my skylight," said Tom. "I think I can climb up. But——"

"Yes?" said Kitty.

"I'd like to know your name, please."

"It's Kitty Drew," said Kitty, blushing.

"I knew it was Kitty," said Tom. "Do sit down a minute."

So Kitty sat down, and Tom sat near her. They fell into a sudden silence. Then Kitty began to laugh.

"It's about the lay-figure," she explained.

"Poor Bankes!" said Tom Carey. "Are you sorry it happened?"

"No-o," said Kitty. "It's all because of the parrot and Marcus Aurelius!"

"Marcus Aurelius?" asked Tom. "Who's he?"

"He was a Roman emperor," replied Kitty, "and he wrote meditations in Greek. I don't know why he wrote in Greek, do you?"

"Not in the least," said Tom. "What had he to do with it?"

Kitty explained briefly what Marcus Aurelius had to do with it, and what part the parrot played in the drama.

"I—I love that parrot," said Tom, quietly.

"So—do I," said Kitty; "very much. I always did."

"But now," suggested Tom. "Don't you love him more now?"

"Ye-es," said Kitty after a long pause. Then she added, hurriedly, "Oh, but I must go home—I must!"

"Very well," said Tom, "we will. I'll take you. And we'll catch that parrot."

He pushed a sitter's throne under the skylight, where it was at its lowest, and put two boxes on top of the throne. The erection looked rather rickety, but it was high enough for Tom Carey, who was a very good athlete, to reach a beam, and from that the skylight. When he found he could do so, he got down again, knotted two sheets together and pulled the knots tight.

"I'll put this round your waist," said Tom, "and when I'm up there on the roof I can pull you after me. May I put it round you?"

"Yes," said Kitty, "please."

She trembled as he did, and perhaps he trembled too; once or twice he stopped, and she saw a strange look in his eyes and a curious little loosening of his mouth. But he set his teeth together again and said and did nothing. Somehow Kitty thought he wanted to kiss her. Perhaps he did.

When the sheet was securely fastened about her waist Tom Carey took the end of the other sheet and climbed up to the beam, and, getting on it, reached the skylight, which he opened. Then he crawled through it and got upon the roof.

"Come," said Tom. And after a breathless minute Kitty found herself on the roof by his side.

"Isn't it strange?" said Kitty. For it was a very great adventure, and she knew that a million girls in London would have given up games and theatres, which do not represent life, to be there in her place.

"It's wonderful," said Tom. For now it was moonlight, and the full moon was high and the world very strange. But it was also very sweet, because Tom Carey knew he loved her, and she knew that she was near to loving him very much indeed. And far across the roofs she could see the light still burning in the room in which she had been so very lonely, save for the parrot and Marcus Aurelius.

"I'll read him right through—every word," she said.

"Who?" asked Tom.

"Marcus Aurelius," said Kitty.

"I'll buy a copy to-morrow," said Tom.

"You can get one for a shilling," said Kitty.

"It's worth thousands," said Tom.

And they went towards Kitty's home.

"We mustn't forget the parrot," he said, presently.

"Not for worlds; I love him," said Kitty.

Tom stopped.

"More than you did?"

"Much more," said Kitty.

"More—than anyone?" asked Tom.

"No-o," said Kitty.

And just then the parrot, who was seated on a chimney-stack, said "Pretty Polly," in a joyful voice. He heard Kitty, and was very glad of it. Not being a cat, though given to scratching and biting, he did not love being on a roof when he came to think of it.

"Oh, there he is, the little wretch," said Kitty. She did not love him so much at that moment. For he had perhaps interrupted something that Cobalt-Eyes was about to say.

"I'll catch him," said Tom.

"He'll bite," said Kitty.

He did, and bit savagely, and Tom did not love him, either, for one moment. Then he transferred his savage capture to Kitty, and Polly squawked upon her shoulder and defied him after the manner of the parrot tribe.

"Did he hurt you?" asked Kitty, almost tenderly.

"Very much," said Tom, with great cunning.

"I'm so sorry," said Kitty, softly.

"I shall adore parrots after this," said Tom, with exultation. "I'll paint him—some day. And I shall love the moon better all my life. And I wish I'd known how delightful this roof was. I'll often come here again."

"Oh, will you?" asked Kitty.

And then they came to the fire-escape by which Kitty had escaped from flat routine and tumbled into Paradise.

"And here I must say good-bye," said Tom, mournfully.

"Oh, not that," said Kitty.

The parrot flew from her shoulder and perched on the ladder.

"Look here, you know——" said Tom, in agitation.

"Yes," said Kitty.

"I—I love you," said Tom. "I can't help it."

"Can't you?" asked Kitty, trembling.

"I did when I first saw you—you know it," said her lover; for he *was* her lover, and she was glad.

"Yes," said Kitty, in a dream. "And it's so strange."

He took her hand. She did not withdraw it.

"Will you marry me, Kitty?" he asked.

In the moonlight he saw tears in her eyes. He saw that her lips trembled. A tear ran down her cheek and, staying upon her lips, looked like a dewdrop on roses.

"You will, I know," said Tom.

for sometimes the heart knows more than wisdom, though the wisdom be greater than that of Marcus Aurelius.

"I'll come and see your father to-morrow," said Tom, as he took her to his heart and kissed her.

"HE KISSED HER ONCE MORE."

She was very glad he knew, for she could not speak. But the parrot did. He praised himself continually, saying "Pretty Polly" over and over again.

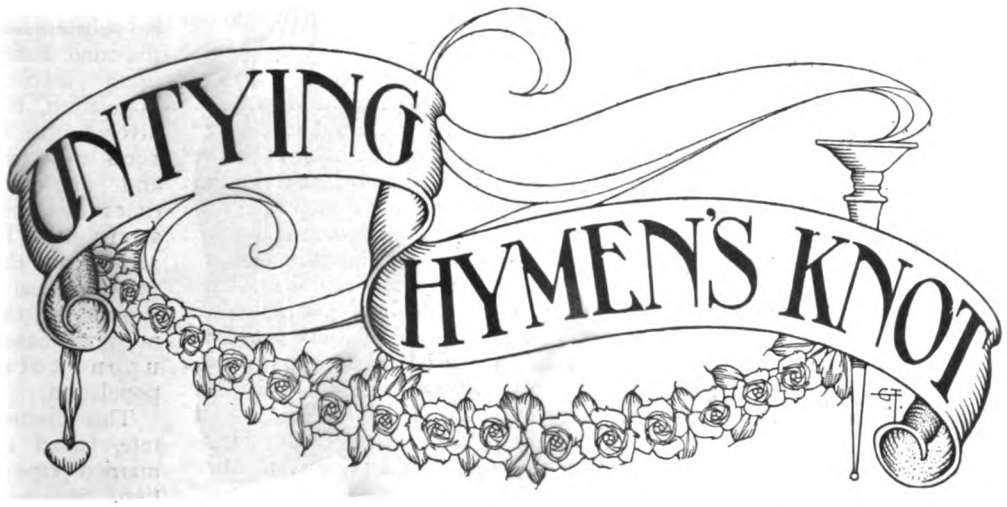
"Yes," said Kitty at last. It was not her own voice, but the voice of her inward heart which knew best and most of her, and believed it knew him. As perhaps it did,

"And if he will not listen——" said Tom. Then he stopped and smiled, looking at the little ladder which led up to her room.

"If he will not listen there is always the fire-escape," he said, triumphantly.

"Yes," said Kitty; "yes."

And the moon hid behind a cloud while he kissed her once more.



Some Interesting Facts about Divorce.

MARRIAGE is a solemn affair; even more solemn is divorce. Yet so perverse is human nature that it can occasionally even contemplate the light side of divorce—the tragedy of two mortals who once have loved and now are parted. We are told that as an institution it is becoming so familiar in America that it is fast losing its terrors; and the story is told of a Kentucky colonel who, after five divorces, met and remarried the lady of his first choice.

Very little understood is the physiology of divorce and its comparative prevalence in various countries. How many know, for instance, which is the greatest divorcing people? Then, who would suppose that divorce is regulated by such a material condition as "hard times"? Yet so it is. In a period of commercial depression there are far fewer divorces than at other periods.

The distinction of having the highest national divorce rate belongs to Japan, America only following at a considerable distance. Switzerland, which has the highest rate of any European country, reported last year 32 divorces per 100,000 inhabitants, being only about three-sevenths of the number occurring in the United States. The extent to which the rate for America exceeds that for other Christian countries is shown in the following table:—

Country.	Population.	Divorces: Annual Average.	
		Number.	Per 100,000 Population
Australia	3,773,248	359	10
Austria	26,150,708	179	1
Belgium	6,693,548	705	11
Bulgaria	3,744,283	396	11
Denmark	2,449,540	411	17
France	38,961,945	8,864	23
German Empire	56,367,178	8,680	15
Prussia	34,472,509	5,291	15
Saxony	4,202,216	1,209	29
Bavaria	6,176,057	491	8
England & Wales	32,527,843	568	2
Scotland	4,472,103	175	4
Ireland	4,458,775	(1)	(1)
Hungary	19,254,559	2,130	11
Italy	32,475,253	819	3
Japan	43,763,855	93,949	215
Netherlands	5,104,137	512	10
New Zealand	772,719	92	12
Norway	2,221,477	129	6
Roumania	5,956,690	1,187	20
Servia	2,492,882	312	13
Sweden	5,136,441	390	8
Switzerland	3,315,443	1,053	32
United States	75,994,575	55,502	73

(1) Annual average less than 1. Only 1 divorce granted during the 5-year period.

A most significant tendency is the marked persistency of the increase in the divorce

Japan 215.

United States 73.

Switzerland 32.

France 23.

Norway 6.

Great Britain 2.

The heights of these figures show the proportion of divorces per 100,000 of population in different countries, from the enormous 215 of Japan down to the 2 of Great Britain—too small to be represented except by a dot.

the movement of divorce, as shown by the two sets of rates, is substantially the same. Based upon married population, the divorce rate in 1900 was two and one-half times as great as it was in 1870, and the same increase is shown by the rates as based upon total population.

This divorce rate, based on married population, measures the rapidity with which marriages are being dissolved by divorce. In 1900 the rate was 200 divorces per 100,000 married persons, or 2 divorces per 1,000 married persons. Now 1,000 married persons represent approximately 500 married couples; if it were not for absentee husbands and wives they would represent exactly that number. The divorce rate, based on the number of married couples, was, therefore, 2 per 500, or 4 per 1,000. In other words, at the period represented by the figures for

rate. The movement, although occasionally checked or retarded by commercial crises, periods of business depression, or other causes, has been almost without exception upward. In only four years, 1870, 1884, 1894, and 1902, was the divorce rate for this country as a whole lower than it was in the preceding year, while the rate was greater than in the preceding year in twenty-nine cases. The upward movement, moreover, although varying in intensity in different sections, has been general, not merely in America, but in Europe.

The rates based upon married population are, of course, much larger than those based upon total population. In general, however.

the year 1900, divorce was dissolving each year 4 marriages out of every 1,000 in existence.

The ratio for 1900 represents, of course, a marked increase over that prevailing in the earlier decades. In the period represented by the figures for 1890 divorce was dissolving each year 3 marriages out of every 1,000 in existence.

DIVORCED PERSONS —WHO GET— MARRIED AGAIN.
The comparative heights show that about one-third of divorced people marry again.

For 1880 the corresponding figure was 2 out of every 1,000, and for 1870 1·6 out of every 1,000.

During the twenty years from 1887 to 1906 the number of marriages celebrated in the United States was 12,832,044, while the number of divorces of marriages known to have been celebrated was 820,264. According to these figures, for the 20-year period one marriage was dissolved by divorce to every 15·6 native marriages celebrated.

The number of marriages celebrated in the United States in 1887 was 618,264. One marriage out of every 16 of those celebrated in 1887 has been or will be ultimately dissolved by divorce.

As will be seen by comparing the heights of these figures, twice as many women sue for divorce as men.

It is not surprising to learn that there are more than twice as many women suing for divorce as men, although we know that divorce was once a man's privilege solely.

The official figures indicate that about one-third of divorced persons marry again. This should not be interpreted as proving that about one-third of the divorced persons sought the divorce so that they might contract a new union. The figures for divorced persons marrying include not only those who marry immediately after securing the decree, but also those who marry several years afterwards. That a certain proportion of divorced persons should remarry is as natural and as inevitable as that a certain proportion of the widowed should remarry. It is perhaps more likely to happen, because the divorced as a class are younger than the widowed.

What profession should you choose

in order to be happily married? Not that of actor, for truth compels the statement that the statistics of every country clearly demonstrate that the stage is of all callings most favourable to divorce. Actors and professional showmen are at the head of the list of divorcing couples. After these come musicians and teachers of music, and then—but *longo intervallo*—commercial travellers. One would expect to see sailors close at hand, but they are far down the list. A divorced sailor is a great rarity, almost as great a rarity as a divorced butcher. And fewer than three farmers are divorced for every seventy-three actors, a most striking instance of the influence of rural occupation upon the emotions. And clergymen are, as they should be, at the very bottom of the list.

Actors (73).

Commercial Travellers (13).

Farmers (3).

Clergy (1).

What professions provide most divorces? Actors provide seventy-three to the clergy's one!

And now we come to the critical period in the matrimonial career, when the gathering clouds may suddenly burst in fatal thunder. Sir Arthur Pinero has lately called this critical period "Mid-Channel," likening matrimony to the navigation of troubled waters. Nearly twenty-five per cent. of all divorces take place before the parties have been married a twelvemonth; while thirty-eight per cent. have been married two years. But the crucial time is when couples have been married four years, for there are more chances of separation then than at any other period. From that point onward these chances fluctuate, until at ten years married the odds are the same as at two years. After ten years they diminish annually, until a point of comparative safety is reached; although there are instances of divorce after forty and even fifty years of married life.

In the writings of foreign statisticians attention has frequently been called to the fact that suicide is apparently more prevalent among the divorced than among the single or married. Figures would seem to prove conclusively that in certain countries (Baden, Belgium, Denmark, Prussia, Saxony, Switzerland, and Wurtemburg) suicide is more prevalent among the divorced than any other class.

SUICIDES PER 100,000 POPULATION.

	Single.	Married.	Divorced.
Denmark	44·8 ...	6·0 ...	498·9
America...	32·0 ...	47·0 ...	20·0

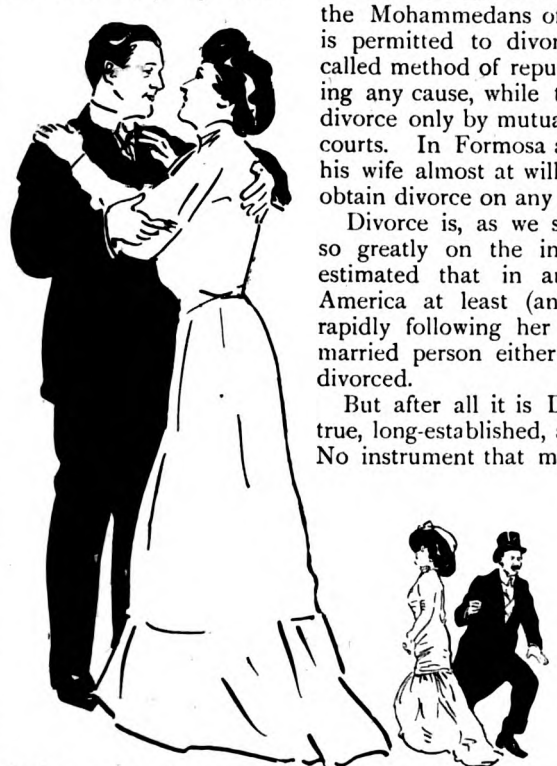
Obtaining a divorce is a more normal, everyday affair in America than it is in Europe, and resorted to by a more normal element of the population. It is true that there exists a theory that divorce and suicide are not related to each other as cause and effect, but that the apparent connection between them exhibited by the figures for European countries arises because in Europe both have their source in some abnormal condition. If such is the case, as divorce becomes more usual it will be accompanied by a decrease in the suicide rate shown for the divorced classes.

All countries grant absolute divorce with

What year of married life provides the most divorces? These comparative figures show that the fourth year is the most fatal —twice as many divorces taking place as in the first year of marriage.

the exception of Italy, which grants a separation only. In some countries, however, divorce can be obtained only by those belonging to a religious profession which permits divorce. In Austria, for example, divorce is not permitted to Catholics. All the countries grant separations in some form except Bulgaria, Formosa, Japan, and Roumania. Separation is also not recognized in the law governing the Mohammedans of Algeria.

The divorce regulations of the non-Christian countries included amongst those mentioned are especially interesting from the contrast which they present to the laws of the other countries. In Algeria and Formosa particularly divorce is permitted on much less substantial grounds than in Christian countries. Thus among the Mohammedans of Algeria the husband is permitted to divorce his wife by the so-called method of repudiation, without assigning any cause, while the wife can obtain a divorce only by mutual consent or from the courts. In Formosa a husband may divorce his wife almost at will, while the wife cannot obtain divorce on any ground.



At the present rate of progress in America, in fifty years' time every three marriages will provide one divorce case!

Divorce is, as we said at the beginning, so greatly on the increase that it is now estimated that in another fifty years, in America at least (and other countries are rapidly following her example), every third married person either has been or will be divorced.

But after all it is Death who is the only true, long-established, and effectual divorcer. No instrument that man has forged can prevent severed hearts from reuniting, and the phenomenon of remarriage, which used to astonish the world, can now supply numerous instances which are among the most amazing proofs of the fickleness of poor human nature.

AT GLORIANI'S.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday.

III.—The Persephone Tetradrachm.

GLORIANI was a collector of coins, a numismatist. He has often told me that the passion seized him when a youth. As a waiter he had learned, probably from some client, that certain coins still in circulation possess a value greater than what is inscribed upon them. From that moment our padrone began to examine all coins passing through his hands; and, presently, increasing knowledge stimulated him to start a collection. By the time I made his acquaintance this collection, although modest, was of remarkable interest, inasmuch as it contained a few really beautiful specimens. In Greek coins, for instance, the power of expression, the revelation of character, are carried to a degree of excellence which has never been equalled or surpassed. Gloriani, an artist to his finger-tips, habitually carried some such coin in his purse, and would show it, on demand, to appreciative friends.

"Ecco!" he would say to me, "I have here, signore, a Camarina of the finest workmanship." And then the honest fellow would lay upon the tablecloth some exquisite silver didrachm, and expatiate as an expert upon the modelling of the river god, Hyparis, displayed on the obverse side, and, on the reverse, the nymph of the lake carried over its waters by a swan.

"How adorable!" Gloriani would exclaim. "I become a pagan, signore, when I look at my Camarina."

One morning I went into the Cosmopolis for breakfast and discovered my friend in a state of great excitement. He seized me by the arm, and for a moment I feared he was about to embrace me.

"She is coming here to-night," he whispered, in a voice broken by emotion.

"Who is coming?" I asked.

"The divine Persephone!"

"What Persephone?"

"Dio mio! there is only one. Professor Clinton-Bowker brings her. Think of it!"

I confess that I was astonished. Professor Clinton-Bowker is a friend of mine, and he has a charming wife. That he should be seen at Gloriani's with some divinity who had assumed the ridiculous name of Persephone struck me as madly indiscreet and indecent.

"I know nothing of this young woman," I said, austerely. "Who is she?"

Gloriani replied: "Ma! She is a gold coin, one of the rarest in the world—a tetradrachm. There are many Persephones, you understand, but this one is believed to be the work of Phidias. The Professor has hunted the world for her, and there have been others after her. An American! But the goddess has descended upon the right man. Corpo di Bacco! how I envy him!"

I ordered my breakfast. I was half-way through the omelette when Clinton-Bowker came in. His ordinarily impassive face exuded satisfaction. When he saw me he hurried up and, without offering to shake hands, gasped out:—

"Gloriani has told you?"

"He has," said I.

Clinton-Bowker sat down at my table. When Agostino saluted him he exclaimed, indifferently:—

"Bring me something that is ready—a cut from the joint."

Agostino's eyes bulged from his head. Obviously he thought that the Professor was mad; and so he was, temporarily.

"I bring the Persephone here to-night," said Clinton-Bowker, dropping his voice. "Stenhouse is coming, and Dumphrey. I insist upon your joining us. Eight sharp."

"You are very kind."

"Not at all. The facts may as well be

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given to the public through you. The tale is a romance. And my luck——! That scoundrel Kasten, who swindled me over the Gades hemidrachm, arrives in London to-day, my boy. To-day, think of it! Twenty-four hours too late!" He smacked his lips.

"I thought Kasten was your friend."

"He is. But all the same he swindled me over that hemidrachm. I told him it was in Antwerp, like a fool, and he crossed the North Sea ahead of me. Now, at last, I can forgive him. Lord! How furious he will be."

"I hope you have asked him to dine?"

"Unhappily, I do not know his address. But he may call at my house. I shall leave a message. And then we shall see his face, when I produce my Persephone."

"Is it so very beautiful?"

"Beautiful!" He nearly screamed. "It is—unique."

"But how did you get hold of it?"

"Ah!" He rubbed his hands and chuckled.

"Through a dealer?"

"No. Through a pawnbroker of the name of Rosenbaum. At least he says that he used to be a pawnbroker. He came to me."

"Naturally."

The most famous of English numismatists inclined his head.

"Rosenbaum's story is simple enough. Mionnet and Lenormant speak of the coin as being in Paris about the time of the Revolution. It was then considered the gem of a collection which was stolen during the Terror, and Mionnet is emphatic that it is unique. Lenormant questions this. At any rate, my man found the coin in Montmartre, and took it to Adrian Neuchatel, who pronounced it counterfeit. Then he brought it to England to show to me."

"And it isn't counterfeit?"

Clinton-Bowker snorted.

"I'd stake my reputation on it."

"Adrian Neuchatel——!"

"Tut, tut. That gold vase in the British Museum was offered to half-a-dozen experts for a hundred guineas. We had to pay thousands. Neuchatel didn't like the looks of Rosenbaum. Nor did I. A hang-dog fellow! But the coin is all right."

"You had to pay a big price?"

"Yes, but not one-tenth of its value."

"But how did Kasten hear of it?"

"I don't know that he did hear of it, and I don't care."

"Kasten would have paid a bigger price. Why didn't your man let Kasten bid against you?"

Clinton-Bowker frowned. I could see that my question annoyed him and therefore forbore to press it; but it struck me that the dealer had missed a remarkable opportunity. Kasten had no tremendous international reputation like Clinton-Bowker, but he was very rich, and quite as keen a collector. A struggle between Kasten and the Professor for the possession of the Persephone would have been epic. I finished my breakfast and left the restaurant.

II.

STENHOUSE and Dumphrey arrived at Gloriani's ahead of our host. Dumphrey, an impassioned pessimist, refused to believe in the Persephone. Stenhouse, however, not unmindful of the passage at arms with Clinton-Bowker concerning the metrological difficulties of the Augustan coinage, suspended judgment. He whispered to me solemnly that the affair was "epochal." We entered the restaurant, and I noticed that the table was laid for five instead of four. It was a corner table, artistically decorated for an historic occasion. Gloriani picked up a menu and handed it to me. The *entrée* was named "*Surprise à la Persephoné.*" Gloriani rubbed his hands and chuckled.

"It will be worthy," he murmured, "of her and of me. Ebbene! you will see."

The Professor hurried in—but alone.

"A thousand pardons," he said, genially. "I hoped to have the pleasure of bringing Kasten. He landed at Liverpool this morning. He called at my house this afternoon and received a message asking him to join us here at dinner. He told my servant that he would send an answer. No answer has come. He is not here?"

"No," said I.

"Then we'll sit down. I have ordered Clicquot '99. Gloriani has very little left."

"And the Persephone?" growled Dumphrey.

"Is in my waistcoat pocket, my dear Dumphrey. You shall see it at the psychological moment—after we have dined."

I enjoyed my dinner. Apart from the fact that it was admirably cooked and served, my sense of comedy was being titillated. These collectors——! I confess that a Persephone tetradrachm leaves me cold as Greenland's icy mountains. Even a Mulready envelope provokes but a lukewarm appreciation. And some of the most priceless porcelain seems to my undeveloped taste

absolutely hideous. I take it, humbly, that I can't understand these things. But the fact remains that they intoxicate others. Here were three men, sober subjects of the King, ratepayers and imperialists, fathers of families, and each—in his degree—stark, staring mad about coins. Everybody likes coins fresh from the mint; everybody tries to collect them, but these three raved about Greek coins. Clinton-Bowker, for instance, is an excellent fellow, and he tips his boy handsomely when he goes down to Harrow. All the same, I give you my word that what his son and heir is doing and thinking melts into absolute insignificance compared to the coinage of Phœnicia, and the vital question as to whether certain specimens were struck after or before the Persian rule! I confess that my crumpled roseleaf upon this memorable occasion was the absence of Kasten, whom I had entertained at Gloriani's when he was last in England. Apparently Kasten had made slight impression upon the padrone, for Gloriani, when I spoke of Kasten, had quite forgotten him.

Throughout dinner I was sensible of Dumphrey's lack of faith in the Persephone, of Stenhouse's dwindling hope that Clinton-Bowker had been humbugged, and of Clinton-Bowker's ever-increasing self-complacency and triumph. Gloriani hovered about us, unable to tear himself away. He served the *surprise à la Persephoné* himself.

Clinton-Bowker tapped his waistcoat and laughed genially.

"I've ordered a bottle of '63 port," he said to Dumphrey. "We shall toast the lovely lady in a noble wine. Kasten may turn up yet."

The story of how the coin came into his possession was again told, with a few extra details not worth recording. It pleased me that Dumphrey should make the remark which had seemed obvious to me.

"Why wasn't Kasten allowed a whack at it?"

Clinton-Bowker, mellowed by Clicquot, said, suavely, "You must ask him when he comes."

"He won't come," said Dumphrey, gloomily. "Depend upon it, if he crossed to buy this coin, on purpose, I mean, why then he must be the sickest man in Europe. I see him curled up in a hole somewhere."

"Sobbing his heart out," said Clinton-Bowker, cheerfully.

I happened to notice that the lady at the next table seemed to be interested in our talk. She had challenged attention by arriving in a motor about the time we did. And I heard her ask the head-waiter: "Is the Herr Baron here?" When he replied, politely: "Not yet, madame," she shrugged a too fat pair of shoulders, and answered with some asperity: "Mein 'osband is always late; I shall begin."

She dined alone, for the Herr Baron did not turn up. I could not blame her, therefore, for taking an interest in us. I remember that her table manners delighted me, because they were so bad. She appeared to be a German, and she ate with four feet in the trough. Also she annoyed me by twice summoning the waiter by striking a wineglass with her knife. An Englishman is never so much at his ease as when he is making comparisons between himself and illustrious foreigners, to the disadvantage of the latter. The Baroness—I marked a grotesquely preposterous wedding-ring—did herself well. I could see that even Gloriani was impressed. She was a stranger, but from her smiles it was evident that she would come again—and again.

Upon the other side of us sat an actress whom I knew, with a cavalier who was said to be about to supply the capital necessary to start her in management. And near the door, cool and conspicuous, I saw my young friend from Scotland Yard. He often dined at Gloriani's. When his eye met mine he nodded carelessly.

Gloriani brought the port.

The glasses were filled with the nectar.

Clinton-Bowker, with an apology, nosed it and sipped it.

"I pronounce it in perfect condition," he said, solemnly. Then he added: "Gloriani, you will join us?"

A fifth glass was brought and filled.

I admit that I was thrilled when the coin was laid upon the table. Not that I cared a hang for IT, but what it represented—uniqueness—stirred me to the marrow. Dumphrey's small eyes protruded, Stenhouse licked his lips offensively, Gloriani looked upward, as if a vision of the goddess had been vouchsafed to him. Dumphrey, the senior of Stenhouse in years and experience, picked up the coin, stuck a glass into his right eye, and examined it in breathless silence.

"Well?" demanded Clinton-Bowker.

He sat back in his chair, rubicund, jovial, absolutely cocksure of the verdict. Dumphrey handed the coin to Stenhouse.

"Looks the real thing," he said, cautiously.

Stenhouse, poor fellow, stared at it avidly, with such an expression upon his thin face as may have been seen upon those unhappy starving captives at Milan when rich viands were spread just without their reach. After a minute examination, he said, hoarsely :—

"I congratulate you. A superb specimen."

Then he handed it to me. I tried to appear as if I, too, belonged to this noble company of numismatists. But even I perceived that the coin was a wonder. It was of pale yellow gold, what Sophocles describes as Sardian electrum. Electrum, according to Pliny, is gold containing an alloy of one-fifth of silver. The coin was rather larger than an American ten-dollar piece, and the equivalent of a double stater. The head of Persephone was exquisitely modelled, with a subtlety of characterization which seized vividly upon the imagination. Obviously a master, a genius, must have cut the die. The reverse side portrayed the Queen of Hades, carrying a sceptre and a little box, in the act of being borne away by Pluto. I said, fervently: "By Jove!" without any flippant reference to the sire of the lady, as I passed the tetradrachm to Gloriani. He murmured in adoration :—

"Santissima Madonna!"

Then, oddly enough (bearing in mind what followed), Stenhouse exclaimed, with emotion :—

"I could not trust myself alone with it."

Clinton-Bowker chuckled fatly :—

"I sha'n't give you the chance, my boy."

"HE STUCK A GLASS INTO HIS RIGHT EYE AND EXAMINED IT IN BREATHLESS SILENCE."

Stenhouse has a little place at Shalliford-on-Thames, and I have beheld him as churchwarden handing round the collection bag after the sermon. Watching him, as he gloated over the Queen of the Lower Regions, I said to myself that he ought to resign his responsible office. The poor man positively looked a thief. I saw his fingers curling inwards, itching to steal.

Meanwhile Gloriani was examining the coin. Then he beckoned to an attendant waiter, who brought a small ebony pedestal. Gloriani placed the pedestal in the middle of the table, and upon it the masterpiece.

In silence we worshipped!

At this solemn moment that wretched woman to our right struck her wineglass for

"'IT HAS BEEN STOLEN,' SAID CLINTON-BOWKER, SAVAGELY."

the third time. Gloriani glared at her. A waiter hurried up.

And then the lights in the restaurant were extinguished.

III.

A SCENE of confusion followed, and I remember hearing our padrone swearing under his breath. Then he stood up and exclaimed in a loud voice:—

"Bring a lamp, or light some candles."

A lamp was brought immediately, and then the light from the electrics flooded the room. Almost as quickly, the incomparable Agostino approached Gloriani, and explained, with many gestures and shruggings of shoulders, that the light had been turned off at the main, but by whom, or for what reason, remained darkest mystery.

Someone suggested with a laugh: "A practical joke!"

"If I discover the joker——!" growled Gloriani.

Clinton-Bowker said, calmly: "Where is the Persephone?"

It had disappeared.

At first I thought that Dumphrey or Stenhouse had pocketed the coin for safety, but each, in turn, denied this emphatically.

"It has been stolen," said Clinton-Bowker, savagely. His congested glance accused Gloriani of the theft.

"Corpo di Bacco!" exclaimed Gloriani.

"Replace the coin," said Clinton-Bowker to the padrone, "and," his voice trembled, "we will call it a joke, and say no more about it."

"You dare to accuse me?" said Gloriani, tapping his broad chest.

Clinton-Bowker repeated, coldly:—

"We will call it a jest, my friend."

"A jest, signore; I do not play such jests. Why do you accuse me?"

A silence followed. Before the lights

were extinguished many of the diners had left the restaurant. Our young friend from Scotland Yard was standing near the door. Gloriani burst out vehemently:—

"Why do you accuse me, signore? Why not accuse one of the others?"

Clinton-Bowker answered disdainfully:—

"They are my friends and my guests. Also, how could one of them have turned out the light? Come, come, I make allowance for an act of folly. Give me back the coin, or——"

"Or——?"

"I must summon the police."

Gloriani laughed.

"The police are here, signore. That gentleman is one of them. For the honour of my house I demand an investigation here and now."

He spoke with such dignity that I became convinced of his innocence. Then he summoned the youngest and cleverest of detectives who had played such a notable part on the occasion of the attempt upon the life of General Count Spenckendorf.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Clinton-Bowker.

"I'm in the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard."

"Indeed! Pardon me—you—you hardly look the part."

"That is my most valuable asset."

Gloriani, crimson with rage, burst out:—

"I am accused of stealing a valuable coin, a coin that is unique. Fortunately, I have not left the restaurant since the lights were extinguished. I admit that appearances are against me, but Professor Bowker is an old client, and——! Ebbene! Search me here and now, before these others. It is a large coin, too large to swallow."

"It might be swallowed," murmured Dumphrey.

"I would sooner swallow the Chianti of Franconi, that brutta bestia opposite.'

"One moment," said the youngest and cleverest of detectives. "This coin is very valuable?"

"It is—priceless," replied Clinton-Bowker.

By this time those who were left in the restaurant had formed a semicircle about us. The Baroness remained at her table.

"Search me!" said Gloriani, with a superb gesture.

"No one must leave the restaurant till this preliminary investigation is over. If the coin is not found I shall ask for the names and addresses of those present. I wish to add that the proprietor is a friend of mine. I am certain that he is incapable of stealing this coin."

"That also is my conviction," said I.

"Search me," repeated Gloriani, obstinately.

"May I suggest," continued the official, suavely, "that we give the thief an opportunity of restoring the coin to its owner? Let the lights be turned out for a few seconds. This plan has been tried before successfully. Then let the coin be flung into the air. We risk the breaking of a glass, perhaps."

"Search me first," said Gloriani; "I demand that."

"Yes," said Clinton-Bowker, hoarsely.

"Please stand back, ladies and gentlemen."

Very deftly the young fellow began his search. In silence Gloriani's watch and chain and purse were laid upon the table. His purse was opened. It contained amongst coins familiar to all of us the adorable Camarina.

"This is not it?"

"Pish!" exclaimed Clinton-Bowker, testily. "That is a Syracusan didrachm."

The young man from Scotland Yard examined the upper pockets of Gloriani's waistcoat. From the right-hand one he drew forth a small packet done up in newspaper.

"That is not mine," said Gloriani.

"There seems to be something in it."

"Naturally."

"It feels like a coin, Gloriani."

"I do not know what is in it, signore."

"I shall take the liberty of unwrapping it."

To our amazement and utter confounding he removed the wrapping of newspaper and held up—the Persephone tetradrachm!

"Dio mio!" gasped Gloriani.

"Just so," murmured Clinton-Bowker, holding out his hand.

"You identify it?"

"Perfectly. Ask these gentlemen."

Stenhouse and Dumphrey nodded.

"Yes," they said. "It's the Persephone."

Gloriani looked like a noble bull at bay.

"Have you anything to say?" murmured the chief inquisitor.

"I know nothing—nothing. See here," he turned to all of us in vehement protestation. "That small parcel was handed to me late this afternoon. A man came in and greeted me effusively. You understand that—how you put it—more people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows. Hundreds claim acquaintance with me; and always, but always, I have to pretend that I know

"THE YOUNG MAN FROM SCOTLAND YARD EXAMINED THE UPPER POCKETS OF GLORIANI'S WAISTCOAT."

them. This man, this stranger, say to me, 'Gloriani,' he say, 'I have never forgot the dinner I eat here two years ago.' Of course I bow, and reply, 'Signore, it is impossible to forget some of the dinners that are served here!' Then he say to me, 'Gloriani, I am about to take an electric bath; after that I shall sleep; then I shall return here to dine, but I have in my pocket a small article of some value that I wish to leave with you. Put it in your safe, my friend.' Ebbene! I understand. I consent. Often I am asked to take charge of such things. I put the packet into my pocket. I forget all about it. Ecco!"

He spread out both his hands, and his head almost disappeared between his shoulders. Clinton-Bowker said, scornfully:—

"Where is the man?"

Gloriani answered: "The signore has not arrived yet."

Clinton-Bowker smiled. Under the circumstances he behaved with self-control and even sympathy. He said, curtly: "I am perfectly willing that the matter should end here."

"I fear that is impossible," said the representative of the law.

"I am innocent," exploded our poor padrone.

Nobody said a word. What was there to say?

"I am the victim of a plot. That brutta bestia Franconi has conspired to ruin me."

He appealed pathetically to all of us. Tears stood in his eyes. Never in my life have I been so sorry for a man, and yet the evidence, it must be admitted, was overwhelming.

"I believe your story, Gloriani," said the official, gently. As he spoke a stranger entered the restaurant. I did not recognize him because he was clean-shaven instead of bearded. He greeted Bowker and myself.

"Kasten, by Jove!" exclaimed the Professor.

Gloriani said in a sonorous voice, pointing a dramatic finger, "That is the man who gave me the Persephone. You did. Deny it not."

"Of course I did," said Kasten. "What's

all this fuss about?" He turned to Clinton-Bowker. "I wanted to spring a surprise on you. I got your message, but I was worn out. I thought an electric bath would freshen me up for a great evening, but, Great Scot! I dropped off to sleep after it, and only woke up half an hour ago. What are you staring at?"

He looked at me and I explained matters.

"You claim this?" said Bowker to Kasten.

"Why, certainly. I bought it this afternoon."

"I bought it yesterday."

"It's mine," said Kasten.

"It's mine," said Clinton-Bowker. To clinch the matter he put the tetradrachm into his pocket. Kasten, as I knew, combined the phlegm of the Teuton with the cool assurance of the Yankee. He smiled derisively.

"You may have another specimen," he said, "probably a counterfeit, but if that coin was taken from Gloriani it belongs to me."

"Yes," said Gloriani, wiping his forehead.

The pride of the Criminal Investigation Department asked, languidly:—

"From whom did you buy this coin, gentlemen?"

"From a dealer," said Kasten.

"From a pawnbroker," said Bowker. "A mean fellow," he continued, "mean in appearance, undersized, with a ragged lower lip and a simian forehead."

Kasten nodded, adding: "The last joint of his little finger is missing, and his name is Israel Rosenbaum."

Scotland Yard asked, quietly:—

"Is his skin very yellow?"

"Yes," they replied simultaneously.

"Ah!"

"You know him?"

"Yes. He is the famous coiner, Eugen Schwartz. He came back from the French penal settlement in Guiana about six months ago."

Clinton-Bowker pulled out the Persephone and stuck his glass into his eye. I saw him frowning, pursing a dubious lower lip. Then he offered the coin to his great American rival.

"It's yours," he said, grimly.

Kasten took it.

"That is the duffer," continued the Professor, "which this rascal showed to Adrian Neuchatel. It's a splendid counterfeit, the cleverest I have ever seen. You are quite welcome to it," he added, politely. Then, in a different tone, with startling energy, he said, loudly, "Where is the original?"

"I think I can answer the question," replied the Inspector. "It will be found in the stocking of the lady sitting there. Schwartz, who is effectively disguised as a chauffeur, will doubtless advise her to

"'IT'S MINE,' SAID CLINTON-BOWKER."

surrender the coin without giving us any further trouble."

The Baroness rose to her feet and shrieked shrilly.

"Be quite calm, madame," said our youthful investigator. "Your accomplice is already in custody. That," he explained to us, "is why I am here this evening. We have had the rogue under surveillance ever since he landed in England."

IV.

THE coin was duly found in the lady's stocking, and since it has been universally acclaimed as genuine. Chance presented it to one of the cleverest knaves in the world, an expert counterfeiter, who saw an opportunity of selling bogus replicas to, perhaps, half-a-dozen collectors. Adrian Neuchatel was too clever for him. Kasten fell an easy victim. Clinton-Bowker, he knew, could not be imposed upon. He sold him the original coin, and then devised a plan to regain possession of it. The Professor had mentioned indiscreetly that he proposed to exhibit his new treasure to Dumphrey and Stenhouse at Gloriani's.

"IT WILL BE FOUND IN THE STOCKING OF THE LADY SITTING THERE."

Amongst a hundred waiters there is always one who, to the experienced eye, reveals himself as unscrupulous and bribable. Schwartz persuaded a Florentine to turn off the light at the main when the wineglass was struck for the third time.

Nevertheless, thinking over the incidents of this little comedy, one thing puzzled me. Our youthful Sherlock Holmes knew that the "Baroness" was the thief. Why, therefore, had he made the suggestion of turning out the lights a second time? I put the question to him.

"I was certain," he replied, "that the woman would seize any opportunity to slip out of the restaurant. I intended to arrest her quietly. Of course, I was not quite sure that she had stolen the Persephone till——"

He smiled.

"Till?"

"Till I saw her back teeth when another coin was found in Gloriani's pocket. She and I were the two most agape persons in that room."

"I claim to be a good third," said I.

ARTISTS AND ARTISTES.

Written and Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS.

SINCE the days of Hogarth artists have been the companions and friends of actors. By artists I mean those few who are men of the world, and not the mole type of painter, who apparently goes to sleep for the winter and wakes up for the picture-shows in the spring.

There is a great deal in common between the actor and the artist. The true artist is strongly dramatic, for should not every picture be a play? And the actor must be an artist also, for should not every scene in which he acts present a picture? The French word *tableau* applies equally to both.

Still, I have often been impressed as an artist by the want of care in details which is sometimes exhibited even in the best theatres and by the most painstaking and assiduous of stage-managers. A few instances will suffice to illustrate my meaning.

I have seen, for instance, at a West-end London theatre the typical artist of modern comedy in the velveteen coat, red tie, and auburn moustache (who always falls madly in love with a daughter of the house in the first act) painting a water-colour sketch upon paper with *oil-brushes!*

At another London theatre of good standing I remember a play in which the wife, daughter, and female servants seemed to have fallen easy victims to the irresistible fascinations of a young artist who had arrived at a country house to paint the portrait of its mistress. The canvas upon which he was painting the *chef-d'œuvre* was—judiciously or the reverse, as the sequel will show—turned away from the footlights, so that the audience could only see the back of it. First the heroine would come sidling in and, gazing at it with an hysterical simper, exclaim, "Oh, Alphonse, my heart's idol! Can it be that I am indeed so wondrous fair as that!" and, turning aside, mutter in *sotto voce*, "Does he then indeed love me?" Presently a saucy housemaid would pop in with a note and, catching sight of the priceless work of art on the easel, declare with irrepressible enthusiasm: "Why, it's missus! And the very image of her, I do declare! Ain't the dress beautiful?" Just for all the world like certain art critics at the Academy. A little later it came to the husband's turn. He had

"THE CANVAS WAS DISCOVERED TO BE PERFECTLY BLANK."

a very tragic scene in front of the portrait, and then at a critical moment, when all the characters were gazing at it together and uniting in a chorus of unqualified admiration at the Sir Joshua-like genius of the velvet-coated one, the easel accidentally toppled over, and laughter rang long and loud through the house when the canvas which had excited such unbounded enthusiasm was discovered to be perfectly blank!

In these days, when dramatic critics are nothing if they are not exact and omniscient, it may be interesting to record one or two instances of almost ludicrous napping on their part. In the praiseworthy reproduction of "Masks and Faces" at the Haymarket Theatre a few years ago, when Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, now Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, received columns of eulogy in the Press about the wonderful dresses and scenery of the revival, and were justly commended for the minute attention to details which were displayed, not a single critic detected that Triplet had the picture which he was supposed to be painting placed against the window in such a manner that no light could possibly have fallen upon it, whereas the merest tyro in art is aware that when a painter is at work he invariably places his easel at right angles to the window, so as to receive all the light that is possible.

Again, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who is supposed to be something of an artist as well as an actress, is called upon in one of her marvellous creations to enact the *rôle* of a sculptor, and to model a certain bust in view of the audience. This fairly electrified the critics, but when going into rhapsodies over the technical skill in handling the clay which Mme. Bernhardt exhibited they showed that they knew little of the artistic tricks of actors and actresses; as a matter of fact, she does nothing of the kind. The bust is modelled and baked, and over it is placed damp clay of the same colour. This the talented actress merely pulls off, leaving the beautifully-modelled head underneath.

SARAH BERNHARDT DOING HER SCULPTURING TRICK ON THE STAGE.

THE PAINTING SCENE IN "LA TOSCA."

I well recollect the first night of "La Tosca" at the Lyceum. The "Divine Sarah" looked as young as a fascinating girl of seventeen, and spoke with that charming voice which all who have heard her will ever remember. Her lover is at the moment of her entry supposed to be painting a fresco in the cathedral, but he paints it on the usual stretched canvas. Fresco painting has to be done on freshly-prepared cement, put on in bits as the painter works, and his colours dry simultaneously with the cement, or whatever preparation he may use—another incongruity in art matters on the stage, although, as I have already mentioned, Sarah Bernhardt is an artist. So is Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and not long ago he produced Mr. Hall Caine's drama, "The Eternal City," in which a portrait in clay again played an important part. The portrait is in progress, therefore the clay is wet; in fact, Lal Brough (alas! now no more), as the assistant in the studio, had to see that this was done—in the presence of the audience. Sir H. Tree, a few minutes later, to show his contempt for the sitter, strikes a match across the bust and lights his cigarette, an effective and subtle piece of

business which went down with the audience, but roused me to ask Tree over supper after the play how he, an artist, could do anything so absurd as to light a match on wet clay, and anything so clever, for I knew the clay was wet.

"You artists are too critical," he replied. "It will never strike the public that one can't light a match on wet clay."

"But how did you?"

"Oh—simply enough! I had let into the clay at the back of the bust a piece of metal purposely made to strike matches upon—the same as you see in railway carriages."

Recently, Mr. George Alexander produced a play by Mr. Alfred Sutro, "John Glayde's Honour," in which there is a studio scene with the usual properties. The statue of the Venus of Milo, without which no artist's study is complete, was prominent—was too prominent, in fact, for it was as white as snow, and evidently had just been sent from the modeller's shop—as well as George Alexander's hand as he stood in front of it and made his most effective speech. A hurried note from me that evening I believe rectified these artistic blemishes in this clever production. Still, all the private letters in the world to actors from an artist will never cure them of going on the stage with clothes, hat, and boots fresh from their costumiers. Over and over again a hunting-man will come upon the scene and describe some splendid run he has just had with the hounds—or he may be a country gentleman who lives in the saddle—yet his boots are spotless; there is no mud upon them, and no signs of chafing on the stirrup-leather.

These are small details; it is not artists only who detect them, but all whom they may concern, such as hunting-men and squires.

I suppose that ladies, who form the greater portion of theatre-goers, are quite reconciled by this time to seeing the village maiden, the poor cottager's daughter, the fisherman's child, in the worst weathers, tripping about

THE VILLAGE MAIDEN—THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

other casts hanging on the walls. This grated upon the artistic eye, for I have never seen any studio, except that of a young lady who has just left the art schools, with a statue that was not well browned with smoke and dust, probably disfigured with penciled memoranda, and adorned with some property, or perhaps the solitary tall hat, of the Bohemian artist. Furthermore, the cast of the hand, which was just the height of the actor's, was exactly the pose of Mr.

the muddy roads and storm-washed shores in the lightest of muslin gowns and the daintiest of French high-heeled shoes. But were an artist to paint a picture and so depict Nature, the critics would soon remind him of his faults.

In large productions some startling incongruities have met my eye. Miss Terry's famous performance of "Lady Macbeth," immortalized by Sargent's painting of her in that part, now hanging in the Tate Gallery, shows her in a dress which Lady Macbeth

never could have worn. It is most effective, and is made out of beetles' wings. The history of that dress is this.

It so happened that I was present at an interesting little dinner, at which Miss Terry, who sat opposite to me, was admiring the dress of the lady by my side, then Lady Randolph Churchill, now Mrs. George Cornwallis-West. Lady Randolph wore an evening gown made of beetles' wings. Miss Terry, directly after dinner, asked Lady Randolph if she could inform her where in America they could be obtained. Lady Randolph tore off a small portion of her gown and gave it to Miss Terry. This was the specimen out of which Mrs. Comyns Carr built the now famous Macbeth dress which was never seen in Scotland except on Miss Terry.

THE ORIGIN OF LADY MACBETH'S FAMOUS DRESS.

Even the best of actors make mistakes, deliberately, perhaps, as the following will show. In one of the famous Drury Lane autumn dramas that splendid actor, Mr. Henry Neville, played the part of the Premier in the House of Commons, in which he made a great speech; but having some Order of the Garter, or something of that kind, he wore the broad ribbon across his shirt-front. I took the liberty of pointing out to Mr. Neville that no members in the House wore their Orders.

"True, my boy; but then how on earth would the audience know I was the big-wig in the scene if I hadn't some distinguishing badge?"

I have seen actors wear the Order of the Garter on the right leg instead of the left, which reminds me of the story of the German lithographers who reproduced an historical English picture in which the late King wears the Order of the Garter. They dispatched a telegram after their proof had left them to send it back, as they found they had made a great mistake—they had only given the King one garter. The production went forth with the Order on both legs!

I recollect being annoyed by a scene in grand opera representing the sea-shore. The rocks were most inartistically placed at regular intervals, like the hoops on a croquet lawn. It was a Balfe opera, in which the heroine dies of thirst, and I was informed that as a certain *prima donna* who sang this dry part could not get through the great effort without refreshment, she rolled over stage rocks, behind which were placed pots of porter at frequent intervals, at each of which she had a pull as she turned over in supposed anguish.

What theatrical dresses are made of would be an interesting matter to discuss. Sir Henry Irving's princely garments, which looked all right from the front, were so dear to him that he never would alter them, and as time went on they would have disgraced an old-clothes shop. I have had all his costumes in my studio, so I know, and Miss Terry, in her interesting reminiscences, mentions the fact that Sir Henry would never have anything done to smarten up the costumes he had worn so long.

Hurried dressings often bring about ludicrous incongruities in costume. I remember in my early days the massive form of the well-known English singer, Ainsley Cooke. I was in his dressing-room at the old Adelphi when he was playing Falstaff. "Ah," he said, "I am thankful for one thing. I am blessed with an angel for a wife. In fact, I don't know what I should do without her. I don't trust to my dresser. My household genius comes every day and places all my things ready for me. By Jove, I'm late! Here, just help me on with these things. This basket-body of mine—here, stuff all these things in! I've sent my man out for a paper. Well, that angel of a wife of mine—hang me, I've only one boot on! Where the deuce is the other? I must be on in a minute. Gad, what *has* that careless woman done with it? That's my call! But where's my boot? Oh, why am I cursed with an idiot for a wife?"

He stormed, he raged; I and the call-boy searched everywhere for Falstaff's other boot. The singer cursed his matrimonial fate, and just then my amateurish

dressing caused his basket-costume to fall off! That moment I felt it time to escape, but just as I was picking up my hat I cast one glance at the strange, exciting scene—Falstaff, in despair and rage, with one boot, and his massive frame, parted from his waist, lying in front of him—but, to the delight of all, from within that basket-body stuck out the missing boot! In the hurry of dressing, it had been stuffed inside.

Of all actresses, Mrs. Kendal excepted, perhaps Miss Terry is the readiest. When on tour with my lecture-entertainments I have more than once found myself in the same hotel as my friends Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, so we foregathered a good deal and I have many agreeable

"WHERE IS FALSTAFF'S BOOT?"

reminiscences of those pleasant days "on the road."

I am reminded of one dinner in particular by turning up a letter from Miss Terry, in which she writes, "How funny you are to remember about the coffee! Now I remember it!" Shall I ever forget it! It was in the Windsor Hotel in Glasgow. Miss Terry invited me to dinner at the actors' hour—four o'clock in the afternoon. It is the lecturers' hour also, for later dinners are fatal to anyone having to talk from stage or platform for a considerable time, beginning at eight o'clock.

After our late lunch or early dinner, or whatever one cares to call such a meal, a patent coffee-maker was produced, but no methylated spirit was to be found.

"Ring for some! Nonsense, I am a woman of resource," said our hostess. "See, I'll make the coffee boil with matches alone"—and so she did. It took twenty minutes or more, but during that time Miss Terry became so delightfully excited with her self-imposed task, so merry and vivacious, that had such a scene taken place on the stage it would have proved one of her greatest triumphs. She danced and jumped about, and sat on the floor to watch, and on the sofa to cheer, and ran about for more boxes of matches, and eventually poured coffee out to the tune of "See the conquering hero comes." Norman Craig was busy making those property books which he, as the young poet, later in the day flung about

in that charming comedy "Nance Oldfield." In fact, Miss Terry was Nance in real life in that coffee-brewing scene, and possibly just engaged in doing what Nance Oldfield would have done under similar circumstances.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree is as great a wit as he is an actor and manager. I trust he has his Boswell, so that some day we may have a worthy collection of his clever sayings. But I must not flatter; I must record some of his *bons mots* I myself have heard him say, and one is that Sir Herbert dislikes flattery, and he has said so in these words: "Flattery makes the great little, the little never great."

I had the pleasure of numbering Sir Herbert Tree as one of my friends some time before he adopted the stage as his profession. In his early days he was a much-sought-after amateur in London Society, and in those days gave very clever imitations of the leading actors. I have never seen any burlesques or parodies to equal young Tree's efforts. The cleverer they were, the nearer the original, the more they were appreciated by all but those burlesqued. Now, the biter is frequently bit in real earnest, but Sir Herbert's shoulders are wide—wider than the late Sir Henry Irving's, who could not tolerate anyone making fun at his expense. Sir Herbert Tree, apropos of his too funny imitators, made one of his best *bons mots:* "A man never knows what a fool he is until he sees himself imitated by one."

Generally, when men rise above Bohemianism their skins become thinner. There is no doubt Sir Herbert Tree now stands at the top of his profession—the Irving mantle of management fell upon his shoulders, but it covers a heart that is still true to Bohemianism. He is, in fact, of all my clever friends, the least altered by success. I once heard him make a remark which sums up this peculiarity: "The greatest luxury of life is to be able to afford to be yourself and nothing else. Besides, it is well to be born conceited, for then success does not flurry one."

Of Bohemianism he said: "I drink to Vagabondage, the only bondage of the free."

Strange as it may seem, there are still some narrow-minded persons who look upon the theatre as a sink of iniquity and actors and actresses with abhorrence. It is a prejudice that is dying hard. One evening Sir Herbert Tree was invited to dine with a very distinguished hostess. As soon as Sir Herbert entered the house, his host dragged him on one side and said, "For goodness' sake don't let my wife know you are an actor. You must pretend to be something else—anything will do."

Sir Herbert smilingly acquiesced, but was somewhat nonplussed when introduced as "a distinguished Ambassador from Java." He knew nothing of Java, not even where it could be found on the map.

Being the distinguished guest of the evening, the "Ambassador" took in his hostess to dinner. The host, a man of wit, fiendishly enjoyed drawing the "Ambassador," who parried his wit with gravity if with difficulty, for he knew absolutely nothing of the country he was supposed to represent. Unfortunately, his host did, and suddenly put the following question to the "Ambassador":—

"I am most interested in the country you have just come from. Can you tell me, how is the nutmeg trade?"

This was a critical moment; everyone at the table waited for the reply. It came glibly.

"Sir," said Sir Herbert, with an air of authority, "I am pleased to say it has lately received an impetus from the importation of nutmeg-graters from the United States."

"I am glad to hear so; but, ah! pray, sir, how does that affect it?"

"Pardon me, *that* is a secret of the nutmeg trade!"

Sir Herbert frequently puts in his own little tit-bits in plays he acts in. If I am not mistaken one is—"All men are equal except myself—Nero."

In a dramatic scene in "The Vandyke" he brought in the following pen-picture: "I never saw such tempestuous passion as yours; it's like a mad chaos of sea, dashing drowned mermaids on a shrieking shore."

Sometimes Sir Herbert's witticisms are whispered into the ears of the great. Speaking of Suffragettes to a Cabinet Minister he remarked, apropos of the attitude these fanatical ladies adopt, "You can't knock off a man's hat, and then expect him to take it off."

Another blossom of wit from the Tree: "It is better to take a little too much than much too little."

Sir Herbert's satire is truly delightful. A friend of his, in whose geniality he detected a touch of east wind, asked him how it was that Sir Herbert, buffeted by fate, was able to turn a kindly countenance to the world. "Ah!" replied Sir Herbert. "I'll tell you, my dear fellow, the secret of my philosophy. Like the ostrich, I hide my head in the sand, and that attitude enables me to turn a smiling back to my enemies."

Customs at Foreign Courts.

By ONE WHO KNOWS.

PROFESSOR MAHAFFY, in his readable book, "The Art of Conversation," makes some apt remarks on national differences in manners and customs. He maintains that these only become clearly defined in the humbler classes, and that highly-born, highly-cultivated people are alike everywhere—in London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. There are, he admits, shades of contrast in tone and temperament, bred of climate and circumstances; but in ideals of conduct, and in refinement of speech and bearing, there is, he says, a stereotyped standard of perfection. The society man in either capital is built on the same lines, has the same tone of voice, the same manner, and—probably—the same morals. And women who belong to the highest social class have a like resemblance to each, irrespective of nations and languages. This is no doubt true as regards mind, manners, and bearing, but we who know the world are aware that a wide difference exists with respect to social rules and Court ceremonial.

For instance, unlike London, several Continental capitals have a winter instead of a summer season. Of these are Rome, Berlin, Stockholm, Christiania, Copenhagen, and St. Petersburg. And Vienna has two seasons—one that begins on January 6th and lasts until Ash Wednesday, and a second that opens about Easter and lasts until the Viennese Derby Day, early in June. France has no Court, but the gay season in Paris more or less synchronizes with ours in London. This, by the way, is the reason why so many smart Parisians come to London in July, and are to be seen at the second Court ball and at Goodwood.

Now, I that have seen men and cities will write some of my most vivid impressions. First we will take a look at Berlin, as the English and German Courts are near akin in relationship. Berlin has a season as brief as it is brilliant. The gay time begins with strict precision in the third week in January. It opens with the sumptuous *Défiler Cour*, held at the Berlin Schloss, at which Court, diplomatic, and general society pay formal respects to the Emperor and Empress. Then comes the Chapter of the Black Eagle on the Emperor's birthday, January 27th; and the gay time is wound up by a masked ball, given on Shrove Tuesday, which finishes with a cotillon and ends before midnight. Into this short six weeks is crowded an endless round of gaiety, which includes a State ball, a Court, diplomatic dinners, and a gala night at the opera. And every week concerts are given at the Royal palace, a few special guests being invited to tea on other evenings, but these are privileged persons on a more intimate footing.

An Englishwoman of position who wishes to appear at Court must find a friend who will introduce her officially to the *Oberhofmeisterin*—a sort of feminine Lord Chamberlain—who is an arbiter of fate with regard to Court presentations. This dignitary holds a reception of her own previous to the Court, which would-be presentees must attend, as it were on approval. If all goes well the aspirant is in due course bidden to a Court reception. Courts at Berlin begin at nine. Full evening dress must be worn, with trains, but no veil or feathers, and black gowns are not permitted. At the beginning of the reception the feminine element is carefully "sorted"—married women in one room and girls and *débutantes* in another, and in this latter new comers-out are placed on one side, and on the other those who have already gone through the ordeal. The Throne Room is entered between double rows of pages in scarlet, and, after deep curtsies to the assembled Royalties, the ladies pass onward into the picture gallery, whence they make their way into another fine apartment, where a band plays and the guests are served with light refreshments.

The lady presented has now notified her wish to be invited to some of the Court entertainments. A Court ball at Berlin is opened with much ceremony. The German Emperor and Empress enter with their suites, and the Ambassadresses stand about the throne in the Court circle. Their Imperial Majesties never dance, but converse with their guests in an amiable manner. By the way, the Emperor lays much stress on good dancing, and will allow no one who is not an expert to dance at the Palace. A Court official sits in a

THE COURT OF THE KAISER.

The Ceremony of the Black Eagle on the Emperor's Birthday.

gallery and watches the dancers, and should he detect any errors in either ladies or men he, later on, communicates with the Emperor, and the culprit is notified that he or she must become more proficient before being again invited to the Palace. Times have changed since the then Lady Randolph Churchill paid a visit to Berlin in 1888. In her memoirs she describes life at the German Court as extremely modest and simple. But since that time Germany has become more plutocratic. Germans have given up the old traditions of Prussian *Einfachheit*, and now practise excessive luxury. At least, this is so in the Court set and in smart society. The German Empress owns diamonds that are priced at half a million, besides ropes of pearls and other jewels of inestimable value. And women in the best set dress to perfection, and in a style that would grace New York's "diamond horse-shoe" or the glories of Buckingham Palace.

Vienna is far and away the most exclusive capital in Europe. As a smart woman once remarked: "It is easier to get into the kingdom of Heaven than into the best set in Vienna."

The Emperor of Austria is now an aged man and a widower; but there are generally two Court balls—a big one called the *Hofball*, and another, the *Ball bei der Hof*, which is limited to the high nobility, the Household, and a few favoured friends of Royalty. Court etiquette in Austria has always been of extreme rigidity; but within the magic circle nothing can exceed the ease and gaiety—everyone is full of wit and sparkle, sure of themselves and of their entourage. When a Court is held, ladies are presented to the Emperor by the *Grande Maitresse*, who is a most important personage. They stand in a row, and after they have been presented the aged Monarch speaks a few words to each in a kindly manner. All Austrians, however, have not the privilege of being presented. To secure this right it is necessary to produce sixteen quarterings, eight on each side of the house; but Hungarians—who seem specially favoured—need only produce eight quarterings. Women of the British aristocracy are always received with much courtesy by the aged Emperor. At Vienna the invited guests arrive at a Court ball at half-past eight, and at nine the Emperor and Imperial party enter the room and dancing begins.

In Vienna society can be divided into three distinct sections. First comes the Court, the aristocrats, leaders of the *haute finance*, and the highest class of Government official. Next in rank is the *haute bourgeoisie*, which is a more remarkable class in Vienna than in any other capital in Europe. This again can be divided into sets—the Jewish and the Christian. The first represents vast riches, and in it may be found members of the Bourse and Bank, some famous lawyers, and a few literary men and editors of great newspapers. And the second set comprises *savants*, artists, manufacturers, and the rank and file of Government officials. After these comes the *petite bourgeoisie*, whose members live on small means and in complete obscurity.

The Russian Court has extreme brilliance, and goes one better than any other Court in Europe in the way of luxury and an almost barbaric magnificence. The season is in the winter, and lasts until Easter. Several Court balls take place, and an invitation to one of these is an imperative command, to which only illness or the deepest mourning can be given as an excuse for absence. On such an occasion the Winter Palace is a dream of

A SCENE AT THE COURT OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

fairyland. The State rooms, which are among the finest in Europe, are richly gilded and furnished with much magnificence. And, with an outside temperature below zero, the malachite saloon and the vast halls and galleries are filled with rare flowers that bloom in a hot-house atmosphere. All the men wear orders, ribbons and uniforms and splendid

From a] A CEREMONY OF THE RUSSIAN COURT. *[Photograph.*

Blessing the waters of the Neva in the presence of the Czar.

are seen—the officers of the Imperial Guard resplendent in white and gold, the Lancers in scarlet, the Hussars in green, and the Cossacks in silver. The only black coat is that of the American Ambassador. And nowhere else can be seen such gowns, jewels, and decorations. Russian Court ladies wear a special Court dress, a glorified edition of the national costume. Black gowns are disallowed as in Berlin. The ladies "of the portrait" wear a miniature of the Empress set in diamonds, and the maids of honour have her initials in diamonds on a blue ribbon worn on the shoulder.

A Court ball begins at nine, and everyone must be present before the entrance of Royalty. The ball opens with a dance called a polonaise, led by the Emperor and Empress. The Emperor dances with a grand duchess and the Empress with an ambassador. Quadrilles and valses follow, and a national dance known as the mazurka. Less splendid but even more choice are the smaller and more intimate dances, called the *bals des palmiers*. When these are given the long gallery is transformed into a tropical forest, with flowers, plants, and tree-ferns, and among the scented greenery are set little tables with supper for five hundred persons. At the bigger Court balls as many as three thousand guests are served at the same time with supper. Backward in time as in all else, the Russian Christmas Day is on January 7th and New Year's Day on January 14th. This last-named date sees the blessing of the Neva by the Emperor, at which Russian ladies also wear their special Court dress, and which makes a great event of the winter season.

The Royal Families of England and Denmark are linked by marriage, but there is not much brilliance in the Court of Copenhagen. This northern capital has the shortest season on record. It begins in February and ends in March.

The Queen of Denmark is of a serious nature and decidedly religious turn of mind. However, Courts are held, and there are some Palace entertainments. Trains are not compulsory at the Danish Court, but full evening dress is required, and men wear their uniforms on some of these occasions. Black is not allowed at Court; white is. But there is one thing that is uncommon in the Court ceremonial. The wives of the nobility and of high officials when in mourning have a right to wear a peaked head-dress.

Etiquette in Copenhagen is different from that which prevails in London. New-comers are expected to ask to be introduced to those whom they meet in the houses where they visit, and it is usual for them to leave cards at once on the residents. Dinners are early even in the smart set — at six-thirty or seven. The service is slow, and the long evening that follows is apt to be a trifle monotonous.

The Swedish Court is much more amusing, especially since the advent of the Crown Princess, once our own Princess Margaret of Connaught. But there is a rule in force at Court balls which seems a trifle peculiar. The ladies who dance appear in white, and black must be worn by the wall-flowers.

Norway is new as an independent kingdom with a separate King, and its Court customs are still in embryo. In Norway titles of

nobility do not exist, and in this respect it resembles the Courts of Athens, Belgrade, and Bucharest. King Haakon is one of the handsomest and best-dressed monarchs in Europe; and as for his Queen—no better praise can be given than to say that she was once our Princess Maud of England.

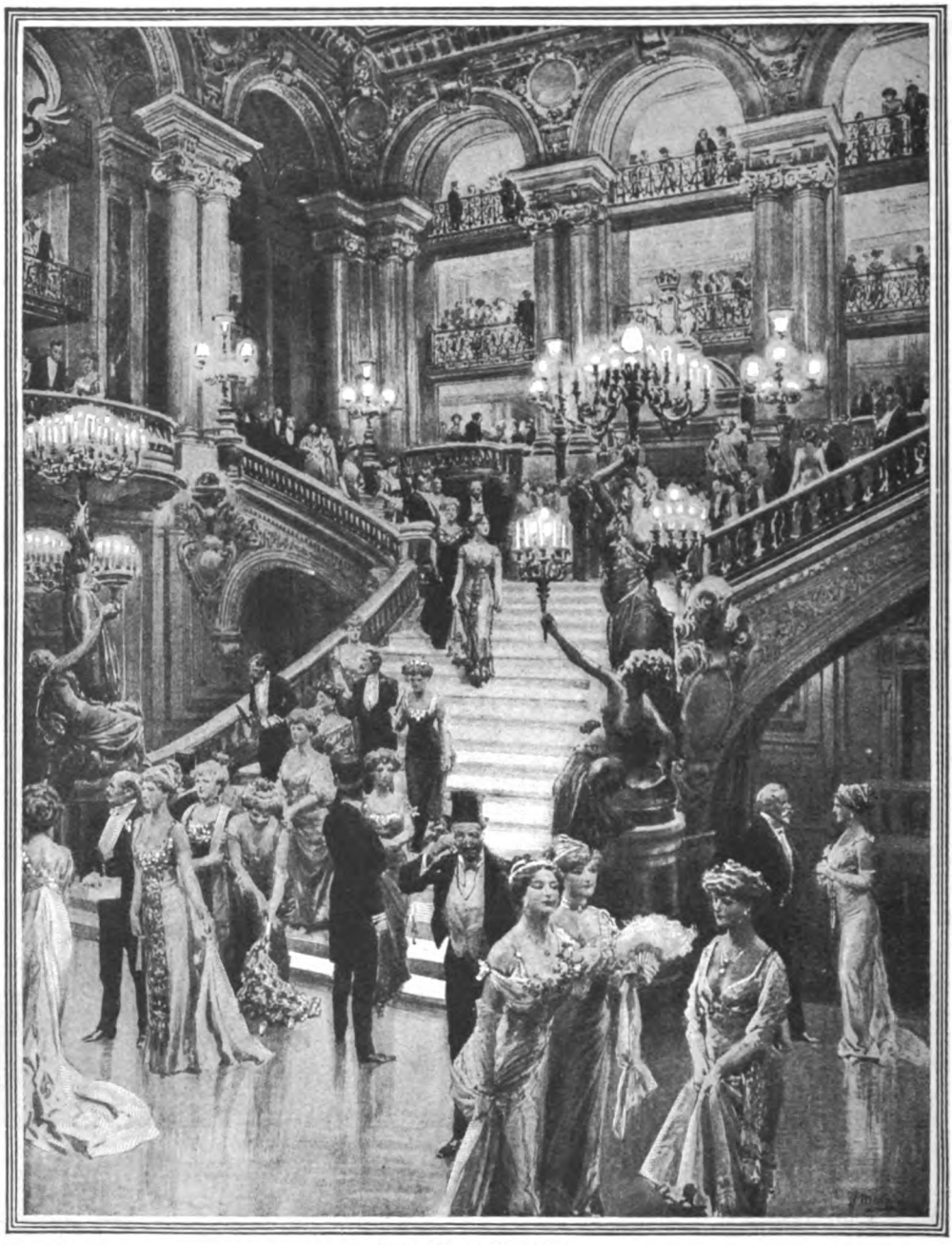
Now we will go South and take a look at Court life in Rome, and at the ways and manners of the best Italian society. Rome is one of the meeting-places of the world. Was it not Kipling who said: "If one wants to meet a long-lost friend, sooner or later one comes across him at Port Said or at Charing Cross Station"? To these places he might have added the Pincian Hill or the Piazza di Spagna. The season in Rome begins about Christmas, and up to Lent there is a constant round of balls, parties, and cotillons.

Trains are not worn at the Italian Court, and neither feathers nor veils, but full evening dress is required, which must be of the smartest and freshest, as the light in the presence chamber is dazzling beyond description. Black gowns are barred, which fact is distinctly stated in the invitations. Ten o'clock is the hour named, and about nine a glittering crowd may be seen mounting the splendid staircase of the Quirinal Palace.

Room after room is then passed through until the central chamber is reached, which has a mass of gilding and is illuminated by electric light and by thousands of wax candles. After this comes a pause, and then, as the hour approaches, the *dame d'honneur* "sorts" the different nationalities. Also she arranges that the married couples should be received in one room and the single men in another. This lady is, in fact, an Italian *Oberhofmeisterin*. At last a big door is flung open and the King and Queen make their appearance. Their Majesties walk about the rooms, and do not remain seated, as is the custom at Buckingham Palace.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY AT THE QUIRINAL PALACE.
Their Majesties walk about instead of remaining seated as in England.

Social life at Rome is divided into two camps — the Black and the White. The Black—or the *mondo nero*, as it is termed—represents the clerical clique — cardinals, monsignori, and the immediate entourage of the Holy Father; and it also includes distinguished strangers of the "old faith," members of the Roman nobility who still adhere to the Papal Court, and the Embassies and Legations accredited to the Vatican. The



THE OPERA IN PARIS.

The Grand Staircase, which provides for French Society a substitute for the splendour and brilliancy of Royal Courts.

"Whites" comprise the Court set, Government officials, and the Embassies and Legations accredited to the Quirinal; also all the lively foreign element — English, French, Russian, and American. Needless to say, this social circle — rich, gay, and modern—is far and away the most amusing.

As may be expected, the Spanish Embassy is the "blackest" of all the Embassies, and an official reception at the Palazzo di Spagna

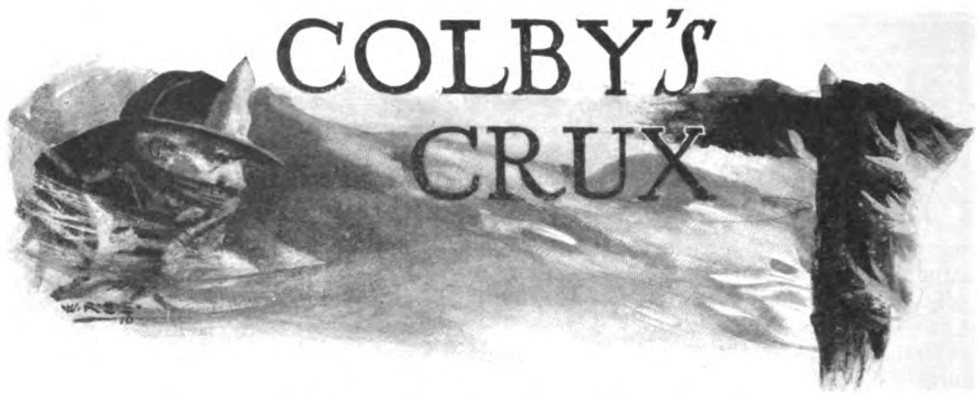
makes a sight that once seen is never forgotten. The footmen wear orange and red liveries, and the large and richly-furnished rooms form a superb background for the crowd of notable personages. These include cardinals in their robes; Knights of Malta, with crosses of gold and white enamel on their breasts; many officials and diplomats decorated with stars and orders; and—best of all—the beautiful, soft-voiced Roman matrons wearing the historic jewels that have been in their husbands' families for centuries. Cardinals are princes of the Church, and their evening dress is most sumptuous. A cardinal wears a scarlet mantle over a black cassock; on his head is a scarlet cap, and on his hands are red silk gloves. Around his neck is a long gold chain, from which hangs the pectoral cross, formed of pure gold and studded with amethysts. Outside the red glove, on the third finger of his right hand, he wears the episcopal ring, which has one big sapphire set in large diamonds. Cardinals in Rome are greatly honoured, and a special etiquette prevails when they go into society. Custom decrees that when a cardinal enters a room everyone should rise from his seat and remain standing until the prelate himself is seated. If a lady is presented to a cardinal she curtsies and waits to shake hands and to speak until he extends his own hand and opens the conversation. In fact, she treats him like Royalty. Then a lady must never wear a low-cut gown if the cardinal in question is a monk of a monastic order; but if he is not, she may appear as usual—*décolleté*. Also, if the party is a ball or theatricals, the business of the evening would not begin until the great prelate had taken his departure. The arrival and the departure of a cardinal are attended with much ceremony. He is escorted upstairs by a troop of servants carrying lighted torches, and later on is conducted in the same solemn state to his splendid carriage. A presentation to the Pope is an honour desired by most cultured Englishwomen. This ceremonial, as may be guessed, is set about with many restrictions. On such an occasion the lady to be presented must be dressed in a gown made of some soft black material, and on her head must be worn a black lace mantilla. Jewels or any smart ornaments are entirely unsuited to the circumstances. Such rules as the above are obeyed irrespective of religion, as the old saying: "When at Rome do as the Romans do," is obeyed by even the most rigid Protestants.

We who travel are aware that a wide difference exists in social etiquette as practised in London and on the Continent Card-leaving affords a good example. In a foreign city, if a lady leaves cards on another, the cards are returned next day, and not next week or next month as in London. And German, Russian, and Italian ladies cling with affection to their day at home, their *jour*, as they call it, and men attend these *jours* as a rule and not as an exception. In fact, not to call would be considered as a serious breach of good manners. Then on the Continent a man is expected to bow first to a lady, and not the lady to bow first to him, as is the ostensible rule in this country. And the rule of the road is different abroad: all vehicles met must be passed on the right, and not on the left as in England.

Dinners do not hold the same pride of place on the Continent as they do in London; also the customs observed are different. Foreign hours are earlier, and a dinner is often at half-past seven or eight. Then a lady sits on the left of a man, and not on his right, as in London. Also ladies and men leave the dining-room together arm-in-arm, as they entered it; but the men sometimes go away to smoke together for a while in another apartment.

Healths are drunk only in champagne on the Continent. Then in the best society abroad it is not thought correct to talk only to one's neighbour at dinner. Conversation *à deux* is disapproved, and talk must be general, which tends to a sharpening of wits that proves most acceptable. Smart, high-necked, or *demi-montant* frocks are worn at dinners, and not *décolleté* gowns, as in this country. And the same style of dress, only with a hat or toque, is used by society women at theatres and restaurants; but for balls and the opera low-necked gowns are worn, as in this country, and in Paris at such theatres as the Odéon, the Opéra Comique, and the Théâtre Français.

The evolution of the girl has by no means proceeded at so rapid a pace in European countries as it has in Great Britain and America. A French, German, or Italian girl in the best set is still carefully guarded, first by governesses and afterwards by her mother or some other responsible chaperon. A great gulf is still fixed between the life of girls in England and on the Continent.



By EDWARD PRICE BELL.

Illustrated by W. R. S. Stott.

JUST as Colby Hunt turned into his own quiet, tree-lined street—district of pretty cottages—he suddenly stopped short. It was at the close of an autumn day. In the half-bare branches a chill wind whispered sadly. About Colby's feet twirled crinkled brown leaves. Other leaves, crisp and tawny, struck against his face and crossed in front of his preoccupied eyes. Rays from an arc-lamp snowed through the restless boughs and quivered upon the pavement.

Colby's right hand—a big, gentle, warm, hairy hand—grasped the lapel of his coat. Its mate hung relaxed at his side. His head was slightly lifted and turned, his eyes and mouth faintly puckering. It was a rugged old face and a rugged old figure. The clothes were navy-blue, and there were brass buttons on the sleeves. The big head was covered with a blunt-peaked cap, also navy-blue. The trousers were just a bit baggy, and the whole suit, though smartly brushed, showed long usage—seemed almost threadbare. The shirt was of thick flannel, grey-green, relieved by a dash of scarlet at the throat.

Colby Hunt was the oldest fireman in the department. Nobody knew exactly how old he was: this was one of his jealously guarded secrets. But his hair, uncommonly bristly and dense, was nearly snow-white. Colby kept it cut almost to the scalp. "Otherwise," said he to himself, "I should be a patriarch; and what use would they have for a patriarch in the hook-and-ladder company?" Often there had been talk of retiring Colby on a pension, the commissioners debating the question officially. But none of them, nor any of his comrades, ever had ventured to speak of the matter to him. "After all," they would say, actually coming to grips with the subject, "it's only Colby's hair and skin that are old!"

Motionless there amid the spinning leaves, and in the trembling light, he certainly looked as if, met by a crucial test in the path of his hazardous duties, he would want a deal of beating. His face seemed chiselled out of a block of native decision—chiselled out with a chisel that had left its marks deep across his forehead and about his mouth. All his sturdy figure—there was at least six feet of it—appeared instinct with nervous energy; yet not by any means did Colby look a boy. He looked quite sixty—looked as if he might be the father of a big family (as, indeed, he was), and might have a group of grandchildren (as, indeed, he had).

Listening intently for a moment, he turned round and retraced his steps to the corner. It was as he thought: his name had been called from far down the intersecting street. A brother-fireman was running after him from the hook-and-ladder station, and Colby himself at once broke into a run.

"What's up, Dan?"

"The chief's at the station and wants to see you a minute before you go to supper."

Colby shot an inquiring glance into Dan's eyes, dropped his head, and walked back to

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the station silently. Chief Hubbard met him at the door and called him into a little side-room, where they sat down by a grate-fire. Assistant-Chief Arnold, slender and dark-eyed, was there, too, but he only nodded to Colby and smiled.

"Chilly night, Colby," said Hubbard, filling his pipe.

"So it is, chief; I s'pose we haven't long to wait for snow."

"Snow?" echoed the officer, genially. "Makes me think of the fire at old Judge Adler's house that Christmas morning, when you slid off a gable-roof in a ton or two of it and fell twenty-eight feet into a conservatory."

"And it didn't hurt me a bit," laughed Colby. "But I remember a night-fire in snowy zero weather when I did suffer some, and you as well, chief. You weren't chief then; you were a nozzle-mate of mine. Seven hours on end, wasn't it, we fought to keep the lumber-yard blaze from eating its way into the main part of town? The blowing snow and the cold, weren't they frightful? Ice all over the nozzle, and all over us, and all over everything—a skating-rink! I forget just how long we were in hospital!"

The chief's eyes shone and his rough face wrinkled.

"It's a hard life, Colby."

"It is; but it's about the only life I've known, and I like it. Do you know, chief, my father used to hope I'd be a lawyer? Idle dream! I couldn't *breathe* in a law office. Action and God's air for me. Why, chief, when the horses are galloping, the gongs clanging, and the people rushing breathless through the streets—it's a time when the slowest pulse quickens and the oldest of us forgets his years!"

Hubbard cleared his throat, moved his heavy feet uneasily, and looked more steadily at the veteran hook-and-ladder man.

"Colby, you know I like you."

"I quite believe it, chief."

"You know it. You're the best-loved man in the department. All of you that isn't honour is courage. By rights, you would be in my place to-night."

"No, chief, no."

"Yes, you would. Your education is exceptional. You know everything worth knowing about fire-fighting—know it by experience. What have you not done, and brilliantly done, in the service? You'd have been chief years ago but for your habitual shrinking from promotion. You're a shining example of modest merit that has waited for its own in vain. Now—you've served the public long enough."

Colby grew a little pale.

"You're too old to climb ladders, scale shaky walls, and battle with smoke and flames."

The white head sank; the blue eyes sought the fire.

"We propose to give you a thrice-honourable discharge, a good pension, and let you rest. What do you say to it?"

Colby's lips twitched.

"I hadn't supposed I was so old as that," said he, slowly. "I really don't know, chief, *what* to say to it."

He got up and turned away.

"I'll think it over. Thank you! Good night!"

"Don't take it so to heart, Colby; it's no calamity; there are things about it *I* like."

"And I, too, papa, decidedly. You're *not* old, and you *are* a wonderful fireman. You've proved it scores of times, and Mr. Hubbard was quite right when he said you ought to have been chief years ago. But don't you worry, papa! Will and Alfred and Tom and all the rest of us will stand by you and mother!"

Colby, gloomily thoughtful, was at the head of his table, eating his belated supper. On his right was his sweet-faced old wife in her silver-rimmed spectacles. On his left was Maggie, his baby, aged sixteen—the especial joy of his later life. The mother, genuinely concerned, was yet perfectly calm. The daughter's cheeks were flushed and her eyes were flashing.

"I s'pose they're right," said Colby, munching his food, his eyes upon his plate.

"Papa, the chief's right; you're always too meek! One can't be too meek in this world and get on!"

"That's not Christian, Maggie," said the mother. "'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.'"

Maggie tossed her head.

"Nobody can deny that I'm sixty or more," said Colby. "My oldest boy is engine-driver on the Empire Express, and everyone knows the company wouldn't have any youngster for that job. Besides, look at my grandchildren! Haven't they been seen often enough scampering into the hook-and-ladder station with their caps and aprons full of big, red apples for me? All the same, I'm as spry as ever I was. I don't want any pension. I can't bear the thought of knocking off for good!"

"Well, papa," said Maggie, somewhat

"YOU'RE TOO OLD TO CLIMB LADDERS, SCALE SHAKY WALLS, AND BATTLE WITH SMOKE AND FLAMES."

wearily, winding her arms about his neck, "I must go."

"Go?"

"Yes; we're working overtime at the big shop now. The holiday trade's in full swing. The whole staff will be on duty until eleven to-night. I'll come home by the half-past eleven car."

Colby drew Maggie's head down until her hair hid his broad visage.

"Maggie, I'm mightily proud of my children—ten of them, all living, and not a bad one in the lot. You, the baby, always have been our pet. As a child, you were perpetually under the weather, though you don't look it now! I've pushed you for miles in your baby-carriage myself. Do you remember? Your eyes, looking up at me, were so blue and so beautiful! Your hair was exactly like your mother's—some pretty shade between gold and brown. In spite of your ills, I've never known another babe that smiled so much. Whoever else gets old, may the Lord long keep our baby young!"

Maggie slipped a plump hand over her father's mouth, quickly kissed both her parents, and was gone.

"I must be off, too, mother," said Colby, wiping his lips, pushing back, and reaching for his cap.

"Now, Colby, don't you worry to-night. Remember what the Psalmist says: 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'"

His pipe alight, Colby stepped out into the fresh night. Strong emotions rolled through his consciousness. He seemed to be losing his hold upon the simple feeling, the simple point of view, that had characterized his career. He felt just at the point where he ought to count more than he ever had counted before. For life to turn upon him like this, after he had worked so long and so loyally; "looks like playing it low down," he muttered, and a certain outraged majesty transformed his whole look and manner.

All the firemen except Dan had gone up to their bunks. Dan, on watch, was seated at a small round table, under a gaslight, playing solitaire. Brass-mounted harness yawned high on either side of the pole of the hook-and-ladder truck. The big dapple-greys were champing their food directly in the rear. The black cat was asleep on a straight-backed, wooden-bottomed chair. The old yellow station dog, Jack, was curled up on the boards at the lone card-player's feet.

"Good night, Dan," said Colby, knocking the ashes from his pipe and mounting the stairs.

"Won't have a game before turning in?" called Dan.

"Not to-night."

Quickly and curiously Dan looked after the towering figure. Certainly that was not Colby Hunt's familiar voice, and Dan had no recollection of so scant a formality in all the veteran's previous behaviour.

Ten o'clock.

Faintly, from afar, came the strokes of the giant bell in the court-house tower.

Dan, dozing, was barely conscious of the sounds, when suddenly they seemed to grow infinitely louder. He sprang to his feet. The electric hammer just above his head was falling with a measured resonance upon the alarm-gong. The automatic doors at the rear had swung open, and the dapple-greys were lumbering to their places under the elevated harness.

Already Colby Hunt had slipped into his service boots and was rapidly buckling them about his thighs. To right and left his comrades were a-leap. All the station hummed with the noise of swift preparation—a ponderous machine abruptly thrown into strenuous motion. As he hastened Colby was counting the strokes of the electric hammer. He knew the location of every alarm-box in the city. For example, Fourteen was the distillery district; Ten, the lumber yards; Forty-one, the elevator quarter; Ninety-six, the railway warehouses; Twenty-seven, the main business section; Thirty-three, the quays and river shipping; Seventy-two, the manufacturing area.

"One—two! One—two—three—four—five—six—seven!"

Twenty-seven!

Colby thrust the last button into place, sprang across the sleeping room, and shot down the exit-pole into the hook-and-ladder hall. Men had gone before him, men were swiftly following, some throwing on their waterproofs, some reaching for their helmets. The horses stood beneath the harness, champing their bits, eyes and nostrils dilated, feet beating a rumbling tattoo. The harness fell. The hames clicked round the collars. The great front doors swung outward, and the long, red truck, lined on either side with helmeted men, thundered into the street, hoofs and wheels smiting fire.

Straight north along the radiant boulevard sped those mettled runners. So flat did they lie to their work, so smoothly did they fly, that twin-spheres might almost have rested in the dimples of their backs. Colby Hunt, on the seat by the driver's side, under his feet the warning-bell pouring its clangour into the night, leaned sharply forward, gazing dead ahead, his white hair showing with great distinctness beneath the black gloss of his helmet. At the Four's reel-house a dying note echoed through vacant chambers—the last stroke of the second alarm. At the Two's engine-house, a hundred yards farther on, rang out a fresh staccato. Colby glanced at his comrades, his comrades at him. In quick succession, three alarms—not a school-boy in the city but could have told the meaning of that.

And from Twenty-seven!

Twenty-seven was the heart of the mercantile quarter. There were the towering, gleaming buildings. There were the holiday throngs, elbowing, jostling, parcel-laden, happy, crowding the streets, packing the shops—men, women, and children in mighty, eddying pools, and in endless, turgid streams. There, too, were the sales-people—thousands of them—of both sexes, young and old, patient, weary, working overtime. Somewhere in that vast, unresting agglomeration—already the onrushing hook-and-ladder men caught its muffled roar—was the bright, particular star of Colby Hunt's domestic firmament—Maggie, his baby. Maggie had said she would come home on the half-past eleven car, and now it was a few minutes past ten. In the flitting light Colby's corrugated face was like an iron mask.

Swinging out of the boulevard into the chief shopping thoroughfare, the driver of the hook-and-ladder truck brought his team, rearing, to a full stop. From wall to wall the street was choked with people, and the air was a-wave with shrill babble, hoarse cries, and sobbing. Here and there a man gesticulated and cursed, a woman screamed and hurled herself impotently against the human embargo. Other persons, except when moved by the swaying of the mass, stood still, white and mute. Scores of police—shouting, pulling people back, pressing them on, crushing them to either side—vainly strove to make a passage through the crowd. In an ecstasy of perturbation, the hook-and-ladder horses were yet on their hind legs, when every light—the arc-lamps in the street, the luminous globes in the shops—suddenly failed. With the failure, with the engulfing gloom, fell a hush as brief as it was instant and profound.

Ahead and upward appeared a tongue-like object. Darting into the street, it seemed thirstily, pantingly, to lick up the darkness. Where the darkness had been, bold in the lighted space shone a row of huge gilt letters

—"Moultrie's." Moultrie's was a household word, a miracle wrought by wit, toil, and time. Moultrie's was vast, varied, brilliant, enchanting. Moultrie's was housed in one of the noblest commercial structures of the world—a trade-palace, big and beautiful beyond the palaces of reverie. And Moultrie's was wondrously equipped for security—fire-buckets, hose, chemical extinguishers at every turn. Further, Moultrie's had its own trained fire brigade. Still further, Moultrie's was *fireproof*. Yet a red tongue was licking up the darkness, and those great gilt letters were saying:—

"Moultrie's is on fire!"

Colby Hunt's prophetic soul had not played him false. At the first stroke of the electric hammer, down at the hook-and-ladder station, he had said to himself, "Moultrie's!" Possibly this was because, when the hammer fell, he was dreaming of Maggie, and Maggie worked on a high floor of that high building of Moultrie's. At any rate, the idea was now an irresolvable fact before him. Other red tongues, as if desert-parched, were licking up the darkness. The ruby glare was everywhere—on the sky, on the sign-strewn walls, on the wires and the poles and the people. Moultrie's main entrance doors were flung wide, and a mixed throng was storming through them. The broad, plate-glass windows also were open—crashed outward—and the frantic exodus was packing the crowd in the street as in a hydraulic press. Scores of figures were appearing upon the fire-escapes, moving quickly, but dazedly, like sleep-walkers fleeing from some stupefying vision.

One sweeping glance and Colby Hunt had noted all—the seat of the fire, the fire's demoniac fierceness, the immovable pack in the street, the congested fire-escapes. Moreover, high up, he had caught sight of a line of distracted, ashen faces—girls' faces—in groups. Each group was at a window, leaning over the sill, staring into the lurid gulf below. The girls were not crying, not making a sound—just clinging closely to one another and staring down numbly. Colby's children—especially Maggie—were more than rooted in his being; on its tenderer side, they *were* his being. Was the enemy he had fought all his life about to make the first gap in this love-linked company? But for a piercing gleam, Colby's blue eyes were lost in the jungle of his eyebrows and his wrinkles. As to his clean-shaven lips, one would have said they never had been cast for speech, but for everlasting silence.

"NOW HE WAS ON HIS FEET, STRIDING FORWARD, REELING."

Two panther-like bounds, and Colby, just touching the pavement, was on the shoulders massed before the hook-and-ladder horses. With a startled outcry the men beneath him swayed, staggered, and struggled apart. But Colby had not paused; he had plunged desperately ahead, scrambling on all fours. Now he was on his feet, striding forward, reeling. Now he was down again, wriggling

and floundering like a great fish stranded. Once more he was up, stepping upon a back, a shoulder, a hatted head. From under his boots rose grating cries—cries of alarm, rage, pain—as metal shrieks when wheels crash over it. Colby seemed battling with twisting, rolling, dipping logs in a whirlpool. But finally he was upright, balanced, speeding unchecked, his footing bending as thin ice bends beneath a skater's feet! Out of the red-lit night crashed a weld of exultant voices; a helmeted figure had cleared the blockade!

But what of this?

What could human power avail in such a strait?

Growing warmth on his cheeks, low thunder in his ears, Colby found himself among clattering hoofs and quivering flanks. Mounted police were at close quarters with the multitude. Before their merciless charges the mass had begun to move. People were still streaming down the fire-escapes. Engines, hose-carts, and chemical wagons were crowding up. Dodging, edging, fighting, Colby reached the doors of Moultrie's. Lines of hose, half-buried in charred, ill-smelling slush, lay across the vacant thresholds. Split by fleeing feet, here and there the hose emitted thin, beaded streams. Even as Colby looked, from within came a heavy report, followed by a blinding outrush of smoke and embers. Firemen burst forth headlong. They had abandoned their hose-lines, lost their helmets, were blistered, singed, and covered with ashes. In a vague medley of cries Colby made out: "A wall has fallen—The masonry of the domed rotunda is down—Ten firemen are buried!" Smudged and bleeding, Assistant-Chief Arnold reeled through the blackened doorway.

"Colby"—Arnold's voice sounded like the rustle of dry husks—"I'm—hurt, and Chief—Hubbard's—*dead!*"

Colby felt as if a dagger had pierced his vitals. Chief Hubbard dead, Assistant-Chief Arnold fainting at his feet, and the centre of Moultrie's becoming a roaring furnace! Moreover, the flames were running out right and left, the buildings across the street were heating, fiery particles were reaching the upper air—the *city* was menaced! If the lower floors of Moultrie's were clear of people, on the higher floors were the working girls; their faces were still at the windows. Easing Arnold to the pavement, Colby swung round. The blockade had been broken, the crowd beaten back and roped away at either end. Except that early, ill-fated company, the entire fire department was there—every wheel, every foot of hose, every ladder, every man. Imposing indeed was the array, but Colby stood aghast. Not a reel was turning, not a ladder rising, not a muscle moving—consternation was king!

Hiss and crackle and roar, and then such a cry as breaks from a bugle's throat in the crisis of a battle.

"*Man the 'extensions'!*"

The machine-laddermen jumped like galvanometric needles.

"*The 'scalers' to those high windows!*"

Silhouetted against the glare behind him, Colby Hunt faced the fire-fighters massed in the street. His head was back, his brows lifted, his eyes blazing, his hands raised and spread in the air.

"*Volunteers to the front!*"

Twenty men sprang forward.

"*Bring out your comrades—if you can!*"

Rattle of hand-ladders, grind of machinery, and the street bristling like a mast-studded harbour.

"*Reels One and Two to the rear, and the Four's laddermen to their support! Chemical Six to the east, Chemical Seven to the west! Reels Three and Four to the buildings opposite! Reels Six and Eight to the right, Reels Ten and Twelve to the left! Moultrie's is doomed; look to the city!*"

Into this turbulent conflux—this single big-issue moment—Colby's life-zeal as a fireman, his long experience with every unit of the service, poured its resistless resultant. Bit by bit, falling like thunderbolts, his commands crumbled away the deadlock in the street. More rapidly than it can be portrayed, bewildered inaction quickened and differentiated into bewildering action. One extension-ladder after another shot its swaying length through the gathering smoke. From window to window leapt the scaling-ladders until the topmost storeys were compassed. Up and down, with astounding agility, moved tight-lipped firemen, bringing out the half-suffocated, the helpless ones. Patiently the others were waiting. Countless streams were storming and hissing, filling the air with spray, clustered drops, and broken shafts of water. The roadway was a ruffled, glistening sheet, and the gutters gurgled with a blackened flood.

Stationary only long enough to shout out the bold lines of his policy, Colby had become a remorseless executive. His grey head seemed to be everywhere; and everywhere—encouraging, counselling, commanding—his deep cry threw skill, tenacity, and

desperate valour into the conflict. The historical Colby Hunt was not there; in his person was a pale, grim, imperious man, keen-sighted, coldly methodical, yet in every artery a-throb with passionate purpose. Scan the huge, dishevelled figure! His helmet is thrust back, seared and battered; his waterproofs are burnt and torn; his face and hands are peeling. And all the while a dull agony gnaws at his heart. "Tom, seen Maggie?" "Frank, know whether my girl is out?" "Andy, was Maggie with that lot?" "I say, Dan, any word of Maggie?" And always the answer was the same. The crowd was so large, the rush so terrific, the confusion so great that nobody could be sure; certainly nobody had *seen* the veteran's daughter.

On a sudden Colby appeared, moving rapidly up an extension-ladder. A sponge was over his mouth and nose, and at his heels were other firemen similarly equipped. The fire-escapes were empty; the white-hot iron, at the lower floors, was writhing into wild contortions. Scorching haze blinded Colby to any faces that might remain at the windows. Half-way up, the ladder burnt his hands; apparently, anything done must be done almost in a moment. Intermittently visible to the crowds below and on neighbouring roofs, the climbers reached the front of the building, mounted two scaling-ladders, and entered the top storey. Flames were roaring up stairways and lift-chutes, producing a choking whirl. At the first step Colby touched the fallen figure of a girl. He caught her up, glanced at her face, and passed her back. So a second, a third, a dozen. Hands outstretched, from room to room he groped and stumbled, crossing and recrossing his tortuous tracks. So painful were seeing and breathing that every yard of the way was a battle. Often Colby's followers lost sight of him entirely, but ever ahead—through the gloom, above the uproar—rang out his poignantly-emotional call, "Maggie! Maggie! Maggie!"

"Colby!"

Dan had seized the old fireman about the waist and was violently hauling him back.

"Quick, Colby; the ladders are firing half-way down."

"Dan," said the veteran, going doggedly, "no trace of her?"

"No; but she *must* be out. I think everybody's out. All the girls would've fled to this floor, and we've been over it from end to end."

In a twinkling the two firemen, last of the rescue party, dropped down the "scalers," and flashed along the smoking extension-ladder to the ground. As Colby's feet touched the pavement he heard his name anxiously shouted, and saw a fireman with a blistered and troubled face rushing towards him, pushing his comrades aside as he ran. The man spoke with difficulty, yet rapidly.

"Maggie's in the far corner, on the next to-the-top floor. I found her there with two other girls, all huddled into the window. Maggie told me to take the others first, sayin' she was a fireman's daughter. Comin' down with the second girl, my ladder caught fire above me, and the upper half burnt off and fell into the street."

All at once the glare-lit multitude saw the hook-and-ladder horses start at a mad gallop for the corner of the blazing skeleton of Moultrie's. There, the wagon brought to a quick stand, the main ladder rose until it loomed high in the middle of the street, its polished rungs at right angles with the faces of the opposing buildings. It did not stand quite perpendicularly; the angle was some eighty degrees. Up this ladder hurried a grey-headed fireman, climbing with all his strength. About one of his shoulders hung a coil of life-line, its gleaming metal clasp dangling as he climbed. White and calm, bent on one last desperate effort to save his child, Colby Hunt paused at the ladder's giddy point and glanced upward.

"Maggie!"

"Papa!"

"Are you all right?"

"Yes; but hurry, papa!"

"My girl, I dare not venture close with the ladder; the heat from the lower floors would fire it like a match. Stand aside a little!"

Once, twice, he threw, and missed, the metal clasp swinging back beneath the ladder. The third throw, the life-line pierced the window as a rocket threads the rigging of a stricken ship.

"Now, Maggie, make the rope fast about your waist; hold hard with both hands; have no fear!"

Rigid and dumb, the spectators saw the girl place her feet out of the window, and sit for a moment on the sill.

"I'm ready, papa!"

"Steady, my child!"

There was a flash, the rope leapt taut, the ladder dipped and swayed like the tip of a tall pine struck by a hurricane blast. Who shall say how many thousands of faces caught

"FULL WIDTH OF THE STREET SWUNG THE PENDENT FIGURE."

the hue of marble—how many thousands of hearts jumped, and stopped? To his tossing spar Colby clung like a grizzled gale-fighter on a top-gallant mast. Full width of the street swung the pendent figure. At the end of the swing, catching, through the shifting smoke, a vivid glimpse of the girl's face, the crowd was astonished and awed to perceive that, while deathly pale, it was resolute, proud, and *unafraid*. Back swept

the figure, then to and fro, like the pendulum of a clock! The movements shortening, lap by lap Colby drew up the life-line; and at last, at that long ladder's dizzy tip, in the silvering glory of those vast ruins, the people saw—as many as *could* see—that veteran fireman with his baby secure in his great right arm!

Again Colby Hunt's quiet, tree-lined street, with the tremulous light, the twirling leaves, and the chill wind whispering sadly.

"Maggie, how are you?"

The girl's hair lay in golden-brown profusion upon her pillow. If pale, she was strikingly pretty, in her snowy nightdress, with its single blue ribbon worked in and out at the yoke. She smiled, and pressed her father's big head to her heart, her tightly-compressed lashes quivering.

"THEY ALL BENT OVER IT."

"I've just come from the hospital," said Colby, turning to his wife. "Arnold and the others are going on well. There's to be a tremendous public funeral for Hubbard and the men who died with him. Mother, with no sleep last night, and all day to-day digging about the ruins of Moultrie's, I'm fagged and famished; but before I eat or sleep I must tell you and Maggie something."

Mrs. Hunt sat down, leaned on an elbow, and looked at her husband over her glasses.

"At noon to-day I was called to the mayor's office. The fire commissioners and a lot of other men were there. The mayor made a speech in which he used many glowing words about how I saved some lives last night, and, as he put it, 'turned back the tide of general disaster.' Mother, for a while that ordeal was almost harder on me than the fire. I was standing bare-headed, looking at the floor, and could feel the sweat popping out on my forehead. But somehow I suddenly lost my sense of distress. The mayor's words entered right into me, and I felt myself filling with self-confidence and power. And by and by, when the mayor told me what he wanted me to do, and asked would I do it, I said, without any hint of wavering, 'If you wish it, your honour.' 'I do wish it,' said he, 'and so do the commissioners and the city.' And then the mayor gave me this."

Colby drew from his pocket a stiff, crackling sheet of paper, and unfolded it on the bed. They all bent over it. It bore the mayor's signature and the great red seal of the municipality. It said, in effect, that that day upon the shoulders of Colby Hunt *had fallen the mantle of the dead chief.*

For some moments the silence was broken only by Colby's tired breathing. Then his proud old wife—how strangely bright and young she had become!—asked, curiously:—

"And, Colby, did *you* make a speech?"

"Oh, no, mother. All I said was—'God helping me, I'll be a good chief.'"

WITH AN AMERICAN CIRCUS.

By BART KENNEDY. Illustrated by H. Sandham.

THE circus made its way through the streets of Columbus, Ohio, heralded with the loud and strident blowing of instruments of brass and the thumping of drums. The usual procession was being made through the town to awaken the interest of the people. All sorts of weird and curious and ferocious animals passed along. Sleepy and submissive-looking lions were trundled ignominiously in a latticed cart. Elephants marched in the procession after the gliding, lumbering, noiseless movement peculiar to elephants. They went along like vast, amorphous, silent, drunken sailors. Going with a lumbering, lurching roll. And then there came a camel which did not seem to be very much at home. And there were bears and zebras and other strange circus animals which I could not recognize. In between the animals and the slowly lumbering carts rode, or walked, the acrobats. Here the clown came riding backwards on a donkey. He had the face of a sad philosopher rather than the face of a humorist. And here was a well-set-up, compactly built young man who might have been a prize-fighter but for the lack of the hard look that prize-fighters wear. The ring-master and the grooms marched past in top-booted glory. Beautiful ladies, bespangled and glittering, were also in the procession, smiling down into the crowd. They rode in the centre of the procession in a wonderful golden car. And at the end of the procession there followed the toughest-looking mob I ever laid eyes on. They were the canvas-men, and I, alas, was destined to become for awhile one of them.

"HE HAD THE FACE OF A SAD PHILOSOPHER."

I was navvying in Columbus at the time, and a few days before the day of the procession I had taken what I considered to be a well-earned rest. Though physically suited for the severest kind of labour, a little of it always went a long way with me.

I followed behind the tough-looking mob at the end of the procession with vague and ambitious thoughts in my head. It occurred to me that I would like to belong to this glorious circus. I might, perhaps, get work looking after the lions. They looked submissive and downcast enough to eat from one's hand. Or I might become the clown, I thought. The present clown, who was riding on a donkey, seemed to my eye too much of a pessimist to be really funny.

It struck me that at last I was approaching the career for which Nature had fitted me. To travel with a circus! I would like it above all things in the world.

I might as well add that at the time I did not have a cent in my pocket, and that I had eaten nothing since the middle of the day before. This abstinence from food, combined with the inspiring sound of the brass and the thumping of the drums and the sight of the procession, may have stimulated my imagination. Anyhow, I plodded along valorously with the tough-looking mob who followed in the rear.

The procession had now got outside the town on to a great field. It was stopping and beginning to arrange itself around. The elephants began to trumpet, and the camel—that did not seem to be quite at home—squatted suddenly down. And here occurred what I thought at the time to be the chance of my life. A big, hectoring-looking man with a red face came up to me and asked me if I wanted a job as a canvas-man. His voice was hoarse and hard and very nasal, but to me it sounded as sweet music. I was actually being asked if I would belong to this circus! I had but a dim notion of what the duties of a canvas-man might be. It seemed to me that it must be a sort of dry-land sailoring, and the fact of my having been a sailor made me feel an easy confidence as to my ability to do anything in connection with ropes and canvas.

In a moment I was working away with the tough-looking gang getting up the canvas for the big tent. I was hauling and pulling away on ropes, just as I would aboard a ship that was shortening sail. It was a somewhat rude commencement for the realizing of my ambition to become a person of importance in the gilded world of the circus. But it was a commencement. What was to follow neither I nor any other man could tell. And I felt satisfied and happy as I bore with my whole weight upon the many and various ropes. The man with the red face and the hoarse, loud, nasal voice told me that I could travel with them for the whole season—and most likely for the season after. If I was round! The terms were eighteen dollars a month and board.

"I WAS WORKING AWAY WITH THE TOUGH-LOOKING GANG."

Board! After an hour's work I began to wonder when the first instalment of that board would come to hand. The romance of the situation had worn off a little and the pangs of hunger were sharp with me. Another hour passed at the hauling upon

ropes, and the lugging of canvas, and the driving down of stakes. And I began to think that being a canvas-man was nearly as bad as navvying. But I worked on, hoping for the best, and at last there came the signal for dinner. We stopped work and I went off with the rest of the gang to another part of the field.

Here a most pleasing and appetizing sight met my eye. Seven or eight men were cooking at a kind of rough range built with stones. Wood fires were burning, and pots filled with soup and pots filled with potatoes were boiling. Huge pieces of meat were being roasted. The smell was most grateful to a man who had just accomplished a more than twenty-four hours' fast.

We, the canvas-men, went into a tent near where the men were cooking—and waited. We were a somewhat motley lot. Men talked freely about the last time they had been in jail. I remember one very rough-looking man saying, when the soup came in, that it was far better soup than the soup he had had in prison a few days before. A man who wore a collar, and who appeared to give himself airs on the strength of it, was much shocked at the remark. He said something to the gentleman who had just spoken depreciatingly of the prison soup which caused that gentleman to pour forth a torrent of pointed and vivid remarks concerning the collared one's personal appearance and his probable antecedents. I thought there was going to be a fight. But peace prevailed.

The dinner passed off well. Besides the soup there was as much as one could eat of good roast beef and potatoes and vegetables and bread.

After dinner we fell to work like heroes. Towards evening we were ready for the first performance.

During the performance it was the duty of the canvas-men to stand on guard at the edge of the great tent, so as to prevent admiring boys, who wished to see the performance for nothing, from crawling under. I was sorry for this, for it was in my mind that I would be able to see the performance myself. Acting as a policeman hardly suited my temperament. And I fear that I allowed the management to be defrauded by letting several boys get in under the canvas through the cover of the darkness.

If there is anything in the world that wounds one's feelings and makes one feel utterly out of it, it is standing outside a place whilst there is something interesting going on inside. This policeman largely helped to dispel the glamour that surrounded the pictures I had conceived during the day of my future life and chances with the circus.

I could hear the inspiring yells of the dignified ring-master as he encouraged the performers in the ring. I could hear the roars of laughter from the audience, which I suppose were caused by the sallies of the sad-faced philosophic clown. And here was I cooling my heels outside the tent and allowing boys to evade the payment of their just dues.

I was beginning to feel pessimistic when a man came along and addressed me civilly. He said what a fine night it was—to which I courteously agreed—and then he went on to say how glad he was that the circus had come to Columbus. I said that I was glad also. Graceful civilities passed for a little while, and then he offered me a drink of whisky from out a bottle. I took the bottle from him with many thanks—took a long, strong pull, and handed it back to him. And then, to my horror, he too dived under the canvas. I was so taken aback at his action that I did not try to stop him.

Soon another man came along. This time I would be more cautious, I thought. I did not mind so much an odd boy passing in now and then, but with men it was a different thing. They were most likely well able to pay their way into the circus.

This man also was civil, and curiously enough he also offered me drink out of a bottle. I accepted the drink, but at the same time I intended not to let him in. He took a base advantage of me, however. As my head was raised in the act of drinking he got in under the canvas. His action was a wrong one, but it was hardly my fault that he had defrauded the circus. He had simply taken advantage of a guard whose disposition was trustful. I felt deeply injured. Indeed, the only consolation I had was the reflection upon the fact that he had left his bottle behind him. There was not much in it, however.

After about half an hour I thought I might as well follow the example of the boys and the two men. I had a longing to see the show. It was a pity to know of so much brilliance and pleasure going to waste as far as I was concerned, so I got in under the canvas myself.

The effect of coming from the darkness into the light and the greater volume of sound was curious. I was a bit dazed, but in a moment I was all right and taking in the show with the rest of them. The great

"I GOT IN UNDER THE CANVAS MYSELF."

tent was crowded with men, women, and children who were thoroughly enjoying themselves. There in the ring was the clown who had ridden on the donkey during the procession. His face itself was enough to make one laugh, and his way of putting forth hoary and moss-covered jokes was irresistible. I was enjoying myself immensely when I heard a hoarse, harsh voice behind me. I turned. It was the red-faced man who had engaged me. He beckoned to me to follow him, and then he turned and stooped and got out under the canvas. When we were together in the open air he spoke to me in rather a strong way. But I explained everything satisfactorily. I told him that I had just followed a man who had rushed past me. I had lost sight of him and was looking for him in the audience when he—the man with the hoarse, harsh voice to whom I was now talking—appeared. I don't know if he accepted my statement. But he passed on, after warning me not to get under the canvas again.

The next day things were a little easier. The circus was to stay in Columbus for three days, and there was little work to do with the ropes and canvas after the first day. I began to think now that my first impressions of life with a circus were fairly correct. At the worst the life itself was much better than the life one lived while navvying. The work was hard while it lasted, but there was no monotony about it. And the yarns I heard from my fellow canvas-men were most interesting.

Our sleeping accommodation was not what it might have been, but in this life there is little use in being a grumbler. Either put up with a thing or come out in the open and fight about it. There are times when one must do as well as one can with what comes. We were given a blanket apiece and a small straw-stuffed pillow, and we slept on the bare ground under a tent.

The last night, however, of our stay in Columbus was a bit hard. We had to strike everything—that is, to take down everything, and we were kept hard at it, handling ropes and stakes and canvas, till daylight the next morning. Then, after a hasty breakfast, we loaded everything into the carts and went off to the railway station. In a few hours we were in the next town and at it as hard as we could putting up the tents. That day was a hard day.

We canvas-men never had anything to do with the animals. They were looked after by the animal-men. These animal-men also helped to run the side-shows—minor performances which were kept going whilst the principal performance was going on under the great tent.

During the day the acrobats rehearsed. It was necessary for them to keep their joints in working order. They were for ever running up planks and throwing somersaults and double somersaults from off spring-boards. They were a curious lot of people, these acrobats. Whilst they were, in a sense, people of the stage they were in no way like actors. Their manners were more simple and direct than the manners of actors. They were people who played no part but their own, and who made no attempt to assume any other personality than their own. They

could do a certain thing well, and they showed the consciousness of being able to do it. They were, perhaps, in their manner and their general character, more nearly allied to professional athletes than to actors. They had the self-assured air of those who perform feats while people are looking on.

One day a lion broke loose and a hunt was got up. All the circus people looked upon the incident simply as a piece of excitement. There was no fear shown by any of them. They knew that the lions were but meek and submissive beasts who had lost all their natural force of character.

At that time we were in the neighbourhood of a place called Steubenville, and it somehow got out in the local Press about the lion's dash for freedom. The people round the neighbourhood were terrified—much to our amusement. They did not know the lions as we knew them.

I joined in the hunt along with the rest of the canvas-men. But I am sorry to have to relate that it was a tame and unstartling affair. We found him sheltering under a hedge. He had committed no depredation —not even to the extent of killing a sheep. He looked as if he were longing to come home again to his friends in the circus. I suppose he must have been hungry.

All that the keeper did was to go up to him and drive him with a whip into a cart which we backed up close to him. It went to the heart to see such a submissive king of beasts. Other captive lions may have performed doughty deeds when they broke out on a rampage, but our lion was evidently a lion with a respectable conscience. All that he was good for was to leap through rings at the word of command.

After I had been with the circus for about three weeks the romance of the life began to wear off. I began to realize that there was but little basis for my dreams of fame as a circus performer. At the outset I was hazy in my mind as to what I was going to do or how I was going to get on after I had been promoted from being a canvas-man. And now my mind was in a thicker haze than ever. And what was more, I did not quite see how I was even to be promoted from being a canvas-man. I could see that there was neither an opening for me as lion-tamer nor a career for me as a clown. And as far as an acrobat was concerned I had not the special bodily training. I had not been caught young enough. In short, I was disenchanted with the life, and I determined to seek my fortune afresh.

So the next morning I approached the man with the hoarse, nasal voice as to the getting of the money that was due to me. He was a good sort, even though his manner was hectoring, and after a little talk he got it for me from the manager of the circus. The amount was fourteen dollars and a half. Armed with this I went forth on my way from the circus.

"HE LOOKED AS IF HE WERE LONGING TO COME HOME AGAIN."

A BUDGET OF TARES

by AUSTIN PHILIPS

Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday.

ANYONE who knows anything at all about administration is aware that there is always a power behind a throne, and that wherever a so-called strong man shows himself there is invariably a stronger in the background who takes the kicks and administers the knock-down blows. This sticks out of every history that was ever written. Even Richelieu had his *âme damnée*. There was never a ruler without one. And as for your mere commonplace statesman, who is usually three fourths windbag and one-fourth figure-head, *his* strong men are the silent, well-dressed, imperturbable permanent officials who bring his words and deeds into the semblance of consonance and spend their lives from eleven to five in pulling him out of the burning fiery furnace built up of promises that ought never to have been made.

Trevannion—Trevannion of the Treasury—was a case in point. He had been the *âme damnée* of every Minister for twenty years. Chancellors, aglow with highfalutin ideas for new taxation, might suggest and urge. Trevannion would hear and smile and give way just as far as it pleasured him to do. The Chancellors would rage and insinuate. They would talk about mandarins and the sheer abiding impossibility of getting any public servant to move with the times. Then, secure in the splendid practical knowledge that was his, Trevannion would pour cold water on their vote-catching schemes. And against a really strong man the fury and ignorance of lesser minds spent themselves in vain. Trevannion was a great national asset. He had been, more than once, the saviour of his country. He was the power behind the Budget. In a word, he was the Budget itself.

His history—like the history of most men who get to the top nowadays—had been one continuous fight. He had begun as a pupil teacher in a Church school in a little Cornish town. He had passed examination after examination till he became a minor mandarin at St. Martin's-le-Grand. That would have satisfied most men of Trevannion's upbringing. But it was not enough for *him*. Power was his fetish, and he meant to be power's high priest. He sat again, this time for the stiffest examination of all. He passed at the top of the Indian Civil, beating the best University men of the year. He had the choice of going to India or of taking an appointment at the Treasury. He accepted the latter. In fifteen years he had outstripped all his contemporaries. He had been called to the Bar. He had letters after his name. He had become an authority upon economics. He had written books that were text-books still. And then, these twenty years, he had been at the back of the Budget, for all that the man in the street had hardly heard his name.

To-day he was sitting at the Treasury in his comfortable, carpeted, book-lined room. His desk was chock-a-block with papers, red-ribboned, docketed, and filed. Beyond his desk there was a great leather-topped

table. It was high-heaped with black despatch-boxes, locked and sealed, with yellow "E.R." medallioned pouches, with bundles of cardboard-cased minutes and scheduled, typewritten lists. He was putting the final touches to the Budget—the last upon which he would ever work. For even Trevannions are mortal and must retire at sixty-five. The knowledge of his imminent going was with him as he worked. Its horror never left him now. It sat upon his still broad shoulders like some undislodgeable ancient of the sea. Not even an assured knighthood was any comfort. To him, the bureaucrat, the Treasury was, quite simply, life.

At last the all-obsessing, ever-present horror sapped the tremendous power of application which had brought him to the top. He put down his pen, leaned back, and began to think. He looked round the room in which he had worked so long. The blood in his veins had not wholly turned to water; his heart still held affections. The very carpet and furniture were dear. In two months they would be his successor's, and he, Trevannion, would be a thing of the past—a deadhead, forgotten among men. What was he going to do? How was he going to occupy all that was left to him of life? He could write more books. But that was not enough. It was *power* that he wanted—power that he was going to lose. Nothing could replace it, once enjoyed. He who had ruthlessly crushed so many lesser men must now be crushed and ground in the slow, small-grinding, implacable mills of God. In two months all that he wanted in his life would be gone.

Then, sudden and swift, a fierce hope leapt in his breast. There was his daughter Cicely. Perhaps she might hear reason at last. Perhaps she would marry Marchmont after all. Then he could go with them to Omofaga, of which colony Marchmont was Governor-designate; could go with them and be the helper of their inexperience—the strong, resolute, hidden power behind their little throne. . . .

For a minute his brain rioted with proud visions of future power. Then doubt crept in, ousting the new-born hope. Would Cicely do as he wished?

Trevannion—it had been the one piece of sentimentality in all his life—had married for love. He had married, because it seemed to set the seal upon success, the daughter of the squire in his own Cornish village. Neither of them had had tastes in common; neither of them had been in the first wild flush of youth. Perhaps the latter fact had weight with Cicely's mother. Anyway, she had married him, bringing with her a few hundreds a year and a host of homely, sporting tastes. London had killed her when Cicely was but seven years old. But the child took after her. Outdoor sports were in her blood. She, too, loathed London—hated the administrative caste in which her father moved. She was good at every game she touched. Horses she adored; at tennis she was in the first flight. Above all she excelled at golf; she was a coming lady champion. And, because like calls to like, Trevannion feared that she would marry Roland Ormerod, scapegrace stockbroker, prince of polo-players, and amateur golf champion of the year. Already the two were inseparable. Trevannion, sitting there at the desk that would so soon know him no more, felt fear ripen into cruel certainty. His heart grew cold; hope died in his breast. If Cicely married Roland it would be the end.

The quick opening of the fronting door snatched him from his thoughts, restored his alertness, made him himself again. He sat up in his chair, his eyebrows heightened, his hard, cold, official manner came back. But the blue-uniformed, brass-buttoned, frock-coated messenger did not pass the threshold.

"Miss Trevannion, sir," he said, and bowed low, holding the door wide.

Cissie Trevannion came across the room, merry-eyed and trim-gowned, carrying a vast bagful of golf-clubs. Trevannion rose to his feet. Her coming gave him delight. The happy health of her made him young. Despite their terrible divergence of ideals she was the apple of his steel-grey eyes. He looked at her proudly, noting all that games could not spoil. There was never a hint of clumsiness in her carriage. Her walk was a delight; her fine freshness a dream. She was very, very dear to Trevannion's heart.

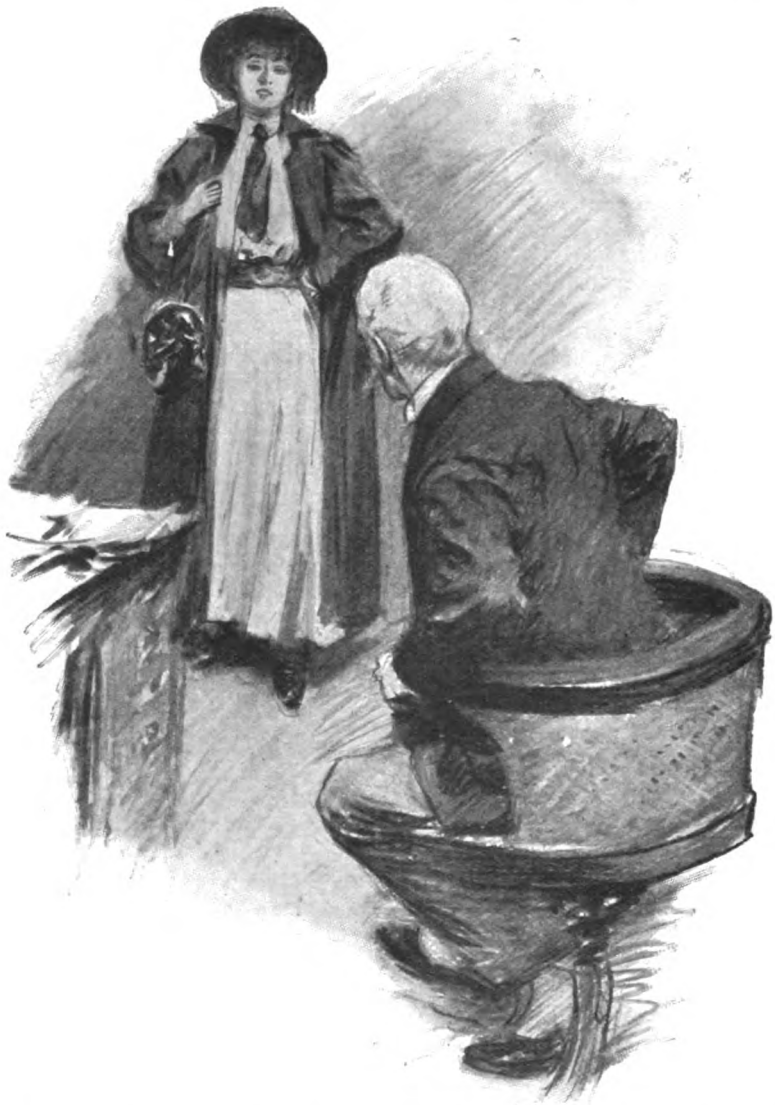
Cicely dropped her golf-bag on top of the despatch-boxes and the yellow, medallioned pouches that covered the great table in the middle of the room. Then she came across to her father, put her hands on his shoulders, and smiled up into his face. Trevannion, stooping, kissed her on both cheeks, stood looking at her, affectionate and proud.

"Well, Cissie," he said—and his voice had the faintest and most shadowy of little breaks—"well, Cissie, and how have you enjoyed yourself?"

The girl faced him, frank-eyed, brown-

cheeked, sun-kissed, the sheer embodiment of physical and moral fitness.

"Oh, perfectly splendid, daddy. Mrs. Ewing was a dear. We had the rippingest of times."



"CISSIE TREVANNION CAME ACROSS THE ROOM CARRYING A VAST BAGFUL OF GOLF-CLUBS."

Trevannion laughed.

"I suppose you played golf from morning till night?" he asked.

Cicely nodded. "Sometimes three rounds a day," she said. "You see, it's such a wonderful course."

"Er—so I understand," answered Trevannion, with a dryness. He was thinking of other things.

"Who else was there?" he questioned, suddenly.

"Dolly Scott-Stokes and the Elibanks, and a host of nice people that one met at the club-house."

Her father nodded. "Anyone else?" he asked, carelessly.

"Oh, Roland Ormerod was there for week-ends. He couldn't get away for more. He wants to make money, but times are so bad."

Trevannion's eyes were on his daughter's—hard, searching, shrewd. She sustained their glance unflinchingly. Whether she blushed or not it was impossible to say. Her face befriended rather than betrayed. The fine uniform colour of sunburn told Trevannion nothing—nothing at all.

"Then you're on your way home?" he asked at last.

The girl shook her head.

"Not a bit of it, daddy," she smiled. "I'm going down to Barnehurst for a game. We've got a mixed foursome—quite a good one. Dolly's coming, and Mr. Winterton, and Roland Ormerod hopes to be able to get down after lunch. So if I'm late for dinner you'll understand, daddy, won't you?"

Trevannion looked at her hard.

"Yes, I shall understand," he said, after a pause. "Though, as a matter of fact, you needn't, in any case, hurry back. I'm working late. It's the Budget again—and I shall dine at the club. But, Cissie——"

"Yes, daddy."

"I shall be particularly obliged if you'll make it convenient to be at home to-morrow night. I've asked Marchmont, you see——"

The girl pouted protesting lips.

"*That* dull old thing!" she cried. "Oh, how *can* you? Of course, I'll make, since you ask it, a point of being there. But I can't talk to Mr. Marchmont. He's too clever. He frightens me."

Her father shook his head, almost reprovingly.

"Arthur Marchmont is a man of great promise," he said. "In fact, I think that he will go far. He is to have Omofaga as soon as Swanniston comes back. It's a small colony, I know, but it's a stepping-stone. And, Cissie——"

"Yes, father."

"I rather think that Marchmont likes you—I mean, if you'll forgive a man's clumsy way of putting it, that he's fond of you. So don't hurt his feelings more than you can help. Promise me that."

The girl opposed frank eyes to his searching ones.

"Of course I promise, daddy," she cried. 'But as for my thinking of Mr. Marchmont in the way you suggest he thinks of *me*, it's absolutely impossible. Still, I'll be as nice as I know how, to please *you*."

As she spoke she put her hands on her father's shoulders again, so that, stooping down, he kissed her again on both her cheeks. Then she caught up her clubs from the table where they lay. At the same moment her eye rested on a long, blue-foolscapped return. She stopped short, caught, as it seemed, by a swift idea.

"I—I suppose you're very busy with the Budget just now. It must be a great worry."

Trevannion shook a protesting head.

"Not a bit of it," he laughed. "It's a labour of love, my dear. I——" He pulled himself up with a jerk. The recollection that it was the last Budget of his life stabbed him to the heart.

Cissy was half-sitting on the table now. She swung a beautifully-polished brown shoe.

"I travelled up to town with a lot of people to-day," she pursued. "They were all talking of the Budget. They said that there were going to be some wonderful new taxes. Amongst others, they were betting there would be another eightpence a pound on tobacco. They got quite heated over it. I wondered if they were right. I wouldn't believe it. I said the Government wouldn't be so unkind."

The girl paused, made as if to speak, hesitated again, then looked full into her father's face.

"*Were* they right, daddy?" she demanded, suddenly.

Trevannion started as if someone had hit him. It was the first time in his life that his daughter had asked him about his day's work.

"My dear," he cried—and there was real pain in his voice—"my dear, as if I could tell you!"

Then, even as he spoke, the truth flashed upon him—swift, convincing, sure. An overwhelming impulse had seized her. She was asking for a reason. She needed the knowledge. She wanted to do someone a good turn. And that someone? Was there room for doubt? It was Roland Ormerod whom she meant to help. And Ormerod, knowing the source of her information, would act upon it, past all doubt. Ormerod lay in the hollow of his—Trevannion's—hand.

The half-spoken rebuke that had trembled upon Trevannion's lips died into nothingness. The thoughts chased each other across his brain. He walked to his desk, played with a pile of papers, gaining time to think. Cissie loved Ormerod. He was sure of it. He must act—act immediately; must trust the end to justify the means. All his remaining years hung on this cast. If Ormerod were broke Marchmont's chance would come. With it lay power—power that was Trevannion's breath of life. The thought drove him into

a devil's deed. He looked up for a second, a smile fugitive about his close-pressed lips. But when he lied his eyes were on his desk, and he was turning over the pages of a report.

"You were right," he said, suddenly; "you were perfectly right, and there's no secret about it. There will be no new tax on tobacco. When, in a week's time, the Budget comes out you will see how wrong the others were, and you will have the pleasure of telling them how much the Government has been misjudged."

Then Trevannion laughed and sat down. When he glanced up again, Cissie was at the door.

"Good-bye, daddy!" she called. "I sha'n't hurry home as you're not coming back till late."

And the door shut after her with a clang, as if, hurrying, she had pulled it to more briskly than she meant. At the sound Trevannion rose from his chair again and began to pace the full spaciousness of his great room. Once he paused.

"I'm sorry for Mr. Ormerod," he reflected aloud. "But, at the best, most of us are pawns in the game."

And with that he resumed his walk. Presently he rang the bell. The messenger entered, obsequious, sinuous of spine.

"'WERE THEY RIGHT, DADDY?' SHE DEMANDED, SUDDENLY."

"You rang, sir?" he said.

"I did," replied Trevannion, grimly. "Tell the librarian that I shall require the *Financial Oracle* brought to my room for the next three weeks. Mind that I find it on my table every morning when I come."

The underling bowed.

"Very good, sir," he answered, and went out.

Trevannion walked back to his chair, sat down, and began to work red-hot.

For the next week Trevannion gave more time to the *Financial Oracle* than any man who has few investments needs to do. Things, he observed, were happening in tobacco. Shares were changing hands; there was even a mild boom. Somebody was buying for all he was worth—perhaps more. Those who pretended to be in the know were predicting an increased tax of eightpence a pound, which would mean that tobacco would go down with a rush when the Budget was out. Therefore the rash purchaser must be someone who knew better than the knowing—or thought he did. Trevannion smiled frequently. Also he chewed at his grey moustache. It was a way he had of dissembling his joy. He began to think that Marchmont had a chance after all.

On the great night Trevannion sat, unregarded and obscure, in a corner of the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. In spite of the fact that the Budget—his last great effort—was a trifle daring, he had given the Chancellor, whom he liked, some little rope; he paid small attention to the Chancellor's speech, which, incidentally, he had helped to draft. He was, in fact, thinking about the Budget very little, but a great deal about Omofaga and of how that country should be run. All the same, he waited until the Chancellor announced that there would be an additional eightpence a pound on tobacco. Then he went home—Cissie was away again—ate a surprising meal of caviare sandwiches, drank a whisky and soda, and went to bed—to dream of Omofaga. The next morning he ran over to Dieppe for a little leave. He was justified in taking it, and he could, he felt, afford to wait. The *Financial Oracle* followed, day by day.

Trevannion came back on a Monday night. On Tuesday he was in his place at the Treasury again. On his table the *Oracle* fronted him. It had been nicely aired by his messenger, for the weather was chilly and wet. Trevannion opened it and looked at the share lists. As he expected, tobacco had gone down lower than ever. Then he turned to a column headed "Settling Day on the Stock Exchange." He read it, as editors have it, with interest. Amongst other items he observed the following. The expected had, in effect, happened. Mr. Roland Ormerod had "failed to comply with his bargains." In other words, that gentleman had been hammered. He was broke. Trevannion, who had broken him, shrugged his shoulders, put down the paper, stuck his pen between his lips, and ran through the papers on his desk. Amongst them was a discipline case. Trevannion, feeling at the top of his form, felt that morning in the mood for disciplining somebody. He rang the bell at his side.

The messenger entered.

"Tell Mr. Thornley I want him," said Trevannion.

"Yes, sir," answered the messenger. He tiptoed out. A minute later the shorthand-clerk came in.

"Sit down," instructed Trevannion, indicating a chair. "I want to dictate a minute upon Fothergill's case."

As he spoke he glanced at the pile of papers before him. They related to a clerk in his own branch who had been guilty of late attendance, and, on one occasion, of denying it.

Trevannion cleared his throat and composed himself in his chair. "Now, Mr. Thornley," he said, "I am ready." And he began to dictate.

"In view of the facts elicited in course of the investigation, there can be no room for doubt that Mr. Fothergill has long made a practice of coming to the office after his proper time. In addition to this, Mr. Fothergill has aggravated his offence by, on one occasion, telling what has been proved to be a deliberate falsehood. . . . Have you got that, Mr. Thornley?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then strike out 'falsehood' and substitute 'lie.' I dislike using two syllables when one will do. Now go on. In these circums——"

Trevannion broke off sharply. The messenger had reappeared. He came across to his chief's desk with a letter in his hand.

Trevannion took it, looked at the handwriting, saw that it was his daughter's, opened the letter, and read. This was what it said:—

MY DEAR DADDY,—I suppose it was very, very wrong of me to ask you about the tobacco tax, but I think it was far, far worse of you to tell me an untruth. I went straight to Roland with what I thought I knew, and he bought tobacco shares right up until the night of the Budget. I suppose you know that he has been—or will be—hammered. We, Roland and I, both know it. That is why we have decided to get

married by special licence and to leave England before this is posted. With the money that came to me from mother I am going to buy some land in the Argentine and start a ranch. We are sailing from Southampton immediately after the wedding, which is to be at a registry office, and this will be posted to you a day or two after we are gone. Good-bye, daddy. I am not sure that you haven't, after all, done the best and kindest thing.—Always your affectionate daughter, CICLEY TREVANNION.

Round Trevannion the room grew misty and swam. His head throbbed, the veins beat to bursting-point, his heart galloped at incredible speed. He was in hell, and the end of his world had come. But he was game to the last. With a magnificent effort he turned to his clerk again.

"Let me see, where were we?" he asked—and it seemed to him that his voice was the voice of another man. "Oh, yes, I remember very well.

"'In addition to this Mr. Fothergill has aggravated his offence by telling what has been proved to be a deliberate lie. In the circumstances he will be seriously cautioned in the Chancellor's name, and the granting of his annual increment will be deferred for twelve months.' Have you got that?"

"Yes, sir," answered the clerk.

"Very well. Type it for my signature. You can go."

Alone in his big room Trevannion turned to the letter again. He looked at the envelope first. It was dated Southampton two days back.

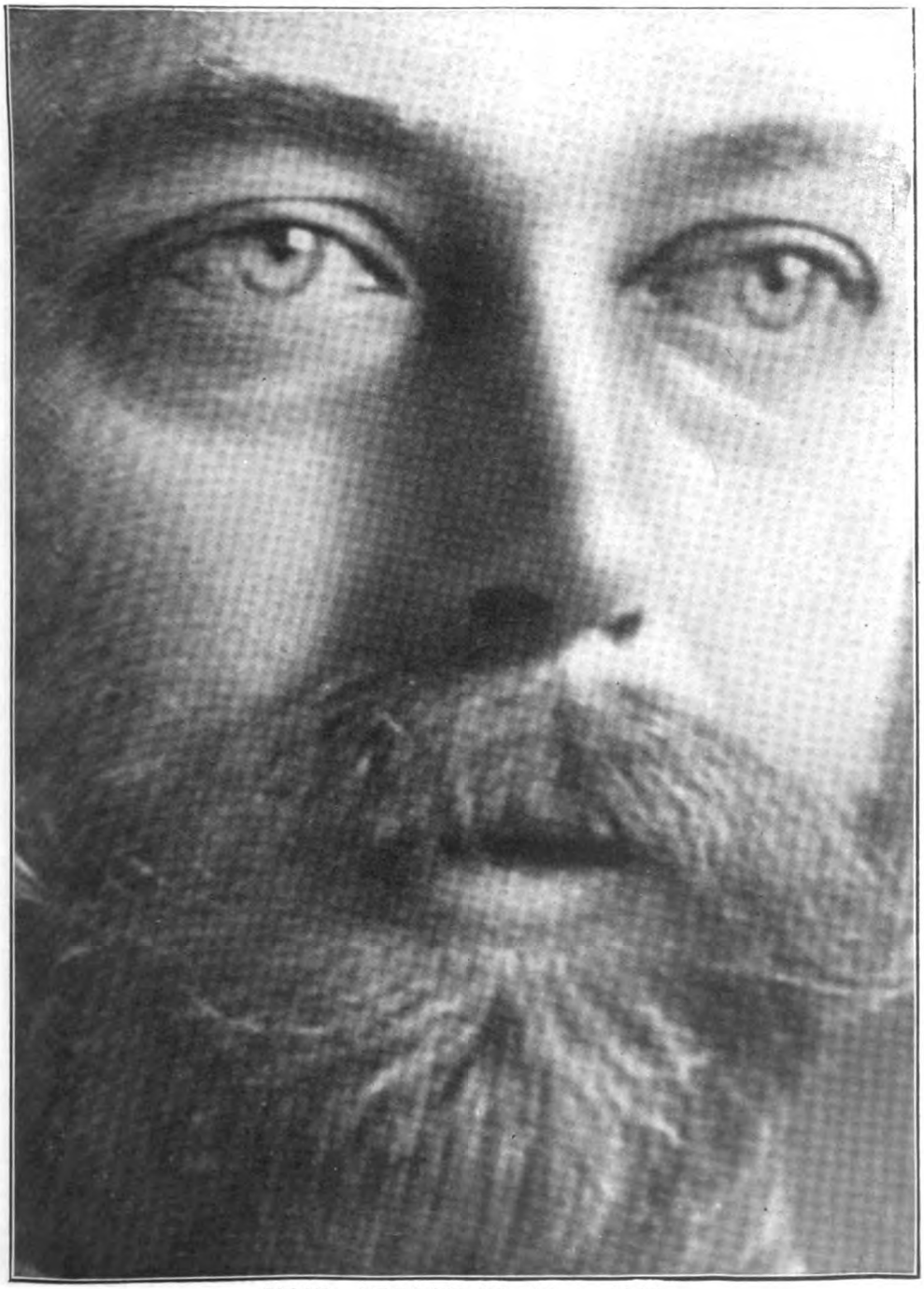
Then he looked at the letter itself, read it, re-read it with eyes of despair. Suddenly, at the foot, he caught the word "Over." He reversed the sheet and saw the letters "P.S.," a long, following paragraph below :—

DADDY, DEAR DADDY,—It was cruel, unspeakably cruel of you to do what you did. But neither Roland nor I can be unforgiving. I think, though we are neither of us clever, we both understand what you felt. And if, when you retire, you feel lonely and London seems empty and everything is dull and horrid, we shall always, always have room for you on the ranch for as long as ever you like to stay.—Yours lovingly, CISSIE.

Her father's cheeks crinkled as he read, his forehead furrowed, his lips primmed fierce and hard. But when he came to the end, Trevannion—Trevannion of the Treasury—Budget-maker and strong man, put his head in his hands and cried like a little child.

LIFE-SIZE PORTRAITS.

The King and Queen and their Children.

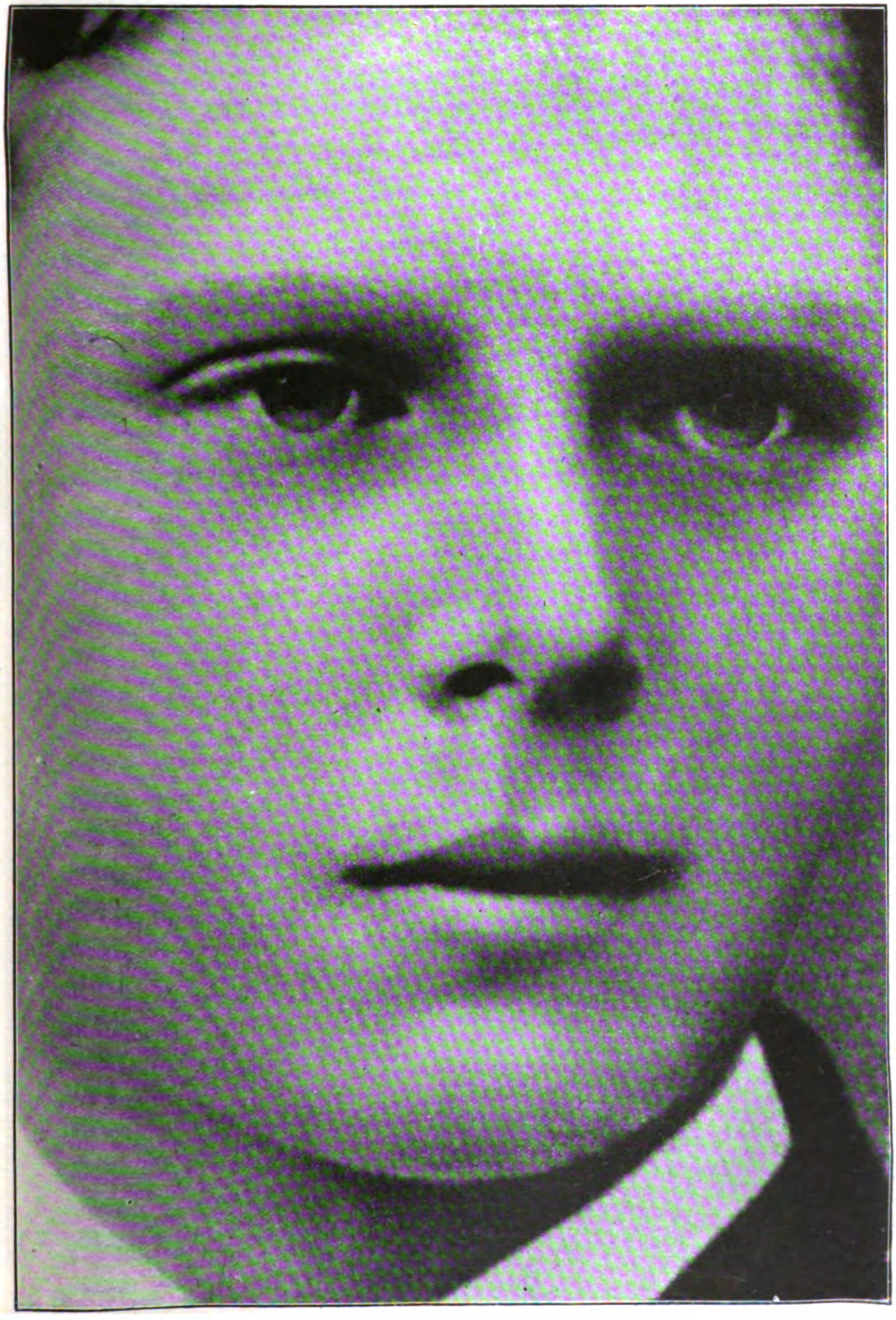


KING GEORGE V. (Born 1865).

From a Photograph by Lafayette, Ltd.

QUEEN MARY (Born 1867).

From a Photograph by E. H. Mills.



PRINCE EDWARD (the Heir to the Throne. Born 1894).

From a Photograph by W. & D. Downey.

PRINCE ALBERT (Born 1895).

From a Photograph by Kirk & Sons, Cowes.

PRINCESS MARY (Their Majesties' only Daughter. Born 1897).

From a Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

PRINCE HENRY (Born 1900).

From a Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

PRINCE GEORGE (Born 1902).

From a Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

PRINCE JOHN (Born 1905).

From a Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

The MURDER at the VILLA ROSE

by A. E. W. Mason

Illustrated by W. H. Margetson, R.I.

CHAPTER XIX.

HELENE EXPLAINS.

ND what she heard made her blood run cold.

Mme. Dauvray spoke in a hushed, awestruck voice.

"There is a Presence in the room."

It was horrible to Celia that the poor woman was speaking the jargon that she herself had taught to her.

"I will speak to it," said Mme. Dauvray, and, raising her voice a little, she asked, "Who are you that come to us from the spirit-world?"

And all the while Celia knew that Wethermill was stealing noiselessly across the floor towards that voice which spoke this professional patter with so simple a solemnity.

"Answer!" she said. And the next moment she uttered a little shrill cry—a cry of enthusiasm. "Fingers touch my forehead—now they touch my cheek—now they touch my throat!"

And upon that the voice ceased. But a dry, choking sound was heard, and a horrible scuffling and tapping of feet upon the polished floor. They were murdering her—murdering an old, kind woman silently and methodically in the darkness. The girl strained and twisted against the pillar, furiously, like an animal in a trap. But the coils of rope held her and tortured her. The scuffling became a spasmodic sound with intervals between, and then ceased altogether. A voice spoke—a man's voice—Wethermill's. But Celia would never have recognized it—it had so shrill and fearful an intonation.

"That's horrible," he said.

Then a woman's voice followed—Hélène Vauquier's, and easily identified. She spoke aloud and quite indifferently. Nothing of any importance whatever, one would have gathered, had occurred.

"I will turn on the light," she said. And through the chinks in the curtain the bright light shone. Celia heard a loud rattle upon the table and then fainter sounds of the same kind. And, as a kind of horrible accompaniment, there ran the laboured breathing of the man, which broke now and then with a sobbing sound. They were stripping Mme. Dauvray of her pearl necklace, her bracelets, and her rings. Celia had a sudden importunate vision of the old woman's fat, podgy hands loaded with brilliants. A jingle of keys followed.

"That's all," Hélène Vauquier said. She might have just turned out the pocket of an old dress.

There was the sound of something heavy and inert falling with a dull crash upon the floor. A woman laughed, and again it was Hélène Vauquier.

"Which is the key of the safe?" asked Adèle. And Hélène Vauquier replied:—

"That one."

Celia heard someone drop heavily into a chair. It was Wethermill, and he buried his face in his hands.

Hélène went over to him and laid her hand roughly upon his shoulder and shook him.

"Do you go and get her jewels out of the safe," she said, and she spoke with a rough friendliness.

"You promised you would blindfold the girl," he cried, hoarsely.

Hélène Vauquier laughed. "Did I?" she said. "Well, what does it matter?"

"There would have been no need to———" And his voice broke off shuddering.

"Wouldn't there? And what of us—Adèle and me? She knows certainly that we are here. Come, go and get the jewels. The key of the door's on the mantelshelf. While you are away we two will arrange the pretty baby in there."

She pointed to the recess; her voice rang with contempt. Wethermill staggered across

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the room like a drunkard, and picked up the key in trembling fingers. Celia heard it turn in the lock, and the door bang. Wethermill had gone upstairs.

Celia leaned back, her heart fainting within her. Arrange! It was her turn now. She was to be "arranged." She had no doubt what sinister meaning that innocent word concealed. The dry, choking sound, the horrid scuffling of feet upon the floor, were in her ears. And it had taken so long! So terribly long!

She heard the door open again and shut again. Then steps approached the recess. The curtains were flung back, and the two women stood in front of her; the tall Adèle Rossignol with her red hair and her coarse, good looks, and her sapphire dress, and the hard-featured, sallow maid. The maid was carrying Celia's white coat. They did not mean to murder her, then. They meant to take her away, and even then a spark of hope lit up in the girl's bosom. For with all her illusions crushed she still clung to life with all the passion of her young soul.

The two women stood and looked at her, and then Adèle Rossignol burst out laughing. Vauquier approached the girl, and Celia had a moment's hope that she meant to free her altogether, but she only loosed the cords which fixed her to the pillar and the high stool.

"Mademoiselle will pardon me for laughing," said Adèle Rossignol, politely; "but it was mademoiselle who invited me to try my hand. And really, for so smart a young lady, mademoiselle looks too ridiculous."

She lifted the girl up and carried her back writhing and struggling into the salon. The whole of the pretty room was within view, but in the embrasure of a window something lay dreadfully still and quiet. Celia held her head averted. But it was there, and, though it was there, all the while the women joked and laughed, Adèle Rossignol feverishly, Hélène Vauquier with a real glee most horrible to see.

"I beg mademoiselle not to listen," said Hélène. And she began to ape in a mincing, extravagant fashion the manner of a saleswoman in a shop. "Mademoiselle has never looked so ravishing. This style is the last word of fashion. It is what there is of most chic. Of course, mademoiselle understands that the costume is not intended for playing the piano. Nor, indeed, for the ballroom. It leaps to one's eyes that dancing would be difficult. Nor is it intended for much conversation. It is a costume for a mood of quiet reflection. But I assure mademoiselle that for pretty young ladies who are the favourites of rich old women it is the style most recommended by the criminal classes."

All the woman's bitter rancour against Celia, hidden for months beneath a mask of humility, burst out and ran riot now. She went to Adèle Rossignol's help, and they flung the girl face downwards upon the sofa. Her face struck the cushion at one end, her feet the cushion at the other. The breath was struck out of her body. She lay with her bosom heaving.

Hélène Vauquier watched her for a moment with a grin, paying herself now for her respectful speeches and attendance.

"Yes, lie quietly and reflect, little fool," she said, savagely. "Were you wise to come here and interfere with Hélène Vauquier? Hadn't you better have stayed and danced in your rags at Montmartre? Are the smart frocks and the pretty hats and the good dinners worth the price? Ask yourself these questions, my dainty little friend!" She drew up a chair to Celia's side and sat down upon it comfortably.

"I will tell you what we are going to do with you, Mlle. Célie. Adèle Rossignol and that kind gentleman, M. Wethermill, are going to take you away with them. You will be glad to go, won't you, dearie? For you love M. Wethermill, don't you? Oh, they won't keep you long enough for you to get tired of them. Do not fear! But you will not come back, Mlle. Célie. No; you have seen too much to-night. And everyone will think that Mlle. Célie helped to murder and rob her benefactress. They are certain to suspect someone, so why not you, pretty one?"

Celia made no movement. She lay trying to believe that no crime had been committed; that that lifeless body did not lie against the wall. And then she heard in the room above a bed wheeled roughly from its place.

The two women heard it too, and looked at one another.

"He should look in the safe," said Vauquier. "Go and see what he is doing." And Adèle Rossignol ran from the room.

As soon as she was gone Vauquier followed to the door, listened, closed it gently, and came back. She stooped down and felt the knots at the girl's wrists and ankles.

"Mlle. Célie," she said, in a smooth, silky voice, which terrified the girl more than her harsh tones, "there is just one little thing wrong in your appearance, one tiny little piece of bad taste, if mademoiselle will pardon a poor servant the expression. I did not

mention it before Adèle Rossignol ; she is so severe in her criticism, is she not? But since we are alone, I will presume to point out to mademoiselle that those diamond eardrops which I see peeping out under the scarf are a little ostentatious in her present predicament. They are a provocation to thieves.

"Mlle. Célie is under control," she said. "We shall have to teach her that it is not polite in young ladies to kick." She pressed Celia down with a hand upon her back, and her voice changed.

"Lie still!" she commanded, savagely. "Do you hear? Do you know what this is,

"SHE PRESSED CELIA DOWN WITH A HAND UPON HER BACK."

Will mademoiselle permit me to remove them?"

She caught her by the neck and lifted her up. She pushed the lace scarf up at the side of Celia's head. Celia began to struggle furiously, convulsively. She kicked and writhed, and a little tearing sound was heard. One of her shoe-buckles had caught in the thin silk covering of the cushion and slit it. Hélène Vauquier let her fall. She felt composedly in her pocket, and drew from it an aluminium flask — the same flask which Hanaud was afterwards to snatch up in the bedroom in Geneva. Celia stared at her in dread. She saw the flask flashing in the light. She shrank from it. She wondered what new horror was to grip her. Hélène unscrewed the top and laughed pleasantly.

Mlle. Célie?" And she held the flask towards the girl's face. "This is vitriol, my pretty one. Move, and I'll spoil these smooth white shoulders for you. How would you like that?"

Celia shuddered from head to foot, and, burying her face in the cushion, lay trembling. She would have begged for death upon her knees rather than suffer this horror. She felt Vauquier's fingers lingering with a dreadful caressing touch upon her shoulders and about her throat. She was within an ace of the torture, the disfigurement, and she knew it. She could not pray for mercy. She could only lie quite still, as she was bidden, trying to control the shuddering of her limbs and body.

"It would be a good lesson for Mlle.

Célie," Hélène continued, slowly. "I think that if Mlle. Célie will forgive the liberty I ought to inflict it. One little tilt of the flask and the satin of these pretty shoulders——"

She broke off suddenly and listened. Some sound heard outside had given Celia a respite, perhaps more than a respite. Hélène set the flask down upon the table. Her avarice had got the better of her hatred. She roughly plucked the earrings out of the girl's ears. She hid them quickly in the bosom of her dress with her eye upon the door. She did not see a drop of blood gather on the lobe of Celia's ear and fall into the cushion on which her face was pressed. She had hardly hidden them away before the door opened and Adèle Rossignol burst into the room.

"What is the matter?" asked Vauquier.

"The safe's empty. We have searched the room. We have found nothing," she cried.

"Everything is in the safe," Hélène insisted.

"No."

The two women ran out of the room and up the stairs. Celia, lying on the settee, heard all the quiet of the house change to noise and commotion. It was as though a tornado raged in the room overhead. Furniture was tossed about and over the room, feet stamped and ran, locks were smashed in with heavy blows. For many minutes the storm raged. Then it ceased and she heard the accomplices clattering down the stairs without a thought of the noise they made. They burst into the room. Harry Wethermill was laughing hysterically, like a man off his head. He had been wearing a long dark overcoat when he entered the house. Now he carried the coat over his arm. He was in a dinner-jacket, and his black clothes were dusty and disordered.

"It's all for nothing!" he screamed rather than cried. "Nothing but the one necklace and a handful of rings!" In a frenzy he actually stooped over the dead woman and questioned her.

"Tell us—where did you hide them?" he cried.

"The girl will know," said Hélène.

Wethermill rose up and looked wildly at Celia. "Yes, yes," he said. He had no scruple, no pity any longer for the girl. There was no gain from the crime unless she spoke. He would have placed his head in the guillotine for nothing. He ran to the writing-table, tore off half a sheet of paper, and brought it over with a pencil to the sofa. He gave them to Vauquier to hold, and drawing out the sofa from the wall slipped in behind. He lifted up Celia with Rossignol's help, and made her sit in the middle of the sofa with her feet upon the ground. He unbound her wrists and fingers, and Vauquier placed the writing-pad and the paper on the girl's knees. Her arms were still pinioned above the elbows; she could not raise her hands high enough to snatch the scarf from her lips. But with the pad held up to her she could write.

"Where did she keep her jewels? Quick! Take the pencil and write," said Wethermill, holding her left wrist. Vauquier thrust the pencil into her right hand, and awkwardly and slowly her gloved fingers moved across the page.

"I do not know," she wrote; and, with an oath, Wethermill snatched the paper up, tore it into pieces, and threw it down.

"You have got to know," he said, his face purple with passion, and he flung out his arm as though he would dash his fist into her face. But as he stood with his arm poised there came a singular change upon his face.

"Did you hear anything?" he asked, in a whisper.

All listened, and all heard in the quiet of the night a faint click, and after an interval they heard it again, and after another but shorter interval yet once more.

"That's the gate," said Wethermill, in a whisper of fear, and a pulse of hope stirred within Celia. He seized her wrists, crushed them together in his left hand behind her, and swiftly and tightly bound them once more. Adèle Rossignol sat down upon the floor, took the girl's feet upon her lap, and quietly wrenched off her shoes.

"The light," cried Wethermill, in an agonized voice, and Hélène Vauquier flew across the room and turned it off. All three stood holding their breath, straining their ears in the dark room. On the hard gravel of the drive outside footsteps became faintly audible, and grew louder and came near. Adèle whispered to Vauquier:—

"Has the girl a lover?"

And Hélène Vauquier, even at that moment, laughed quietly.

All Celia's heart and youth rose in revolt against her extremity. If she could only free her lips! The footsteps came round the corner of the house, they sounded on the drive outside the very window of this room. One cry, and she would be saved. She tossed back her head and tried to force the handkerchief out from between her teeth. But Wethermill's hand covered her mouth and held it closed. The footsteps stopped, a light shone for a moment outside. The very handle of the door was tried. Within a few yards help was there—help and

"'WHERE DID SHE KEEP HER JEWELS? QUICK! TAKE THE PENCIL AND WRITE,' SAID THE MAN."

life. Just a frail, latticed wooden door stood between her and them. She tried to rise to her feet. Adèle Rossignol held her legs firmly. She was powerless. She sat with one desperate hope that, whoever it was who was in the garden, he would break in. Were it even another murderer, he might have more pity than the callous brutes who held her now; he could have no less. But the footsteps moved away. It was the withdrawal of all hope. Celia heard Wethermill behind her draw a long breath of relief. That seemed to Celia almost the cruellest part of the whole tragedy. They waited in the darkness until the faint click of the gate was heard once more. Then the light was turned up again.

"We must go," said Wethermill. All the three of them were shaken. To get out of the room, to have done with the business—that had suddenly become their chief necessity.

Adèle picked up the necklace and the rings from the satinwood table and put them into a pocket-bag which was slung at her waist.

"Hippolyte shall turn these things into money," she said. "He shall set about it to-morrow. We shall have to keep the girl now—until she tells us where the rest is hidden."

"Yes, keep her," said Hélène. "We will come over to Geneva in a few days as soon as we can. We will persuade her to tell." She glanced darkly at the girl. Celia shivered.

"Yes, that's it," said Wethermill. "But don't hurt her. She will tell of her own will. You will see. The delay won't hurt now. We can't come back and search for a little while."

He was speaking in a quick, agitated voice. And Adèle agreed. The desire to be gone had killed even their fury at the loss of their prize. Some time they would come back, but they would not search now—they were too unnerved.

"Hélène," said Wethermill, "get to bed. I'll come up with the chloroform and put you to sleep."

Hélène Vauquier hurried upstairs. Wethermill took the length of rope which had fixed Celia to the pillar.

"I'll follow," he said, and as he turned he stumbled over the body of Mme. Dauvray. With a shrill cry he kicked it out of his way and crept up the stairs. Adèle Rossignol quickly set the room in order. She removed the stool from its position in the recess, and after a glance at her victim carried it to its place in the hall. She put Celia's shoes upon her feet, loosening the cord about her ankles and tightening it again. Then she looked about the floor and picked up here and there a scrap of cord. In the silence the clock upon the mantelshelf chimed the quarter past eleven. She screwed the stopper into the flask of vitriol very carefully, and put it away in her pocket. She went into the kitchen and fetched the key of the garage. She put her hat on her head. She even picked up and put on her gloves, afraid lest she should leave them behind; and then Wethermill came down again. Adèle looked at him inquiringly.

"It is all done," he said, with a nod of the head. "I will bring the car round to the door. Then I'll drive you to Geneva and come back with the car here."

He cautiously opened the latticed door of the window, listened for a moment, and ran silently down the drive. Adèle closed the door again, but she did not bolt it. She came back into the room; she looked at Celia, as she lay back upon the settee, with a long glance of indecision. And then, to Celia's surprise—for she had given up all hope—the indecision in her eyes became pity. She suddenly ran across the room and knelt down before Celia. With quick and feverish hands she untied the cord which fastened the train of her skirt about her knees.

At first Celia shrank away, fearing some new cruelty. But Adèle's voice came to her ears, speaking—and speaking with remorse.

"I can't endure it!" she whispered. "You are so young—too young to be killed."

The tears were rolling down Celia's cheeks. Her face was pitiful and beseeching.

"Don't look at me like that, for God's sake, child!" Adèle went on, and she unbound the girl's ankles and chafed them for a moment.

"Can you stand?" she asked.

Celia nodded her head gratefully. After all, then, she was not to die. It seemed to her hardly possible. But before she could rise a subdued whirr of machinery penetrated into the room, and the motor-car came slowly to the front of the villa.

"Keep still!" said Adèle, hurriedly, and she placed herself in front of Celia.

Wethermill opened the wooden door, while Celia's heart raced in her bosom.

"I will go down and open the gate," he whispered. "Are you ready?"

"Yes."

Wethermill disappeared; and this time

he left the door open. Adèle helped Celia to her feet. For a moment she tottered; then she stood firm.

"Now run!" whispered Adèle. "Run, child, for your life!"

Celia did not stop to think whither she should run, or how she should escape from Wethermill's search. She could not ask that her lips and her hands might be freed. She had but a few seconds. She had one thought—to hide herself in the darkness of the garden. Celia fled across the room, sprang wildly over the sill, ran, tripped over her skirt, steadied herself, and was swung off the ground by the arms of Harry Wethermill.

"There we are," he said, with his shrill, wavering laugh. "I opened the gate before." And suddenly Celia hung inert in his arms.

The light went out in the salon. Adèle Rossignol, carrying Celia's cloak, stepped out at the side of the window.

"SHE WAS SWUNG OFF THE GROUND BY THE ARMS OF HARRY WETHERMILL."

"She has fainted!" said Wethermill. "Wipe the mould off her shoes and off yours, too—carefully. I don't want them to think this car has been out of the garage at all."

Adèle stooped and obeyed. Wethermill opened the door of the car and flung Celia into a seat. Adèle followed and took her seat opposite the girl. Wethermill stepped carefully again on to the grass, and with the toe of his shoe scraped up and ploughed the impressions which he and Adèle Rossignol had made on the ground, leaving those which Celia had made. He came back to the window.

"She has left her footmarks clear enough," he whispered. "There will be no doubt in the morning that she went of her own free will."

Then he took the chauffeur's seat, and the car glided silently down the drive and out by the gate. Once on the road it stopped. In an instant Adèle Rossignol's head was out of the window.

"What is it?" she exclaimed in fear.

Wethermill pointed to the roof.

He had left the light burning in Hélène Vauquier's room.

"We can't go back now," said Adèle, in a frantic whisper. "No; it is over. I daren't go back."

And Wethermill jammed down the lever. The car sprang forward, and humming steadily over the white road devoured the miles. But they had made their one mistake.

CHAPTER XX.

THE car was half-way to Annecy before Celia woke to consciousness. And even then she was dazed. She was only aware that she was in the motor-car and travelling at a great speed. She lay back, drinking in the fresh air. Then she moved, and with the movement came to her recollection and the sense of pain. Her arms and wrists were still

bound behind her, and the cords hurt her like hot wires. Her mouth, however, and her feet were free. She started forward, and Adèle Rossignol spoke sternly from the seat opposite.

"Keep still. I am holding the flask in my hand. If you scream, if you make a movement to escape, I shall fling the vitriol in your face," she said.

Celia shrank back, shivering.

"I won't! I won't!" she whispered, piteously. Her spirit was broken by the horrors of the night's adventure. She lay back and cried quietly in the darkness of the carriage. The car dashed through Annecy. It seemed incredible to Celia that less than six hours ago she had been dining with Mme. Dauvray and the woman opposite, who was now her jailer. Mme. Dauvray lay dead in the little salon, and she herself—she dared not think what lay in front of her. She was to be persuaded—that was the word—to tell what she did not know. Meanwhile her name would be execrated through Aix as the murderess of the woman who had saved her.

Some way beyond Annecy the car slackened its speed. By the side of it Celia heard the sound of wheels and of the hoofs of a horse. A single-horsed closed landau had been caught up as it jogged along the road. The motor-car stopped; close by the side of it the driver of the landau reined in his horse. Wethermill jumped down from the chauffeur's seat, opened the door of the landau, and then put his head in at the window of the car.

"Are you ready? Be quick!"

Adèle turned to Celia.

"Not a word, remember!"

Wethermill flung open the door of the car. Adèle took the girl's feet and drew them down to the step of the car. Then she pushed her out. Wethermill caught her in his arms and carried her to the landau. Celia dared not cry out. Her hands were helpless, her face at the mercy of that grim flask. Just ahead of them the lights of Geneva were visible, and from the lights a silver radiance overspread a patch of sky. Wethermill placed her in the landau; Adèle sprang in behind her and closed the door. The transfer had taken no more than a few seconds. The landau jogged into Geneva; the motor turned and sped back over the fifty miles of empty road to Aix.

As the motor-car rolled away, courage returned for a moment to Celia. The man—the murderer—had gone. She was alone with Adèle Rossignol in a carriage moving at no faster speed than an ordinary trot. Her ankles were free, the gag had been taken from her lips. If only she could free her hands and choose a moment when Adèle was off her guard she might open the door and spring out on to the road. She saw Adèle draw down the blinds of the carriage, and very carefully, very secretly, Celia began to work her hands behind her. She was an adept; no movement was visible, but, on the other hand, no success was obtained. The knots had been too cunningly tied. And then Mme. Rossignol resumed her seat.

She turned on a tiny lamp in the roof of the carriage and raised a warning hand to Celia.

"Now keep very quiet."

Right through the empty streets of Geneva the landau was quietly driven. Adèle had peeped from time to time under the blind. There were few people in the streets. Once or twice a *sergent-de-ville* was seen under the light of a lamp. Celia dared not cry out. Over against her, persistently watching her, Adèle Rossignol sat with the open flask clenched in her hand, and from the vitriol Celia shrank with an overwhelming terror. The carriage drove out from the town along the western edge of the lake.

"Now listen," said Adèle. "As soon as the landau stops the door of the house opposite to which it stops will open. I shall open the carriage door myself and you will get out. You will stand close by the carriage door until I have got out. I shall hold this flask ready in my hand. As soon as I am out you w ll run across the pavement into the house. You won't speak or scream."

Adèle Rossignol drew up the carriage blinds and turned out the lamp.

Ten minutes later the carriage passed down the little street and attracted Mme. Gobin's notice. She had lit no light. Adèle Rossignol peered from beneath the blind. She saw the houses in darkness. She could not see the busybody's face watching her from a dark window. She cut the cords which bound the girl's hands. The carriage stopped. She opened the door. Celia sprang out at the door. She sprang so quickly that Adèle Rossignol caught and held the train of her dress. But it was the fear of the vitriol which had made her spring so nimbly. It was that, too, which made her run so lightly and quickly into the house. The old woman who acted as servant, Jeanne Tacé, received her. Celia offered no resistance. The fear of

vitriol had made her supple as a glove. Jeanne hurried her down the stairs into the little parlour at the back of the house, where supper was laid, and pushed her into a chair. Celia let her arms fall forward on the table. She had no hope now. She was friendless and alone in a den of murderers, who meant first to torture, then to kill her. She would be held up to execration as a murderess. No one would know how she had died or what she had suffered. She was in pain, and her throat burned. She buried her face in her arms and sobbed. All her body shook with her sobbing.

Jeanne Tacé took no notice. She treated Celia just as the others had done. Celia was *la petite*, against whom she had no animosity, by whom she was not to be touched to any tenderness. *La petite* had unconsciously played her useful part in their crime. But her use was ended now, and they would deal with her accordingly. She removed the girl's hat and cloak and tossed them aside. Then she tethered her ankles to the leg of the table.

"Now stay quiet until we are ready for you," she said. And Celia, lifting her head, said, in a whisper:—

"Water!"

The old woman poured some from a jug and held the glass to Celia's lips.

"Thank you," whispered Celia, gratefully, and Adèle came into the room. She told the story of the night to Jeanne, and afterwards to Hippolyte when he joined them.

"And nothing gained!" cried the older woman, furiously. "And we have hardly a five-franc piece in the house."

"Yes, something," said Adèle. "A necklace—a good one—some good rings, and bracelets. And we shall find out where the rest is hid—from her." And she nodded at Celia.

The three people ate their supper, and, while they ate it, discussed Celia's fate. She was lying with her head bowed upon her arms at the same table within a foot of them. But they made no more of her presence than if she had been an old shoe. Only once did one of them speak to her.

"Stop your whimpering," said Hippolyte, roughly. "We can hardly hear ourselves speak."

He was for finishing with the business altogether that night.

"It's a mistake," he said. "There's been a bungle, and the sooner we are rid of it the better. There's a boat at the bottom of the garden."

Celia listened and shuddered. He would have no more compunction over drowning her than he would have had over drowning a blind kitten.

"It's cursed luck," he said. "But we have got the necklace—that's something. That's our share, do you see? The young spark can look for the rest."

But Hélène Vauquier's wish prevailed. She was the leader. They would keep the girl until she came to Geneva.

They freed her and took her upstairs into the big bedroom overlooking the lake. Adèle opened the door of the closet where a truckle bed stood, and thrust the girl in.

"This is my room," she said, warningly, pointing to the bedroom. "Take care I hear no noise. You might shout yourself hoarse, my pretty one; no one else would hear you. But I should, and afterwards—we should no longer be able to call you 'my pretty one,' eh?"

And with a horrible playfulness she pinched the girl's cheek.

They stripped Celia and told her to get into bed.

"I'll give her something to keep her quiet," said Adèle, and she fetched her morphia-needle and injected a dose into Celia's arm.

Then they took her clothes away and left her in the darkness. She heard the key turn in the lock, and a moment after the sound of the bedstead being drawn across the doorway. But she heard no more. For almost immediately she fell asleep.

She was awakened some time the next day by the door opening. Old Jeanne Tacé brought her in a jug of water and a roll of bread and locked her up again. And a long time afterwards she brought her another supply. Yet another day had gone, but in that dark cupboard Celia had no means of judging time.

In the afternoon the newspaper came out with the announcement that Mme. Dauvray's jewellery had been discovered under the boards. Hippolyte brought in the newspaper, and, cursing their stupidity, they sat down to decide upon Celia's fate. That, however, was soon arranged. They would dress her in everything which she wore when she came, so that no trace of her might be discovered. They would give her another dose of morphia, sew her up in a sack as soon as she was unconscious, row her far out on to the lake, and sink her with a weight attached. They dragged her out from her cupboard, always with the threat of that

"SHE FELL UPON HER KNEES, IMPLORING THEIR PITY."

bright aluminium flask before her eyes. She fell upon her knees, imploring their pity with the tears running down her cheeks; but they sewed the strip of sacking over her face, so that she should see nothing of their preparations, and secured her as Hanaud had discovered her. They flung her on the sofa and, leaving her in the old woman's charge, went down, Adèle for her needle, Hippolyte to get ready the boat. As Hippolyte opened the door, he saw the launch of the Chef de la Sûreté glide into the bank.

(*To be concluded.*)

Famous Feasters By Flashlight.

[An interview with Mr. Albert Young, whose firm, Messrs. Fradelle and Young, make a speciality of photographing Public Dinners.]

MR. ALBERT YOUNG.
"Will the Chairman kindly stand?"

NOWADAYS, as every diner knows, no great London dinner is complete without an instantaneous pictorial record of the gathering.

"What will you have, my lord?" asked a waiter at the Mansion House. "Another magnum?"

"Magnum?" replied Sir William Treloar, indicating the flashlight photographer and motioning the man aside. "No; we are now all going to have magnesium."

And the appearance of the tall, bearded man on steps which resemble a scaffold is always the signal for merriment and jocosity. Why? One recalls the remark of Mr. Emanuel, of *Punch*, at a medical banquet, to whom his neighbour, consulting the toast-list, observed:—

"There will be some moving speeches."

Just then the flash came.

"Yes, and it's all wrong. We are to be taken before being shaken."

More than one reference to the inevitable process has been made by distinguished orators.

"As I surveyed the assembled company this evening," once said, for instance, the late Lord Salisbury, "it came to me in a flash"—he paused—"not the flash," he added, "with which our friend in the corner there has illuminated us."

"I will endeavour, at your chairman's request," said another eminent speaker at the Mansion House, "to throw a little light on the subject. But in this operation I fear I shall not attain the success of the gentleman who has just addressed you."

This particular gentleman, Mr. Albert Young, is a familiar figure to all banqueters. After twenty years' experience he has become an authority on banquets and banqueting. He has on hundreds of occasions faced and photographed the most illustrious diners of the land in the act of dining, from His Majesty the King down to a festive sandwich-man. His chief regret is that he did not live in the age of Lucullus, that he might be able to compare the repleted Roman with the luxurious London convivialist.

Fifteen years ago there was much prejudice to be overcome. Restaurant and hotel proprietors feared that the flashlight would cause annoyance to distinguished guests, and ladies were afraid of not looking their best. That belongs to the past. Neither King George nor his illustrious father ever objected to being photographed in this way, and now the old feeling is quite dead. Mr. Young has covered as many as seven dinners in one night. The plates are placed in a motor-car, rushed off to Regent Street, developed, and a print is taken while the plate is still wet. Thus, thirty-five minutes or so after the picture has been taken the proof is in the hands of the guests.

His first attempt at a flashlight picture of a banquet was at the dinner of the Thirteen Club, when all the guests walked under ladders to reach their seats, when mirrors were broken and salt was spilt. Although, personally, he was not superstitious, it was most remarkable that everything in connection with the Thirteen Club *did* turn out very unfortunate. Some of the chief organizers had every kind of misfortune befall them, and, as for Mr. Young himself, his work proved an utter failure.

"Yet flashlight photography," declares Mr. Young, "simply bristles with difficulties. Rooms are not built, tables are not laid, to

1.—THE EAST ANGLIANS' DINNER—LORD KITCHENER RELUCTANTLY STANDS UP.

suit the convenience of photographers, and the best has to be made of the circumstances. Frequently the pillars of a room, the hanging chandeliers, the flags and drapery are a source of great trouble.

"Occasionally someone will conceal his or her face, but this is of very rare occurrence, and has never once, during the many years of my experience, occurred with any distinguished guest, as I think can be confirmed by a glance through the photographs; and I am inclined to believe that when it has occurred it has not been from any intentional discourtesy, but solely because it has been thought that the position was too near the camera, and that the portrait would not be included. An attempt was therefore made to shield the eyes from what was feared would be a blinding flash, but which is really very mild indeed.

"Another difficulty arises from very high or unusual table decorations. One hotel manager had the hobby of studding the whole of the room with floral umbrellas, which absolutely concealed the most notable personages. One photograph I took should represent the chairman standing, but only this umbrella can be seen, yet it was impossible from any point of the room where the camera could be placed to obtain any view of his seat. These terrible umbrellas drove me distracted when I arrived for any very important event and found what I had to contend with, but as soon as this manager saw what a really serious impediment they were to me, he very courteously modified his plans considerably, so that now I am not so much harassed from this cause. But all difficulties sink into insignificance compared with the worry of tobacco smoke.

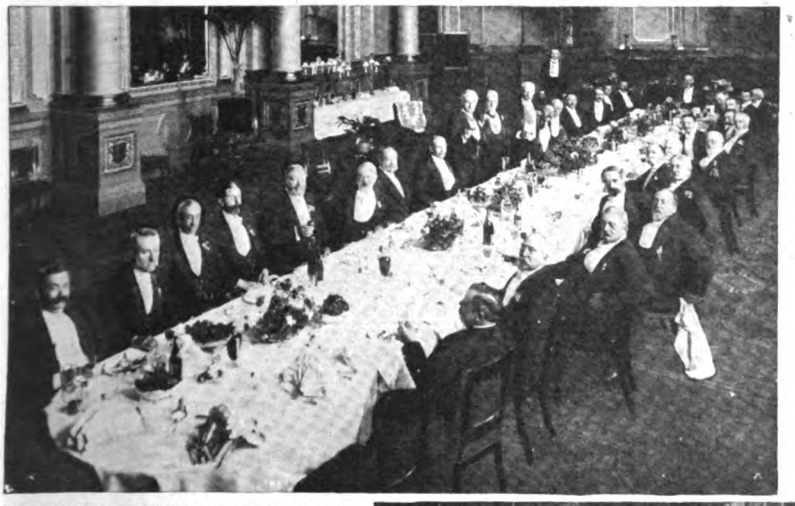
"A successful photograph is impossible when smoking has commenced, and, much as I may enjoy the weed myself, there are times when I have not any kindly thought for the immortal memory of Sir Walter Ralegh.

"There is nothing I dread so much as 'Gentlemen, you may smoke,' if it has not been possible to obtain the photograph previously, and of recent years this difficulty has been intensified by the custom to start the cigarettes midway in the dinner, with the sorbet, as the atmosphere never becomes perfectly clear afterwards."

When taking his photographs Mr. Young asks the distinguished chairman to stand up, though it has often happened that an officious waiter has planted himself in front, as happened once with no less a personage than Lord Salisbury, who, obliterated by a stalwart German back, presently sat down in disgust. Mr. Young notes that eminent soldiers are the least inclined to stand up, particularly Lord Kitchener; and at the big

2.—A DINNER OF GENERAL BADEN-POWELL'S COUSINS.

dinner of the East Anglians it required a good deal of persuasion on the part of Sir Frederick Robinson, of the Inland Revenue Department, to induce Lord Kitchener to pose as the central figure in the photograph (1). One of the most remarkable dinners Mr. Young has ever attended was that given to General Baden-Powell by his cousins at the Mercers' Hall on September 26th, 1901 (2). There was a good deal of mystery about the affair, and when Mr. Young inquired at the hall for "Mr. Powell," the person he was told to ask for, he was amazed to find there were scores, if not hundreds, of them. Naturally the news of this "Defence of Mafeking" dinner leaked out, and presently an enormous crowd assembled. Mr. Young stood behind General Baden-Powell, and heard him say to the lady at his side, "Mother, just look at them. *I can't face that crowd!*"



3.—THE LUCKNOW SURVIVORS IN 1897.

The three standing and raising their glasses are now dead. They were General Olpherts ("Hell Fire Jack"), General Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, and General Sir D. S. Dodgson.

Other interesting banquets photographed are the long series given by the survivors of Lucknow. Year by year the diners grow fewer, so that when the company separates none know of how many the banquet will consist next year (3 and 4).

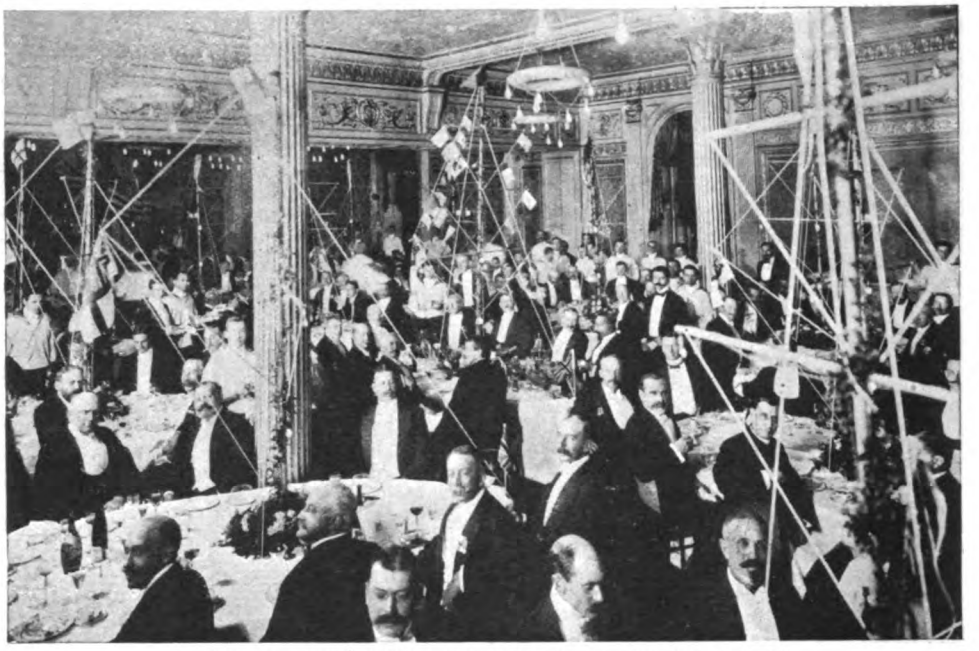
At the Pilgrims' banquet (5) the tables were covered with rigging and the courses announced by a boatswain's whistle.

Once, when all the foreign Princes who had arrived for the Coronation of King Edward were being entertained by the Royal Asiatic Society, under the presidency of Lord Reay, with the Duke of Connaught and the cream of English notabilities, the shutter of the lens failed to open, owing to the inner rubber tube having twisted, just at the moment of the flash, and no result was secured. To have attempted another from the same point would only have been to confess to a failure, therefore the photographer had the apparatus moved to the opposite end of the room, ostensibly to complete the record, traced and corrected the defect, and secured his picture without anything unusual having been noticed.

The smallest dinner-party Mr. Young ever photographed consisted of only three guests.

4.—THE LUCKNOW SURVIVORS IN 1909.

Three pictures were taken, and each diner occupied the "chair" in succession. Private dances, too, are occasionally "snapped." Plates are not yet quick enough to allow of an instantaneous photograph of a dance in full swing, and the guests usually pose in the lancers. There are still a few persons who resolutely turn their backs on the camera, but, as a rule, "*Please* make a good portrait



5.—THE PILGRIMS' BATTLESHIP DINNER TO ADMIRAL JEWELL.
Note the rigging decorations and the waiters dressed as sailors.

of me," from a single guest in two hundred or three hundred, is the kind of thing encountered most.

"Quite the most beautiful of the many picturesque functions I have photographed," says Mr. Young, "have been the marvellous entertainments given by Mr. Kessler, of which the Gondola dinner at the Savoy Hotel on June 30th, 1905, is the most famous (6); but, although so much notice was not taken in the Press of his great banquet in August, 1908, to the Olympic competitors, it was really most wonderful and lovely. The Greek ruins which rose in one night in his beautiful grounds at Bourne End, and which formed the background to the banquet he gave

6.—THE WONDERFUL "GONDOLA DINNER" AT THE SAVOY HOTEL.

7.—THE BANQUET TO THE OLYMPIC COMPETITORS.

in an elaborate marquee, were so realistic that in a photograph it is most difficult to believe that they are only the creations of the scene-painter (7).

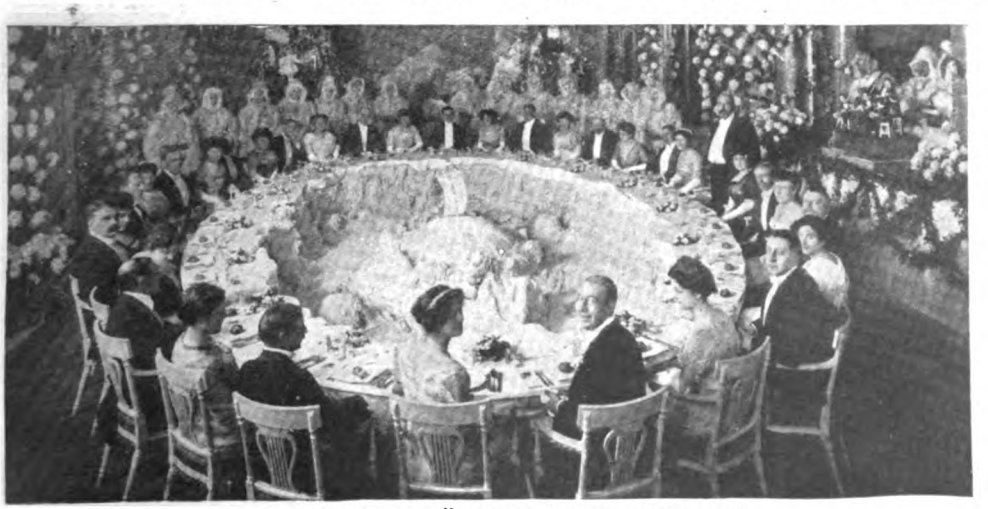
"Mr. Henri Pruger, who then directed the Savoy, was the originator of these wonderful schemes, and he told me that Mr. Kessler was so inundated with abusive letters after one of these great banquets, with regard to the amount he had spent on it, that he would not open any more and directed the management to deal with the correspondence. Yet the money he spent did good to hundreds of people, providing employment in very many trades, and was infinitely more beneficial than if he had kept it locked up or spent thousands on a single picture. His latest entertainment was the 'North Pole' dinner of December last (8). A warmer-hearted, more genial, or more generous man than George A. Kessler I do not expect to meet.

"Many people have chaffed me about my little 'speech' at the banquets, which always elicits rounds of applause—somewhat ironic, I fear; but, after all, I must say something to attract attention. I have heard many celebrated people describing to their next neighbour exactly what I was going to say, and the amusement has naturally been very great when it all happened exactly as forecasted.

"But to vary the few words I feel I ought to say, for a dozen times a night, for almost every night of the year, for year after year, would be an impossibility, and therefore I expect it will always remain, 'Will the chairman kindly stand?' and, when all is done, 'My lords and gentlemen, I thank you very much.'

"Almost every notable personage has responded most courteously to my request to stand, either as 'chairman' or 'guest of the evening'; but I must admit that I have marvelled greatly at the continued courtesy I have received from nearly all the Lord Mayors of London during so many years past, notably Sir William Treloar, Sir George Truscott, and Sir John Knill.

"I have realized that, as their position entails their appearing before my camera usually three or four times every week right throughout the year, it must become



8.—THE "NORTH POLE" DINNER AT THE SAVOY HOTEL.

9.—KING GEORGE (WHEN PRINCE OF WALES) AT A SAVAGE CLUB DINNER.
"Brother Savages, you may smoke!"

somewhat monotonous, but, with very rare exceptions, I have received most kindly courtesy.

"I have also very grateful remembrance of the graciousness of His late Majesty King Edward on so many occasions, and of King George and the Duke of Connaught. I was most particularly struck on one occasion with King Edward's wonderful thoughtfulness when I wrote to him respecting one of the first public banquets he was about to attend after his Coronation, reminding him of the occasions I had received the honour of attending when he was Prince of Wales, and asking for his permission again. Almost by return of post came a reply: 'The King has not the slightest objection. The arrangements are in the hands of So-and-so, and if you——,' etc., etc., quite a long letter, most graciously giving me much information. I marvelled that, amongst such a multitude of really important matters claiming his attention, time could be spared for such a gracious reply to so very humble a personage as myself.

"King George, it is interesting to know,

10.—THE LADY FREEMASONS' DINNER.

has always remembered the late King's dictum, 'I cannot be for ever showing myself to my people except by the aid of the photographer. Many thousands cannot see me in the flesh, so I never put any obstacles in the way of the photographer.' On one occasion the King was photographed at a Savage Club dinner in the act of saying, 'Brother Savages, you may smoke!' (9). On another, he requested a neighbour who had lighted a cigarette to extinguish it until the photograph had been taken.

11.—FAREWELL DINNER TO LORD CURZON IN 1898.

"Among the most interesting and unusual photographs I have taken is that of the Lord Mayor's Show Committee. The members of this are all prominent City men, who donned aprons and served the joints and food left from the Lord Mayor's banquet to the poor on the following day (12).

"Of course, the majority of dinners I attend are for men, and a banquet to the other sex is consequently somewhat out of the ordinary. The dinner of lady Freemasons is an interesting record of such a function (10).

"I have been present at many farewell dinners, of which the most interesting, to my mind, was that to Lord Curzon on the eve of his departure for India (11). Lord Curzon's portrait in the foreground is most successful.

"A photograph showing the King, when he was Prince of Wales, at the dinner of the Orphan Working School (13) is one of the most successful I have taken of His Majesty, who is so well known as one of the best public dinner chairmen alive.

"Certainly there are strange contrasts to the luxury of such festivities, but the poor will

12.—THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW COMMITTEE.

always be with us, and quite the most striking contrast was the set of photographs I took illustrating the banquet to the sandwichmen of London (14)."

Mr. Young tells of a dinner given in a fashionable restaurant, which was marked by an uncommon incident.

The diners formed a select company; many of them wore orders, and all were interested in the question of the expansion of the Empire. The dinner was of the best, and to secure a permanent record of the gathering the services of a photographer were requisitioned. A flashlight picture was taken just before the toast-list was begun, and everything went on satisfactorily and smoothly to the end. Just before the company separated one of them complained that he had lost his purse. The management said it was impossible. All the same, they made a quiet search. The incident was not mentioned until a day or two after, when the plate was developed and the proof submitted. Then, to the consternation of those who organized the feast, they saw in the photograph, in all the nakedness of pictorial truth, something to explain the mystery of the purse. The negative was immediately retouched!

13.—THE KING AT THE ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL DINNER.

"Sometimes," says the photographer, "I am blamed, chiefly by journalists, that my photographs do not show the most important personages as prominently as the others; but what can one do when, say, five hundred portraits have to be included on twelve inches of paper? After all, my work is not for recording 'Celebrities at Dinner,' but 'Dining with Celebrities.'

"No one cares at all for any photograph unless his own portrait is included. But, if that is done, guests are entirely satisfied if they can distinguish the chief people, even though small, as they treasure the photographs as a souvenir of their own share in the event.

"A banquet consisting of the chairman and the few guests at his table would be, indeed, a very tame affair. It is the presence of the 'unimportant' people which makes the importance and the success of the occasion, and it is that which I commemorate."

14.—A STRIKING CONTRAST—"REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER" BANQUET TO SANDWICHMEN.

BY ADVICE OF COUNSEL.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Chas. Crombie.

THE traveller champed meditatively at his steak. He paid no attention to the altercation which was in progress between the waiter and the man at the other end of the dingy room. The sounds of strife ceased. The waiter came over to the traveller's table and stood behind his chair. He was ruffled.

"If he meant lamb," he said, querulously, "why didn't he say 'lamb' so's a feller could hear him? *I* thought he said 'ham,' so I brought ham. Now Lord Percy gets all peevish."

He laughed bitterly. The traveller made no reply.

"If people spoke distinct," said the waiter, "there wouldn't be half the trouble there is in the world. Not half the trouble there wouldn't be. I shouldn't be here, for one thing. In this restawrong, I mean." A sigh escaped him.

"I shouldn't," he said, "and that's the truth. I should be getting up when I pleased, eating and drinking all I wanted, and carrying on same as in the good old days. You wouldn't think, to look at me, would you now, that I was once like the lily of the field?"

The waiter was a tall, stringy man, who gave the impression of having no spine. In that he drooped, he might have been said to resemble a flower, but in no other respect. He had sandy hair, weak eyes, set close together, and a day's growth of red stubble on his chin. One could not see him in the lily class.

"What I mean to say is, I didn't toil, neither did I spin. Ah, them was happy days! Lying on me back, plenty of tobacco, something cool in a jug——"

He sighed once more.

"Did you ever know a man of the name of Moore? Jerry Moore?"

The traveller applied himself to his steak in silence.

"Nice feller. Simple sort of feller. Big. Quiet. Bit deaf in one ear. Straw-coloured hair. Blue eyes. 'Andsome, rather. Had a 'ouse just outside of Reigate. Has it still. Money of his own. Left him by his pa. Simple sort of feller. Not much to say for himself. I used to know him well in them days. Used to live with him. Nice feller he was. Big. Bit hard of hearing. Got a sleepy kind of grin, like this—something."

The traveller sipped his beer in thoughtful silence.

"I reckon you never met him," said the waiter. "Maybe you never knew Gentleman Bailey, either? We always called him that. He was one of these broken-down Eton or 'Arrer fellers, folks said. We struck up a partnership kind of casual, both being on the tramp together, and after a while we 'appened to be round about Reigate. And the first house we come to was this Jerry Moore's. He come up just as we was sliding to the back door, and grins that sleepy grin. Like this — something. 'Ullo!' he says. Gentleman kind of gives a whoop, and hollers, 'If it ain't my old pal, Jerry Moore! Jack,' he says to me, 'this is my old pal, Mr. Jerry Moore, wot I met in 'appier days down at Ramsgate one summer.'

"They shakes hands, and Jerry Moore says, 'Is this a friend of yours, Bailey?' looking at me. Gentleman introduces me. 'We are partners,' he says, 'partners in misfortune. This is my friend, Mr. Roach.'

"'Come along in,' says Jerry.

"So we went in, and he makes us at home. He's a bachelor, and lives all by himself in this desirable 'ouse.

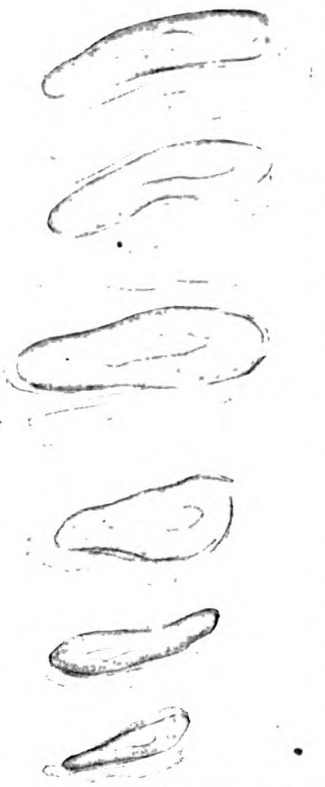
"Well, I seen pretty quick that Jerry thinks the world of Gentleman. All that evening he's acting as if he's as pleased as Punch to have him there. Couldn't do enough for him. It was a bit of *all* right, I said to meself. It was, too.

"Next day we gets up late and has a good breakfast, and sits on the lawn and smokes. The sun was shining, the little birds was singing, and there wasn't a thing, east, west, north, or south, that looked like work. If I had been asked my address at that moment, on oath, I wouldn't have hesitated a second. I should have answered, 'No. 1, Easy Street.' You see, Jerry Moore was one of these slow, simple fellers, and you could tell in a moment what a lot he thought of Gentleman. Gentleman, you see, had a way with him.

Not haughty, he wasn't. More affable, I should call it. He sort of made you feel that all men was born equal, but that it was awful good of him to be talking to you, and that he wouldn't do it for everybody. It went down proper with Jerry Moore. Jerry would sit and listen to him giving his views on things by the hour. By the end of the first day I was having visions of sitting in that garden a white-haired old man and being laid out when my time should come, in Jerry's front room."

He paused, his mind evidently in the past, among the cigars and big breakfasts. Presently he took up his tale.

"This here Jerry Moore was a simple sort of feller. Deafies are like that. Ever noticed? Not that Jerry was a real deafy. His hearing was a bit off, but he could foller you if you spoke to him nice and clear. Well, I was saying, he was kind of simple. Liked to put in his days pottering about the little garden he'd made for himself, looking after his flowers and his fowls, and sit of an evening listening to Gentleman 'olding forth on Life. He was a philosopher, Gentleman was. And Jerry took everything he said as gospel. He didn't want no proofs. 'E and the King of Denmark would have been great pals. He just sat by with his big blue eyes getting rounder every minute and lapped it up.



"Now you'd think a man like that could be counted on, wouldn't you? Would he want anything more? Not he, you'd say. You'd be wrong. Believe me, there isn't a man on earth that fixed and contented but what a woman can't knock his old Paradise into 'ash with one punch.

"It wasn't long before I begin to notice a change in Jerry. He never had been what you'd call a champion catch-as-catch-can talker, but now he was silenter than ever. And he got a habit of switching Gentleman off from his theories on Life in general to Woman in particular. This suited Gentleman just right. What he didn't know about Woman wasn't knowledge.

"Gentleman was too busy talking to have time to get suspicious, but I wasn't; and one day I draws Gentleman aside and puts it to him straight. 'Gentleman,' I says, 'Jerry Moore is in love!'

"Well, this was

"LYING ON ME BACK, PLENTY OF TOBACCO, SOMETHING COOL IN A JUG."

a nasty knock, of course, for Gentleman. He knew as well as I did what it would mean if Jerry was to lead home a blushing bride through that front door. It would be outside into the cold, hard world for the bachelor friends. Gentleman sees that quick, and his jaw drops. I goes on. 'All the time,' I says, 'that you're talking away of an evening Jerry's seeing visions of a little woman sitting in your chair. And you can bet we don't enter into them visions. He may dream of little feet pattering about the house,' I says, 'but they aren't ours; and you can 'ave something on that both ways. Look alive, Gentleman,' I says, 'and think out some plan, or we might as well be padding the hoof now.'

"Well, Gentleman did what he could. In his evening discourses he started to give it to Woman all he knew. Began to talk about Delilahs and Jezebels and Fools-there-was and the rest of it, and what a mug a feller was to let a female into 'is cosy home, who'd only make him spend his days hooking her up, and his nights wondering how to get back the blankets without waking her. My, he was crisp! Enough to have given Romeo the jumps, you'd have thought. But, lor! It's no good talking to them when they've got it bad.

"A few days later we caught him with the goods, talking in the road to a girl in a pink dress.

"I couldn't but admit that Jerry had picked one right from the top of the basket. This wasn't one of them languishing sort wot sits about in cosy corners and reads story-books, and don't care what's 'appening in the home so long as they find out what became of the hero in his duel with the Grand Duke. She was a brown, slim, wiry-looking little thing. *You* know. Held her chin up and looked you up and down with eyes the colour of Scotch whisky, as much as to say, 'Well, what *about* it?' You could tell without looking at her, just by the feel of the atmosphere when she was near, that she had as much snap and go in her as Jerry Moore hadn't, which was a good bit. I knew, just as sure as I was standing there on one leg, that this was the sort of girl who would have me and Gentleman out of that house about three seconds after the clergyman had tied the knot.

"Jerry says, 'These are my friends, Miss Tuxton—Mr. Bailey and Mr. Roach. They are staying with me for a visit. This is Miss Jane Tuxton,' he says to us. 'I was just going to see Miss Tuxton home,' he says, sort of wistful. 'Excellent,' says Gentleman. 'We'll come too.' And we all goes along. There wasn't much done in the way of conversation. Jerry never was one for pushing

"'GENTLEMAN,' I SAYS, 'WHAT'S GOING TO BE DONE ABOUT THIS?'"

out the words; nor was I, when in the presence of the sect; and Miss Jane had her chin in the air, as if she thought me and Gentleman was not needed in any way whatsoever. The only talk before we turned her in at the garden gate was done by Gentleman, who told a pretty long story about a friend of his in Upper Sydenham who had been silly enough to marry, and had had trouble ever since.

"That night, after we had went to bed, I said to Gentleman, 'Gentleman,' I says, 'what's going to be done about this?

"WHENEVER HE GOES TRICKLING ROUND AFTER THE GIRL, WE GOES TRICKLING ROUND AFTER HIM."

We've got about as much chance, if Jerry marries that girl,' I says, 'as a couple of helpless pink chocolate creams at a schoolgirls' picnic.' 'If,' says Gentleman. 'He ain't married her yet. That is a girl of character, Jack. Trust me. Didn't she strike you as a girl who would like a man with a bit of devil in him, a man with some go in him, a you-be-darned kind of man? Does Jerry fill the bill? He's more like a door-mat with "Welcome" written on it, than anything else.'

"Well, we seen a good deal of Miss Jane in the next week or so. We keeps Jerry under—what's it the heroine says in the melodrama? 'Oh, cruel, cruel, S.P. something.' Espionage, that's it. We keeps Jerry under espionage, and whenever he goes trickling round after the girl, we goes trickling round after him.

"'Things is running our way,' says Gentleman to me, after one of these meetings. 'That girl is getting cross with Jerry. She wants Reckless Rudolf, not a man who stands and grins when other men butt in on him and his girl. Mark my words, Jack. She'll get tired of Jerry, and go off and marry a soldier, and we'll live happy ever after.' 'Think so?' I says. 'Sure of it,' says Gentleman.

"It was the Sunday after this that Jerry Moore announces to us, wriggling, that he has an engagement to take supper with Jane and her folks. He'd have liked to have slipped away secret, but we was keeping him under espionage too crisp for that, so he has to tell us. 'Excellent,' says Gentleman. 'It will be a great treat to Jack and myself to meet the family. We will go along with you.' So off we all goes, and pushes our boots in sociable fashion under the Tuxton table. I looked at Miss Jane out of the corner of my eye; and, honest, that chin of hers was sticking out a foot, and Jerry didn't dare look

at her. Love's young dream, I muses to myself, how swift it fades when a man has the nature and disposition of a lop-eared rabbit!

"The Tuxtons was four in number, not counting the parrot, and all male. There was Pa Tuxton, an old feller with a beard and glasses; a fat uncle; a big brother, who worked in a bank and was dressed like Moses in all his glory; and a little brother with a snub nose, that cheeky you'd have been surprised. And the parrot in its cage and a fat yellow dog. And they're all making themselves pleasant to Jerry, the wealthy future son-in-law, something awful. It's 'How are the fowls, Mr. Moore?' and 'A little bit of this pie, Mr. Moore; Jane made it,' and Jerry sitting there with a feeble grin, saying 'Yes' and 'No' and nothing much more, while Miss Jane's eyes are snapping like Fifth of November fireworks. I could feel Jerry's chances going back a mile a minute. I felt as happy as a little child that evening. I sang going back home.

"Gentleman's pleased, too. 'Jack,' he says to me when we're in bed, 'this is too easy. In my most sanguinary dreams I hardly hoped for this. No girl of spirit's going to love a man who behaves that way to her parents. The way to win the heart of a certain type of girl,' he says, beginning on his theories, 'the type to which Jane Tuxton belongs, is to be rude to her family. I've got Jane Tuxton sized up and labelled. Her kind wants her folks to dislike her young man. She wants to feel that she's the only one in the family that's got the sense to see the hidden good in Willie. She doesn't want to be one of a crowd hollering out what a nice young man he is. It takes some pluck in a man to stand up to a girl's family, and that's what Jane Tuxton is looking for in Jerry. Take it from one who has studied the sect,' says Gentleman, 'from John o' Groat's to Land's End, and back again.'

"Next day Jerry Moore's looking as if he'd only sixpence in the world and had swallowed it. 'What's the matter, Jerry?' says Gentleman. Jerry heaves a sigh. 'Bailey,' he says, 'and you, Mr. Roach, I expect you both seen how it is with me. I love Miss Jane Tuxton, and you seen for yourselves what transpires. She don't value me, not tuppence.' 'Say not so,' says Gentleman, sympathetic. 'You're doing fine. If you knew the sect as I do you wouldn't go by mere superficial silences and chin-tiltings. I can read a girl's heart, Jerry,' he says, patting him on the shoulder, 'and I tell you you're doing fine. All you want now is a little rapid work, and you win easy. To make the thing a cert.,' he says, getting up, 'all you have to do is to make a dead set at her folks.' He winks at me. 'Don't just sit there like you did last night. Show 'em you've got something in you. You know what folks are: they think themselves the most important things on the map. Well, go to work. Consult them all you know. Every opportunity you get. There's nothing like consulting a girl's folks to put you in good with her.' And he pats Jerry on the shoulder again and goes indoors to find his pipe.

"Jerry turns to me. 'Do you think that's really so?' he says. I says, 'I do.' 'He knows all about girls, I reckon,' says Jerry. 'You can go by him every time,' I says. 'Well, well,' says Jerry, sort of thoughtful."

The waiter paused. His eye was sad and dreamy. Then he took up the burden of his tale.

"First thing that happens is that Gentleman has a sore tooth on the next Sunday, so don't feel like coming along with us. He sits at home, dosing it with whisky, and Jerry and me goes off alone.

"So Jerry and me pikes off, and once more we prepares to settle down around the board. I hadn't noticed Jerry particular, but just now I catches sight of his face in the light of the lamp. Ever see one of these fighters when he's sitting in his corner before a fight, waiting for the gong to go? Well, Jerry looks like that; and it surprises me.

"I told you about the fat yellow dog that permeated the Tuxtons' house, didn't I? The family thought a lot of that dog, though of all the ugly brutes I ever met he was the worst. Sniffing round and growling all the time. Well, this evening he comes up to Jerry just as he's going to sit down and starts to growl. Old Pa Tuxton looks over his glasses and clicks his tongue. 'Rover! Rover!' he says, kind of mild. 'Naughty Rover; he don't like strangers, I'm afraid.' Jerry looks at Pa Tuxton, and he looks at the dog, and I'm just expecting him to say 'No,' or 'Yes,' same as the other night, when he lets out a nasty laugh—one of them bitter laughs. 'Ho!' he says. 'Ho! don't he? Then perhaps he'd better get further away from them.' And he ups with his boot and —well, that dog hit the far wall.

"Jerry sits down and pulls up his chair. 'I don't approve,' he says, fierce, 'of folks keeping great, fat, ugly, bad-tempered yellow dogs that are a nuisance to all. I don't like it.'

"There was a silence you could have

scooped out with a spoon. Have you ever had a rabbit turn round on you and growl? That's how we all felt when Jerry outs with them crisp words. They took our breath away.

"While we was getting it back again the parrot, which was in its cage, lets out a squawk. Honest, I jumped a foot in my chair.

"Jerry gets up very deliberate, and walks over to the parrot.

"'Is this a menagerie?' he says. 'Can't a man have supper in peace without an image like you starting to holler? Go to sleep.'

"We was all staring at him surprised, especially Uncle Dick Tuxton, whose particular pet the parrot was. He'd brought him home all the way from some foreign parts.

"'Hello, Billy!' says the bird, shrugging his shoulders and puffing himself up. 'R-r-r-r! R-r-r-r! 'lo, Billy! 'lo, 'lo, 'lo! R-r WAH!'

"Jerry gives its cage a bang.

"'Don't you talk back at me,' he says, 'or I'll knock your head off. You think because you've got a green tail you're someone.' And he stalks back to his chair and sits glaring at Uncle Dick.

"Well, all this wasn't what you might call promoting an easy flow of conversation. Everyone's looking at Jerry, specially me, wondering what next and trying to get their breath, and Jerry's frowning at the cold beef, and there's a sort of awkward pause. Miss Jane is the first to get busy. She bustles about and gets the food served out, and we begins to eat. But still there's not so much conversation that you'd notice it. This goes on till we reaches the concluding stages, and then Uncle Dick comes up to the scratch.

"'How is the fowls, Mr. Moore?' he says.

"'Gimme some more pie,' says Jerry. 'What?'

"Uncle Dick repeats his remark.

"'Fowls?' says Jerry. 'What do you know about fowls? Your notion of a fowl is an ugly bird with a green tail, a Wellington nose, and——gimme a bit of cheese.'

"Uncle Dick's fond of the parrot, so he speaks up for him. 'Polly's always been reckoned a handsome bird,' he says.

"'He wants stuffing,' says Jerry.

"And Uncle Dick drops out of the talk.

"Up comes big brother, Ralph his name was. He's the bank-clerk and a dude. He gives his cuffs a flick, and starts in to make things jolly all round by telling a story about a man he knows named Wotherspoon. Jerry fixes him with his eye, and, half-way through, interrupts.

"'That waistcoat of yours is fierce,' he says.

"'Pardon?' says Ralph.

"'That waistcoat of yours,' says Jerry. 'It hurts me eyes. It's like an electric sign.'

"'Why, Jerry,' I says, but he just scowls at me and I stops.

"Ralph is proud of his clothes, and he isn't going to stand this. He glares at Jerry and Jerry glares at him.

"'Who do you think you are?' says Ralph, breathing hard.

"'Button up your coat,' says Jerry.

"'Look 'ere!' says Ralph.

"'Cover it up, I tell you,' says Jerry. 'Do you want to blind me?' Pa Tuxton interrupts.

"'Why, Mr. Moore,' he begins, sort of soothing; when the small brother, who's been staring at Jerry, chips in. I told you he was cheeky.

"He says, 'Pa, what a funny nose Mr. Moore's got!'

"And that did it. Jerry rises, very slow, and leans across the table and clips the kid brother one side of the ear-'ole. And then there's a general imbroglio, everyone standing up and the kid hollering and the dog barking.

"'If you'd brought him up better,' says Jerry, severe, to Pa Tuxton, 'this wouldn't ever have happened.'

"Pa Tuxton gives a sort of howl.

"'Mr. Moore,' he yells, 'what is the meaning of this extraordinary behaviour? You come here and strike me child——'

"Jerry bangs on the table.

"'Yes,' he says, 'and I'd strike him again. Listen to me,' he says. 'You think just because I'm quiet I ain't got no spirit. You think all I can do is to sit and smile. You think—Bah! You aren't on to the hidden depths in me character. I'm one of them still waters that runs deep. I'm—— Here, you get out of it! Yes, all of you. Except Jane. Jane and me wants this room to have a private talk in. I've got a lot of things to say to Jane. Are you going?'

"I turns to the crowd. I was awful disturbed. 'You mustn't take any notice,' I says. 'He ain't well. He ain't himself.' When just then the parrot outs with another of them squawks. Jerry jumps at it.

"'You first,' he says, and flings the cage out of the window. 'Now you,' he says to the yellow dog, putting him out through the door. And then he folds his arms and scowls at us, and we all notice suddenly that he's very big. We looks at one another, and we begins to edge towards the door. All

except Jane, who's staring at Jerry as if he's a ghost.

"'Mr. Moore,' says Pa Tuxton, dignified, 'we'll leave you. You're drunk.'

"'I'm not drunk,' says Jerry. 'I'm in love.'

"YOUR NOTION OF A FOWL IS AN UGLY BIRD WITH A GREEN TAIL AND A WELLINGTON NOSE."

"'Jane,' says Pa Tuxton, 'come with me, and leave this ruffian to himself.'

"'Jane,' says Jerry, 'stop here, and come and lay your head on my shoulder.'

"'Jane,' says Pa Tuxton, 'do you hear me?'

"'Jane,' says Jerry, 'I'm waiting.'

"She looks from one to the other for a spell, and then she moves to where Jerry's standing.

"'I'll stop,' she says, sort of quiet.

"And we drifts out."

The waiter snorted.

"I got back home, quick as I could," he said, "and relates the proceedings to Gentleman. Gentleman's rattled. 'I don't believe it,' he says. 'Don't stand there and tell me Jerry Moore did them things. Why, it ain't in the man. Specially after what I said to him about the way he ought to behave. How could he have done so?' Just then in comes Jerry, beaming all over. 'Boys,' he shouts, 'congratulate me. It's all right. We've fixed it up. She says she hadn't known me properly before. She says she'd always reckoned me a sheep, while all the time I was one of them strong, silent men.' He turns to Gentleman——"

The man at the other end of the room was calling for his bill.

"All right, all right," said the waiter. "Coming! He turns to Gentleman," he went on rapidly, "and he says, 'Bailey, I owe it all to you, because if you hadn't told me to insult her folks——'"

He leaned on the traveller's table and fixed him with an eye that pleaded for sympathy.

"'Ow about that?" he said. "Isn't that crisp? 'Insult her folks!' Them was his very words. 'Insult her folks!'"

The traveller looked at him inquiringly.

"Can you beat it?" said the waiter.

"I don't know what you are saying," said the traveller. "If it is important, write it on a slip of paper. I am stone-deaf."

How Women Would Look in Uniform.

From Photographs by Foulsham & Banfield, Bassano, Dover Street Studios, and Hana.

Should Women Serve as Soldiers?

A SYMPOSIUM.

"PLEASE, Your Majesty," said a recruiting-sergeant to the Great Frederick, "this person cannot serve."

"Why?"

"Because, sire, we have discovered she is a woman."

"Can she fight?"

"She fought us like ten devils, sire."

"Draft her into the ranks," returned the King, grimly.

It was the Empress Marie Ivanovna who anticipated a certain French wit in dividing mankind into four sexes—men, women, men-women, and women-men. "If they cannot spin, let them drill. If they cannot win husbands, let them win battles. Go tell them I will be their colonel."

The emissaries departed, only to return after a week to say that they had only secured the names of twelve eligible women. They had noted hundreds of promising recruits, but, on close inquiry, found the rest were either engaged, about to be engaged, or were already secretly married.

Many instances there have been of women who have borne arms with credit, and who in discipline and marksmanship have been no whit inferior to a man. There are, in

modern times, the examples of Hannah Snell, who long served in old King George's armies valorously, and, more recently, the Greek heroine, Helena Constantinides, whose family had suffered much from the Turks. On her arrival in Athens volunteers crowded round her, and she finally left for the seat of war with a band of two thousand five hundred enthusiasts, afterwards fighting valiantly for Greece.

But now that throughout the kingdom women have gone in for all the physical exercises formerly monopolized by men—when they not only ride, shoot, fence, and box, but are equal to long-distance walking; when women's rifle-clubs are being formed everywhere, the question is to-day more pertinent than ever, "Should Women Serve as Soldiers?"

THE EMPRESS MARIE IVANOVNA.
"If they cannot win husbands, let them win battles."

"Yes," say the advanced section. "No," cry the others. As one woman writes: "Brute force is no longer necessary to win battles. Science enables women to be the equal of men in war. Only a few weeks ago I saw the tiniest woman in the world set the whole million-horse-power of Niagara in motion by simply touching a button. Soldiering is no longer a question of brawn and battle-axes."

It was Louise Rose who, forty years ago, first startled the women of America by her manifesto, "Why should not women fight for their country?"

"Are we physically incapable? I will not quote the example of the Amazons, of Boadicea, or of Joan of Arc. I call upon the spirits of the women of the French Revolution, the Polish Revolution, the American Revolution, women who fought shoulder to shoulder with their brothers for freedom, to say whether a woman may not strike as strong a blow as a man. We women must face the terrible truth that Right rests on Force, and that if we show mankind that we are prepared to sally forth in armed phalanx, we shall secure what we want — political equality with men. Sisters, arm yourselves, form ranks, show that you are not to be trifled with, that you are not unworthy descendants of the women who have defended their homes and their honour in a hundred wars!"

HANNAH SNELL, WHO SERVED IN THE ARMY AS A SOLDIER.

What to-day is the opinion of high male military authorities, as well as of militant women themselves, on the practicability of women serving as soldiers? There is said to be more than one eminent general who is in favour of women training for war. If so, they are chary of committing themselves.

The opinions of several eminent soldiers and well-known women on the subject are given below. To each of these a letter was sent, containing three questions, which were as follow:—

1. Do you think it possible for a woman ever to be a soldier—supposing her to be single, healthy, and active?

2. Would you be ready to serve your country, as Frenchwomen served France in 1870? (This to the ladies only.)

3. Do you think it undignified and improper for girls to drill and handle a rifle for purposes of defence? Or do you think girls should undergo physical training in the same way as boys?

FIELD - MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS writes to us as under :—

"I do not think it practicable or desirable that women should serve their country under arms. It would also be unnecessary if the country adopts, as all other European countries have adopted, the principle of universal military training for its young men.

"I think girls should undergo physical training in the same way as boys—not with a view to doing men's work, but in order to fit themselves to be the mothers of a strong and healthy race.

"I also think it highly desirable that all women should be trained in first aid and nursing, for such knowledge would be of great use to the community."

HELENA CONSTANTINIDES, THE GREEK JOAN OF ARC.

Here, too, is the opinion of another high authority :—

"SIR JOHN FRENCH is convinced that, should circumstances arise necessitating the employment of armed women, they would no doubt acquit themselves with their customary courage and unselfishness. At the same time he would point out that other fields are open to women for the display of patriotism and usefulness in time of war, such as the care and attendance of sick and wounded, when their services would undoubtedly be of great value."

LOUISE ROSE.

"Sisters, arm yourselves, form ranks, show that you are not to be trifled with, that you are not unworthy descendants of the women who have defended their homes and their honour in a hundred wars!"

"I have just come," writes a Woman's Rights leader, Mrs. M. E. BAXTER, "from a most thrilling and entertaining exhibition of muscle and endurance at Bedford College, Liverpool. I asked myself as I witnessed their spirited evolutions, which would have spread consternation in my youth, 'Why should women such as these take shelter under the mantle of sex?' Women will always have their limitations, but there is no reason why, if military duty were exacted of them, they should shrink from fulfilling it."

VISCOUNTESS HARBERTON writes :—

"I can see no reason why those women who wish to do so should be debarred on account of their sex. Every occupation should be open to all, and the great aim of the people ought to be in getting rid of the absurd habit of considering sex before the common humanity of individuals. The present way of reversing this is disastrous alike to morals and the health of the nation.

"There can be nothing either undignified or improper in girls learning to shoot, or in their being drilled. What is undignified and improper is wearing the outrageous, hampering, and grotesque clothing women are apparently content to adopt, at the suggestion of those who wish to make money out of their inane objection to thinking out for themselves what it means to be transmogrified into such ridiculous forms. Anything that gives women an interest in their country

and actual active life can only be regarded as a boon to the whole race."

Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH replies to our questions as follows:—

"I think girls should undergo physical training in the same way as boys—if not quite so arduous. There can be nothing undignified or improper for girls to drill and learn how to handle a rifle for purposes of defence. Certainly, if I could be of any use, I would be ready to serve my country as the Frenchwomen served France in 1870—and I think there are very few women in England who wouldn't."

Mrs. H. M. PRYCE-JONES, formerly Miss Vere Dawnay and a champion lady swimmer, sends the following views on the subject:—

"Personally I think that, except in very rare instances, no woman could ever be really fitted for an active military career, but if every girl were to undergo a properly-organized and systematic training it would be of inestimable benefit to herself, and consequently to her country. The up-bringing girls have received during the last century has certainly helped to make them very much stronger physically, and far better able to withstand hardships and perils.

"Any active pursuit which tends to increase physical development—I would place riding, swimming, and fencing high up on the list—ought to be warmly encouraged, as it should always be remembered that the nation of to-morrow depends upon the standard we set up for ourselves to-day.

"By attending first-aid classes and, if possible, joining a branch of girl-scouts, which in itself provides a magnificent training for mind, body, and intelligence, girls would already be doing much to prove themselves of real value to their country. I would also like to see a miniature rifle-range in every village, and rifle competitions and shooting matches arranged in every town, not only for men and boys, but also for girls and women. Nothing promotes skill so much as healthy competition and rivalry, and it is a well-known saying that 'Preparation for war is the only guarantee of peace.'

"It seems to me that the old methods are still the best. Men should go forth ready to fight for their homes and families, and women should speed them onward with brave faces and prayerful hearts. But as lack of preparation is the most fatal disaster that can befall any nation, and inertia and an unwise sense of security seem ever to have been our country's gravest danger, by every means in our power let us encourage girls as well as boys to train themselves to the highest possible standard of military efficiency."

"One answer to your question," writes Miss ELIZABETH ROBINS, the well-known actress and novelist, "is that some women do more difficult things even now than soldiering. Undoubtedly girls should undergo physical training. Whether, as you say Lord Roberts thinks, the training should be 'in the same way as boys,' I do not feel so certain; but my doubt has more to do with the flaws in boys' present training than any question of the capacity of girls. They need physical training of a rational sort even more desperately than boys do, just because it is still a question whether the girl should have any at all, and because her dress and her life generally are more deliberately artificial and handicapping than a boy's.

"The question really comes to be, not can this or that woman repeat the prowess of some woman in the past, but can the standard of health and discipline be so raised that most women are as strong and efficient as Nature meant them to be?

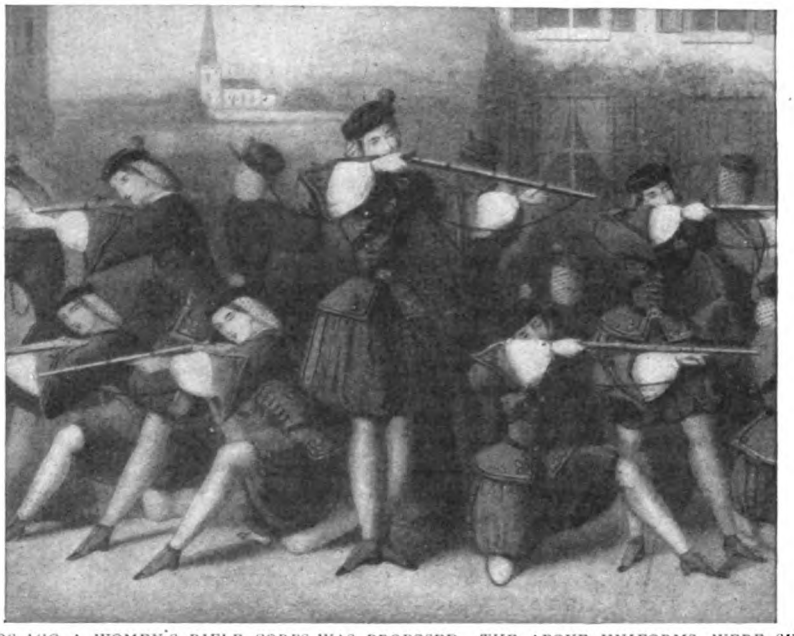
"You ask whether it should be regarded as 'undignified and improper for girls to drill and handle a rifle for purposes of defence'? Less undignified and improper for girls than for boys and men, because women are more at the mercy of brute force, and may be greater sufferers by it. You, however, were not thinking of individual danger, but whether in time of war women should help to defend their country. This is not really a sex question at all. *If* war is admissible, all the able-bodied should take their share. But it will be seen that women's growing physical strength will be applied to construction rather than to destruction."

"There is, in my opinion," says Mrs. RENTOUL ESLER, the well-known writer, "no movement for the benefit of the human race in which some women are not qualified to take an active and helpful part. The virtuous woman is naturally a builder, and, therefore, would rather promote the arts of peace than of war; but if justice demanded military defence for home and native land, such records as those of Boadicea, Joan of Arc, the Maid of Saragossa, and Maria Theresa of Austria leave no doubt in the average mind that a woman warrior is not necessarily either a foolish or an ineffectual figure.

"In so far as military exercises are

physically beneficial, I see no reason why military drill should not be added to young women's gymnasia. In all probability airship destroyers will soon render all our present usages and paraphernalia of war obsolete.

"In answer to your amusing question, whether or not I should be personally ready to fight in an international war if England were invaded, I may say that if the men whom most of us have encouraged to prepare for national defence fell in the cause of justice, I think it would be better for the world that their women should step into their vacant places and fall too, rather than await such other fate as life usually awards to the bereaved women of the beaten."



FORTY YEARS AGO A WOMEN'S RIFLE CORPS WAS PROPOSED—THE ABOVE UNIFORMS WERE SUGGESTED.

"Women have already, in various countries, proved their capacity as soldiers," writes Mrs. WOLSTENHOLME-ELMY, a Suffragist leader, "but I think very few English women or men would think it desirable that a woman in her seventy-seventh year, who has already served her country in many important ways, should at that age take up the profession of arms.

"With regard to Lord Roberts's view that 'girls should undergo physical training in the same way as boys,' I reply that military training is not necessarily essential to the finest physical development of either man or woman. May I add that I should regard any large development of the lust for war as the greatest possible misfortune which could befall this or any other nation?"

"Your question," writes Miss F. OSBALDISTON, a champion hockey-player and all-round athlete, "is most timely. A great change has been coming over the physique of women within the last twenty-five years. Men seem to me to be growing smaller and weaker; women taller, stronger, and more athletic. The old phrase, 'The weaker sex,' is something of a misnomer to one who studies crowds, especially up the river, where hundreds of narrow-chested men may be seen lolling about in boats propelled by tall, sinewy girls of double their physical strength and endurance. I am convinced women would, if drilled to use the rifle in ranks, give a very good account of themselves in battle. If force still has to be exercised in the world—and for one I deplore it—women can exert it as well as men, and should consider it their duty to do so.

"A still greater argument for the employment of women, now that men are declared to make the best and gentlest hospital nurses, is that there are just one million more women in Great Britain than men, and as these women cannot possibly have husbands or maternal cares, why should they shirk their military duties in the event of conscription? I, for one, should not."

Miss ELLALINE TERRISS writes:—

"I think, should the necessity arise, that women, myself among them, would do their best to use rifles for purposes of defence, or do anything else that lay in their power, but for the present it appears to me more suitable that we should employ our talents in the sick-room or with the ambulance, where we can render perhaps as much aid as we could were we to impede the march of troops; for certainly when marching orders arrived women could scarcely hope to keep up with men. Of course, I approve of girls undergoing physical training as well as boys, but I fear we are sometimes inclined to overdo it, and I do not think Nature fitted us for the severe training that obtains at many places of education for girls. I think we can each do our part in life without conflicting; certainly, men are more suited for the Army, while women are more in their element in a sick-room or a hospital ward."

Miss WINIFRED EMERY says: "I think it would be an excellent thing for girls to drill and learn to handle a rifle for purposes of defence, but I should not think it at all desirable for a woman to serve her country in the field. Surely it is sufficient for one sex to bring soldiers into the world!"

Miss AGNES HERBERT, a champion lady rifle-shot, writes:—

"No, I do not think it possible for a woman ever to be a soldier, and am not quite sure what the state of single blessedness has to do with the making of a warrior. Married women are proverbially more warlike than their unwedded sisters, being daily in the way of combativeness. Old maids rush in where widows fear to tread, but it would take more than the celibacy you suggest, the activity and the healthiness, to evolve a woman soldier. One in five hundred might make a colourable imitation of the real thing, but what would be her use if manufactured? You cannot oppose men and women in battle. All Nature cries out against feuds between the sexes. Therefore our Amazons must needs be pitted against another regiment of militants, and by the time the C.O.'s—women also, I presume—had got each side arranged and ready for action the reason for the dispute would stand forgotten — anger would have evaporated. Women, you know, the world over are so many Orientals as regards the value of minutes.

"Another thing, too — women are not gregarious, and 'Soldiers are the only carnivorous animals who must be gregarious.'

"To convert our women into warriors would do much to ease the present overcrowded state of the marriage market, and solve the problem of 'What to do with our girls.' In the event of war the mortality would be so great we should no longer be faced with this seven-women-to-one-man condition of affairs.

"I think it would be a good idea for girls to undergo physical training in the same way as boys. Such a system might be of benefit mentally also. There is no doubt that the lower-class woman of England is a hopelessly unenlightened and unintelligent being, rungs below the man in the same sphere of life. This, presumably, is accounted for by training, as these ignorant women are the mothers of the male things whose brains so soon, and so far, outstrip those of all their feminine belongings. Our woman soldier could not be entirely recruited from the gentle or educated classes. The sisters of the postman, the policeman, of Tommy Atkins, do not possess a tithe of their brothers' acumen. This is a fact, and it were idle to pretend otherwise. Exceptions there are everywhere, but we must take the case *en bloc*. It would be dangerous to consider the average woman of the lower class trained to soldiering, even if she appeared to be a Wellington. In one moment, under some stress or difficulty, all the teaching and drilling of years would go for nothing.

"I certainly do not think it undignified and improper for girls to drill and handle a rifle. I think it very essential and necessary. One never knows where one's lines may be cast, and it might be that one's daily food depended on a rifle. But the defence of the Homeland is another story. If 'the day,' of which the scaremongers tell us so much, ever arrives, the women of England will serve their country effectively in some capacity, I make no doubt, and in such strenuous case I am inclined to back 'the girl behind the man behind the gun' against her more militant sister blazing away from the upper windows in defence of the Englishwoman's home.

"Again, no. I am not ready to serve my country as a soldier, but I am willing to accompany the regiment of Amazons anywhere as a war correspondent. The 'copy,' I feel confident, would be worth gathering."

Miss ETHEL IRVING writes to say that "she is entirely in agreement with Lord

Roberts that girls should undergo physical training in the same way as boys. Also that women should be trained in the use of arms and would make very good soldiers, though they would require considerably more discipline than they have at present."

Miss MARIE GEORGE, of Drury Lane fame, writes:—

"My opinion is that a woman is capable in an emergency of helping to protect her country the same as a man would; also for her own self-protection every woman should learn to use firearms. But I do *not* agree that women are fit, or ever should be, for soldiers. A woman's place is her home, not the battlefield. Surely *something* ought to be left for 'man' to do."

Miss JESSIE BATEMAN, another Drury Lane favourite and an actress of many parts, sends us the following:—

"I do think that girls should undergo physical training in the same way as boys, provided they be single, healthy, and active. I do not regard it as undignified and improper for girls to drill and handle a rifle for purposes of defence. But I do think it would be a very sad thing for women to *have* to do so, even to serve their country. Soldiers should be men; they are naturally more fitted for it.

"Women should serve their country by nursing and by being active and strong — in their own way."

Here is the answer sent by Miss MARIE STUDHOLME:—

"Were it necessary I would, of course, do my utmost to serve my country, but I hope my services will never be needed on an English battlefield.

"Honestly I confess I prefer battling with weeds in my garden, fighting over croquet, or struggling with golf, to handling a rifle; still, if necessary, I would 'have a shot' at it, if the horrid thing didn't 'have a shot' at me first.

"I rather agree with Iris in 'The Greek Slave':—

If I were a man—tho' the men declare
They're extremely glad I'm not one—
A soldier I'd be with a sweetheart fair,
For every soldier's got one.
I'd march to the war with a swelling breast,
And the air of a hero dreaming,
If only I knew that I looked my best,
And that all the girls could see me.
Oh, the foe I'd whack
Till he hit me back;
Then I might begin to cry.
Tho' perhaps it's hardly right
For a girl to want to fight,
Yet I'd rather like to try."

Finally, there is the published opinion of the great French actress on the subject.

"I remember when I first appeared as the Duc de Reichstadt," declared Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT, "I thought to myself how little disadvantage sex is to a woman who wishes to play a distinguished part, not merely on the stage, but in real life. Women are only weak when their characters are weak. Surely Louis XVI. did not think women were weak when battalions of them were surrounding his palace at Versailles. My experience has shown me that Frenchwomen are more resolute, more fearless, more competent than the women of other nations. They would not plead their sex in the face of the enemy. Just as Jeanne d'Arc was a born military leader, so, in case of a crisis to-day, many women would be found who, if men were pusillanimous, would cry with Lady Macbeth: 'Give me the daggers!'"

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT IN "L'AIGLON."
From a Photo. by Boyer & Bert, Paris.
"Frenchwomen are more resolute, more fearless, more competent than the women of other nations. They would not plead their sex in the face of the enemy."

THE MAGIC CITY.

A Story for Children. By E. NESBIT.

Illustrated by Spencer Pryse.

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CHAPTER VII.

YOU soon get used to things. It seemed quite natural and homelike to Philip to be awakened in bright early out-of-doors morning by the gentle beak of the parrot at his ear.

"You got back all right, then?" he said, sleepily.

"It was rather a long journey," said the parrot, "but I thought it better to come back by wing. The hippogriff offered to bring me; he is the soul of courteous gentleness. But he was tired too. The Pretenderette is in jail for the moment, but I'm afraid she'll get out again; we're so unused to having prisoners, you see. And it's no use putting *her* on her honour because——"

"Because she hasn't any?" Philip finished.

"I wouldn't say *that*," said the parrot, "of anybody. I'd only say we haven't come across it. What about breakfast?"

When the camel and the dogs had been served with breakfast the children and the parrot sat down to eat. And there were many questions to ask. The parrot answered some, and some it didn't answer.

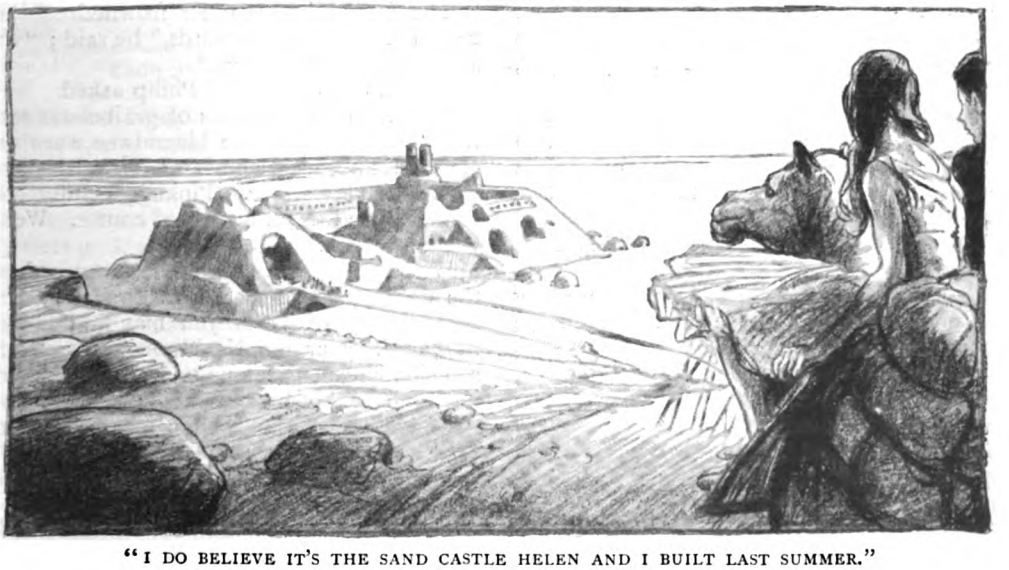
"Enough of this," said the parrot, at last; "business before pleasure."

So they washed up the breakfast things in warm water obligingly provided by the camel.

"And now," said the parrot, "we must pack up and go on our way to destroy the fear of the Dwellers by the Sea."

The journey was not long. Quite soon they found a sort of ravine or gully in the cliff and a path that led through it. And then they were on the beach, very pebbly with small stones, and there was the home of the Dwellers by the Sea; and beyond it, broad and blue and beautiful, the sea by which they dwelt.

The Dwelling seemed to be a sort of town of round-roofed buildings, more like lime-kilns than anything else, with arched doors leading to dark insides. They were all built of tiny stones, such as lay on the beach. Beyond the huts or houses rose the castle, a vast



"I DO BELIEVE IT'S THE SAND CASTLE HELEN AND I BUILT LAST SUMMER."

rough structure, with towers and arches and buttresses and bastions and glacis and bridges, and a great moat all round it.

"But I never built a city like that, did you?" Lucy asked, as they drew near.

"No," Philip answered; "at least . . . do you know, I do believe it's the sand castle Helen and I built last summer at Dymchurch. And those huts are the moulds I made of my pail — with the edges worn off, you know."

Towards the castle the travellers advanced, the camel lurching like a boat on a rough sea and the dogs going with cat-like delicacy over the stones. They skirted large pools and tall rocks, seaweed-covered. Along a road broad enough for twelve chariots to have driven on it abreast, slowly they came to the great gate of the castle. And as they got nearer, they saw at every window heads leaning out, and every battlement, every terrace, was crowded with figures. And when they were quite near, by throwing their heads very far back, so that their necks felt quite stiff for a long time afterwards, the children could see that all those people appeared quite young, and seemed to have very odd and delightful clothes—just one garment from shoulder to knee, made, as it seemed, of dark fur.

"What lots of them there are," said Philip. "Where did they come from?"

"Out of a book," said the parrot. "Those are the islanders."

"Then why," asked Philip, naturally, "aren't they on an island?"

"There's only one island, and no one is allowed on that, except two people who never go there. But the islanders are happy even if they don't live on an island—always happy, except for the great fear."

Here the travellers began to cross one of the bridges over the moat — the bridge, in fact, which led to the biggest arch of all. It was a very rough arch, like the entrance to a cave.

And from out its dark mouth came a little crowd of people.

"They're savages," said Lucy, shrinking till she seemed only an extra hump on the camel's back.

They were indeed of a dark complexion, sunburnt in fact, but their faces were handsome and kindly. They waved friendly hands and smiled in the most agreeable and welcoming way.

The tallest islander stepped out from the crowd. He was about as big as Philip.

"Hush!" said the parrot; "the Lord High Islander is now about to begin the state address of welcome!"

He was. And this was the address:—

"How jolly of you to come! Do get down off that camel and come indoors and have some grub. Jim, you might take that camel round to the stable and rub him down a bit. You'd like to keep the dogs with you, of course. And what about the parrot?"

"Thanks awfully," Philip responded, and slid off the camel, followed by Lucy. "The parrot will make his own mind up; he always does."

They all trooped into the hall of the castle, which was more like a cave than a hall and very dark, for the windows were little and high up. As Lucy's eyes got used to the light she perceived that the clothes of the islanders were not of skins, but of seaweed.

"I asked you in," said the Lord High Islander, a jolly-looking boy of about Philip's age, "out of politeness. But really it isn't dinner-time, and the meet is in half an hour. So unless you're really hungry——?"

The children said: "Not at all."

"You hunt, of course?" the Lord High Islander said.

"We came here on business," the parrot remarked, and the happy islanders crowded round to see him. "These are Philip and Lucy. Claimants to the Deliverership. They are doing their deeds, you know," the parrot ended.

Lucy whispered, "It's really *Philip* who is the Claimant, not me, only the parrot's so polite."

The Lord High Islander frowned. "We can talk about that afterwards," he said; "it's a pity to waste time now."

"What do you hunt?" Philip asked.

"All the different kinds of graibeestes and the vertoblancs and the blugraiwee when we can find him," said the Lord High Islander. "But he's very scarce. Pinkuggers are more common, and much bigger, of course. Well, you'll soon see."

When they got out into the courtyard of the castle they found it full of a crowd of animals any of which you may find in the Zoo, or in your old Noah's Ark if it was a sufficiently expensive one to begin with, and if you have not broken or lost too many of the inhabitants. Each animal had its rider, and the party rode out on to the beach.

"What *is* it they hunt?" Philip asked the parrot, who had perched on his shoulder.

"All the little animals in the Noah's Ark that hadn't any names," the parrot told him.

"All those are considered fair game. Halloa! Blugraiwee!" it shouted, as a little grey beast with blue spots started from the shelter of a rock and made for the cover of a patch of giant seaweed. Then all sorts of little animals got up and scurried off into places of security.

"There goes a vertoblanc," said the parrot, pointing to a bright green animal of uncertain shape whose breast and paws were white, "and there's a graibeeste."

The graibeeste was about as big as a fox and had rabbit's ears and the unusual distinction of a tail coming out of his back just half-way between one end of him and the other. But there are graibeestes of all sorts and shapes.

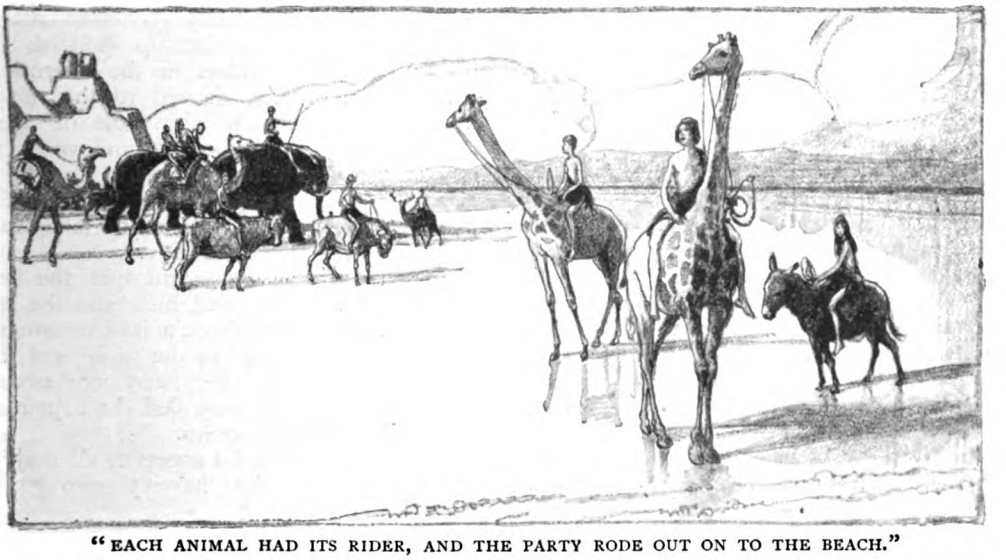
You know when people are making the animals for Noah's Arks they make the big ones first, elephants and lions and tigers and so on, and paint them as nearly as they can the right colour. Then they get weary of copying Nature and begin to paint the animals pink and green and chocolate colour, which in Nature is not the case. These are the chockmunks, the vertoblancs, and the pinkuggers. And presently the makers get sick of the whole business and make the animals any sort of shape and paint them all one grey—these are the graibeestes. And at the very end a guilty feeling of having been slackers comes over the makers of the Noah's Arks, and they paint blue spots on the last and littlest of the graibeestes to ease their consciences. This is the blugraiwee. Of course, he is very rare.

"Tally Ho!" "Hark forrad!" "Yoicks!" were some of the observations now to be heard on every side as the hunt swept on, the blugraiwee well ahead. Dogs yapped, steeds galloped, riders shouted, the sun shone, the sea sparkled, and far ahead the blugraiwee ran, extended to his full length, like a grey straight line. He was killed five miles from the castle after a splendid run. And when a pinkugger had been secured, and half-a-dozen graibeestes, the hunt rode slowly home.

"We only hunt to kill and we only kill for food," the Lord High Islander said.

"I see," said Philip, jogging along on his steed. "I say," he added, "you don't mind my asking, how is it you're all children here?"

"Well," said the Lord High Islander, "it's ancient history, so I don't suppose it's true. But they say that when the Government had to make sure that we should always be *happy* troops of gentle islanders they decided that the only way was for us to be children. And we do have the most ripping time. And we do our own hunting and cooking, and wash up our own plates and things, and for heavy work we have the M.A.'s. They're men who've had to work at sums and history and things at college so hard that they want a holiday. So they come here and work for us, and if any of us do want to learn anything the M.A.'s are handy to have about the place. It pleases them to teach anything, poor things. They live in the huts. There's always a long list waiting for their turn. Oh, yes, they wear the seaweed dress the same as



"EACH ANIMAL HAD ITS RIDER, AND THE PARTY RODE OUT ON TO THE BEACH."

we do. And they hunt on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. They hunt big game, the fierce ambergris, which is grey with a yellow stomach, and the bigger graibeestes. Now we'll have dinner the minute we get in, and then we must talk about It."

And after dinner the Lord High Islander took Lucy and Philip up on to the top of the highest tower, and the three lay in the sun eating toffee and gazing out over the sea at the faint distant blue of the island.

"The island where we aren't allowed to go," as the Lord High Islander sadly pointed out.

"Now," said Lucy, gently, "you won't mind saying what you're afraid of? Don't mind telling us. *We're* afraid too; we're afraid of all sorts of things quite often."

"Speak for yourself," said Philip, but not unkindly. "I'm not so jolly often afraid as you seem to think. Go ahead, my Lord."

"You might as well call me Billy," said the Lord High Islander; "it's my name."

"Well, Billy, then. What is it you're afraid of?"

"I hate being afraid," said Billy, angrily; "of course, I know no true boy is afraid of anything except doing wrong. One of the M.A.'s told me that. But the M.A.'s are afraid, too."

"What of?" Lucy asked, glancing at the terrace below, where already the shadows were lengthening.

"What we're afraid of," said Billy, abruptly, "is the sea. Suppose a great wave came and washed away the castle and the huts and the M.A.'s and all of us?"

"But it never *has*, has it?" Lucy asked.

"No; but everything must have a beginning. I know that's true, because another of the M.A.'s told it me."

"But why don't you go and live somewhere inland?"

"Because we couldn't live away from the sea. We're islanders, you know: we couldn't bear not to be near the sea. And we'd rather be afraid of it than not have it to be afraid of. But it upsets the Government, because we ought to be *happy* troops of gentle islanders, and you can't be quite happy if you're afraid. That's why it's one of your deeds to take away our fear."

"It sounds jolly difficult," said Philip. "I shall have to think," he added, desperately. So he lay and thought, with the parrot preening its bright feathers on the parapet of the tower, while Lucy and the Lord High Islander played cat's cradle with a long thread of seaweed.

"It's supper-time," said Billy at last; "have you thought of anything?"

"Not a single thing," said Philip.

"Well, don't swat over it any more," said Billy; "just stay with us and have a jolly time. You're sure to think of something, or else Lucy will. We'll act charades to-night."

They did. The rest of the islanders were an extremely jolly lot, and all the M.A.'s came out of their huts to be audience. It was a charming evening and ended up with hide-and-seek all over the castle.

To wake next morning on a bed of soft, dry, sweet-smelling seaweed, and to know that the day was to be spent in having a good time with the jolliest set of children she had ever met, was delightful to Lucy. Philip's delight was dashed by the knowledge that he must, sooner or later, *think*. But the day passed most agreeably. They all bathed in the rock pools, picked up shell-fish for dinner, played rounders in the afternoon, and in the evening danced to the music made by the M.A.'s, who most of them carried flutes in their pockets, and who were all very flattered at being asked to play.

So the pleasant days went on. But Philip never could think of anything to take away the fear of the gentle islanders.

It was on the sixth night that the first storm came. The wind blew and the sea roared, and the castle shook to its foundations. And Philip, awakened by the noise and the shaking, sat up in bed, and understood what the fear was that spoiled the happiness of the Dwellers by the Sea.

"Suppose the sea did sweep us all away?" he said. "And they haven't even got a boat."

And then, when he was quite far from expecting it, he did think of something. And he went on thinking about it so hard that he couldn't sleep any more.

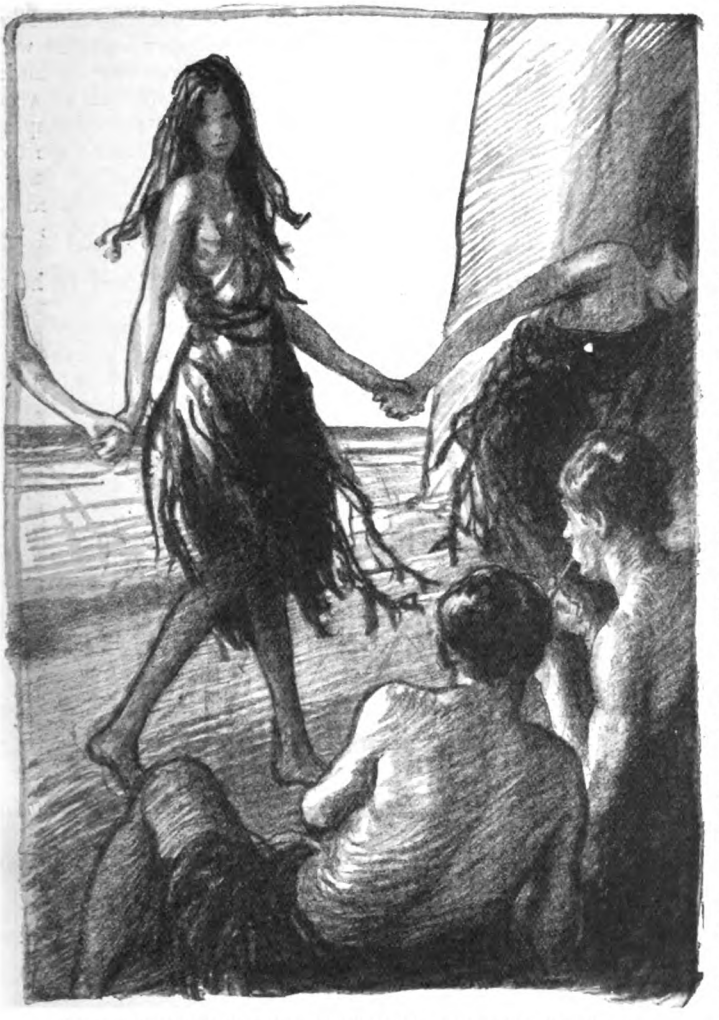
And in the morning he said to the parrot:—

"I've thought of something, and I'm not going to tell the others, but I can't do it all by myself. Do you think you could get Perrin for me?"

"I will try, with pleasure," replied the obliging bird, and flew off without further speech.

That afternoon, just as a picnic tea was ending, a great shadow fell on the party, and next moment the hippogriff alighted with Mr. Perrin and the parrot on its back.

"Oh, *thank* you," said Philip, and led Mr. Perrin away and began to talk to him in whispers as they walked.



"IN THE EVENING THEY DANCED TO THE MUSIC MADE BY THE M.A.'S."

"No, sir," Mr. Perrin answered suddenly and aloud. "I'm sorry, but I couldn't think of it."

"Don't you know *how?*" Philip asked.

"I know everything as is to be known in my trade," said Mr. Perrin, "but carpentry's one thing and manners is another. Not but what I know manners, too, which is why I won't be a party to no such a thing."

"But you don't understand," said Philip, trying to keep up with Mr. Perrin's long strides. "What I want to do is for you to build a Noah's Ark on the top of the highest tower. Then, when the sea's rough and the wind blows, all the Sea Dwellers can just get into their Ark and then they'll be quite safe, whatever happens."

"You said all that afore," said Mr. Perrin, "and I wonder at you, so I do."

"I thought it was *such* a good idea," said poor Philip, in gloom.

"Oh, the *idea's* all right," said Mr. Perrin; "there ain't nothing to complain of 'bout the *idea*."

"Then what *is* wrong?" Philip asked, impatiently.

"You've come to the wrong shop," said Mr. Perrin, slowly. "I ain't the man to take away another chap's job, not if he was to be in the humblest way of business, but when it comes to slapping the Government in the face — well, there, Master Pip, I wouldn't have thought it of you. It's as much as my place is worth."

"Look here," said Philip, stopping short in despair, "will you tell me straight out why you won't help me?"

"I'm not agoing to go building Arks at my time of life," said Mr. Perrin. "Mr. Noah'd break his old heart, so he would, if I was to take on his job over his head."

"Oh, you mean I ought to ask him?"

"Course you ought to ask him. I don't mind lending a hand under his directions, acting as foreman like, so as to make a good job of it. But it's him you must give your order to."

The parrot and the hippogriff between them managed to get Mr. Noah to the castle by noon of the next day.

"Would you have minded," Philip immediately asked him, "if I'd had an Ark built without asking you to do it?"

"Well," said Mr. Noah, mildly, "I might have been a little hurt. I have had some experience, you know."

He approved of Philip's idea, and he and Perrin were soon busy making plans, calculating strains, and selecting materials.

In the evening Mr. Noah made Philip a Baron, it being decided that killing the lions was to count as one of the Deeds.

Then Philip made a speech to the islanders and explained his idea. There was a great deal of cheering and shouting, and everyone agreed that an Ark on the topmost tower would meet a long-felt want, and that, when once that Ark was there, fear would for ever be a stranger to every gentle island heart.

"AND NOW THE GREAT WORK OF BUILDING BEGAN."

And now the great work of building began. Mr. Perrin kindly consented to act as foreman, and set to work a whole army of workmen—the M.A.'s, of course. And soon the sound of saw and hammer mingled with the plash of waves and cries of sea-birds, and gangs of stalwart M.A.'s in their seaweed tunics bent themselves to the task of shaping great timbers, and hoisting them to the top of the highest tower, where other gangs, under Mr. Noah's own eye, reared a scaffolding to support the Ark while the building went on.

The children were not allowed to help, but they loved looking on, and almost felt that, if they looked on earnestly enough, they must, in some strange mysterious way,

be actually helping. You know the feeling, I dare say.

The hippogriff, who was stabled in the castle, flew up to wherever he was wanted, to assist in the hauling. Mr. Noah only had to whisper a magic word in his ear and up he flew. But what that magic word was the children did not know, though they asked often enough.

And now, at last, the Ark was finished. The scaffolding was removed, and there was the great Noah's Ark, firmly planted on the topmost tower. It was a perfect example of the Ark-builder's craft. Its boat part was painted a dull red, its sides and ends were blue, with black windows, and its roof was bright scarlet, painted in lines to imitate tiles. No least detail was neglected—even to the white bird painted on the roof, which you must have noticed in your own Noah's Ark.

A great festival was held, speeches were made, and everyone who had lent a hand in the building—even the humblest M.A.—was crowned with a wreath of fresh pink and green seaweed. Songs were sung, and the Laureate of the Sea Dwellers, a young M.A. with pale blue eyes and no chin, recited an ode beginning :—

> Now that we have our Noble Ark,
> No more we tremble in the dark
> When the great seas and the winds cry out,
> For we are safe without a doubt.
> At undue risings of the tide,
> Within our Ark we'll safely hide,
> And bless the names of those who thus
> Have built a painted Ark for us.

There were three hundred and seventeen more lines, very much like these, and everyone said it was wonderful, and the Laureate was a genius, and how did he do it, and what brains, eh? and things like that.

Philip and Lucy had crowns too, and Philip was made an Earl. The Lord High Islander moved a vote of thanks to Philip, who modestly replied that it was nothing, really, and anybody could have done it. And a spirit of gladness spread about among the company, so that everyone was smiling and shaking hands with everybody else, and even the M.A.'s were making little polite old jokes, and slapping each other on the back and calling each other "old chap," which was not at all their habit in ordinary life. The whole castle was decorated with garlands of pink and green seaweed like the wreaths that people were wearing, and the whole scene was the gayest and happiest you can imagine.

And then the dreadful thing happened.

Philip and Lucy were standing in their seaweed tunics—for, of course, they had, since the first day, worn the costume of the country—on the platform in the courtyard. Mr. Noah had just said :—

"Well, then, we will enjoy this memorable day to the very end and return to the city to-morrow," when a shadow fell on the group. It was the hippogriff, and on its back was—someone. Before anyone could see who that someone was, the hippogriff had flown low enough for that someone to catch Philip by his seaweed tunic and to swing him off his feet and on to the hippogriff's back. Lucy screamed, Mr. Perrin said, "Here, I say, none of that!" and Mr. Noah said, "Dear me!" And they all reached out their hands to pull Philip back. But they were all too late.

"I won't go. Put me down," Philip shouted. They all heard that. And also they heard the answer of the person on the hippogriff—the person who had snatched Philip on to its back.

"Oh, won't you, my lord? We'll soon see about that," the person said.

Three people there knew that voice, four counting Philip, six counting the dogs. The dogs barked and growled, Mr. Noah said, "Drop it!" and Lucy screamed, "Oh, no! oh, no! it's that Pretenderette." The parrot with great presence of mind flew up into the air and attacked the ear of the Pretenderette, for, as old books say, it was indeed that unprincipled character, who had broken from prison and once more stolen the hippogriff. But the Pretenderette was not to be caught twice by the same parrot. She was ready for the bird this time, and as it touched her ear she caught it in her motor veil, which she must have loosened beforehand, and thrust it into a wicker cage that hung ready from the saddle of the hippogriff, who hovered on his wide white wings above the crowd of faces upturned.

"Now we shall see her face," Lucy thought, for she could not get rid of the feeling that if she could only see the Pretenderette's face she would recognize it. But the Pretenderette was too wily to look down unveiled. She turned her face up and she must have whispered the magic word, for the hippogriff rose in the air and began to fly away with incredible swiftness across the sea.

"Oh! what shall I do?" cried Lucy, wringing her hands. You have often heard of people wringing their hands. Lucy, I assure you, really did wring hers. "Oh, Mr. Noah, what will she do with him? Where will she take him? What shall I do? How can I find him again?"

"THE HIPPOGRIFF ROSE IN THE AIR."

"I deeply regret, my dear child," said Mr. Noah, "that I find myself quite unable to answer any single one of your questions."

"But can't I go after him?" Lucy persisted.

"I am sorry to say," said Mr. Noah, "that we have no boats; the Pretenderette has stolen our one and only hippogriff, and none of our camels can fly."

"But what can I *do?*" Lucy stamped her foot in her agony of impatience.

"Nothing, my child," Mr. Noah aggravatingly replied, "except to go to bed and get a good night's rest. To-morrow we will return to the city and see what can be done. We must consult the oracle."

"But can't we go *now?*" said Lucy, crying.

"No oracle is worth consulting till it's had its night's rest," said Mr. Noah. "It is a three days' journey. If we started now—see, it is already dusk—we should arrive in the middle of the night. We will start early in the morning."

But early in the morning there was no starting from the castle of the Dwellers by the Sea. There was indeed no one to start, and there was no castle to start from.

A young blugraiwee, peeping out of its hole after a rather disturbed night to see whether any human beings were yet stirring or whether it might venture out in search of yellow periwinkles, which are its favourite food, started, pricked its spotted ears, looked again, and disdaining the cover of the rocks walked boldly out across the beach. For the beach was deserted. There was no one there. No Mr. Noah, no Lucy, no gentle islanders, no M.A.'s, and, what is more, there were no huts and there was no castle. All was smooth, plain, bare, sea-combed beach.

For the sea had at last risen. The fear of the Dwellers had been justified. Whether the sea had been curious about the Ark no one knows, no one will ever know. At any rate, the sea had risen up and swept away from the beach every trace of the castle, the huts, and the folk who had lived there.

(To be continued.)

PERPLEXITIES.

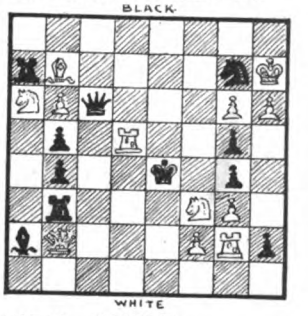
A Page of Puzzles. By Henry E. Dudeney.

7.—THE MOUSE-TRAP PUZZLE.

THIS is a modern version, with a difference, of an old puzzle of the same name. Number twenty-one cards, 1, 2, 3, etc., up to 21, and place them in a circle in the particular order shown in the illustration. These cards represent mice. You start from any card, calling that card "one," and count, "One, two, three," etc., in a clockwise direction, and when your count agrees with the number on the card, you have made a "catch," and you remove the card. Then start at the next card, calling that "one," and try again to make another "catch." And so on. Supposing you start at 18, calling that card "one," your first "catch" will be 19. Remove 19 and your next "catch" is 10. Remove 10 and your next "catch" is 1. Remove the 1, and if you count up to 21 (you must never go beyond), you cannot make another "catch." Now, the ideal is to "catch" all the twenty-one mice, but this is not here possible, and if it were it would merely require twenty-one different trials, at the most, to succeed. But the reader may make any two cards change places before he begins. Thus, you can change the 6 with the 2, or the 7 with the 11, or any other pair. This can be done in several ways so as to enable you to "catch" all the twenty-one mice, if you then start at the right place. You may never pass over a "catch"; you must always remove the card and start afresh.

8.—A LETTER "N" CHESS PROBLEM.

This was sent to me some time ago by Mr. Sam Loyd, the prince of chess problem composers. He made it to represent the letter "N" as a compliment to Sir George Newnes, who was at that time on a visit to the United States. White mates in two moves.



9.—A DIGITAL PUZZLE.

There recently appeared in "Nouvelles Annales de Mathématiques" the following puzzle as a modification of one of my "Canterbury Puzzles." Arrange the nine digits in three groups of two, three, and four digits, so that the first two numbers when multiplied together make the third. Thus, $12 \times 483 = 5{,}796$. I now also propose to include the cases where there are one, four, and four digits, such as $4 \times 1{,}738 = 6{,}952$. Can you find all the possible solutions in both cases?

[The answers to the above puzzles, together with some new posers, will be given in the next number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.]

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

4.—THE "T" CARD PUZZLE.

If we remove the ace, the remaining cards may be divided into two groups (each adding up alike) in four ways; if we remove 3, there are three ways; if 5, there are four ways; if 7, there are three ways; and if we remove 9, there are four ways of making two equal groups. There are thus eighteen different ways of grouping, and if we take any one of these and keep the odd card (that I have called "removed") at the head of the column, then one set of numbers can be varied in order in twenty-four ways in the column and the other four twenty-four ways in the horizontal, or together they may be varied in $24 \times 24 = 576$ ways. And as there are eighteen such cases, we multiply this number by 18 and get 10,368, the correct number of ways of placing the cards. As this number includes the reflections, we must divide by 2, but we have also to remember that every horizontal row can change places with a vertical row, necessitating our multiplying by 2; so one operation cancels the other.

S	T	R	A	N	D	.
D	.	S	T	R	A	N
A	N	D	.	S	T	R
T	R	A	N	D	.	S
.	S	T	R	A	N	D
N	D	.	S	T	R	A
R	A	N	D	.	S	T

6.—A FAIR DISTRIBUTION.

The number of children must be even, and either two, six, or fourteen. But there was an equal number of "boys and girls," and one boy and one girl are not "boys and girls." Therefore two is excluded. In the case of fourteen, each child must receive one halfpenny orange only; but one orange is not "oranges." We are, therefore, driven back on our third case, which exactly fulfils the conditions. Three boys and three girls each receive one halfpenny orange and two three-a-penny oranges, the value of which is together one penny and one-sixth, or one-sixth of sevenpence.

5.—THE "STRAND" SQUARE.

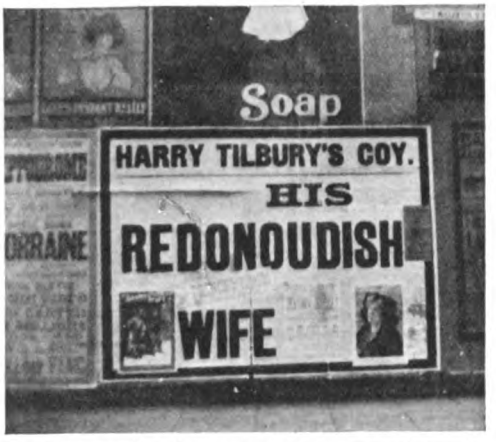
This is quite easy, because the number of squares in the side (7) is a prime number—a number that has no exact divisor except 1 and itself. It will be seen in the illustration that we have only to write the word "Strand" from left to right in each successive row, always beginning at a square that is two squares farther to the right than the one at which we started in the row immediately above it.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

"WHAT SORT OF A WIFE IS THAT?"

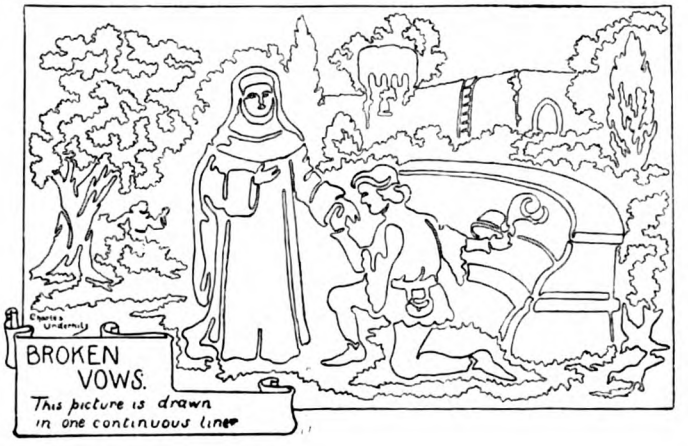
THIS photograph, taken by myself, represents a theatrical poster which was exhibited on one of the hoardings in the town of Preston, advertising the drama, "His Dishonoured Wife," which was about to occupy the boards at the Prince's Theatre. The mistake is obvious, the bill-poster having mixed the sheets on which it was printed; but many

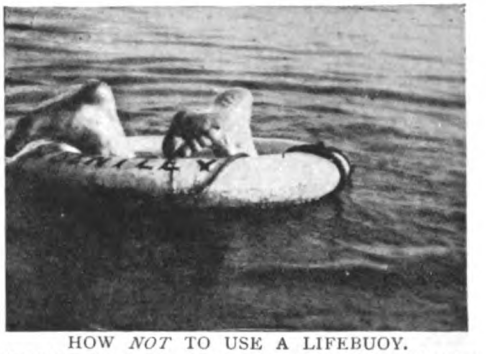


people on seeing the poster were prompted to ask, "What sort of a wife is that?"—Mr. A. J. Laing, School House, Charnock Richard, near Chorley (Lancs).

A DRAWING MADE IN ONE CONTINUOUS LINE.

IS there anything out of the ordinary to be noticed in this drawing? Perhaps not, at first sight; but a careful study of it will show that it is drawn throughout in one continuous line.—Mr. Charles Underhill, Fair View, St. Thomas's Hill, Canterbury.





HOW *NOT* TO USE A LIFEBUOY.

THE object-lesson here shown was provided by my brother, who, after swimming to the buoy, put his feet into the centre of it and then let himself hang head downwards in the water. The photograph was taken in St. Osyth Creek, where the water was ten feet in depth. I wonder whether any other STRAND readers have seen such an act performed?—Mr. Douglas N. Wend, Riverside, St. Osyth, Colchester.

A STRANGE MODE OF "BURIAL."

THE accompanying photograph was taken at a burial-ground of the Oweekayno Indians, on Oweekayno Lake, British Columbia. The box held by the "male" figure contains the body of a child, while

the attitude of the "female" figure shows that it has served a similar purpose, but the box has disappeared. The carved animal in the centre is supposed to protect the remains.—Mr. R. G. Hutchison, Rivers Inlet, British Columbia.

A Warning to all SINNERS, for by all Writers the World is near an End.

THE late Dr. *Hally* informs us of a great Comet that is fixed to appear in the Year 1758: What can we think of this Comet but prepare ourſelves againſt the Time appointed, and to pray to God to take that vehement and ſulphureous Ball of Fire from us. In *Geneſis* the 6th and 7th Chapters, you will find about 1650 Years after the World, Mankind grew ſo haughty and wicked, that God ſpeaking after the Manner of Man, and ſaid, that it repented and grieved him that he had made Man upon Earth, to ſo great a Degree of Corruption and Wickedneſs were People arrived, that every Imagination of the Thoughts of their Hearts were evil continually: God therefore reſolved to deſtroy Mankind by Water, for he would not ſuffer ſo much Sin and Wickedneſs to go unpuniſhed; my Spirit ſaith God ſhall not always ſhine and abide with Man, however. God did not immediately cut them off, but allowed one hundred and twenty Years to repent in, ſo the Number of Years in the firſt World amounted to 1773 Years. O let all Chriſtians conſider and repent, for we know not when the Hour is; this great Comet, this ſulphureous Ball of Fire, what can we think of it, that is a thouſand Times hotter than a red hot Cannon Ball. O God of his infinite Mercy grant that all Chriſtians would conſider and repent of their former Sins, and bring their Children up in the Fear of God, for by the Number of our Years with the old World, we have little more than ſixteen Years to count; and look into the Goſpel of St. *Matthew*, the 14th Chapter, and the 21ſt Verſe, and except thoſe Days ſhould be ſhortened there ſhould no Fleſh be ſaved, but for the Elects Sake thoſe Days ſhall be ſhortened. So God of his infinite Mercy remain with us now and for evermore. *Amen.*

AN EARLIER VISIT OF HALLEY'S COMET.

AT a time when we have been hearing so much about Halley's comet the old leaflet here reproduced, showing how the coming of the comet was regarded in the eighteenth century, will be read with unusual interest.—Messrs. Charles Higham and Son, 27A, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

LEST YOU FORGET!

PERHAPS at a glance it will be wondered why the piece of stamp-edging is stuck on the watch-glass, with the words "Order 'Strand.'" It is simply to illustrate an almost infallible memory-jogger. The average man, I suppose, looks at his watch many times during the day. Also, the average man is apt to forget things now and again (I have even heard of a man forgetting to post a letter given him by his wife "to drop in" as he passed!). If the said average man will therefore try this little dodge as a "reminder" it will, no doubt, often save an inconvenience. Stick a small piece of stamp-edging on watch-glass, with just the briefest note of subject to be remembered written thereon. Then each time the watch is consulted — well, there you have the reminder—you couldn't forget to post that letter, bring home that box of chocolates, or remember that important engagement.—Mr. F. S. Maudling, 15, Godstone Road, St. Margaret's, Twickenham.

NOT SO TERRIBLE AS IT LOOKS.

THIS weird-looking figure is far from being the human freak one would suppose, as the following details describing how it was made will show. The head was an old German jug bought at a sale, and there is a small cap placed on the mouth of the jug. The body was a camera-stand enclosed in a long cloak, with a clothes-hanger placed inside for the shoulders. It had a school-boy's collar and an umbrella was fastened to one of the sleeves. The feet were a pair of coon shoes which had been used for clog-dancing, etc. It caused great amusement and was the means of giving the lady next door a start, for when she opened her door in response to a ring at the bell this alone confronted her.—Mr. Charles E. Melville, 10, Berlin Terrace, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

IS THIS THE OLDEST DOLL IN ENGLAND?

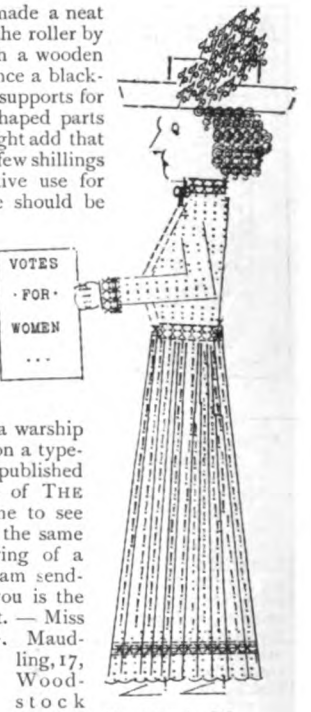
SEEING in a recent number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE a picture of two old dolls, I am sending you a photograph of one in my possession, made entirely of wood, which is proved to be two hundred and fifty-five years old and thought to be the oldest-known doll in England. It has been shown at several exhibitions. The doll's dress, I should add, is about sixty years old only.—Mrs. C. A. Watson, Mortimer House, Springfield Road, Windsor.

A MEDAL FOR EARLY RISING.

MR. J. CLIFFE believes he is the only man in England who has a medal for early rising. This honour was awarded him some sixty years ago, when he was an apprentice in Pontefract. It was his duty in those distant days to open his master's shop every morning at seven o'clock. In all the years of his servitude he was never a minute late in fulfilling this duty. Three retired merchants in Pontefract were so struck by his punctuality that they subscribed to present him with a medal.—Mr. N. J. Byrne, 11, St. John's Grove, Leeds.

HOME-MADE GARDEN ROLLER.

THE photograph below shows a garden roller made from an ordinary large-sized drain pipe. I took a section of pipe and having filled it with cement and stones, round an iron bar fixed in the centre as an axle, I made a neat finish to the body of the roller by closing each end with a wooden plate. For a few pence a blacksmith made the iron supports for the handle, the T-shaped parts being of wood. I might add that this roller cost but a few shillings and has been in active use for several years. Care should be taken to make the inside solid and evenly balanced.—Mr. B. E. Pledger, 48, Welldon Crescent, Harrow.



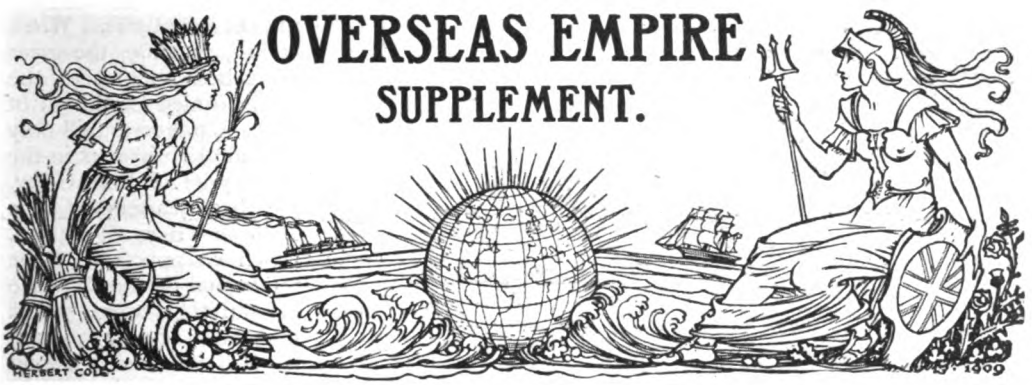
A SUFFRAGETTE DRAWN ON A TYPEWRITER.

THE drawing of a warship made entirely on a typewriter, which was published in a recent number of THE STRAND, induced me to see what I could do in the same way, and the drawing of a Suffragette which I am sending you is the result. — Miss I. G. Maudling, 17, Woodstock Road, Bedford Park, W.

RECLINING IN THREE SHIRES.

THE four remarkable stones shown in the following photograph are to be seen near Bath. The upright stones are in the three counties of Somerset, Gloucestershire, and Wiltshire respectively, and my friend, who is reclining on the fourth stone, is thus in three shires at the same time.—Mr. Gilbert J. Bryant, Poplar House, Batheaston, Bath.

Mr. Maskelyne has accepted Sir Hiram Maxim's challenge which appeared last month, and will reply to it in our next number.



THE FIRST PRAIRIE PROVINCE.

By HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY.

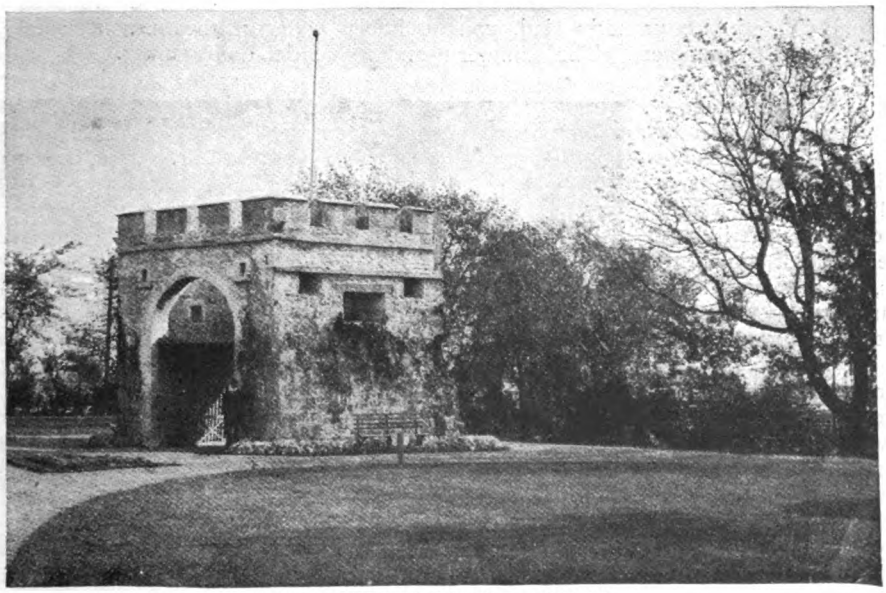
"DON'T be afraid of the heat," I said the other day to a young Englishman on his way to Manitoba.

He looked surprised.

"I thought it was a cold country," he said.

"And don't be deceived by the thermometer," I went on. "Hanging out in the open air all winter, with nothing on but a thin glass jacket, the mercury naturally feels cold. But men's blood is not made of mercury; they have plenty of money over there to clothe themselves properly, and they don't hang about doing nothing, like thermometers."

The fact of the matter is, people find it easier to keep warm in Manitoba than they do in England. Here the heating arrangements of our houses are so inadequate that in winter we feel cold even indoors; and in summer—well, that part of the year which we flatter with the name of summer is often most uncomfortably chilly. In Manitoba the houses and offices and shops, and even the trains and tram-cars, are kept thoroughly warm all winter, no matter how low the mercury may choose to fall in the street;



OLD FORT GARRY GATE, WINNIPEG.

UNION BANK BUILDINGS, WINNIPEG.

and when you go out, properly clad, you may laugh at thermometers. The summer days are warm and often hot, with this advantage—that they are followed by deliciously cool evenings and nights. And the sunshine! In our cloudy islands we rarely enjoy the brilliance of the sun as it commonly shines, summer and winter, in Manitoba.

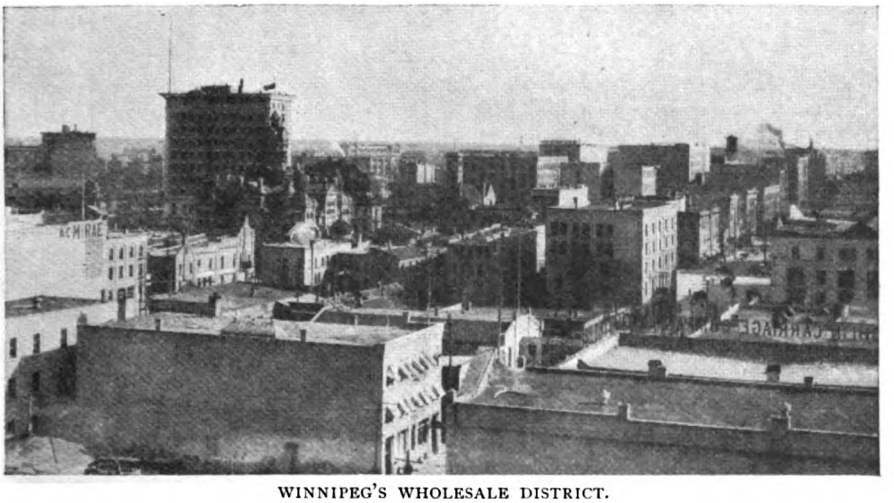
Just a century will have gone by next year since the first settlers arrived in that country. Till then the only white inhabitants were the men of the Hudson Bay Company, bartering with the Indians for beaver-skins and other furs; and that remained practically the only trade of the country till our own times. When at last, in 1869, the great West became part of the newly-formed Dominion of Canada, there was still only a handful of farmers in the country. At Fort Garry, the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company, which was appointed to be the capital of the Province of Manitoba, there was a population of only two hundred, and not enough food was produced in the country for even those few to eat.

To-day the old gate of Fort Garry stands, a treasured relic of the romantic past, in the great modern city of Winnipeg, with its population of 150,000—larger than any other city in the Dominion except Montreal and Toronto. Winnipeg is now a great railway centre, with an enormous trade, many banks, sky-scraping office buildings, big "department stores" selling everything you can buy in London, a complete system of electric tramways and lighting and telephones, handsome and well-filled churches, hotels, schools, colleges, theatres, beautiful parks, and influential daily papers.

WELLINGTON CRESCENT, WINNIPEG.

It is, in fact, a metropolis, fully equipped with every device of modern civilization, growing fast, exulting in its strength, and looking forward to a magnificent future. No less than £3,000,000 is being spent this year in Winnipeg on new buildings alone. The Bank of Montreal, one of the strongest financial institutions in the Empire, is putting up a house for its Winnipeg branch even more imposing than its headquarters in the commercial capital of the Dominion. That is a very significant fact. A few years ago the West had to borrow all its capital from the East. To-day it has large capital accumulations of its own, partly owing to its vast production of foodstuffs, which the outer world is always eager to buy, and partly owing to the arrival of well-to do immigrants by the hundred thousand.

with trees, with great lakes where fishermen are busy and holiday-makers are playing on the beach. But, after all, the glory of the Province is its open prairie. The south-western region might be described as an apparently endless wheatfield, dotted with comfortable homes. It is indeed a farmers' paradise. The soil is rich and easily tilled; the rainfall is neither too much nor too little. The land is covered with a network of railways; and at a station within easy reach of the farm is an "elevator," to which the grower carts his wheat direct from the threshing in the fields, and where he can either sell it at the market price of the day or store it till the price suits him. The agricultural community exercises powerful influence over the Provincial Legislature, and the Government has lately been empowered to take over



WINNIPEG'S WHOLESALE DISTRICT.

The air is fresh and clear and brisk and breezy even in the city; but come out into the country-side, and say whether you have ever breathed anything more tonic and invigorating. The man who has lived among woods and mountains may shrink at first from life in that limitless expanse of plain and sky; but he gets used to it astonishingly soon, and even the Highlander, after a few years in Manitoba, begins to realize something of the born plainsman's exultation in the boundless airy freedom of the sunny plains.

Do not imagine that Manitoba is all as flat and bare as a billiard-table. In the south-east you can wander at your will through the forest primeval. And if you go north from Winnipeg you find yourself before long in a land of gently-swelling hills, well sprinkled

any of the elevators which it considers should be owned by the people. The telephone system has for several years been public property.

A very interesting change is now coming over the chief Manitoban industry. Wheat is very profitable; so profitable that the farmers have grown rich by it, as the style and comfort of their homes will show at a glance. But in the last few years enormous areas have been opened up for wheat-raising in the newer Provinces, Saskatchewan and Alberta, where there was almost unlimited free land still available for settlement by homesteaders. Manitoban farmers, moreover, have the advantage of a heavier rainfall and a large non-agricultural population to be fed, especially in Winnipeg. They have, therefore, gone in more and more for mixed

farming. They keep hundreds of thousands of cattle, besides horses and pigs; they produce great quantities of butter and cheese, which fetch high prices; and they add largely to their incomes by selling vegetables, poultry, and eggs. Last year their crops included 52,706,000 bushels of wheat, 55,267,000 bushels of oats, 20,866,000 bushels of barley, 4,118,400 bushels of potatoes, 1,176,000 bushels of turnips and other roots, and 171,200 tons of hay and clover—the money value of all the field crops being nearly £15,000,000, or £1,500,000 more than in the previous year.

Thanks to the increased market value of all that the Manitoban farmers produce, the value of their land continues to rise, in spite of the vast areas of new land opened up for settlement farther west. The average value per acre of the occupied farms in this Province rose from $27.30 (or about £5 13s.) in 1908 to $28.94 (or £6) in 1909. When the farmer thinks himself old enough to retire, he can well afford to do it on the income from his accumulated profits and the price of his farm. A few may come back here with the idea of spending the rest of their days in the Old Country; but as a rule they cannot stand our climate, or feel irked and fettered by the conditions under which we live, and soon return to the freer life of the Prairie Province. Most of them find a congenial abode in the towns and villages which have sprung up all over the map of Manitoba.

Even the working years of the Manitoban farmer are not by any means spent in constant toil. He certainly works hard in summer-time, and he does it ungrudgingly, buoyed up by the knowledge that he is his own master and landlord, and that the end of his honourable and independent labour will be an equally honourable and independent old age of rest and comfort. But he does not have to put off all recreation and enjoyment till old age comes. Every winter is necessarily a time of holiday for the land, and the people who live on the land share in its holiday. The cattle and horses in their stables have to be cared for, but plenty of time is left for social intercourse. Out comes the sleigh, and away go the farmer and his family over the crisp snow road to visit their town or country neighbours.

Yes, there is a good deal going on of a very lively and enjoyable sort out there among the prairie folk at the very time when they are supposed by some over-sympathetic friends at home to be "in the grip of winter." And even in the summer, gloriously full as it is of cultivating and mowing and reaping, and all the other ways in which man has to co-operate with bountiful Nature, the farming folk find time now and then for relaxation at a picnic.

WINNIPEG BEACH SUMMER RESORT.

I have seen Nature in all her moods and been among the people at every season, at work and play; and the most vivid picture Manitoba has left on my mind is one of golden corn waving under a golden sun in a blue sky; of a good land and a good people—strong and cheerful men and women, and children growing up healthy in body and mind to take high rank among the hardy northern races that lead the world.

AUSTRALIA'S STOCKMEN.

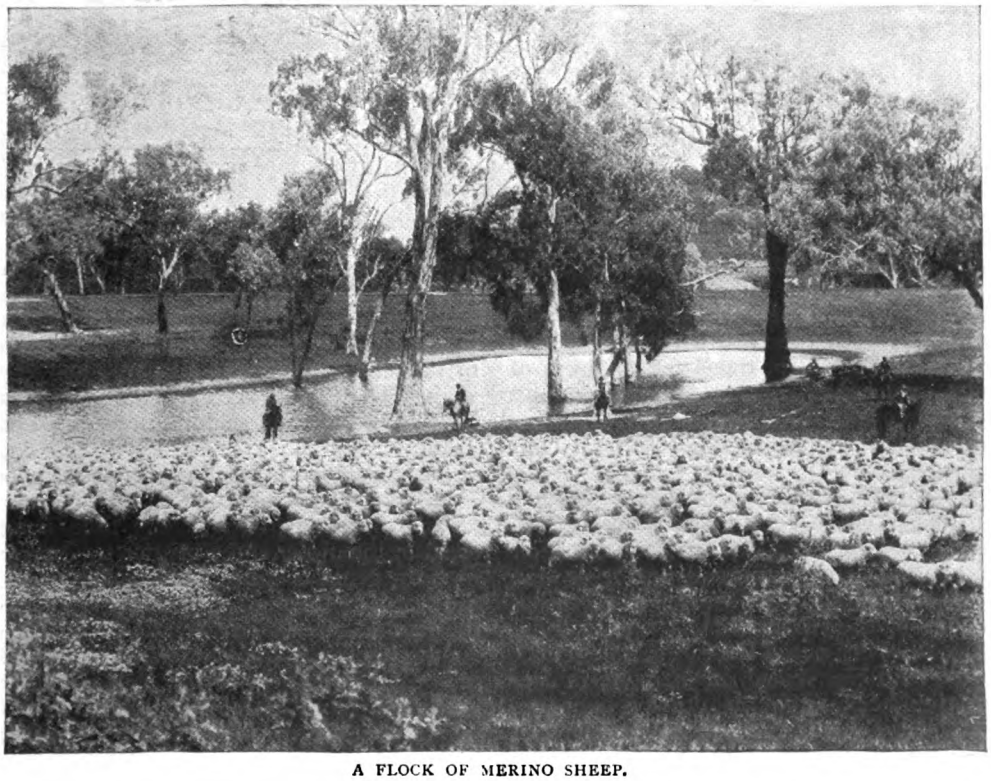
By HARRY S. GULLETT.

THE growing of wool and mutton and the raising of cattle and sheep are the most important sources of Australia's wealth. The pastoral industry gives the Australian people an annual return of some £50,000,000 sterling, and it is steadily making progress. Australia is the first land to be the possessor of 100,000,000 sheep.

This wonderful flock is divided amongst a legion of owners, large and small. There are individuals and companies in Australia which number their Spanish merinos by hundreds of thousands, whilst almost every farmer contributes in some degree to the annual fleece. Few rural industries are so profitable, and scarcely any more attractive to the young Englishman. Very little labour is required. A manager and a few hands, assisted by a team of dogs and some good horseflesh, are sufficient to control stations comprising a quarter or half a million acres.

It is an old axiom that the wool grows while the squatter sleeps. And in the Commonwealth it grows to some purpose. In the past hundred years the average weight of the Australian fleece has increased from 3½lb. to nearly 8lb., and, as the quality of the wool shows a remarkable improvement, the annual value of this result of scientific breeding amounts to many millions sterling.

To-day Australia's great fleece is worth between £25,000,000 and £30,000,000 a year, whilst in addition there is a big return for mutton. In the proceeds from cattle and horses, we find that the total value of the grazing industry is above £50,000,000 a year. A big part is still played in this money-spinning pursuit by the British born. Many of the station managers are Englishmen, who began with no knowledge of the Australian countryside, and who by their



A FLOCK OF MERINO SHEEP.

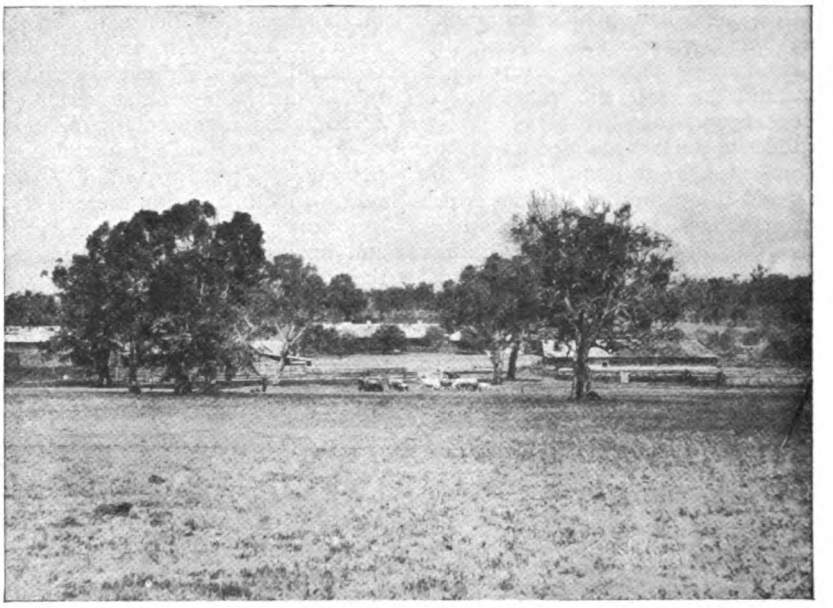
pluck and their extraordinary adaptability have become experts in the growing and marketing of the best quality wool in the world.

Many more of these young men from the Mother Country have become graziers themselves. Possessed of a little capital, they have, after acquiring some experience, taken up land either on long leases from the Crown or under freehold, and are now engaged in the growing of wool for the mills of all countries, the breeding of cattle whose frozen quarters come to Smithfield, and the raising of horses which are the pride of the Army of India and of the horsemen of South Africa and Japan.

A good feature of stock-raising in Australia is that the land is peculiarly free from animal diseases. You might travel for hundreds of miles over country occupied by graziers and never discover a veterinary surgeon. Animals are so seldom ill that the specialist in their ailments cannot get a living.

Stock-raising in the South appeals to many people because it requires a very small plant. If you take a typical Australian station of, say, 20,000 acres, you would find it divided by wire fences into six or seven paddocks of various sizes, each containing one or more water-tanks dug out of the earth. The timber would have been killed off many years ago, and the stock would be thriving upon the rich mat of natural grasses, which improve from year to year with the presence of the animals. You would find a comfortable homestead occupied by the owner or manager, and perhaps a little out-station or two comprising three or four simple rooms and tenanted by the boundary-riders and their families.

Close to the homestead would be a shearing shed, where once a year the sheep would be mustered and stripped of their fleece by flying gangs of shearers working with machine-driven clippers. A light stable and one or two other cheap outbuildings would complete the whole outfit. If a beginner takes up new land on easy terms from the Crown, the usual work consists of killing the timber by removing a ring of bark from the trees close to the ground, in tank-sinking, fencing, and in household provision—all cheap and easy work. The climate is so favourable that the housing of stock is seldom necessary even in winter.



A SQUATTER'S HOMESTEAD.

Large numbers of small graziers get a good living on blocks of from 5,000 to 10,000 acres, controlled from the one little homestead by the owner and a man or two. Apart from the general superintendence, the work of the year is in the muster to mark and brand the lambs, another muster at shearing, and another for the sale of surplus animals. Life is spent very largely in the saddle. Every Australian stock-raiser is a lover of good horses, and keeps one or two of the best for his own use.

DAIRYING IN QUEENSLAND.

QUEENSLAND'S dairy industry may be considered to have commenced in the early 'nineties, when the travelling dairy, under the superintendence of Mr. John Mahon, Principal of Gatton College, toured throughout the possible dairying districts of Queensland, instructing farmers in the art and mystery of up-to-date treatment of the cow. At that time farmers milked their cows but once each day, the calves doing the second milking. There were but two separators in the State, one being at Hampton, Crow's Nest Line, and one at the Coomera. The first testing for the butter content of cream took place at Teviot, in a small cottage, under the direction of Mr. Mahon. At this time Queensland was almost entirely devoted to pastoral and mining pursuits. What agriculture existed, apart from the cultivation of sugar-cane in the coastal districts, was merely raising maize, wheat, lucerne, potatoes, hay, and a few other crops. Dairying, as we understand it to-day, did not exist. The cows were of the beefy strain, and the few pounds of butter, hand-made by the farmer's wife, brought 3d. to 4d. per lb. at the local storekeeper's.

GRADING BUTTER FOR EXPORT.

It was not until about ten or twelve years ago that the farmers began to seriously turn to scientific dairying. At first the milk was brought to the creameries to be separated, the farmer taking back the skim milk for his calves and pigs. Now every farm has its own separator, and the cream goes direct to the factory.

Modern dairying has practically revolutionized farming in South Queensland. Formerly the agriculturist depended on his crop of wheat and his crop of maize, and if these failed there was nothing left except the small quantity of butter hand-made by his wife or the sale of a few steers or pigs. But with the expansion of dairying, scientific methods, and an over-sea market, the farmer not only gets his crop in ordinary seasons, but a regular monthly cheque for his cream. As a matter of fact he gets more now for a pound of cream than he formerly did for a pound of butter. In a good season he can feed back his barley and wheat for a couple of months, turning it into cream, and still get a crop of grain. Concomitant with the cheque for the cream is the cheque for the pigs fattened on skim milk.

The butter industry is practically under Government supervision, from the milking shed to the cold-storage rooms on the steamer. First the dairy farm is inspected, to see that the cows are healthy, the yards clean, separating machines in good order, and, as far as possible, all the surroundings wholesome.

Cream inspectors see to the cleanliness of factories, maintenance of the standard of cream, methods of manufacture, and check butter-fat tests in the interests of suppliers.

When the butter has been made, and passed into cold chambers, it is weighed, tested, and graded. Every box of butter that leaves the State for markets beyond the seas is graded and stamped according to its quality, so that, so far as Queensland is concerned, the distant consumer is scrupulously protected.

The Government also supervise the shipping of butter; and, as before stated, all butter is graded before shipment. Acts of Legislature provide for the supervision of all matters connected with dairying, up to the point of export.

Farmers at first did not take kindly to State supervision, but have gradually discovered that the system is to their advantage. They obtain far better prices in the London market.

British Columbia's Wonderful Advance.

THE advantages of the position of British Columbia on the Pacific Ocean seem hardly to be fairly considered by the people of the Mother Country. They do not apparently yet realize that it is the Britain of the West, but if a map of North America is inspected it will be seen that Vancouver Island, an important part of British Columbia, practically occupies the same position in relation to the continent of North America that England does to the continent of Europe. Vancouver Island and the mainland of the Province possess all the great natural resources of the Motherland, and much more. Here are found the best coalfields of North America, as well as an abundance of iron and copper, the finest forests of timber, and a magnificent supply of fish.

Forty years ago there was little trade on the North Pacific. A steamer once a month to Victoria and a few sailing vessels round Cape Horn did all the business of the country. There are now five lines of steamers running from British Columbia ports to China, Japan, Australia, and the Pacific Islands—to Mexico, Chili, the northern coast of British Columbia, and Alaska, in addition to many boats for the trade of the great inland sea, with its hundreds of islands and thousands of miles of coasts between Victoria and Alaska—800 miles to the north. This shows clearly that the vast trade of the Pacific is only in its infancy, and that it will be largely carried on from and through British Columbia, for the products of that Province are the actual daily necessities of all that densely-peopled country.

Fortunately, British Columbia possesses the finest harbours in the North Pacific to accommodate and facilitate this growing trade; it is already the terminus of one of the greatest railways in the world, and within four years' time at least two, and probably three, other transcontinental railways will terminate at this point. These would be the Grand Trunk Pacific, the Canadian Northern, and an American line from the south.

A GOOD CATCH OFF BRITISH COLUMBIA'S COAST.

People used to say that if British Columbia was not good for mining or timber it was good for nothing. To-day it is a flourishing agricultural province, and its fruit is acknowledged to be the best in the world. It is about twelve years since the cultivation of fruit was commenced and last year over 7,000 tons were exported.

For the article on "Totems in British Columbia" in the April Overseas Supplement, we are largely indebted to the courtesy of *Canada*, the popular illustrated London weekly.

IN MEMORIAM.

Since our July issue went to press we have had to lament the death of SIR GEORGE NEWNES, to whom this Magazine owes its origin — the Magazine which, at its first appearance, at once took the foremost place among publications of its kind, and, what is perhaps even more remarkable, has maintained that place, in spite of every kind of imitation and rivalry, for nearly twenty years. This is not the place to dwell upon the qualities which made Sir George at the same time a great popular Editor and the most human and lovable of men, qualities to which the newspaper Press has already done full justice. But it would not be fitting to omit some tribute to his memory, however brief, in this the Magazine which he founded and of which he was so highly and so justly proud.

"HE HAD REARED UP ON HIS HIND LEGS AS A BEAR WOULD DO, AND STOOD ABOVE ME, ENORMOUS, MENACING—SUCH A CREATURE AS NO NIGHTMARE HAD EVER BROUGHT TO MY IMAGINATION."

(*See page* 140.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

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AUGUST, 1910.

The Terror of Blue John Gap.

By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Illustrated by Harry Rountree.

THE following narrative was found among the papers of Dr. James Hardcastle, who died of phthisis on February 4th, 1908, at 36, Upper Coventry Flats, South Kensington. Those who knew him best, while refusing to express an opinion upon this particular statement, are unanimous in asserting that he was a man of a sober and scientific turn of mind, absolutely devoid of imagination, and most unlikely to invent any abnormal series of events. The paper was contained in an envelope, which was docketed, "A Short Account of the Circumstances which Occurred near Miss Allerton's Farm in North-West Derbyshire in the Spring of Last Year." The envelope was sealed, and on the other side was written in pencil:—

DEAR SEATON,—It may interest, and perhaps pain, you to know that the incredulity with which you met my story has prevented me from ever opening my mouth upon the subject again. I leave this record after my death, and perhaps strangers may be found to have more confidence in me than my friend.

Inquiry has failed to elicit who this Seaton may have been. I may add that the visit of the deceased to Allerton's Farm, and the general nature of the alarm there, apart from his particular explanation, have been absolutely established. With this foreword I append his account exactly as he left it. It is in the form of a diary, some entries in which have been expanded, while a few have been erased.

April 17th.—Already I feel the benefit of this wonderful upland air. The farm of the Allertons lies fourteen hundred and twenty feet above sea-level, so it may well be a bracing climate. Beyond the usual morning cough I have very little discomfort, and, what with the fresh milk and the home-grown mutton, I have every chance of putting on weight. I think Saunderson will be pleased.

The two Miss Allertons are charmingly quaint and kind, two dear little hard-working old maids, who are ready to lavish all the heart which might have gone out to husband

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and to children upon an invalid stranger. Truly, the old maid is a most useful person, one of the reserve forces of the community. They talk of the superfluous woman, but what would the poor superfluous man do without her kindly presence? By the way, in their simplicity they very quickly let out the reason why Saunderson recommended their farm. The Professor rose from the ranks himself, and I believe that in his youth he was not above scaring crows in these very fields.

It is a most lonely spot, and the walks are picturesque in the extreme. The farm consists of grazing land lying at the bottom of an irregular valley. On each side are the fantastic limestone hills, formed of rock so soft that you can break it away with your hands. All this country is hollow. Could you strike it with some gigantic hammer it would boom like a drum, or possibly cave in altogether and expose some huge subterranean sea. A great sea there must surely be, for on all sides the streams run into the mountain itself, never to reappear. There are gaps everywhere amid the rocks, and when you pass through them you find yourself in great caverns, which wind down into the bowels of the earth. I have a small bicycle lamp, and it is a perpetual joy to me to carry it into these weird solitudes, and to see the wonderful silver and black effects when I throw its light upon the stalactites which drape the lofty roofs. Shut off the lamp, and you are in the blackest darkness. Turn it on, and it is a scene from the Arabian Nights.

But there is one of these strange openings in the earth which has a special interest, for it is the handiwork, not of Nature, but of Man. I had never heard of Blue John when I came to these parts. It is the name given to a peculiar mineral of a beautiful purplish shade, which is only found at one or two places in the world. It is so rare that an ordinary vase of Blue John would be valued at a great price. The Romans, with that extraordinary instinct of theirs, discovered that it was to be found in this valley, and sank a horizontal shaft deep into the mountain side. The opening of their mine has been called Blue John Gap, a clean-cut arch in the rock, the mouth all overgrown with bushes. It is a goodly passage which the Roman miners have cut, and it intersects some of the great water-worn caves, so that if you enter Blue John Gap you would do well to mark your steps and to have a good store of candles, or you may never make your way back to the daylight again. I have not yet gone deeply into it, but this very day I stood at the mouth of the arched tunnel, and peering down into the black recesses beyond I vowed that when my health returned I would devote some holiday to exploring those mysterious depths and finding out for myself how far the Roman had penetrated into the Derbyshire hills.

Strange how superstitious these countrymen are! I should have thought better of young Armitage, for he is a man of some education and character, and a very fine fellow for his station in life. I was standing at the Blue John Gap when he came across the field to me.

"Well, doctor," said he, "you're not afraid, anyhow."

"Afraid!" I answered. "Afraid of what?"

"Of It," said he, with a jerk of his thumb towards the black vault; "of the Terror that lives in the Blue John Cave."

How absurdly easy it is for a legend to arise in a lonely countryside! I examined him as to the reasons for his weird belief. It seems that from time to time sheep have been missing from the fields, carried bodily away, according to Armitage. That they could have wandered away of their own accord and disappeared among the mountains was an explanation to which he would not listen. On one occasion a pool of blood had been found, and some tufts of wool. That also, I pointed out, could be explained in a perfectly natural way. Further, the nights upon which sheep disappeared were invariably very dark, cloudy nights, with no moon. This I met with the obvious retort that those were the nights which a commonplace sheep-stealer would naturally choose for his work. On one occasion a gap had been made in a wall, and some of the stones scattered for a considerable distance. Human agency again, in my opinion. Finally, Armitage clinched all his arguments by telling me that he had actually heard the Creature—indeed, that anyone could hear it who remained long enough at the Gap. It was a distant roaring of an immense volume. I could not but smile at this, knowing, as I do, the strange reverberations which come out of an underground water system running amid the chasms of a limestone formation. My incredulity annoyed Armitage, so that he turned and left me with some abruptness.

And now comes the queer point about the whole business. I was still standing near the mouth of the cave, turning over in my mind the various statements of Armitage and reflecting how readily they could be

explained away, when suddenly, from the depth of the tunnel beside me, there issued a most extraordinary sound. How shall I describe it? First of all, it seemed to be a great distance away, far down in the bowels of the earth. Secondly, in spite of this suggestion of distance, it was very loud. Lastly, it was not a boom, nor a crash, such as one would associate with falling water or tumbling rock; but it was a high whine, tremulous and vibrating, almost like the whinnying of a horse. It was certainly a most remarkable experience, and one which for a moment, I must admit, gave a new significance to Armitage's words. I waited by the Blue John Gap for half an hour or more, but there was no return of the sound, so at last I wandered back to the farm-house, rather mystified by what had occurred. Decidedly, I shall explore that cavern when my strength is restored. Of course, Armitage's explanation is too absurd for discussion, and yet that sound was certainly very strange. It still rings in my ears as I write.

April 20th.—In the last three days I have made several expeditions to the Blue John Gap, and have even penetrated some short distance, but my bicycle lantern is so small and weak that I dare not trust myself very far. I shall do the thing more systematically. I have heard no sound at all, and could almost believe that I had been the victim of some hallucination, suggested, perhaps, by Armitage's conversation. Of course, the whole idea is absurd, and yet I must confess that those bushes at the entrance of the cave do present an appearance as if some heavy creature had forced its way through them. I begin to be keenly interested. I have said nothing to the Miss Allertons, for they are quite superstitious enough already, but I have bought some candles, and mean to investigate for myself.

I observed this morning that among the

"SUDDENLY FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE TUNNEL BESIDE ME THERE ISSUED A MOST EXTRAORDINARY SOUND."

numerous tufts of sheep's wool which lay among the bushes near the cavern there was one which was smeared with blood. Of course, my reason tells me that if sheep wander into such rocky places they are likely to injure themselves, and yet somehow that splash of crimson gave me a sudden shock, and for a moment I found myself shrinking back in horror from the old Roman arch. A fetid breath seemed to ooze from the black depths into which I peered. Could it indeed be possible that some nameless thing, some dreadful presence, was lurking down yonder? I should have been incapable of such feelings in the days of my strength, but one grows more nervous and fanciful when one's health is shaken.

For the moment I weakened in my resolution, and was ready to leave the secret of the old mine, if one exists, for ever unsolved. But to-night my interest has returned and my nerves grown more steady. To-morrow I trust that I shall have gone more deeply into this matter.

April 22nd.—Let me try and set down as accurately as I can my extraordinary experience of yesterday. I started in the afternoon, and made my way to the Blue John Gap. I confess that my misgivings returned as I gazed into its depths, and I wished that I had brought a companion to share my exploration. Finally, with a return of resolution, I lit my candle, pushed my way through the briers, and descended into the rocky shaft.

It went down at an acute angle for some fifty feet, the floor being covered with broken stone. Thence there extended a long, straight passage cut in the solid rock. I am no geologist, but the lining of this corridor was certainly of some harder material than limestone, for there were points where I could actually see the tool-marks which the old miners had left in their excavation, as fresh as if they had been done yesterday. Down this strange, old-world corridor I stumbled, my feeble flame throwing a dim circle of light around me, which made the shadows beyond the more threatening and obscure. Finally, I came to a spot where the Roman tunnel opened into a water-worn cavern—a huge hall, hung with long white icicles of lime deposit. From this central chamber I could dimly perceive that a number of passages worn by the subterranean streams wound away into the depths of the earth. I was standing there wondering whether I had better return, or whether I dare venture farther into this dangerous labyrinth, when my eyes fell upon something at my feet which strongly arrested my attention.

The greater part of the floor of the cavern was covered with boulders of rock or with hard incrustations of lime; but at this particular point there had been a drip from the distant roof, which had left a patch of soft mud. In the very centre of this there was a huge mark—an ill-defined blotch, deep, broad, and irregular, as if a great boulder had fallen upon it. No loose stone lay near, however, nor was there anything to account for the impression. It was far too large to be caused by any possible animal, and, besides, there was only the one, and the patch of mud was of such a size that no reasonable stride could have covered it. As I rose from the examination of that singular mark and then looked round into the black shadows which hemmed me in, I must confess that I felt for a moment a most unpleasant sinking of my heart, and that, do what I would, the candle trembled in my outstretched hand.

I soon recovered my nerve, however, when I reflected how absurd it was to associate so huge and shapeless a mark with the track of any known animal. Even an elephant could not have produced it. I determined, therefore, that I would not be scared by vague and senseless fears from carrying out my exploration. Before proceeding I took good note of a curious rock formation in the wall by which I could recognize the entrance of the Roman tunnel. The precaution was very necessary, for the great cave, so far as I could see it, was intersected by passages. Having made sure of my position, and reassured myself by examining my spare candles and my matches, I advanced slowly over the rocky and uneven surface of the cavern.

And now I come to the point where I met with such sudden and desperate disaster. A stream, some twenty feet broad, ran across my path, and I walked for some little distance along the bank to find a spot where I could cross dryshod. Finally, I came to a place where a single flat boulder lay near the centre, which I could reach in a stride. As it chanced, however, the rock had been cut away and made top-heavy by the rush of the stream, so that it tilted over as I landed on it, and shot me into the ice-cold water. My candle went out, and I found myself floundering about in an utter and absolute darkness.

I staggered to my feet again, more amused than alarmed by my adventure. The candle had fallen from my hand, and was lost in the

stream; but I had two others in my pocket, so that it was of no importance. I got one of them ready, and drew out my box of matches to light it. Only then did I realize my position. The box had been soaked in my fall into the river. It was impossible to strike the matches.

A cold hand seemed to close round my heart as I realized my position. The darkness was opaque and horrible. It was so utter that one put one's hand up to one's face as if to press off something solid. I stood still, and by an effort I steadied myself. I tried to reconstruct in my mind a map of the floor of the cavern as I had last seen it. Alas! the bearings which had impressed themselves upon my mind were high on the wall, and not to be found by touch. Still, I remembered in a general way how the sides were situated, and I hoped that by groping my way along them I would at last come to the opening of the Roman tunnel. Moving very slowly, and continually striking against the rocks, I set out on this desperate quest.

But I very soon realized how impossible it was. In that black, velvety darkness one lost all one's bearings in an instant. Before I had made a dozen paces I was utterly bewildered as to my whereabouts. The rippling of the stream, which was the one sound audible, showed me where it lay, but the moment that I left its bank I was utterly lost. The idea of finding my way back in absolute darkness through that limestone labyrinth was clearly an impossible one.

I sat down upon a boulder and reflected upon my unfortunate plight. I had not told anyone that I proposed to come to the Blue John mine, and it was unlikely that a search party would come after me. Therefore, I must trust to my own resources to get clear of the danger. There was only one hope, and that was that the matches might dry. When I fell into the river only half of me had got thoroughly wet. My left shoulder had remained above the water. I took the box of matches, therefore, and put it into my left armpit. The moist air of the cavern might possibly be counteracted by the heat of my body, but even so I knew that I could not hope to get a light for many hours. Meanwhile there was nothing for it but to wait.

By good luck I had slipped several biscuits into my pocket before I left the farm-house. These I now devoured, and washed them down with a draught from that wretched stream which had been the cause of all my misfortunes. Then I felt about for a comfortable seat among the rocks, and, having discovered a place where I could get a support for my back, I stretched out my legs and settled myself down to wait. I was wretchedly damp and cold, but I tried to cheer myself with the reflection that modern science prescribed open windows and walks in all weather for my disease. Gradually, lulled by the monotonous gurgle of the stream and by the absolute darkness, I sank into an uneasy slumber.

How long this lasted I cannot say. It may have been for one hour, it may have been for several. Suddenly I sat up on my rock couch, with every nerve thrilling and every sense acutely on the alert. Beyond all doubt I had heard a sound—some sound very distinct from the gurgling of the waters. It had passed, but the reverberation of it still lingered in my ear. Was it a search party? They would most certainly have shouted, and vague as this sound was which had wakened me, it was very distinct from the human voice. I sat palpitating and hardly daring to breathe. There it was again! And again! Now it had become continuous. It was a tread — yes, surely it was the tread of some living creature. But what a tread it was! It gave one the impression of enormous weight carried upon sponge-like feet, which gave forth a muffled but ear-filling sound. The darkness was as complete as ever, but the tread was regular and decisive. And it was coming beyond all question in my direction.

My skin grew cold, and my hair stood on end as I listened to that steady and ponderous footfall. There was some creature there, and surely, by the speed of its advance, it was one who could see in the dark. I crouched low on my rock and tried to blend myself into it. The steps grew nearer still, then stopped, and presently I was aware of a loud lapping and gurgling. The creature was drinking at the stream. Then again there was silence, broken by a succession of long sniffs and snorts, of tremendous volume and energy. Had it caught the scent of me? My own nostrils were filled by a low fetid odour, mephitic and abominable. Then I heard the steps again. They were on my side of the stream now. The stones rattled within a few yards of where I lay. Hardly daring to breathe, I crouched upon my rock. Then the steps drew away. I heard the splash as it returned across the river, and the sound died away into the distance in the direction from which it had come.

For a long time I lay upon the rock, too

much horrified to move. I thought of the sound which I had heard coming from the depths of the cave, of Armitage's fears, of the strange impression in the mud, and now came this final and absolute proof that there was indeed some inconceivable monster, something utterly un-English and dreadful, which lurked in the hollow of the mountain. Of its nature or form I could frame no conception, save that it was both light-footed and gigantic. The combat between my reason, which told me that such things could not be, and my senses, which told me that they were, raged within me as I lay. Finally, I was almost ready to persuade myself that this experience had been part of some evil dream, and that my abnormal condition might have conjured up an hallucination. But there remained one final experience which removed the last possibility of doubt from my mind.

I had taken my matches from my armpit and felt them. They seemed perfectly hard and dry. Stooping down into a crevice of the rocks, I tried one of them. To my delight it took fire at once. I lit the candle, and, with a terrified backward glance into the obscure depths of the cavern, I hurried in the direction of the Roman passage. As I did so I passed the patch of mud on which I had seen the huge imprint. Now I stood astonished before it, for there were three similar imprints upon its surface, enormous in size, irregular in outline, of a depth which indicated the ponderous weight which had left them. Then a great terror surged over me. Stooping and shading my candle with my hand, I ran in a frenzy of fear to the rocky archway, hastened down it, and never stopped until, with weary feet and panting lungs, I rushed up the final slope of stones, broke through the tangle of briers, and flung myself exhausted upon the soft grass under the peaceful light of the stars. It was three in the morning when I reached the farm-house, and to-day I am all unstrung and quivering after my terrific adventure. As yet I have told no one. I must move warily in the matter. What would the poor lonely women, or the uneducated yokels here, think of it if I were to tell them my experience? Let me go to someone who can understand and advise.

April 25th.—I was laid up in bed for two days after my incredible adventure in the cavern. I use the adjective with a very definite meaning, for I have had an experience since which has shocked me almost as much as the other. I have said that I was looking round for someone who could advise me. There is a Dr. Mark Johnson who practises some few miles away, to whom I had a note of recommendation from Professor Saunderson. To him I drove, when I was strong enough to get about, and I recounted to him my whole strange experience. He listened intently, and then carefully examined me, paying special attention to my reflexes and to the pupils of my eyes. When he had finished he refused to discuss my adventure, saying that it was entirely beyond him, but he gave me the card of a Mr. Picton at Castleton, with the advice that I should instantly go to him and tell him the story exactly as I had done it to himself. He was, according to my adviser, the very man who was pre-eminently suited to help me. I went on to the station, therefore, and made my way to the little town, which is some ten miles away. Mr. Picton appeared to be a man of importance, as his brass plate was displayed upon the door of a considerable building on the outskirts of the town. I was about to ring his bell, when some misgiving came into my mind, and, crossing to a neighbouring shop, I asked the man behind the counter if he could tell me anything of Mr. Picton. "Why," said he, "he is the best mad doctor in Derbyshire, and yonder is his asylum." You can imagine that it was not long before I had shaken the dust of Castleton from my feet and returned to the farm, cursing all unimaginative pedants who cannot conceive that there may be things in creation which have never yet chanced to come across their mole's vision. After all, now that I am cooler, I can afford to admit that I have been no more sympathetic to Armitage than Dr. Johnson has been to me.

April 27th.—When I was a student I had the reputation of being a man of courage and enterprise. I remember that when there was a ghost-hunt at Coltbridge it was I who sat up in the haunted house. Is it advancing years (after all, I am only thirty-five), or is it this physical malady which has caused degeneration? Certainly my heart quails when I think of that horrible cavern in the hill, and the certainty that it has some monstrous occupant. What shall I do? There is not an hour in the day that I do not debate the question. If I say nothing, then the mystery remains unsolved. If I do say anything, then I have the alternative of mad alarm over the whole countryside, or of absolute incredulity which may end in consigning me to an asylum. On the whole, I think that

my best course is to wait, and to prepare for some expedition which shall be more deliberate and better thought-out than the last. As a first step I have been to Castleton and obtained a few essentials—a large acetylene lantern for one thing, and a good double-barrelled sporting rifle for another. The latter I have hired, but I have bought a dozen heavy game cartridges, which would bring down a rhinoceros. Now I am ready for my troglodyte friend. Give me better health and a little spate of energy, and I shall try conclusions with him yet. But who and what is he? Ah! there is the question which stands between me and my sleep. How many theories do I form, only to discard each in turn! It is all so utterly unthinkable. And yet the cry, the footmark, the tread in the cavern—no reasoning can get past these. I think of the old-world legends of dragons and of monsters. Were they, perhaps, not such fairy-tales as we have thought? Can it be that there is some fact which underlies them, and am I, of all mortals, the one who is chosen to expose it?

May 3rd.—For several days I have been laid up by the vagaries of an English spring, and during those days there have been developments, the true and sinister meaning of which no one can appreciate save myself. I may say that we have had cloudy and moonless nights of late, which according to my information were the seasons upon which sheep disappeared. Well, sheep *have* disappeared.

"SHEEP HAVE DISAPPEARED."

Two of Miss Allerton's, one of old Pearson's of the Cat Walk, and one of Mrs. Moulton's. Four in all, during three nights. No trace is left of them at all, and the countryside is buzzing with rumours of gipsies and of sheep-stealers.

But there is something more serious than that. Young Armitage has disappeared also. He left his moorland cottage early on Wednesday night, and has never been heard of since. He was an unattached man, so there is less sensation than would otherwise be the case. The popular explanation is that he owes money, and has found a situation in some other part of the country, whence he will presently write for his belongings. But I have grave misgivings. Is it not much more likely that the recent tragedy of the sheep has caused him to take some steps which may have ended in his own destruction? He may, for example, have lain wait for the creature, and been carried off by it into the recesses of the mountains. What an inconceivable fate for a civilized Englishman of the twentieth century! And yet I feel that it is possible and even probable. But in that case, how far am I answerable both for his death and for any other mishap which may occur? Surely with the knowledge I already possess it must be my duty to see that something is done, or if necessary to do it myself. It must be the latter, for this morning I went down to the local police-station and told my story. The inspector entered it all in a large book and bowed me out with commendable gravity, but I heard a burst of laughter before I had got down his garden path. No doubt he was recounting my adventure to his family.

June 10th.—I am writing this, propped up in bed, six weeks after my last entry in this journal. I have gone through a terrible shock both to mind and body, arising from such an experience as has seldom befallen a human being before. But I have attained my end. The danger from the Terror which dwells in the Blue John Gap has passed, never to return. Thus much at least I, a broken invalid, have done for the common good. Let me now recount what occurred as clearly as I may.

The night of Friday, May 3rd, was dark and cloudy—the very night for the monster to walk. About eleven o'clock I went from the farm-house with my lantern and my rifle, having first left a note upon the table of my bedroom in which I said that if I were missing search should be made for me in the direction of the Gap. I made my way to the mouth of the Roman shaft, and, having perched myself among the rocks close to the opening, I shut off my lantern and waited patiently with my loaded rifle ready to my hand.

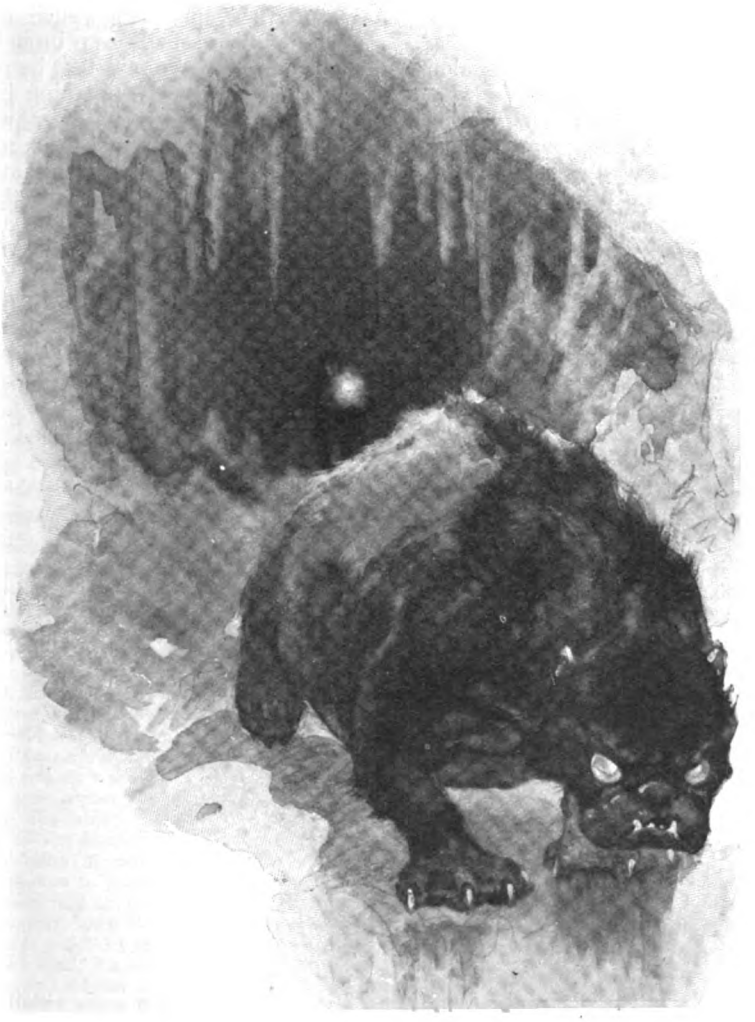
It was a melancholy vigil. All down the winding valley I could see the scattered lights of the farm-houses, and the church clock of Chapel-le-Dale tolling the hours came faintly to my ears. These tokens of my fellow-men served only to make my own position seem the more lonely, and to call for a greater effort to overcome the terror which tempted me continually to get back to the farm, and abandon for ever this dangerous quest. And yet there lies deep in every man a rooted self-respect which makes it hard for him to turn back from that which he has once undertaken. This feeling of personal pride was my salvation now, and it was that alone which held me fast when every instinct of my nature was dragging me away. I am glad now that I had the strength. In spite of all that it has cost me, my manhood is at least above reproach.

Twelve o'clock struck in the distant church, then one, then two. It was the darkest hour of the night. The clouds were drifting low, and there was not a star in the sky. An owl was hooting somewhere among the rocks, but no other sound, save the gentle sough of the wind, came to my ears. And then suddenly I heard it! From far away down the tunnel came those muffled steps, so soft and yet so ponderous. I heard also the rattle of stones as they gave way under that giant tread. They drew nearer. They were close upon me. I heard the crashing of the bushes round the entrance, and then dimly through the darkness I was conscious of the loom of some enormous shape, some monstrous inchoate creature, passing swiftly and very silently out from the tunnel. I was paralyzed with fear and amazement. Long as I had waited, now that it had actually come I was unprepared for the shock. I lay motionless and breathless, whilst the great dark mass whisked by me and was swallowed up in the night.

But now I nerved myself for its return. No sound came from the sleeping countryside to tell of the horror which was loose. In no way could I judge how far off it was, what it was doing, or when it might be back. But not a second time should my nerve fail me, not a second time should it pass unchallenged. I swore it between my clenched teeth as I laid my cocked rifle across the rock.

And yet it nearly happened. There was

no warning of approach now as the creature passed over the grass. Suddenly, like a dark, drifting shadow, the huge bulk loomed up once more before me, making for the entrance at the retreating form. In the blaze of the gun I caught a glimpse of a great shaggy mass, something with rough and bristling hair of a withered grey colour, fading away to



"RIFLE IN HAND, I RAN AT THE TOP OF MY SPEED UPON THE TRAIL OF THE MONSTER."

of the cave. Again came that paralysis of volition, which held my crooked forefinger impotent upon the trigger. But with a desperate effort I shook it off. Even as the brushwood rustled, and the monstrous beast blended with the shadow of the Gap, I fired white in its lower parts, the huge body supported upon short, thick, curving legs. I had just that glance, and then I heard the rattle of the stones as the creature tore down into its burrow. In an instant, with a triumphant revulsion of feeling, I had cast my fears to

the wind, and uncovering my powerful lantern, with my rifle in my hand, I sprang down from my rock and rushed after the monster down the old Roman shaft.

My splendid lamp cast a brilliant flood of vivid light in front of me, very different from the yellow glimmer which had aided me down this same passage only twelve days before. As I ran I saw the great beast lurching along before me, its huge bulk filling up the whole space from wall to wall. Its hair looked like coarse faded oakum, and hung down in long, dense masses which swayed as it moved. It was like an enormous unclipped sheep in its fleece, but in size it was far larger than the largest elephant, and its breadth seemed to be nearly as great as its height. It fills me with amazement now to think that I should have dared to follow such a horror into the bowels of the earth, but when one's blood is up, and when one's quarry seems to be flying, the old primeval hunting spirit awakes and prudence is cast to the wind. Rifle in hand, I ran at the top of my speed upon the trail of the monster.

I had seen that the creature was swift. Now I was to find out to my cost that it was also very cunning. I had imagined that it was in panic flight, and that I had only to pursue it. The idea that it might turn upon me never entered my excited brain. I have already explained that the passage down which I was racing opened into a great central cave. Into this I rushed, fearful lest I should lose all trace of the beast. But he had turned upon his own traces, and in a moment we were face to face.

That picture, seen in the brilliant white light of the lantern, is etched for ever upon my brain. He had reared up on his hind legs as a bear would do, and stood above me, enormous, menacing—such a creature as no nightmare had ever brought to my imagination. I have said that he reared like a bear, and there was something bear-like—if one could conceive a bear which was tenfold the bulk of any bear seen upon earth—in his whole pose and attitude, in his great crooked forelegs with their ivory-white claws, in his rugged skin, and in his red, gaping mouth, fringed with monstrous fangs. Only in one point did he differ from the bear, or from any other creature which walks the earth, and even at that supreme moment a shudder of horror passed over me as I observed that the eyes which glistened in the glow of my lantern were huge, projecting bulbs, white and sightless. For a moment his great paws swung over my head. The next he fell forward upon me, I and my broken lantern crashed to the earth, and I remember no more.

"I AND MY BROKEN LANTERN CRASHED TO THE EARTH."

When I came to myself I was back in the farm-house of the Allertons. Two days had passed since my terrible adventure in the Blue John Gap. It seems that I had lain all night in the cave insensible from concussion of the brain, with my left arm and two ribs badly fractured. In the morning my

note had been found, a search-party of a dozen farmers assembled, and I had been tracked down and carried back to my bedroom, where I had lain in high delirium ever since. There was, it seems, no sign of the creature, and no bloodstain which would show that my bullet had found him as he passed. Save for my own plight and the marks upon the mud, there was nothing to prove that what I said was true.

Six weeks have now elapsed, and I am able to sit out once more in the sunshine. Just opposite me is the steep hillside, grey with shaly rock, and yonder on its flank is the dark cleft which marks the opening of the Blue John Gap. But it is no longer a source of terror. Never again through that ill-omened tunnel shall any strange shape flit out into the world of men. The educated and the scientific, the Dr. Johnsons and the like, may smile at my narrative, but the poorer folk of the countryside had never a doubt as to its truth. On the day after my recovering consciousness they assembled in their hundreds round the Blue John Gap. As the *Castleton Courier* said:—

It was useless for our correspondent, or for any of the adventurous gentlemen who had come from Matlock, Buxton, and other parts, to offer to descend, to explore the cave to the end, and to finally test the extraordinary narrative of Dr. James Hardcastle. The country people had taken the matter into their own hands, and from an early hour of the morning they had worked hard in stopping up the entrance of the tunnel. There is a sharp slope where the shaft begins, and great boulders, rolled along by many willing hands, were thrust down it until the Gap was absolutely sealed. So ends the episode which has caused such excitement throughout the country. Local opinion is fiercely divided upon the subject. On the one hand are those who point to Dr. Hardcastle's impaired health, and to the possibility of cerebral lesions of tubercular origin giving rise to strange hallucinations. Some *idée fixe*, according to these gentlemen, caused the doctor to wander down the tunnel, and a fall among the rocks was sufficient to account for his injuries. On the other hand, a legend of a strange creature in the Gap has existed for some months back, and the farmers look upon Dr. Hardcastle's narrative and his personal injuries as a final corroboration. So the matter stands, and so the matter will continue to stand, for no definite solution seems to us to be now possible. It transcends human wit to give any scientific explanation which could cover the alleged facts.

Perhaps before the *Courier* published these words they would have been wise to send their representative to me. I have thought the matter out, as no one else has had occasion to do, and it is possible that I might have removed some of the more obvious difficulties of the narrative and brought it one degree nearer to scientific acceptance. Let me then write down the only explanation which seems to me to elucidate what I know to my cost to have been a series of facts. My theory may seem to be wildly improbable, but at least no one can venture to say that it is impossible.

My view is—and it was formed, as is shown by my diary, before my personal adventure—that in this part of England there is a vast subterranean lake or sea, which is fed by the great number of streams which pass down through the limestone. Where there is a large collection of water there must also be some evaporation, mists or rain, and a possibility of vegetation. This in turn suggests that there may be animal life, arising, as the vegetable life would also do, from those seeds and types which had been introduced at an early period of the world's history, when communication with the outer air was more easy. This place had then developed a fauna and flora of its own, including such monsters as the one which I had seen, which may well have been the old cave bear, enormously enlarged and modified by its new environment. For countless æons the internal and the external creation had kept apart, growing steadily away from each other. Then there had come some rift in the depths of the mountain which had enabled one creature to wander up and, by means of the Roman tunnel, to reach the open air. Like all subterranean life, it had lost the power of sight, but this had no doubt been compensated for by Nature in other directions. Certainly it had some means of finding its way about, and of hunting down the sheep upon the hillside. As to its choice of dark nights, it is part of my theory that light was painful to those great white eyeballs, and that it was only a pitch-black world which it could tolerate. Perhaps, indeed, it was the glare of my lantern which saved my life at that awful moment when we were face to face. So I read the riddle. I leave these facts behind me, and if you can explain them, do so; or if you choose to doubt them, do so. Neither your belief nor your incredulity can alter them, nor affect one whose task is nearly over.

So ended the strange narrative of Dr. James Hardcastle.

THE CHARLES DICKENS TESTIMONIAL

THE approaching centenary of the birth of Charles Dickens is certain to give rise to many projects by which the English-speaking world may be enabled to pay its tribute of gratitude to a great writer and a great man.

"Vast as the rewards are," wrote Sir

Arthur Helps, "which a grateful nation heaps upon its successful statesmen, soldiers, and administrators, such rewards would sink into insignificance were the nation to pay a tithe of the debt it owes to Charles Dickens for the entertainment, the solace, the uplifting humanity he brought into the lives of millions."

These are true words; but there is here more than the nation. Dickens's public passes beyond the bounds of our Empire. There is America — with its eighty-five millions of people and its widespread, its fervent, regard for Dickens. There is France, where Daudet could write: "Little Nell and Paul Dombey came to me as a revelation of purity and innocence." There is Germany, where, as Bunsen said, "Dickens compels tears and laughteramongst Germans as amongst his own people." There is Russia, where Tolstoi relates that he found the "Christmas Carol" in the cabins of the humblest serfs, and where "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby" are read in seven different translations in the realms of the Czar.

AN EARLY DICKENS PORTRAIT.
From a Drawing by Count D'Orsay.

It is futile to multiply evidences of the universality of the genius of Dickens. Next to the Bible and Shakespeare, his books enjoy the widest popularity. How, then, may the world most fittingly mark the centenary of such a man?

"I have always considered," writes one of the great novelist's granddaughters to us, "that a man who has done great work needs no other memorial than that work itself on the one hand and the affection of his fellow-men on the other."

This also is true; and Charles Dickens needs no memorial greater or other than his works. But there is another aspect of the matter. It is an aspect which must strike everyone who contemplates the story of the later years of the great novelist's life. We do not assert in these days that a rare workman must not expect a rare reward. If he pleases us, we heap him with tangible proofs of our gratitude. Dickens was a good citizen—he left a large family. His literary gains at his death were not small. But he had killed himself to win them for his children and his grandchildren. And what did Dickens's earnings amount to? It is an open secret that there are living writers, including writers for the stage, who amass in two or three years what the mighty genius, the amazing popularity, of Dickens could only accumulate in a lifetime. Why is this? It is owing to the privileges of a copyright law which Dickens did not live to see.

From America —that land where his works were acclaimed with such enthusiasm—he received no royalties whatever.

"Were each American who had derived pleasure from a book of Charles Dickens," wrote Mr. R. W. Gilder, "to pay Dickens or his heirs for that book so small a sum as five cents (2½d.) in royalties, the aggregate would not be thousands, but millions of dollars."

At present this country is teeming with countless editions of Dickens upon which no royalty is paid. Is there any sign of a waning in Dickens's popularity? Is there any slacken-

ing in the sale of his works? Here is what his old publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, write to us:—

"Despite the competition of dozens of unauthorized editions, rendered possible by the lapse of copyright, we find that the sales of Dickens show no diminution. In fact, it is probable that more volumes of his works are sold now than ever before. They have, of course, to be published at a popular price, and the publishers make less out of them, but the actual number sold is, we think, as great as ever."

"I do not think there has ever been a time," says Sir Frederick Macmillan, of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., "since the famous works of Dickens first appeared, when he has made a wider appeal, or when the aggregate sales were larger than they are to-day."

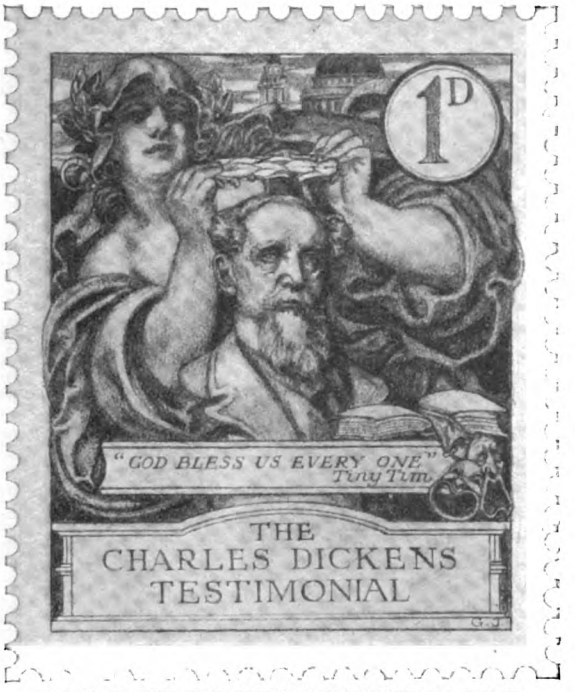
It is this perennial popularity of Dickens which we must take into consideration when we speak of the debt which the world owes his genius. It is a debt that cannot possibly be represented in pounds, shillings, and pence. But ought we—beneficiaries of his genius—to lose sight of Dickens's earthly dues altogether? He died at fifty-eight. Had he lived to seventy, as Thomas Hardy has done, he would have died possessed of tenfold the wealth he left in 1870. Had he lived to eighty, as Meredith did, he would have seen American copyright, for which he strove so eloquently, less for himself than for his fellow-authors, an established fact. He did not live to see it; he died prematurely aged, leaving eight children and earnings that often accrue to a respectable solicitor.

To-day there survive three children and seventeen grandchildren of Charles Dickens. Some of these, bearing his name, are, through no fault of their own, in circumstances which must deeply concern, not to say pain, lovers of Dickens. Three are in receipt of trifling Civil List pensions. It is not that any of these complain of their lot. Far from it. The fact that they are obliged to earn a precarious livelihood each accepts with cheerfulness. No, it is not that. The question is rather, What would Dickens himself say were he alive to-day—were he to behold hundreds of thousands of his works teeming from the press, millions turning to him for comfort and entertainment and spiritual refreshment, laughing at his fun and weeping over his pathos, enjoying to the full all that feast he so bounteously spread before them, while those grandchildren whom he loved are driven to accept a Government pension of twenty-five pounds per annum?

But here the idea of charity must not be entertained. It is not charity to present the collateral descendants of Lord Nelson with an annual pension of £5,000. A Dickens celebration there must be. Why should it not take the form of an International Dickens Testimonial? It is not charity to present a friend or a benefactor with a purse of a thousand pounds. Why should not those who are grateful to Dickens's memory, and wish to pay their tribute, contribute to such a testimonial? One reason would be that the lovers of Dickens are largely those who can least afford to give, and the difficulty and cost of collecting small sums are very great.

There is one way in which it could be done. It could be done without making any demands of a charitable nature, without soliciting, without receiving any subscriptions, without acknowledging any subscriptions; a simple expedient in which the poor and the wel-to-do might share together. It is estimated that there are

twenty-four million copies of Dickens's works extant, allowing for loss through wear and tear. Were it conceivable that every possessor of one of these volumes were to pay one penny in super-royalty it needs little knowledge of arithmetic to arrive at the sum of one hundred thousand pounds. But this is inconceivable. Many might have copies of Dickens's works on their shelves and yet feel no sense of personal gratitude towards the author. Were a quarter of the number to consent that each volume should bear a Dickens stamp—certifying that a "deferred royalty" of one penny had been paid—a very large sum might be realized, without trouble, without expense, and without prejudice.



A DESIGN FOR THE DICKENS TESTIMONIAL STAMP.
BY A. GARTH JONES.

This is the scheme which we propose, and which, unless some unforeseen obstacle arises, will be duly carried into effect. In itself this Dickens stamp will be a work of art—yet unobtrusive, small, simple, and of a tint to suit the character of the volume.

Numerous famous Dickens-lovers—and amongst these are numbered some of the most exalted in the land—have already been approached in the matter, and have promised that each volume of the works of the Master they own shall bear a copy of this Dickens stamp. The stamp will be on sale all over the world during the year 1911, and then, on the one hundredth birthday of the creator of Pickwick and Weller, Tiny Tim and Little Nell, the Dickens Fellowship would be enabled *to hand the total sum to the representatives of the Dickens family to make such use of it as they wish.*

ANOTHER DESIGN FOR THE STAMP BY A "STRAND MAGAZINE" ARTIST, FROM A SUGGESTION BY MR. WALTER CRANE.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that so interesting a scheme commands the approbation and support of scores of eminent men and distinguished writers, a list of whom will duly be published. In the meantime it is only necessary to refer to a few. "The proposed scheme of issuing stamps for Dickens's works," writes Thomas Hardy, "is a highly ingenious one, and I can see no objection to it." Others who personally support it are Chief Justice Lord Alverstone, Sir Ray Lankester, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, Mr. Harold Begbie, Canon Benham, and Mr. Hugh Thomson.

The following interesting letter has been received from Mr. Arthur Morrison, the novelist, which states the case with great force and feeling.

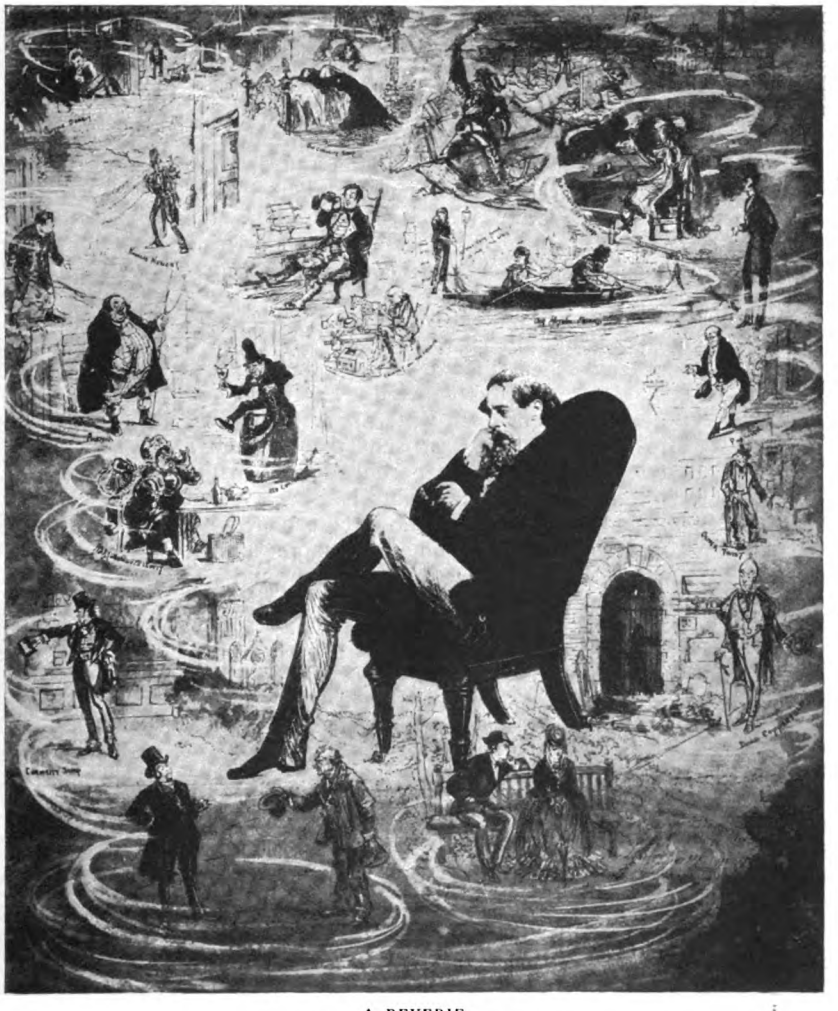
"The children and grandchildren of Charles Dickens," he writes, "have been robbed in due form of law according to a long-established principle of civilization. Authors and their dependents are weak in numbers, and the property they have created is peculiarly easy of attack; which reasons are considered sufficient to sanctify the pillage. It is true that we defer the date when the theft shall be legalized; much as though we celebrated the seventh anniversary of a citizen's death by authorizing any footpad to snatch his watch from his orphan's pocket. Other countries, such as France and Italy, from some uneasy sense of shame, have deferred the day of brigandage beyond our

FIVE DAUGHTERS OF THE ELDEST SON OF CHARLES DICKENS.

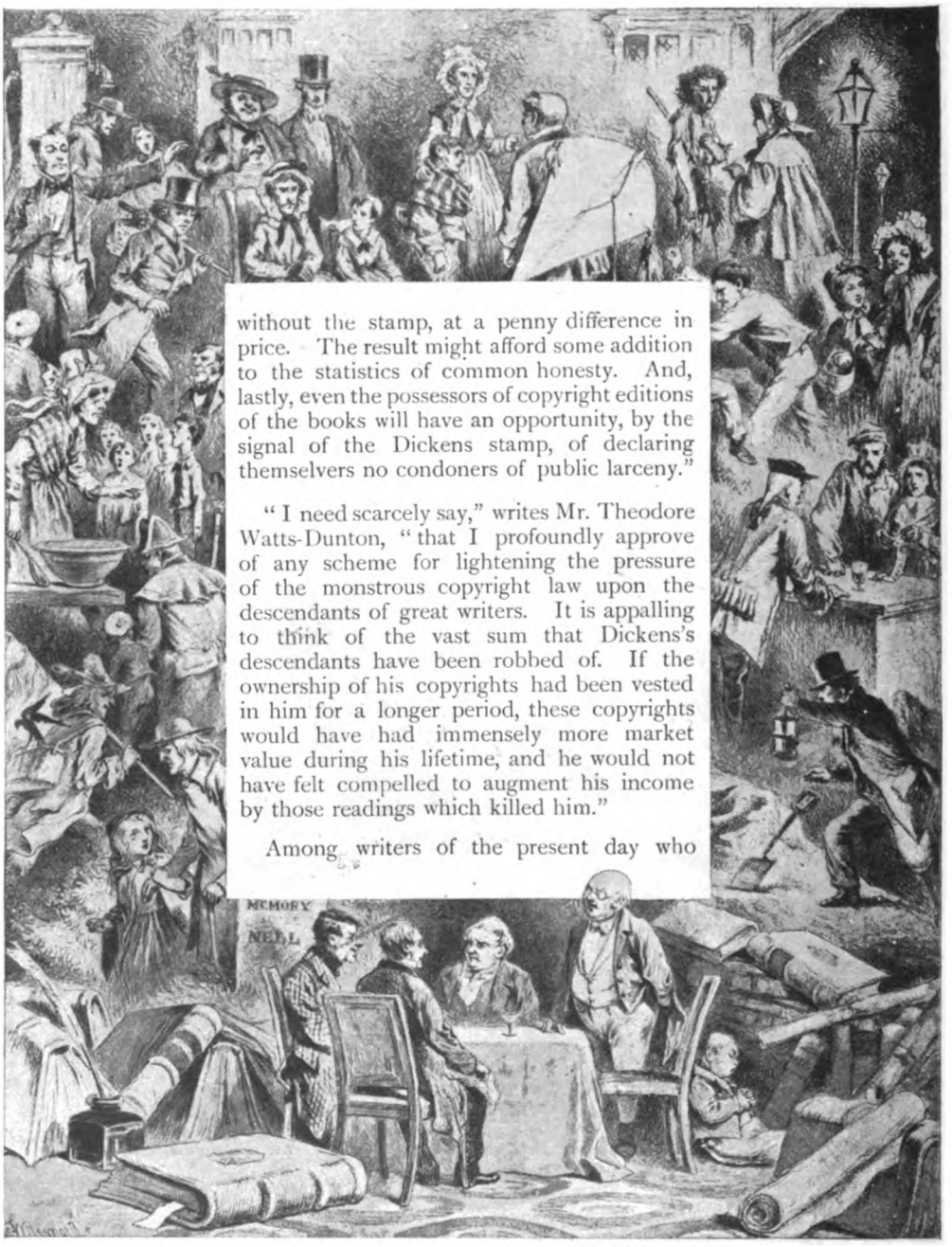
limit; but we compound, as is our way, by a moral pretence. We say that the extinction of the author's copyright is for the general benefit, exactly as it would be to empty a tradesman's till among the crowd outside his shop. In this sense we plead the benefit of the public, by which, however, we mean the publishers; for I have never encountered any proposal to compel the publishers to issue their reprints with no profit to themselves.

"Thirty-two years ago a Royal Commission recommended that the law of copyright should be 'reduced to an intelligible and systematic form.' Of course, nothing of the sort has been done, for how many votes can the authors of this country barter at an election? And in any case I cannot suppose that the Commission contemplated protecting an author's property in his work as if it were a house or a suite of furniture. The hope is less than ever, now that the plunder of all minorities is become an avowed principle of State; but in any case the sack of the Dickens family is already complete. Surely there must be among us those who are willing to restore some small fraction of their own shares of the loot, by means of this ingenious and admirable scheme of which you inform me.

"Booksellers should sell the stamps at the same time as the books; and it would be an interesting experiment—though I scarcely expect to see it tried—if a publisher were to issue reprints of Dickens's books with or



A REVERIE.
From an Oil Painting by E. Gray.



without the stamp, at a penny difference in price. The result might afford some addition to the statistics of common honesty. And, lastly, even the possessors of copyright editions of the books will have an opportunity, by the signal of the Dickens stamp, of declaring themselvers no condoners of public larceny."

"I need scarcely say," writes Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, "that I profoundly approve of any scheme for lightening the pressure of the monstrous copyright law upon the descendants of great writers. It is appalling to think of the vast sum that Dickens's descendants have been robbed of. If the ownership of his copyrights had been vested in him for a longer period, these copyrights would have had immensely more market value during his lifetime, and he would not have felt compelled to augment his income by those readings which killed him."

Among writers of the present day who

SOME OF THE CREATIONS OF DICKENS.

have caught much of the spirit of the Master is the author of "Tatterley."

"I do not know," writes Mr. Tom Gallon, "from whose brain sprang this idea of the 'Dickens Testimonial,' but it seems to me to be a very fine one. I know that I personally shall buy a number of the stamps—not merely for the many editions I possess of the great writer's works, but because I think I shall be doing it in a splendid cause.

"When you come to the question of literary copyright, I find myself liable to let my pen run away with me; the whole thing, even in these days, is too monstrous for words. That

a man or a woman, entering upon this difficult and hazardous business, probably the most difficult and hazardous in the world, must do so with the knowledge that they cannot possibly build up anything for those who come after them, is a crying scandal; any ordinary lawyer would laugh at the idea that in any other business in the world could it be possible that, after a certain number of years, any total stranger might step in and seize the whole thing and make profits for himself without paying a single farthing to those to whom, rightly, a share of those profits belongs. As has been suggested, Charles Dickens received no royalties whatever from America at any time; and that from a country where literally millions of copies of his works have been sold.

"Were the thing not so painful, it would be laughable to think that some of the descendants of one of the greatest writers the world has ever known have to be dependent upon a tiny Civil Service Pension, wrung from reluctant hands. I am heartily with you in this scheme."

Mr. Robert Barr is heartily in support of the scheme. He writes: "I think the plan for a Charles Dickens Testimonial is a most excellent one; truly democratic, although it deals with 'deferred royalty'; and I hope that democracy will rise to the occasion, and furnish an imperial amount for the descendants of the most democratic novelist who ever lived.

"I trust also that as a by-product this far-reaching effort will awake public attention to the gross injustice of the Copyright Act, in taking away from a writer's heirs the property he created, and presenting it as a free gift to the undeserving public. A composer of books and an inventor of machinery are the two real creators of our time, yet the Copyright Law and the Patent Acts make the possession of their products ephemeral; while a landed estate, not of human creation, may pass down the ages for ever to the heirs of the man who first acquired it, but had nothing to do with its making."

Mr. Rider Haggard says: "Your thought is kind, but I fear not very practical. The fruit of an author's brain has always been held to belong to those who can take it, and it is with difficulty that such folk have wrung from the State even the very limited protection for their work which it at present grants to them.

"This being so, it seems almost too much to hope that any extensive voluntary offering will be made even to aid the descendants of one so great as Dickens.

"Still, the experiment can be tried. I hope that it may succeed."

Mr. Coulson Kernahan writes to us as follows: "I am ashamed that pressure of work has so long delayed me from answering your letter. I believe that to this day the descendants of certain great soldiers enjoy perpetual emoluments from the nation. If any endowments of the sort there be—and apart from the question whether any direct descendants of Dickens are or are not in affluent circumstances—the nation would be honouring itself as well as Dickens in seeking thus to express its gratitude. Nor do I feel that there need be any hesitation on the part of descendants in accepting such a tribute. To be pensioned by the nation in recognition of services rendered by an immediate relative is an honour. But failing such national memorial, your proposal—assuming that it has the approval of those entitled to approve or dissent — seems to me sensible and eminently practical."

There is one point to be noted, and this point has been raised by both Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. M. H. Spielmann. "The memory and fame of Charles Dickens," writes the former, "are very dear to me, and I should welcome any practical scheme for benefiting his family, who have suffered to a grotesque extent under our anomalous law of copyright." But would a bibliophile affix a stamp to his volumes? Mr. Spielmann answers the question. "I cordially approve of the object of your scheme. Whether Dickens lovers who are also book-lovers will care to affix the stamps to their volumes is another matter. Personally, I should prefer to pay forfeit of a dozen stamps per volume, and gladly pledge myself to do so."

Such is the preliminary announcement of our scheme for a Great Dickens Memorial. If all goes well, full particulars regarding the date when the Dickens stamps will be on sale will be duly announced. From all booksellers and stationers in the United Kingdom, in America, in the capitals of Europe, and throughout the British Empire we hope that it will soon be possible to obtain this Dickens stamp—itself a small token that the name and fame of Dickens are still potent to evoke gratitude and to redress a manifest injustice towards those he loved and who bear his name.

The Wonderful Bishop.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

Illustrated by W. R. S. Stott.

MILCHESTER CATHEDRAL is beautiful, and though the Bishop loved it he said he was lost in such a quiet, old-world diocese. He belonged to the militant clergy, and yearned to be Bishop of London; for London is full of opportunities, and undoubtedly his lordship was a sportsman and loved sporting chances. He was a mighty big man, and always in condition. He felt he could go into the ring of London and fight there just as he had fought bargees at Oxford. He loved his work, his wife, and difficulties. And there was not a difficult incumbent in the diocese, for he had the gift of carrying conviction as easily as he could carry two hundredweight. He herded his clergy like sheep, and yawned as he did so. Had it not been for a peculiar suavity and a quality of blandness which marked him for the higher ranks of the Church, some might have thought him better suited for the Army. But everyone loved him.

He often went to town to try and induce the authorities to give him a bigger and rowdier diocese. He had begun as a curate in Stepney, and the very remembrance of the East of London was enchantment to him. Even then he had been wonderful. On one occasion he had come across two hostile coal-whippers in Old Gravel Lane, and had reduced them to peace by knocking their thick heads together. There is reason to suppose that the Reverend Anthony Sedgwick, as he then was, first contemplated the notion of becoming a bishop owing to what one of the coalies said when he recovered his senses.

"Wot!" said the coaly. "'Im on'y a curate! Why, the fightin' blighter ought to be a bishop!"

He went up to town in April and took Mrs. Sedgwick with him. Loving life as he did, they stayed in the Strand. When he had done a little business it suddenly occurred to him that he had not been to Stepney for years. Stepney called to him, and so did Old Gravel Lane in Wapping. He walked all the way there, taking in life as he did so with infinite gusto. The verger at his old church shed tears at seeing him.

"Oh, it's you, sir, Mr. Sedgwick, I means your lordship," said old Jackson. "Oh, my lord, it seems only yesterday that you knocked the 'eads of them two coalies together in Old Gravel Lane. Oh, wot a mem'ry for the parish, your lordship! We *was* proud of you."

"Most gratifying, I'm sure," said the Bishop.

"And wot's more, your lordship looks equal to doin' that same this very minute," said Jackson.

"I dare say I could," said the Bishop.

He found the vicar, who asked him to take pot-luck at the old vicarage. When he had openly telephoned to his wife from a low public-house, into which no one but a bishop would have ventured, he went home with Mr. Slowcombe. He did not know that the joker of the bar stuck up a notice, which remained for days, that the public-house was "patronized by his Reverence the Bishop of Milchester." He spent a pleasant evening, and everyone fell in love with him. Even the cook, on hearing about him from the parlour-maid, insisted on taking up the whisky and soda, giving as an excuse that Mary had gone out to see her mother. It is true that Mary was out, but only just outside the gate. And her mother was dressed in the uniform of a soldier who was stationed at the Tower and was likely to be late into barracks.

It was on account of his desire not to be late that the Bishop left early, and it is odd to reflect, as he often reflected afterwards, that he might have been much earlier if he

had stayed later. But even a bishop cannot know everything, as is obvious to all who read the debates in the House of Lords; and no bishop is expected to be a prophet, even of the minor order.

The natural and native malignity in matter which devises all kinds of trouble for humanity does not spare the episcopacy, and even if an archbishop were to choose to go West by way of Brook Street and St. George's Street, Shadwell, instead of the Commercial Road, he might easily get into trouble. For out of St. George's Street runs Old Gravel Lane, and when the Bishop of Milchester came to it he was reminded of his youthful triumph which the verger Jackson was full of, and he turned towards his greatest adventure with something of the feeling that might have inspired Napoleon if he had revisited Arcola as Emperor. But the odd thing was, and, of course, he did not know it, that his greatest adventure was to come. Not yet did he know the depths or the heights of his character as the equal of fighting men and the superior of the common clergy.

It was dark overhead, and the air was somewhat foggy when he turned down Old Gravel Lane. He strode along happily, contented with everything except his quiet diocese. There was something very pleasant to him in the fact that Jackson remembered him chiefly for his physical prowess. To be remembered only for one's preaching or for mere goodness is, no doubt, much; but to be notable after twenty years for a remarkable feat of strength and courage is indeed reputation.

"I only gave Jackson half a sovereign," said the Bishop; "next time I'll double it."

As everyone knows, Old Gravel Lane leads into Wapping High Street. But though the High Street is rich and respectable, with gigantic and prosperous steamship wharves, the Lane in parts is, perhaps, not so respectable. Even twenty years of sanitation and police have not wholly destroyed its ancient reputation. There are feeble folk, the coneys of the West-end, who would fear to tackle the East at any time, even when the sun shines, but the Bishop of Milchester was of the militant order. He did not whistle, but he felt capable of whistling, for he was at peace with himself and the world at large. And yet within five minutes he was by no means at peace, for all of a sudden he heard a scream in front of him, just as he passed the unsavoury entrance of Prusom Street.

"Dear me!" said the Bishop. "Now, where did that come from?"

He heard it again, and was then sure it was a woman in trouble. His chivalrous instincts, wholly unsubdued by time and experience, were as quick as when he adorned the House at Oxford, and they made him hurry now. Obviously someone was in want of assistance. He came to an alley named Hilliard's Court, and found a woman being punched by one of the superior sex. She had her hands up to her face to shield herself while the person of the more worthy gender, according to the Latin Grammar, was giving her what is known as "what for" or "toko." If he had been where he deserved to be, the police-court journalist would have described him as "a young man of powerful build, apparently a pugilist," and the Bishop, who had as grand an eye for physique as a trainer, knew instinctively that he was in for some experience.

"Here, stop that, I beg," said the Bishop, courteously, but somewhat peremptorily.

The young man of powerful build stopped with his hand in the air.

"Stop wot? 'Oo are you? D'ye want yer jaw bust?" he asked.

"Certainly not," said the Bishop; "but I beg you will not continue to assault this young woman."

"I'll 'it 'er as much as I likes," the man replied, savagely, "so lemme see you say as I won't."

He cuffed the cowering girl as he said so.

"Don't do that again," said the Bishop, severely.

"Oh, don't, Bill," said the girl; "do mind wot the genelman says. I never done nothin'."

"All right," said Bill, savagely; "I'll fix you arter I've done up this josser."

He left the entrance of the court and came into the Lane, which was then very empty.

"Why indulge in violence?" urged the Bishop, mildly; "it does no good."

"Gahn," said Bill. And with that he let out at the Bishop with his left. His lordship stopped it neatly. If Bill had been quite sober, he would have recognized that it was no accidental stop. Nor was his lordship's calm that of a casual cleric in unexpected trouble.

"I don't want to hurt you," said the Bishop.

Whereupon even the wretched girl giggled. She couldn't help it. The notion of a parson—for now they both saw that he belonged to the order of parsons—hurting her Bill, "a notorious 'ard nut," was irresistibly amusing.

It made Bill smile savagely as he fell into a more professional attitude. He feinted with his left and then swung with his right at the Bishop's jaw. His lordship saw it coming, and got his head out of the way very nicely and caught Bill on the right ear. By now the ornament of Milchester was aware that Bill could fight, and he wished he had no overcoat on. Before he could formulate the wish Bill rushed in, taking a heavy blow on his forehead as he did so. He landed on the episcopal left eye very severely, taking something in exchange that made him cough.

"Nonsense, my good man. I can lick you easily," said the Bishop. "I'm two stone heavier than you."

"Are you?" said Bill, who was very indignant. "W'en I've done wiv you we'll talk abaht that."

He ran in. The Bishop stopped him every time.

"Lick him, Bill," said the young lady. And the Bishop almost groaned at her ingratitude. Bill was much encouraged and mixed things up. As a result, Bill went over with a bang which drove the breath out of his body. This gave his lordship time to get his overcoat off.

"I'll smash you for that, you lop-eared leper," said Bill, who was a fireman and used fearful language. He rose and rushed in. The Bishop slipped him neatly and Bill went down again.

"You see, I'm better than you at this game," urged the Bishop. "I'm not really fighting yet. I don't like fighting; really I don't."

He could not help thinking that it was a very awkward situation. Suppose it got into the papers. The Bishop felt that his Archbishop would be worried, especially if Bill got seriously hurt. And the Bishop began to think that that was what would happen in a minute.

"I shall forget I'm a Bishop in two shakes of a lamb's tail," thought his lordship.

"You ain't goin' to let a parson lick yer, Bill?" cried the cause of all the woe.

"Not 'arf," roared Bill, furiously.

Up to now, what the Bishop said was perfectly true. He had done no leading off, and had only countered once or twice. Now he became angry. Bill had hurt him. No sooner had Bill squared up at him again than the Bishop forced the fighting. Bill's view of the matter during the next few seconds was that he had made "a fatal error," and that he had run up against one of the first flight who was going about in disguise. It was true that he hit the Bishop, for he was no mean hand at the game; but when it came to half-arm fighting the excellent Bishop was all over him, as they say in the language of the Fancy. And as they sailed all round the Lane the Bishop was suddenly aware that the girl was running away from them. He wondered why. This distracted his attention a little, and Bill got home on him. The next moment Bill received a heavy right-hand cross-counter on the ear and went down.

"Now will you be quiet?" said the Bishop. And just then he heard a rush behind him. He turned in time to see Bill's young lady coming back with assistance in the shape of two other friends from Prusom Street. There was a third in the distance.

"Oh!" said the Bishop. He thought very rapidly, and came to the conclusion that to fight four men in a badly-lighted, narrow street was not according to the rubric. As Bill was rising he ran some way down the lane, and was followed by his new opponents and the fireman. Just at that moment a church clock struck eleven. The Bishop wished it was twelve and all over. He hadn't the least notion of what would happen before then, or he would have preferred it to stay eleven o'clock for a long time. But, of course, he had no time to think. He was much disturbed—indeed, he was seriously angry. He almost forgot his wife, and quite forgot he was a bishop. He was not allowed to forget that he could fight. The four men caught him up, and he stopped with his back against the wall.

"All right, my covey, we'll stash you," said one of the new-comers. His lordship wondered what "stash" meant. Whatever it implied, he hoped it wouldn't happen.

"Stand off," said the Bishop, breathing very fast. "I'll fight all of you one at a time."

"No, you won't," said Bill; "we'll teach yer, yer blighter, to come shovin' yer oar in where it ain't wanted."

"That's right, Bill," yelled the girl that the fireman had been punching; "you can 'it me w'en you likes."

The four of them made a rush at his lordship, Bill in the van. And Bill went down. So did another, whose name, from what the girl said, appeared to be Ginger. But the Bishop received three very severe blows, and Bill and Ginger got up again. The next moment was extremely lively, for by dint of an enveloping movement they succeeded in getting his lordship's back away from the

wall, where some sort of safety lay. In spite of his ability in the noble art of self-defence, the Bishop felt that he was slower than he had been twenty years before, though he was, perhaps stronger at forty-three than he had fighting four men. It's most extraordinary." And suddenly his mind said to him, "Run, if you get a chance, or you will get killed."

The next moment he found himself

"HE CAUGHT BILL ON THE RIGHT EAR."

been at twenty-three. When the general mix-up came in the middle of the road one of the men jumped on his back. What happened then the Bishop could never describe, but he was aware that the whole party tried to jump on him. He got to his feet three times, and at the third time grew desperate. But in the very worst of the struggle one part of his mind was very cool. It was also very much surprised. He kept on saying, "I'm the Bishop of Milchester. This is Old Gravel Lane. I, the Bishop of Milchester, am running as hard as he could put foot to the ground.

"I fear I'm in a lamentable condition," said the Bishop, or the cool part of his mind, "a very lamentable condition."

It was sadly true. His coat was torn off his back, his collar was gone, and so was his episcopal apron. In the first fierce roll on the ground Ginger, who was a very bad character and well known to the police, had grabbed his watch. Ginger also had a cool portion of his mind at work. The beautiful

cause of the war had the Bishop's hat as a trophy. She followed the hunt, yelling with much joy.

In his youth the Bishop had been a great swimmer. Once he swam from Folly Bridge to Iffley. At the present moment he thought of the water as the only possible refuge. If he could get the river at his back he could, he felt sure, elude his pursuers. He came to Wapping High Street. Though he did not know it he was close to Wapping Station, and might have taken refuge there. But now it was foggy, and he could not see his way clearly. Before he knew it he was rushed by his pursuers into the narrow way leading to the river steps. A stone whistled by his ear. He saw the water, and actually rejoiced at its cold glitter as it ran upstream at three-quarters flood. Ginger, who yearned for more plunder, was hot on his tracks. The Bishop knocked him down, and, turning, jumped into the river. When he rose he saw four dark figures on the steps he had dived from. They used blood-curdling and unprintable language, which would have made the pages of a decent slang dictionary curl up and burst into flame.

"THE BISHOP KNOCKED HIM DOWN, AND, TURNING, JUMPED INTO THE RIVER."

"Ah! I've done them," said the Bishop, coolly. He was cool once more. So was the river. Again he was a bishop—not a primitive man, not a mere athlete.

"Nevertheless," said the Bishop, "it is a very remarkable situation. No one must know of it. I dread to think what the halfpenny Press would make of it. Where shall I get ashore? What would the Dean think if he

knew I was in the middle of the River Thames near Wapping at midnight? What would Mildred think? She would be greatly alarmed. I wonder if I am much knocked about? I fear I am. Dear me, it's getting very foggy!"

It was undoubtedly getting rather thick. The lights along the river suddenly grew dim. Some of them went out, or appeared to go out, and in less than a minute his lordship was swimming without any notion where either bank was. And still the tide bore him onwards.

"I hope I hurt nobody seriously," said the Bishop. "But I think that girl treated me very badly. I almost wish I had not interfered. Still, I'm safe now."

Some people one knows would not have committed themselves to such a statement if they had been where he was. They are afraid of the water—afraid to die. But the Bishop struck out manfully.

"I'm at any rate going up the river," he thought. He went under the Tower Bridge. The tide ran fast.

"However, I'm glad it's all over," said the Bishop. "I'm very glad it's all over."

No one who is not wise can be a bishop. It is true that his wisdom may be limited. It often is. The Bishop of Milchester's was. He could not foresee everything, and it did not occur to him that malignant Fate had not yet finished with him, even if Bill and Ginger and their mates had been wonderfully eluded and beaten. One adventure is mostly the father of another, for adventures are always to the adventurous, and always will be. Suddenly out of the fog on his left hand there came shouts and some language worthy of Bill of Old Gravel Lane. The Bishop was aware of gloom and aware of the shore, and then he heard a splash. Again there were shouts and yells of "Police!" and "Murder!"

"Dear me!" said the Bishop. "I hope the entire population of London is not taking to the river to-night. I wonder what has happened?"

And the fog lifted. He saw barges and steamers berthed at a wharf, and he knew that he was close to the shore. He turned and swam towards it between a barge and a steamship. He saw high walls, a narrow passage, steps awash in the tide, and a small crowd.

"There's the blighter," said the crowd, eagerly.

"Who is the blighter, I wonder?" said the Bishop. He knew in a few minutes.

"It's a fair cop for you," shouted the eager crowd, almost tumbling into the water in their joy.

"I believe, I really do believe, that *I* am the blighter," said the Bishop. "I seem to have very poor luck to-night. What have I done now?"

He could see that among the gentry of Pickleherring Street, Bermondsey (for it was there he made a landing), two policemen, one of whom cast his bull's-eye lamp his way, while the other did his best to keep the crowd from thrusting him and his fellow-constable into the river by their desire to be in the front row of the stalls.

"Now, then, you come in here," said the policeman with the bull's-eye.

"Yes, come in, you robbin' 'ound," roared a sturdy little person, who appeared to be very wet. The Bishop hesitated. It was not that he feared the police. No bishop can fear them, but his lordship feared for the Church. He hated scandal; he dreaded that it would give a handle to Dissenters and those eager to disestablish the Church if a bishop were arrested, even on a groundless charge.

"Here, you, sir, come in at once, or we'll fetch you in a boat," said the nearest policeman.

"I'm coming," said his lordship. "You don't for an instant imagine that I desire to stay where I am, do you?"

Whereon the crowd laughed. The next moment the Bishop found the steps under his feet. He stood up and shook the water from his head and ears like a big dog.

"You mis'rable, man-drownin', daylight robber, you!" said the little man, who was also wet. "Chuck me in the river, would yer? Knock me abaht and rob me, would yer? Yah!"

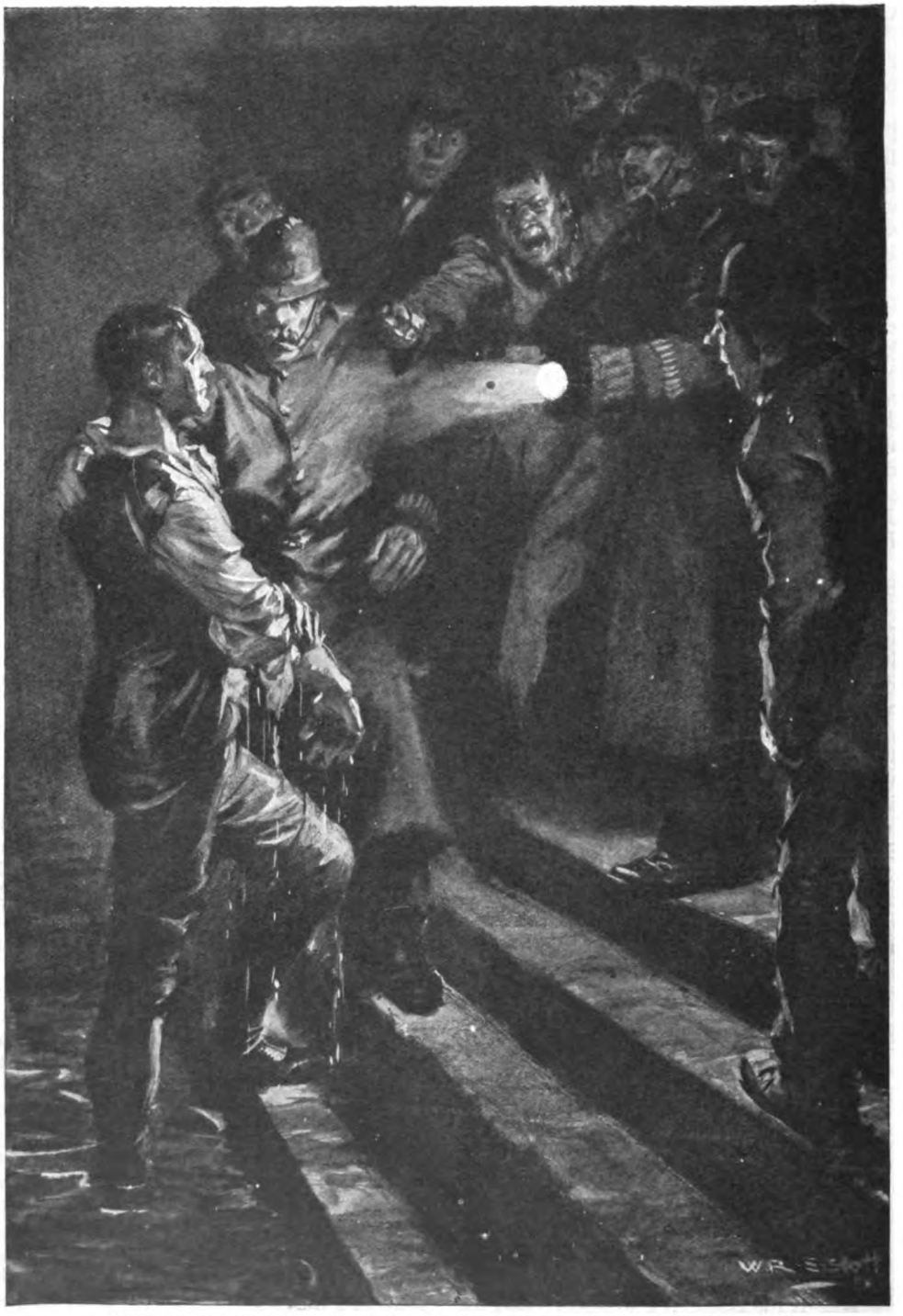
"Steady there," said the policeman. "Come in and give yourself up."

It was a horrid situation, and the Bishop's mind worked rapidly. Had the fog come down again he would have risked it and taken to the stream again. But there was now no fog, and boats were handy.

"Certainly," said his lordship. But he said to himself that on no account, no account whatever, must they find out he was a bishop. There was little reason to suppose that they would discover it for themselves by mere inspection.

"And I'll never tell them, if I get six months," said the Bishop. He waded up the steps and the constable laid his hand on him.

"Is this about Bill?" asked the Bishop. "Or is it about Ginger?"



"HE WADED UP THE STEPS AND THE CONSTABLE LAID HIS HAND ON HIM."

"Be blowed, you daylight robber you," said the little man, dancing angrily; "it's abaht me, you blighter. 'It me, would yer? Rob me, would yer? Knock me abaht a good 'un, would yer? Lemme git at 'im, constable; wiv fair pl'y I can dahn 'im."

But the other constable drove his elbows into him while he danced and knocked the breath out of him as the Bishop came to dry land.

"I suppose this is the bloke?" asked the constable.

"Yus," said the little man. "I identifies 'im. I knocked 'im abaht a bit, eh?"

That looked certain. Even in the comparative darkness it was obvious that the Bishop had been knocked about more than a bit.

"I gives 'im in charge for robbery and assault and 'eaving of me in the river," said the little man.

"I never saw you in my life," said the Bishop.

"Then 'oo 'it you abaht?" asked the crowd.

"Bill did," said the weary Bishop.

"Bill! 'Oo's Bill?" they asked, eagerly.

"A friend of Ginger's," said the Bishop. "And two others. I don't know their names. And I had to jump in to escape them."

"Where was that?" asked the constable.

"In Old Gravel Lane," said the Bishop.

"Likely tale," said the constables. "You come along and tell your yarn at the station."

"I assure you I never saw this man," urged the Bishop; "it's ridiculous. "I've swum from Gravel Lane."

"Liar," said his accuser. "I believe I've seed you round abaht Roverive and Bermondsey often enough. It's 'im, constable; don't take no notice of his guff."

"Come on," said the officer of the law, and the Bishop, feeling that there was nothing to do but obey, went with them.

"It gets more awful," he thought. "What shall I do? How can I get out of it without telling? I won't tell—never, never!"

They went towards Tower Bridge, down Pickleherring Street, and under an arch into Shad Thames. The joyful crowd ran by his side and even before him, turning round as they got in front.

"For the sake of everything, I must not tell," thought the Bishop. "I must get out of it somehow. But how?"

That was a serious question, and one that many in like situations have found difficult to answer.

"I'm not the man he thinks I am, constable," he said, as he went along. The constable looked at him. The voice was certainly not the voice of the sort of man who robs half-intoxicated people in Pickleherring Street as a way of earning a living.

"Well, it looks awk'ard," said the constable, grinning. "He says you are, and that you fought, and that you both fell into the river. And you *were* in the river, and you're knocked about very pretty."

"Yes, I am; but Bill and Ginger did it," said the Bishop.

"It sounds pretty thin," said the constable.

"Do you think that that man could knock me about like this?" asked the Bishop, who did not care to have it thought that a nine-stone man in Bermondsey could thrash him.

"Well, I've never reckoned little Booker to be the slogger he thinks he is," said the constable. "I own that. Have you anyone to speak for you?"

"To speak for me?" asked the Bishop.

"To give you a good character?" replied the constable.

"A whole diocese," said the Bishop, incautiously.

"A whole *what?*" said the constable.

"I mean, thousands will do it," replied the Bishop, hastily.

"Good characters?"

"The highest," said the Bishop. "But——"

"But what?"

"I shouldn't like to ask them," said the Bishop.

"I dare say not," said the constable, dryly. "I've 'ad 'old of them as could call the 'ole 'Ouse of Lords, but some'ow didn't."

"You don't believe me, I fear," said the Bishop. "I own it looks awkward."

"Very awk'ard," said the constable, whereon he and his fellow laughed. So did the crowd.

There is nothing so humorous and exciting as to see a man taken to the public station. It is as good as a fire and almost as enjoyable as a funeral.

By the time they climbed the steps to the Tower Bridge the crowd had increased. Each new-comer asked for information and got it. He added to it and passed it on. The Bishop's crime increased as rapidly as the crowd. With fifty it was assault; with a hundred something as bad as arson; and with two hundred "murder."

"Yah, murderer!" yelled the late-comers. "'Oo's 'e murdered?"

By the time that the crowd was rapidly coming to the conclusion that it would be the proper thing to lynch him and have done

with it, they reached the police-station. Here they booed and yelled till they were moved on by all the members of the force who were handy.

"I must trust in Providence," said the Bishop, with a sigh which was curiously human, as he went up the steps.

And the next minute he was face to face with the arbiter of his destiny in the shape of a jovial, red-faced house-inspector with a close-cropped, white moustache. The Bishop's eye—the one he could easiest look out of—saw at once that this powerful person, this minor Rhadamanthus of the wharf-side, was such a man as might one time have fought in the ring. The thickened ear, the massive throat, the flattened nose, all told their fine, unflattering tales of joyous combats long ago. And when the inspector set his eyes on the Bishop he, too, was as much impressed in his way as the Dean and Chapter of Milchester would have been in their way. Undoubtedly the Bishop was a splendid-looking man, leaving out his face at the moment. Minus his coat, now in rags and also in the river, the spread of his shoulders was notable. His torn shirt disclosed the slope of the trapezius muscle to his rounded neck. It was obvious that his waist was slender in comparison with his chest measurement, but not too slender to be sheathed with muscles able to defy, if properly tightened, a low right-hand cross-counter.

"A proper devil of a chap," thought the inspector. "I'd like to see him box a round or two with Charlesworth."

For Charlesworth, who with Smith had brought the Bishop in, was the champion of the division and a very fair hand with the mitts, as everyone knew who knew anything. Or so the inspector believed.

"What's this, Charlesworth?"

"Assault an' battery and chuckin' a chap into the river, sir," said the constable.

"Assault, battery, and attempted murder, eh?" repeated the inspector. "Who's charging him?"

"I ham," said the excited little man; "but to look at 'im it seems I got a bit of my own back, don't it?"

"I never saw you in my life before," said the Bishop.

"Hold your tongue. You'll have your show presently," said the inspector. "What happened, Booker?"

It appeared that the inspector knew the complainant well. Unluckily for the Bishop, he knew nothing against him.

"This 'ere cove comes up to me on the steps in Pickleherring Street and says, says he: ''Ave you the price of a pot abaht you?' And, big as he was, I says, says I: 'I 'ave, but not for the likes of you, big as you are,' says I. And wivaht anovver word 'e ups and 'its me and dahns me, and I ups and 'its 'im very 'ard, as you see. And then the blighter dahns me again and goes through my pockets, and we rolls off the steps togevver, me hollerin' 'Murder!' and punchin' 'im all the time. And in the water I loses of 'im and some'ow I gets ashore. And then we sees 'im in the river and we arrests 'im. I want 'im jailed for six months' 'ard, at the very least."

"Oh, do you?" asked the inspector.

"Yus," said Booker, "or I'll murder 'im. If it 'adn't bin dark and me a bit beery I'd ha' licked 'im then, big as he is."

"Nonsense," said the inspector; "you couldn't beat the man in a month of Sundays."

"Of course not," said the Bishop.

"Look 'ow I knocked 'im abaht," urged Booker, who was very joyous to think he had done such execution on this robber's face.

"It wasn't you at all," said the Bishop.

"He let on, coming here, that it was someone called Bill that hammered him," said Charlesworth.

"And Ginger," corrected the Bishop, "and two others, to say nothing of a girl."

"Where was this?" asked the inspector.

"In Old Gravel Lane," replied his lordship.

"Why, that's the other side of the river," said the inspector.

"That's the reason I swam," said the Bishop.

"Did they throw you in the river?" asked the inspector.

"No, I jumped," said the Bishop.

"Why did you jump?" asked the inspector.

"To save being thrown in, I think," said the Bishop. "I was in an awkward situation."

"Not 'arf as awk'ard as you are in nah," interjected Booker.

"Silence, Booker!" said the inspector. "But what was all this fight about?"

"About the girl," said the Bishop.

"You'd much better 'ave left 'er alone," said the irrepressible Booker.

"If you don't shut up, I'll have you put out, Booker," said the inspector. Then he turned to the Bishop.

"All this is very pretty about Old Gravel Lane, and I dare say the magistrate will

believe it—and I dare say he won't. Do you swear to him, Booker?"

"On all the Bibles in Bermondsey," said Booker.

"Very well," said the inspector, and, turning to the Bishop, he asked him his name.

"My name?" said the Bishop.

"Any one of 'em will do," interposed Booker, scornfully.

"Shut up, Booker!" said the inspector. "Yes, your name."

"It's—it's Johnson," said the unhappy Bishop.

"It's as good a name as there is anywhere," said the inspector, "and it does so 'appen it's mine too. Your occupation?"

"I'm a—teacher," said the Bishop.

"Of what—boxin'?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, yes, I could teach that," said the Bishop, eagerly.

"Gammon," said Charlesworth, who believed he was the only man in the neighbourhood who could put on the gloves with glory.

"Shut up, Charlesworth!" said the inspector. "Very well, Johnson; you'll see the magistrate to-morrow and explain this matter to him. Take him to the cells, Smith."

And Smith took the Bishop away with him.

"It's all wrong," said the Bishop; "and I'm very wet."

"We can let you have a change of sorts," said Smith.

"I shall be much obliged," said the Bishop. "It's an awful situation."

"Nonsense," said Smith. "I dessay it'll only be a month or two. A man like you can do it on your head. If the truth was known, I dessay you've done it before."

"Never," said the Bishop. "I want to think—to think."

"Plenty of time to think," said Smith. "Here you are."

And the next moment his lordship was acquainted with the miserable interior of a cell "for male prisoners only." A minute later Smith threw him an old blue shirt, a coat, and trousers.

"Good heavens!" said the Bishop. "I wish I could think what was the best to do. Really, I'm hardly equal to the situation."

In the outer office the inspector, having ejected Booker for dancing deliriously at the prospect of getting the Bishop six "'ard" in the morning, turned to Charlesworth.

"There's more in this than meets the eye," said the inspector. "D'ye believe that Booker knocked that chap about?"

"I dessay," said Charlesworth. "He's a hard little nut for his weight."

"To very soft crackers," said the inspector. "He couldn't have mauled that cove mor'n he could have mauled you, and less."

"Less! less! What d'ye mean by less, sir?" asked Charlesworth.

"What I say," replied the inspector. "That cove could take your number down, or I'm much mistook, Charlesworth."

"I'd fight him left-handed," said the disgusted Charlesworth.

"I wish I could see you try with both hands," sighed the inspector. "I believe he'd put up a real proper scrimmage."

"If he can stand up to me for five minutes I'll eat my helmet," said Charlesworth.

"Ah, it's a pity——" said the inspector.

"Wot's a pity?" asked Charlesworth, just as Smith came back to them.

"That you can't put the gloves on with him."

"With who?" asked Smith.

"The inspector lets on this chap in the cells could lay *me* out," said Charlesworth, with a look of pained dignity.

"Now you say it, I'd not be surprised," said Smith; "I've just seed 'im with his shirt off. He peels splendid."

"What did I tell you, Charlesworth?" said the inspector, who was absolutely burning with the unholy desire to see the prisoner box Charlesworth. "I've an idea."

"What is it?" asked the others.

"Do you think Booker could knock you about, Charlesworth, as he's done this chap, if his tale is true?" asked the inspector.

And Charlesworth disdained to answer.

"And what would you think about Booker's tale if this chap *could* knock you out, Charlesworth? Would it seem likely to you, then?" asked the inspector.

"It wouldn't," owned Charlesworth.

"I'm inclined to believe the beggar speaks the truth," said his superior; "except about his name and so on. He may not want to be known. Those gaiters of his looked religious, didn't they?"

"Stolen," said Charlesworth. "What's your notion, sir?"

The inspector looked at him and whistled gently and reflectively.

"On my soul, I'm tempted," said the inspector. "Smith, ring up Limehouse."

Smith did as he was told and rang up East 200.

"Here you are sir," he said, presently, and the inspector took the receiver from him.

"You're Limehouse? Yes; I'm Inspector Johnson, Tower Bridge. Do you know a bad character called Ginger your way? In Old Gravel Lane, or just off it? All right; I'll hold the line. Yes; what's that? You do? Does he run with a chap called Bill? No, we don't know his other name. All right. Thank you. Ring off."

And he turned round to Smith and Charlesworth.

"There *is* a bad character in Old Gravel Lane called Ginger."

Charlesworth grunted.

"There's always a bad character called Ginger everywhere."

"I don't say it's much, but, so far as it goes, it's a help," said the inspector. "Find me that Booker, Charlesworth. I want to speak to him. And, I say, Charlesworth."

"Yes," said Charlesworth, turning.

"I suppose, if it *was* to be arranged, you'd put the gloves on with our friend if I backed him for a quid?" said the inspector, in a whisper.

"'Arf or double," said Charlesworth, emphatically.

"Just fetch that Booker again, and I'll see to it," said the inspector. And when Smith was gone he went to the Bishop's cell.

"Comfortable, eh?" he asked.

"I'm drier, but not to say comfortable," returned his lordship. "You see, this is a dreadful situation."

"We think it all right," said the inspector, who was jealous of the reputation of Tooley Street. "Now about boxing. Can you really box?"

"I really can," said the Bishop.

"Now, did you cast your eyes over the constables that brought you in, especially him I named Charlesworth?"

"I did," said the Bishop.

"Speakin' as man to man, do you think you could lick him with the gloves?" asked Johnson, tremulously.

"I feel pretty sure of it," said the Bishop.

"Me 'avin' a sovereign on you?"

"I can't imagine it happening," said the Bishop; "but if it did I honestly believe your sovereign would be safe."

"Very well," said Johnson. "I'll persuade Booker."

Smith had been endeavouring to persuade him, but Smith was not a good advocate and readily gave way to the inspector.

"What we want is justice," said the inspector, with an anxious and ingratiating smile.

"Right-o. Six months' 'ard for that bloke," said Booker, joyfully.

"If it's proved against him he'll get it," said the inspector.

"I've proved it," said Booker. "I always was a bit of a fighter, and I marked him proper."

"For a light-weight, Booker is a mighty fine scrapper," said the inspector. "Could you lick Constable Charlesworth, Booker?"

"Oh, not 'im," said Booker, modestly. "He's a fine scrapper, and four stone more'n me if he's an ounce."

"Then you don't think you could knock out Charlesworth?"

"No, I don't, and that's a fact," said Booker, who had no desire to have it put about Bermondsey that he had said anything so silly. "Anyone in my own class I'll take on any day; but a known 'eavy-weight ain't a good market."

"Good," said the inspector. "You are a sport, Booker; we have always allowed you were. All this talk of scrappin' makes me feel eager to see a fight. If I was what I used to be, I'd ask Charlesworth to put on the gloves with me this very night in my brother's room at the 'Are and 'Ounds. I believe that blighter in the cells can scrap a bit."

"Reasonable good, but I marked him," said Booker. "Didn't you see 'ow I knocked 'im abaht?"

"We did," said the inspector. "But he let on just now that he could fight Charlesworth and lick 'im easy."

"Never. I can't, and it stands to reason he can't," said Booker.

"You'd like to see him try, I'll lay a quid," said the inspector.

"Wouldn't I just?" said Booker, eagerly. "Charlesworth would be nearly as good to 'im as six 'ard."

"If by any chance he licked Charlesworth I suppose you'd own you'd made a mistake about identifying him?" said the inspector, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, I would," said Booker. "I'd admire 'im so much that I'd forgive 'im."

"Right; then we'll arrange it if you'll say nothing about it afterwards," said the inspector. "It's all in the cause of justice, but the less said the better."

"I'll never mention it," said Booker. "I'm a sport, I am."

"Nor me, to be sure," said Smith, who

yearned to see Charlesworth reduced in his own opinion.

"It's all in the cause of justice," said Inspector Johnson, with a great air of pomp. "Our duty is to take no charge if we see our way, reasonably, to avoid takin' it."

"All the same, 'e's the cove," said Booker. "But let 'im lick Charlesworth and I'm game to say I never see 'im before."

"I'll send over to my brother," said Inspector Johnson, "and in 'arf an hour Charlesworth will be off duty. It's half-past one now."

And when the inspector had written a note and sent it over to the Hare and Hounds by the dirty hand of Mr. Booker, he went to see the Bishop.

"Have you arranged anything?" asked his lordship, anxiously.

"We 'ave," said the inspector. "It's all in the cause of law and justice."

"I'm sure of that," said the Bishop. "I hope you have come to the conclusion that our friend, whose name I understand to be Booker, is mistaken about me?"

"We're not that length yet, but we get along a bit," said the inspector. "Just now you let on that you could lick Charlesworth; do you still stand to it?"

"If it's the only way, I still stand to it, Inspector Johnson," said the Bishop.

"It's logic and reasonin' I'm goin' on," said the inspector.

"Very good things as far as they go," admitted the Bishop.

"And, as Booker owns, if you can lick Charlesworth, who can lick him, you can lick Booker. And if you can lick Booker, you ain't the man Booker licked. That stands to reason, don't it?" asked the inspector.

"It does," said the logical Bishop; "it is perfect logic."

"Then all you've got to do is to lick Charlesworth, and Booker will own he's mistook, and it will be my duty to let you out," said the inspector. "You'll do it?"

"Must I? Very well, I will, then," said the Bishop. "When must I do it?"

"In 'arf an hour," said the inspector; "and in the big room at the back of my brother's public-'ouse, the 'Are and 'Ounds, which is quite 'andy. And don't forget I'm putting a sovereign on you."

"I'll not forget that," said his lordship; "there's much at stake."

"Oh, I wouldn't go for to say a 'thick 'un' was a big stake," said the inspector; "but I know you'll lick him."

"Don't forget that I've already fought four men to-night," said his lordship.

"Ah, but you're in condition, and, between you and me, Charlesworth ain't. Too much beer," said the inspector, confidentially.

And he left the Bishop alone.

Ten minutes later he opened the door.

"Come on," he said, eagerly. "I've got it all fixed up, and I will be your second. Booker will look after Charlesworth, while my brother referees. And as the superintendent has just been in and gone in a mighty hurry, I'm all right."

In another minute they walked across Tooley Street and went down two side streets towards the Hare and Hounds. When they reached the public-house they found the inspector's brother waiting for them. He was a rubicund, rotund person who did not look as if the Budget had robbed him of a minute's sleep. But he was evidently ready to do without any amount of sleep for the sake of seeing a fight.

"Let's lose no time," said the inspector. "Where's Charlesworth?"

"Inside," said his brother; "this way, gentlemen."

He led them to the back of the house and ushered them into a room entirely bare of furniture, which looked as if it had often served the purpose they were going to use it for now. It was lighted by several strong incandescent lights overhead. Charlesworth was already in fighting trim. He and the Bishop looked at each other curiously.

"I'll second my man," said the inspector. "Booker will second Charlesworth; you're timekeeper and referee, Tom."

The Bishop took off his coat, or rather the coat which had been lent him at the station, tied a handkerchief tightly round his waist, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and asked for the gloves. After all, when he was looked at carefully it seemed that Bill and Ginger of Old Gravel Lane had done him no very serious damage, bar the fact that his left eye was somewhat swelled.

"Queensberry rules, gents," said Tom Johnson; "and don't forget there ain't to be no 'uggin' and wrastlin' 'ere. I gives the fight against the first that don't break away when I says so."

The Bishop and Charlesworth stood up and shook hands. Charlesworth believed that he had an easy thing in front of him. And as he did not like Johnson he meant to have the inspector's sovereign or perish. He felt that he had a great deal behind him, as it were—far more than a stray scallawag picked

out of the river could possibly have. This, of course, was where he was wrong. The Bishop had the Church at his back, and also, in a way, on his shoulders. In fact, so far as dire necessity may be a conquering factor, his lordship ought to have had as sure a thing of it as Charlesworth believed that he had himself.

Acting on this assumption, Charlesworth got to work with rapidity, and in the first round greatly flattered the hopes of his supporter and seconder, Booker.

"I swears to 'im—I hidentifies 'im easy!" cried Booker, when Charlesworth got home on the Bishop's cheek and made him stagger. "Go in and win, Charlesworth!"

"Dry up, Booker," said the referee, with his watch in his hand.

"All the same, I swears to 'im," said Booker; "I swears confident."

Nevertheless, though Charlesworth had a trifle the best of the first round, it was a surprise to Charlesworth and Booker that the other man so nearly held his own.

"He can box a bit," said Charlesworth to Booker as he sat in his corner.

"So 'e can, but you can belt 'im," said Booker. "I still swears to the bloke confident."

"Time's up," said Tom Johnson.

In the second round the Bishop recollected that Charlesworth, according to the inspector, drank too much beer. Acting on physiological principles, his lordship, who knew that his own head was very hard, took a rap or two there without flinching, and at last retorted with a right-hand cross-counter on the body, which made Charlesworth grunt curiously. For a while he fought with greater caution, and when the end of the round came he had recovered his wind.

"When the bloke copped you that one in the ribs I wasn't so sure I could swear to 'im," said Booker. "He's quicker now than 'e was. You sail in and knock 'im out."

Charlesworth was anxious to do this, but by now he had discovered that it was by no means so easy as he had hoped. His antagonist had been a little slow at first, but it was evident that he knew a deal about the game and had a very straight and powerful left. His wind, too, was excellent; he breathed once for Charlesworth's twice, and there was a curious smile on his face which betokened a growing confidence that Charlesworth hated to see there. He tried so hard to put that smile out in a tremendous rally that he actually knocked the Bishop down.

"I swears to 'im confident," roared Booker. But before Tom Johnson could count three the Bishop was on his feet again, and the round ended in a hurricane, in which he gave as good as he got.

"'Ow do you feel, sir?" asked the inspector.

"First-rate," said the Bishop, puffing just a little, but not half so much as Charlesworth.

"You've got him, then," said the inspector. "Force the fighting, sir, force it."

In the beginning of the next round, in which there was heavy "mixing" and some attempted hugging on the part of the constable, the Bishop did very well indeed.

"Dash me, if I can swear to 'im the way I thought I could," said Booker, dancing wildly in his corner. The Bishop danced too. He slipped out of impossible situations, he sidestepped like a professional, and avoided the desperate and cyclonic Charlesworth with much skill. And just as he was preparing to go in furiously the round came to an end.

"If you don't do better than this, Charlesworth," said Booker, severely, "I shall disidentify the bloke. There was times in this 'ere last round when I felt sure I'd never seed the cove afore, never knocked 'im abaht. 'E's pretty near got you beat."

"Oh, has he?" said Charlesworth, to whom this was a much-needed tonic. "We'll see about that."

"Time!" said Tom Johnson.

And Charlesworth rushed at the Bishop like a bull at a gate. He saw the Bishop clearly with the light shining in his face. The next moment he saw nothing and was not at all ambitious. In fact, he lay quite quietly in the middle of the room, with the Bishop over him.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," said Tom Johnson. And he closed his watch with a snap.

"I never seed that cove afore, inspector," said Booker. "I disidentifies 'im completely. Losh, what a knock-aht!"

They gathered round Charlesworth, who stirred at last. Booker knelt by him, and the constable opened his eyes and closed them again. Then he fumbled feebly about his shirt.

"I know what it is," said the inspector; "ain't it remarkable 'ow 'abit rules a man? The pore cove is feelin' for his whistle."

He was right.

"Where's my whistle?" asked Charlesworth, feebly. "Who's took it? Run and fetch my mate on point duty, my lad."

"I hope I haven't hurt you," said the Bishop.

"Who are you?" asked Charlesworth, feebly.

"I believe the poor fellow has forgotten about the fight," said his lordship. "This is what the medical faculty call retrograde amnesia, or so I am informed. It's very remarkable."

"Sir," said Inspector Johnson, "you're an honour to the profession. That last punch of yours was a treat—a fair treat!"

"I believe I am," said the Bishop, blandly. "I think I may say that I have only two superiors in England; and, on a technical point, I doubt whether one of them *is* my superior."

He referred to the two Archbishops, and on the technical point to his Grace of York.

"I'd love to know your real name," said Johnson; "the name you fights under."

"HE SIDE-STEPPED LIKE A PROFESSIONAL."

"Yus, so it was," said Booker, sliding into the conversation, "and I disidentifies yer."

"What?" asked his lordship.

"I disidentifies yer. Never seed yer afore. I made a fatal error. You ain't a bit like the cove I knocked abaht. 'E was big, but as slow as an old cow. You're a gent, you are!"

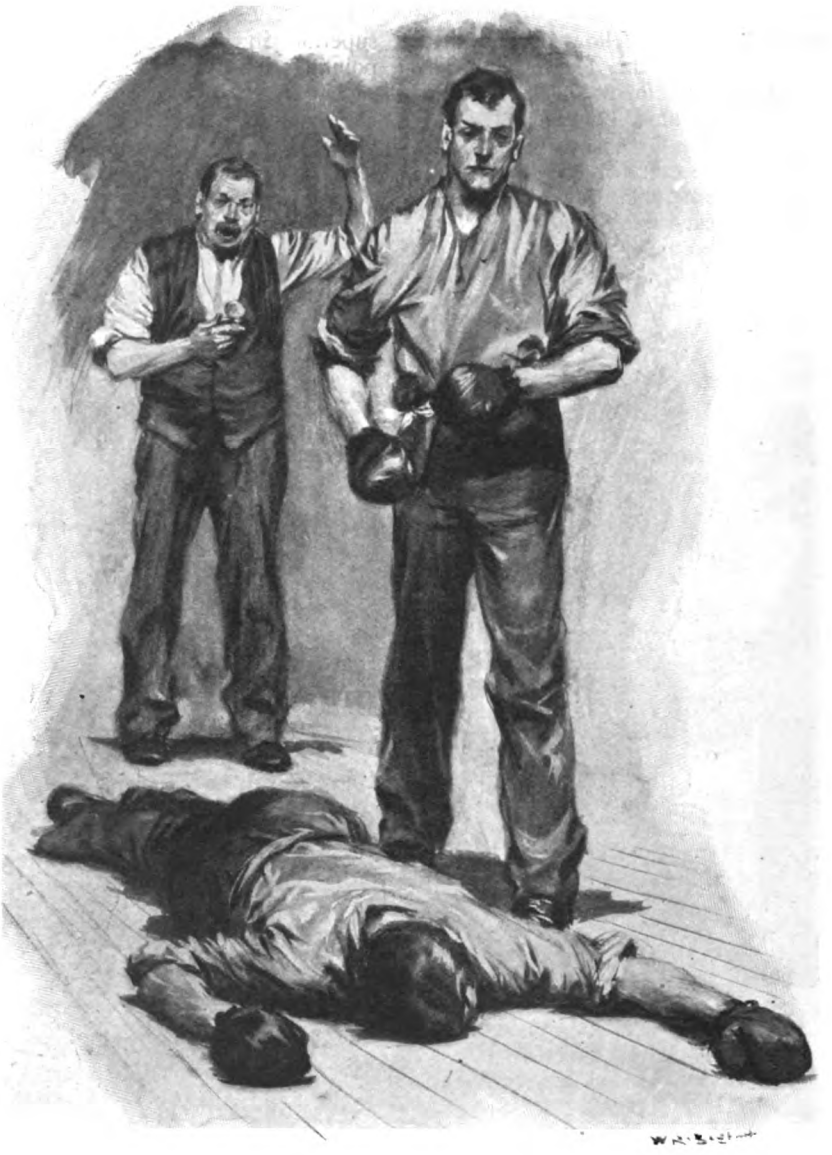
By now Charlesworth began to gather up his scattered senses. He sat up.

"You must be 'igh up in the profession," said Charlesworth, who was not a bad chap at bottom.

"I'm under a peculiar obligation not to reveal it, inspector," said his lordship, hastily, "but I should be glad if everyone here would have something to drink with me. Is it against the law, Mr. Johnson?"

"Sure," said the licensed victualler; "but considerin' the circumstances I don't mind bustin' that particular law to little bits."

"Nor me," said his brother, the inspector, "as all this 'as bin done for the sake of law and order and justice. Let this be a lesson to you, Booker, not to be 'asty in identifyin'



"HE LAY QUIETLY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, WITH THE BISHOP OVER HIM."

blokes in the dark when you're the worse for drink."

"Well, I disidentifies 'im," said Mr. Booker, "and a man can't say more. A cove may be mistook, but an honest cove owns up to it."

They had their drinks, and his lordship, taking the inspector aside, asked him if he thought that Charlesworth would feel offended if he gave him a couple of sovereigns.

"Try it," said the inspector; and his lordship did try it when Johnson returned him the money which they had taken from him at the police-station. Charlesworth was not in the least offended.

"It's been a most remarkable night," said the Bishop, "but I'm thinking what my wife will say."

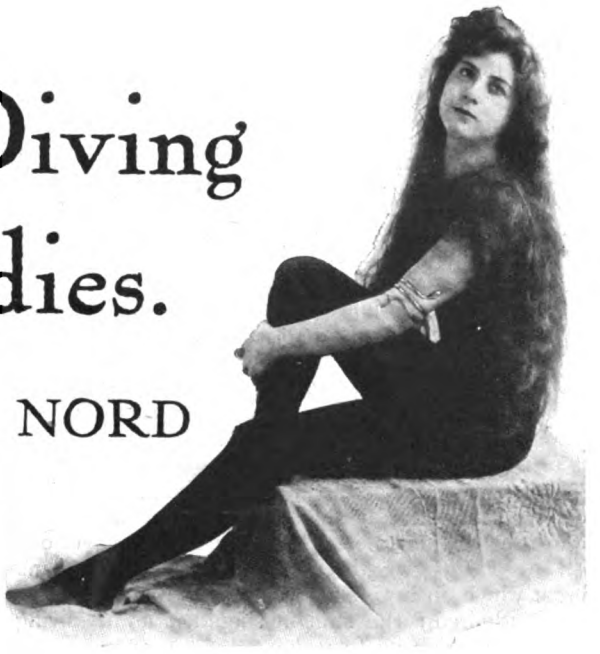
"She ought to be proud of you, sir," said the inspector.

"I believe she is already," said the Bishop.

Fancy Diving for Ladies.

By SERENE NORD

(The Champion Lady Diver of the World).



Miss Serene Nord, the champion lady diver of the world, who holds the record for a high dive of 97ft. *From a Photo. by* [*Bushnelf, San Francisco.*

In this article Miss Serene Nord, the champion lady diver of the world, who holds many records for diving and long-distance swimming, including the world's ladies' record for a high dive of ninety-seven feet, explains many effective diving feats for ladies which enthusiastic swimmers should be able to master after a little practice. She incidentally points out how a regular course of swimming and diving combined must exercise a most beneficial effect not only on the figure but also on the complexion. Miss Nord's life has been almost that of a mermaid. She was born in England, but soon after moved to Sweden, where she spent most of her early life. Ever since the age of five she has been taking her daily dips, and that it is her boast that she has never suffered a day's illness in her life would seem to suggest there is more than a little truth in her contention that a course of swimming and diving is an invaluable asset as a health tonic and restorative.

THAT an ounce of healthy exercise is frequently worth more than the contents of all the chemists' shops in the world as a health restorative has long been appreciated by all who possess athletic inclinations; and yet, strangely enough, until the last few years medical authorities seemed to have entirely overlooked the fact that swimming, practised with discretion, occupies a very high place—almost at the top of the tree, in fact—in the long list of recognized health cures and tonics.

At the same time, those who indulge in swimming regularly and those who, after a great deal of practice, succeed in becoming expert swimmers are prone to complain that, like walking, taken in long doses the exercise is apt to become somewhat boresome. And to a certain extent, no doubt, this complaint is justifiable, for when a swimmer, especially a lady swimmer, succeeds in becoming a thorough past-mistress of the art, it is, I think, only natural that she should sigh for —well, what shall I say?—"other waters to conquer."

Happily, however, there is no need for her to look around long for feats which will tax her skill in the water to the utmost, for, if she will turn her attention to diving, she will find that this pastime will provide her with ample scope for her energies. Indeed, I am not exaggerating when I say that to become a perfect, or maybe a nearly perfect, diver is an undertaking which calls for an amount of patience and practice which will give even the most enthusiastic swimmer plenty to "think of" for quite a long time to come, for to the list of attractive fancy dives there is practically no end. Still, although to become thoroughly proficient in some of these diving feats is a many years' study, there are, nevertheless, quite a number of fancy dives which any capable lady swimmer will be able to perform if she will only devote a certain amount of time every day, or every other day, as the case may be, to practising them.

This period of practice, too, will not be wasted, for, from the point of view of providing good health, and as an aid to beauty of both complexion and figure, swimming and diving combined, as exercises, have no equal. For example, they extend every muscle in the human body; and when I say "extend" I mean just that and no more. They pull every muscle of the body to its normal limit; not once, but again and again. And, fortunately, they do not jolt the muscles; neither do they build them up on the limbs, on the shoulders, or on the back in huge, unsightly bunches. On the contrary, they make for the perfect muscle—the long, pliable muscle which, while it has great strength and power of resistance, is never unsightly.

In particular, the combination of swimming and diving develops the muscles of the back, the shoulders, and the neck. Persisted in, it will inevitably give that beautifully-turned throat which, in a woman, is always so much to be admired; the straight shoulders and high chest which go to make the perfect figure in woman, and the strong back which assures correct carriage in walking and sitting.

By this time the hypercritical will doubtless be saying, "I wonder why, mademoiselle, you are telling me this? I should like to have some convincing proof from your own experience that your swimming and diving feats have really benefited you." Happily, I have plenty of such proofs. Indeed, I can say that, from a health point of view, I am "a diving example" of the truth of my contention, for, while I started swimming and diving at the age of five, and have indulged in daily bathing all the year round ever since, I have never had a day's illness in my life. I have also found that the frequent bathing which I have taken has enabled me to dispense with those many facial aids of the toilet which some women would seem to regard as indispensable in these somewhat artificial days.

When I sat down to write this article, at the express request of the Editor of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, I had intended to plunge direct into my subject—to dash into a description of various attractive fancy dives for ladies—at once. But then, being a woman, and therefore, I hope, knowing something of the various reasoning peculiarities usually to be found in my sex, a thought crossed my mind in a trice. "If I do that," I said to myself, "the only women who will follow my advice will be those who are athletically-inclined. The rest, who, by the way, would benefit most, will probably say, 'Oh, yes, fancy diving for women is all very well, but what good will it do me? It will probably ruin my complexion, and incidentally help to make me as muscular as a strong man. No; no fancy diving for me, thank you.'"

That, therefore, is my reason for having wandered off the "highways and byways" in order to try and prove to every lady reader of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, always providing, of course, she is normally healthy, that, while swimming may to a certain extent be monotonous, when it is combined with fancy diving it will be found not only an intensely interesting pastime, but also a real aid to health and beauty. A woman's features, maybe, she cannot make better by natural methods, but her complexion and figure will nevertheless always respond to the right treatment. And that "right treatment"—that best of all right treatments, in my opinion—lies in the combination of swimming and fancy diving.

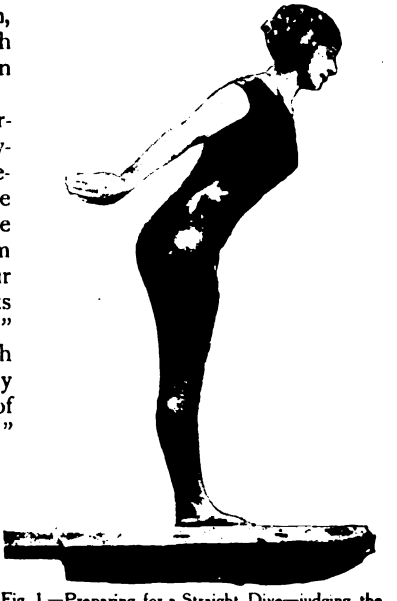


Fig. 1.—Preparing for a Straight Dive—judging the distance. Although many divers regard this dive as particularly easy, to do it perfectly requires long and protracted practice.
From a Photo. by F. G. Hodsoll.

And now to real serious business. I have selected from my repertoire, so to speak, of "fancy diving feats" various examples which, experience has taught me, appeal, as a rule, most strongly to the fair sex. The first of these is the Straight Dive (Fig. 1), which, by the way, many lady swimmers seem to regard as the easiest of all dives. This, however, is a great mistake. To "shuffle through" the Straight Dive, with figure contorted and legs and arms "all anyhow," is, naturally, not a difficult thing to do for anyone who can swim or dive at all. But to make anything like a perfect Straight Dive—for sheer grace I always think there is nothing quite like a perfect Straight

Dive—various hard and fast rules, which I have noticed are generally forgotten by the "casual diver," have to be carefully and faithfully observed.

The first and most important point a lady swimmer should observe when about to make a Straight Dive is to see to it that she has perfect control over all her muscles, and to be very careful when "taking off" from the spring-board to bear in mind that she must keep her feet together, and at the same time must always stretch every muscle to the full extent, for the cramped, "huddled-up-all-in-a-heap" Straight Dive is a horribly ugly thing to look at; it entirely and completely lacks grace of outline, and is altogether the acme of ugliness. When jumping off, too, the swimmer should do so not in a straight downward line towards the water, but rather at roughly about an angle of forty-five degrees, while when she strikes the water she should turn her hands upwards immediately she is underneath, so that, instead of diving "deep," she just dips gracefully into the water and rises again to the surface almost directly.

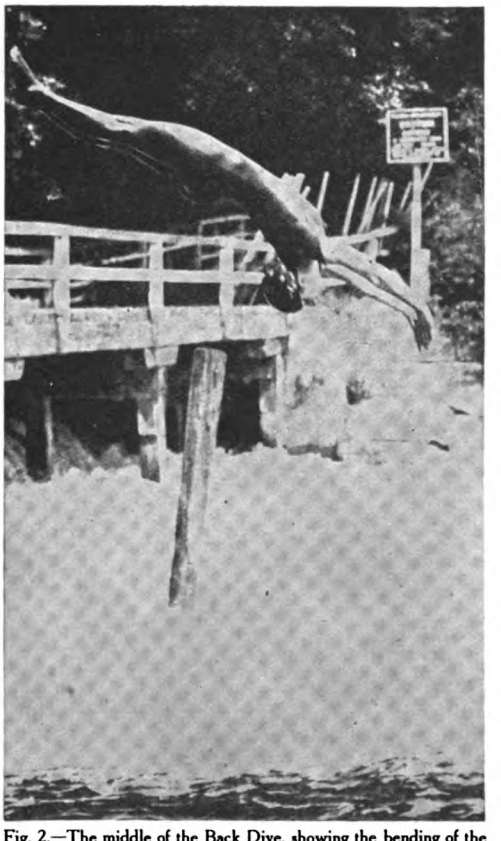


Fig. 2.—The middle of the Back Dive, showing the bending of the body as far back as possible.
From a Photo. by F. G. Hodsoll.

By the way, from a beginner's point of view, it is wise to practise from a spring-board about four feet high, which, as the diver becomes more proficient, may be increased to a height of, say, six or seven feet from the water. It is, I would point out, a fatal mistake when practising fancy dives to do so from a spring-board too close to the water, as the distance through which the diver has to pass in the air from board to water is so short that her style must inevitably become cramped in consequence.

Another dive which offers great scope for an exhibition of skill and grace is the Back Dive. In this the diver stands with her back to the water, feet together, and with heels just protruding over the edge of the board; her arms should be stretched out to right and left at an angle of about forty-five degrees. She then presses down on the spring-board and throws herself up in the air as high as possible, at the same time bending the body backwards and arching her back inwards, to form that graceful curve which is such an invaluable asset from the point of view of appearance on a woman's part. In hard print this may not be easy to understand, but a glance at the accompanying illustration (Fig. 2) will, I think, at once prove the value of the point I wish to emphasize.

If a lady diver will faithfully follow these directions, she will find that she will drop in a straight line towards the water—not at an angle of forty-five degrees, as in the Straight Dive; while, if she keeps her muscles rigid and legs and feet touching, she will make practically no splash at all. I would here point out that, at all costs, this dive should be practised in deep water, otherwise the swimmer is liable to hit the bottom, and, maybe, a little too hard at that. The Back Dive, of course, is by no means an easy one, but those who will bear in mind the directions I give should be able to master it in an elementary manner quite soon. I use the word "elementary" for the simple reason that, naturally enough, perfect finish, grace, and elegance will only follow on after a good deal of practice. This dive, however, is so effective from the point of view of the onlookers—in America it has captivated the heart of many a susceptible "seaside king"—that it is well worth while taking a deal of trouble to thoroughly master it.

Fig. 3.—The Hand-Spring Dive—first position. The diver sits on the spring-board with legs astride, facing the water.
From a Photo. by F. G. Hodsoll.

The Hand-Spring Dive is one of which I have always been particularly fond, for it appeals to me as providing an unusually effective spectacle. The diver sits astride on the spring-board, facing the water, with legs as straight as possible and feet pointing towards the water (Fig. 3). She then raises her body on the hands into the graceful pose shown in Fig. 4, and when in this position she pushes the board away from her, thereby obtaining sufficient leverage to turn almost a complete somersault, landing with feet perfectly straight in the water. I do not recommend the Hand-Spring Dive to beginners, for it is necessary to practise it time after time to perform it in an effective manner, but it is a feat which every really efficient diver should make a point of trying to be able to perform, as it exercises every muscle in the body in a manner which tends to straighten the figure and give grace and freedom of movement to the body.

And now, having described several serious fancy-diving feats, let me come to a comical, but none the less striking, dive. This has earned for itself the name of the "Australian Splash," and can be performed by any lady swimmer at the first time of trying. The diver takes a long run on the spring-board and jumps, in a sitting position, as high as possible in the air, with knees up to the chin, and with arms clasped around the knees, as shown in the accompanying illustration (Fig. 5). In this position she remains until she strikes the water, which, of course, she does with a deal of splash—hence the dive's sobriquet of "Australian."

Fig. 4.—The second position of the Hand-Spring Dive, showing the graceful pose the diver assumes just before turning over in a complete somersault and landing with feet perfectly straight in the water.
From a Photo. by Apeda Studio, New York.

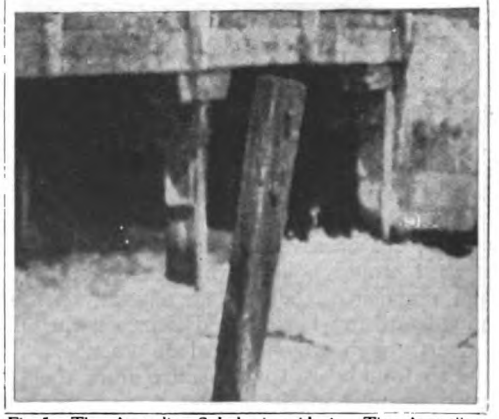


Fig. 5.—The Australian Splash—in mid air. The Australian Splash is merely a comical dive, although very effective. The diver takes a long run on the spring-board, and jumps in the air in the position shown in the above photograph.
From a Photo. by F. G. Hodsoll.

Curiously enough, although this diving feat can be so easily accomplished, it is far from well known or commonly practised among amateur swimmers, and on that account it is apt to create quite a sensation among those who use it for the first time. It also provides the diving beginner with an opportunity of acquiring something of a spurious reputation for skill—

a reputation, however, which is not likely to prove distasteful among those who do not possess sufficient patience to thoroughly master really difficult diving feats.

Within the past few months the name of Germany has cropped up a good deal both at home and abroad. It may be of interest, therefore, if I describe the German Dive, which, although not quite as simple as the alphabet, is, nevertheless, to be recommended to ladies as furnishing a particularly attractive aquatic feat. In this dive the lady swimmer stands with her back to the water, toes a few inches from the edge of the spring-board, and heels obtruding just over the end of the board (Fig. 6). When in this position she raises herself on her toes and throws herself out towards the water in a doubled position (Fig. 7). Immediately on leaving the board she stretches her legs out straight, and when near the water places her arms above her head, so that, providing she has thrown herself from the spring-board with sufficient force, she will reach the water in a perpendicular position (Figs. 8 and 9). As with the back—and, indeed, with all diving feats in which the aquatic artiste goes straight down—the German Dive should be practised in deep water.

Fig 6.—First position for the German Dive.
From a Photo. by F. G. Hodsoll.

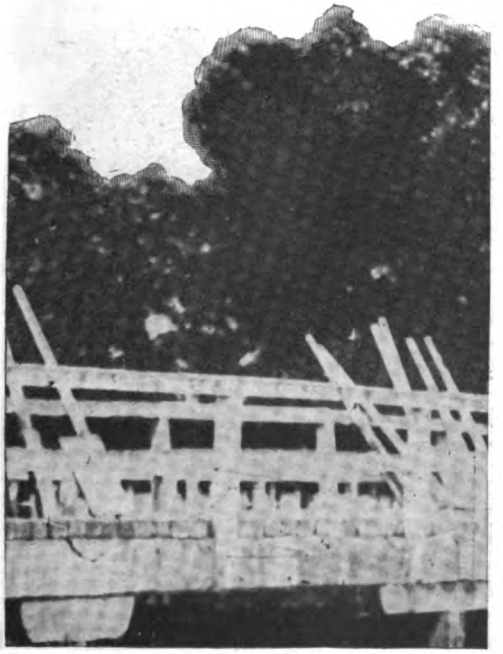


Fig. 7.—Second position in the German Dive, showing the diver in mid air, just before straightening out.
From a Photo. by F. G. Hodsoll.

Fig. 8.—The German Dive, showing the diver just disappearing into the water.
From a Photo by [*F. G. Hodsoll.*

Still, to a certain extent, I would point out that the depth of the water in which a lady swimmer should practise depends to a great

Fig. 9.—After the German Dive, just as the diver disappears in the water. Note the two splashes denoting the diver's legs and arms.
From a Photo. by [*F. G. Hodsoll.*

Fig. 10.—First position in the Swan Dive, with extended arms.
From a Photo. by F. G. Hodsoll.

extent on her prowess. Thus, with due humility, I would mention that some years ago, in Philadelphia, outside the Hippodrome, I dived from a platform sixty-five feet high into a tank only a little over four feet deep (Fig. 12). Illustrations of this feat are here given (Figs. 10 and 11). That showing me in the second position of the Swan Dive — so called because when in mid-air the diver assumes a pose very similar to that of a swan in full flight—will give readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE some idea of what I had to do. Let me, however, hasten to say that I do not mention this in any boastful spirit, for I should feel ashamed of myself indeed if, having been practising diving for over twelve years, I had not by this time thoroughly mastered the art. But, from a beginner's point of view, I would conscientiously suggest that it is at all times a fault on the right side to dive into water which may err on the side of deepness rather than into only a few feet of water—for it is only by practice that one learns to "put on the brake," so to speak, when finding oneself submerged.

I have noticed from time to time that, especially at the seaside, at public bathing entertainments, and even in bathing parties, the comical dive is invariably almost as popular as the really difficult and "advanced" dives. Before bringing this article to a close, therefore, I should like to describe one more "humorous" aquatic feat. This has earned for itself the name of the Standing-Sitting Dive. To perform it the swimmer stands on the spring-board, with figure erect, facing the water, toes just protruding over the edge of the board, and with legs together; in every perfect dive the legs should always be kept together—this is a hard, fast, and permanent rule. She then jumps straight up in the air, landing in a sitting position on the spring-board with such force that she is thrown up into the air again, when, by bending the body forward and straightening out the legs in a position similar to that practised in the Straight Dive, she will plunge into the water at an angle of about forty-five degrees. This dive, by the way, can be practised on a spring-board in a gymnasium, so that the would-be diver can learn exactly what impetus the board will give her to enable her on the rebound to curve in the air and reach the water at the required angle of forty-five degrees.

By the way, an effective "trick" on coming up to the surface of the water again after a dive is what is popularly known as the "Whirlpool." To give a sufficiently striking finish to this little feat the swimmer should pretend to be making direct for the landing-stage, when suddenly, to the surprise of the spectators, she is seen to stop and go round and round. Superficially, there would seem to be no reason for this, for she is surrounded by foam from the splashing water, and therefore those on dry land cannot see exactly what she

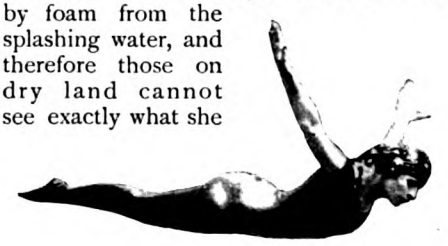


Fig. 11.—Second position in the Swan Dive, just after leaving the board.
From a Photo. by] [F. G. Hodsoll.

is doing. As a matter of fact, however, she has suddenly drawn her whole body into a sitting position with her knees up to her chin, while with the right hand just below the water in half circles and towards the body she moves it in rapid fashion, and with rapid and narrow strokes, while with her left arm and with wider strokes from left to right she describes at the same time a number of wide sweeps, the "advance" and "retreat" actions of which bring her to a standstill and propel her round and round in a manner which, to those who do not understand how it is done, must inevitably seem to border on the mysterious.

In conclusion, let me offer lady swimmers one or two golden rules which they should never fail to observe before starting on a series of fancy dives. In the first place, the lungs should be well cleared before diving by giving two or three hard coughs, or by forcing all the breath out of them; this empties them of all impure air which may be in the cells. They should then take two or three long breaths, which will expand them wider than they were before, and they will find that they can by this means remain much longer under water without breathing than in the ordinary way.

No lady swimmer should remain over-long in the water; it is a fatal mistake to stay in until "chilled through." When, therefore, the feeling of chill arises the swimmer would do well to go to her bathroom, take a shower if she feels equal to it, and then rub, and rub, and rub with the coarsest towels at her command. The cold water will have already brought the blood to the surface; the rubbing will help the blood to develop and course through the veins of the body more freely.

And, last but not least, the lady diver should never despair of attaining perfection. In graceful diving, as in the acquirement of perfection in every outdoor or indoor pastime, it is necessary to exercise a certain amount of patience, and, in my own case, I have practised some of the dives which I have described hundreds upon hundreds of times, always hoping by this means to attain additional grace. To lady swimmers I would, therefore, say: "Persist in your swimming, and very quickly you will find that you are beginning to improve. You will find it an excellent aid to skill to practise some of the exercises incidental to swimming in your own home, for, by lying prone upon the bed, or even on the floor, and going through, for a few minutes, the strokes of swimming with legs and arms, you will find very quickly that the exercise is giving a *vim* and resilience to the muscular system, the sensation of which is truly delightful."

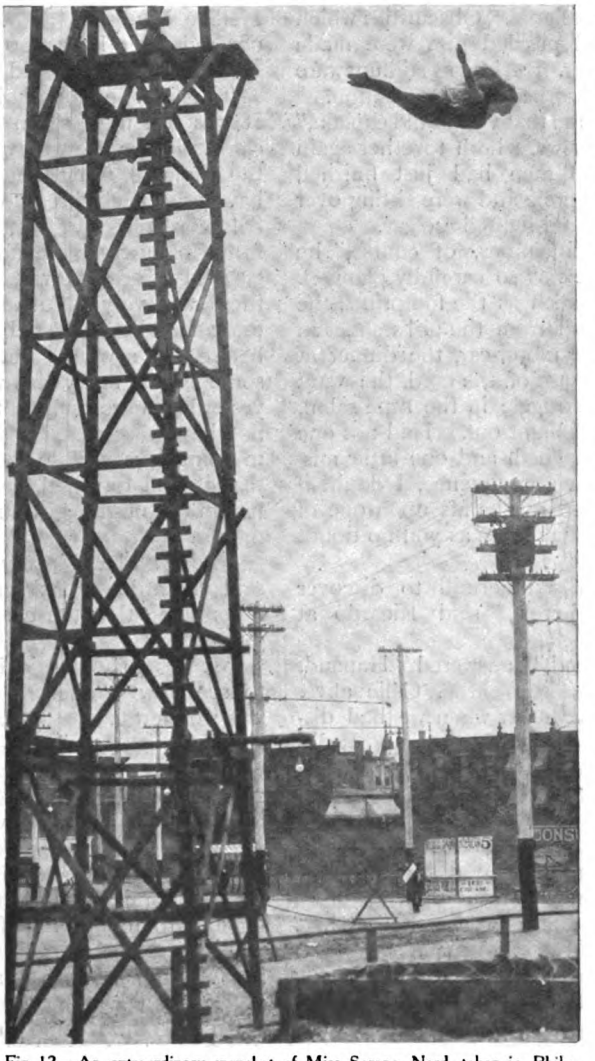


Fig. 12.—An extraordinary snapshot of Miss Serene Nord, taken in Philadelphia outside the Hippodrome. From a platform 65ft. high Miss Nord, who is here shown doing a Swan Dive just as she leaves the platform, dived into a tank below only a little over 4ft. deep.

From a Photograph.

The MURDER at the VILLA ROSE

by A. E. W. Mason

Illustrated by W. H. Margetson, R.I.

CHAPTER XXI.

HANAUD EXPLAINS.

THIS is the story as Mr. Ricardo wrote it out from the statement of Celia herself and the confession of Adèle Rossignol. Obscurities which had puzzled him were made clear. But he was still unaware how Hanaud had worked out the solution.

"You promised me that you would explain," he said, when they were both together again at Aix. The two men had just finished luncheon at the Cercle and were sitting over their coffee. Hanaud lighted a cigar.

"There were difficulties, of course," he said. "The crime was so carefully planned. The little details, such as the footprints, the absence of any mud from the girl's shoes in the carriage of the motor-car, the dinner at Annecy, the purchase of the cord, the want of any sign of a struggle in the little salon, were all carefully thought out. Had not one little accident happened, and one little mistake been made in consequence, I doubt if we should have laid our hands upon one of the gang. That mistake was, as you no doubt are fully aware——"

"The failure of Wethermill to discover Mme. Dauvray's jewels," said Ricardo at once.

"No, my friend," answered Hanaud. "That made them keep Mlle. Célie alive. It enabled us to save her when we had discovered the whereabouts of the gang. It did not help us very much to lay our hands upon them. No; the little accident which happened was the entrance of our friend Perrichet into the garden while the murderers were still in the room. Imagine that scene, Mr. Ricardo. The rage of the murderers at their inability to discover the plunder for which they had risked their necks, the old woman crumpled up on the floor against the wall, the girl writing laboriously with fettered arms 'I do not know' under threats of torture, and then in the stillness of the night the clear, tiny click of the gate and the measured, relentless footsteps. No wonder they were terrified in that dark room. What would be their one thought? Why, to get away—to come back perhaps later, when Mlle. Célie should have told them what, by the way, she did not know, but in any case to get away now. So they made their little mistake, and in their hurry they left the light burning in the room of Hélène Vauquier, and the murder was discovered seven hours too soon for them."

"Seven hours!" said Mr. Ricardo.

"Yes. The household did not rise early. It was not until seven that the charwoman came. It was she who was meant to discover the crime. By that time the motor-car would have been back three hours ago in its garage. Servettaz, the chauffeur, would have returned from Chambéry in the morning, he would have cleaned the car, he would have noticed that there was very little petrol in the tank, as there had been when he left it on the day before. He would not have noticed that some of his many tins which had been full yesterday were empty to-day. We should not have discovered that about four in the morning it was close to the Villa Rose and that it had travelled, between midnight and five in the morning, a hundred and fifty kilometres."

"But you had already guessed 'Geneva,'" said Ricardo. "At luncheon, before the news came that the car was found, you had guessed it."

"It was a shot," said Hanaud. "I wished to see how Wethermill would take it. He was wonderful."

"He sprang up."

"He betrayed nothing but surprise. You showed no less surprise than he did, my good friend. What I was looking for was one glance of fear. I did not get it."

"Yet you suspected him—even then you spoke of brains and audacity. You told him enough to hinder him from communicating with the red-haired woman in Geneva. You isolated him. Yes, you suspected him."

"Let us take the case from the beginning. When you first came to me, as I told you, the Commissaire had already been with me. There was an interesting piece of evidence already within his possession. Adolphe Ruel—who saw Wethermill and Vauquier

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together close by the Casino and overheard that cry of Wethermill's, 'It is true; I must have money!'—had already been with his story to the Commissaire. I knew it when Harry Wethermill came into the room to ask me to take up the case. That was a bold stroke, my friend. The chances were a hundred to one that I should not interrupt my holiday to take up a case because of your little dinner-party in London. Indeed, I should not have interrupted it had I not known Adolphe Ruel's story. As it was I could not resist. Wethermill's very audacity charmed me. Oh, yes, I felt that I must pit myself against him. So few criminals have spirit, M. Ricardo. It is deplorable how few. But Wethermill! See in what a fine position he would have been if only I had refused. He himself had been the first to call upon the first detective in France. And his argument! He loved Mlle. Célie. Therefore she must be innocent! How he stuck to it! People would have said, 'Love is blind,' and all the more they would have suspected Mlle. Célie. Yes, but they love the blind lover. Therefore all the more would it have been impossible for them to believe Harry Wethermill had any share in that grim crime."

Mr. Ricardo drew his chair closer in to the table.

"I will confess to you," he said, "that I thought Mlle. Célie was an accomplice."

"It is not surprising," said Hanaud. "Someone within the house was an accomplice—we start with that fact. The house had not been broken into. There was Mlle. Célie's record as Hélène Vauquier gave it to us, and a record obviously true. There was the fact that she had got rid of Servettaz. There was the maid upstairs very ill from the chloroform. What more likely than that Mlle. Célie had arranged a séance, and then when the lights were out had admitted the murderer through that convenient glass door?"

"There were, besides, the definite imprints of her shoes," said Mr. Ricardo.

"Yes, but that is precisely where I began to feel sure that she was innocent," replied Hanaud, dryly. "All the other footmarks had been so carefully scored and ploughed up that nothing could be made of them. Yet those little ones remained so definite, so easily identified, and I began to wonder why these, too, had not been cut up and stamped over. The murderers had taken, you see, an excess of precaution to throw the presumption of guilt upon Mlle. Célie rather than upon Vauquier. However, there the footsteps were. Mlle. Célie had sprung from the room as I described to Wethermill. But I was puzzled. Then in the room I found the torn-up sheet of notepaper with the words, 'Je ne sais pas,' in mademoiselle's handwriting. The words might have been spirit-writing—they might have meant anything—except what you, my dear friend, suggested. I put them away in my mind. But in the room the settee puzzled me. And again I was troubled—greatly troubled."

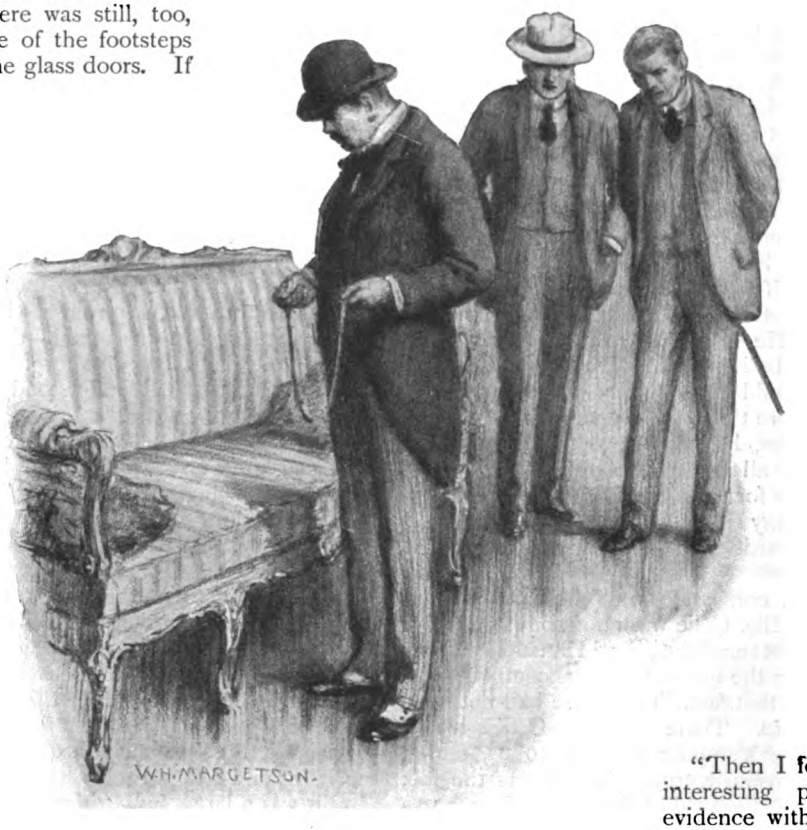
"Yes, I saw that."

"And not you alone," said Hanaud, with a smile. "Do you remember that loud cry he gave when we returned to the room and once more I stood before the settee? Oh, he turned it off very well. I had said that our criminals in France were not very gentle with their victims, and he pretended that it was his fear of what Mlle. Célie might be suffering which had torn that cry from his heart. But it was not so. He was afraid—deadly afraid—not for Mlle. Célie, but for himself. He was afraid that I had understood what those cushions had to tell me."

"What did they tell you?" asked Ricardo.

"You know now," said Hanaud. "There were two cushions, both indented, and indented in different ways. The one at the head was irregularly indented—something shaped had pressed upon it. It might have been a face—it might not; and there was a little brown stain which was fresh and which was blood. The second cushion had two separate impressions, and between them the cushion was forced up in a thin ridge; and these impressions were more definite. I measured the distance between the two cushions and I found this: that supposing—and it was a large supposition—the cushions had not been moved since those impressions were made, a girl of Mlle. Célie's height lying stretched out upon the sofa would have her face pressing down upon the one cushion and her feet and insteps upon the other. Now, the impressions upon the second cushion and the thin ridge between them were just the impressions which might have been made by a pair of shoes held close together. But that would not be a natural attitude for anyone, and the mark upon the head cushion was very deep. Supposing that my conjectures were true, then a woman would only lie like that because she was helpless, because she had been flung there, because she could not lift herself, because, in a word, her hands were tied behind her back and her feet fastened together. Well, then, follow this train of reasoning, my friend! Suppose my conjectures—and we had nothing but

conjectures to build upon—were true, the woman flung upon the sofa could not be Hélène Vauquier. For she would have said so; she could have had no reason for concealment. But it must be Mlle. Célie. There was the slit in the one cushion and the stain on the other which, of course, I had not accounted for. There was still, too, the puzzle of the footsteps outside the glass doors. If Mlle. Célie had been bound upon the sofa, how came she to run with her limbs free from the house? There was a question—a question not easy to answer."



"I MEASURED THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE TWO CUSHIONS."

"Yes," said Mr. Ricardo.

"Yes; but there was also another question. Suppose that Mlle. Célie was, after all, the victim, not the accomplice; suppose she had been flung tied upon the sofa; suppose that somehow the imprint of her shoes upon the ground had been made, and that she had afterwards been carried away, so that the maid might be cleared of all complicity—in that case it became intelligible why the other footprints were scored out and hers left. The presumption of guilt would fall upon her. There would be proof that she ran hurriedly from the room and sprang into a motor-car of her own free will. But, again, if that theory were true, then Hélène Vauquier was the accomplice and not Mlle. Célie."

"I follow that."

"Then I found an interesting piece of evidence with regard to the strange woman who came—I picked up a long red hair—a very important piece of evidence about which I thought it best to say nothing at all. It was not Mlle. Célie's hair, which is fair; nor Vauquier's, which is black; nor Mme. Dauvray's, which is dyed brown. It was, therefore, the visitor's. Well, we went upstairs to Mlle. Célie's room."

"Yes," said Mr. Ricardo, eagerly. "We are coming to the pot of cream."

"In that room we learnt that Hélène Vauquier, at her own request, had already paid it a visit. It is true the Commissaire said that he had kept his eye on her the whole time. But none the less from the window he saw me coming down the road, and that he could not have done, as I made

sure, unless he had turned his back upon Vauquier and leaned out of the window. Now at the time I had an open mind about Vauquier. On the whole I was inclined to think she had no share in the affair. But either she or Mlle. Célie had, and perhaps both. But one of them—yes. That was sure. Therefore I asked what drawers she touched after the Commissaire had leaned out of the window. For if she had any motive in wishing to visit the room she would have satisfied it when the Commissaire's back was turned. He pointed to a drawer, and I took out a dress and shook it, thinking that she may have wished to hide something. But nothing fell out. On the other hand, however, I saw some quite fresh grease-marks, made by fingers, and the marks were wet. I began to ask myself how it was that Hélène Vauquier, who had just been helped to dress by the nurse, had grease upon her fingers. Then I looked at a drawer which she had examined first of all. There were no grease-marks on the clothes she had turned over before the Commissaire leaned out of the window. Therefore it followed that during the few seconds when he was watching me she had touched grease. I looked about the room, and there on the dressing-table close by the chest of drawers was a pot of cold cream. That was the grease Hélène Vauquier had touched. And why? If not to hide some small thing in it which, firstly, she dared not keep in her own room; which, secondly, she wished to hide in the room of Mlle. Célie; and which, thirdly, she had not had an opportunity to hide before. Now bear those three conditions in mind, and tell me what the small thing was."

Mr. Ricardo nodded his head.

"I know now," he said. "You told me. The eardrops of Mlle. Célie. But I should not have guessed it at the time."

"Nor could I—at the time," said Hanaud. "I kept my open mind about Hélène Vauquier; but I locked the door and took the key. Then we went and heard Vauquier's story. The story was clever, because so much of it was obviously indisputably true. The account of the séances, of Mme. Dauvray's superstitions, her desire for an interview with Mme. de Montespan—such details are not invented. It was interesting, too, to know that there had been a séance planned for that night! The method of the murder began to be clear. So far she spoke the truth. But then she lied. Yes, she lied, and it was a bad lie, my friend. She told us that the strange woman, Adèle, had black hair. Now I carried in my pocket-book proof that that woman's hair was red. Why did she lie, except to make impossible the identification of that strange visitor? That was the first false step taken by Hélène Vauquier.

"Now let us take the second. I thought nothing of her rancour against Mlle. Célie. To me it was all very natural. She—the hard peasant woman, no longer young, who had been for years the confidential servant of Mme. Dauvray, and no doubt had taken her levy from the impostors who preyed upon the credulous mistress—certainly she would hate this young and pretty outcast whom she has to wait upon, whose hair she has to dress. Vauquier—she would hate her. But if by any chance she were in the plot—and the lie seemed to show she was—then the séances showed me new possibilities. For Hélène used to help Mlle. Célie. Suppose that the séance had taken place, that this sceptical visitor with the red hair professed herself dissatisfied with Vauquier's method of testing the medium, had suggested another way, Mlle. Célie could not object, and there she would be neatly and securely packed up beyond the power of offering any resistance before she could have a suspicion that things were wrong. It would be an easy little comedy to play. And if that were true—why, there were my sofa cushions partly explained."

"Yes, I see!" cried Ricardo, with enthusiasm. "You are wonderful."

Hanaud was not displeased with his companion's enthusiasm.

"But wait a moment. We have only conjectures so far, and one fact that Hélène Vauquier lied about the colour of the strange woman's hair. Now we get another fact. Mlle. Célie was wearing buckles on her shoes. And there is my slit in the sofa cushions. For when she is flung on to the sofa, what will she do? She will kick. Of course it is conjecture. I do not as yet hold pigheadedly to it. I am not yet sure that Mlle. Célie is innocent. I am willing at any moment to admit that facts contradict my theory. But, on the contrary, each fact that I discover helps it to take shape.

"Now I come to Hélène Vauquier's second mistake. On the evening when you saw Mlle. Célie in the garden behind the baccarat rooms you noticed that she wore no jewellery except a pair of diamond eardrops. In the photograph which Wethermill showed me, again she was wearing them.

Is it not, therefore, probable that she usually wore them? When I examined her room I found the case for those earrings—the case was empty. It was natural, then, to infer that she was wearing them when she came down to the séance."

"Yes."

"Well, I read a description—a carefully-written description—of the missing girl, made by Hélène Vauquier after an examination of the girl's wardrobe. There is no mention of the earrings. So I asked her—'Was she not wearing them?' Hélène Vauquier was taken by surprise. How should I know anything of Mlle. Célie's earrings? She hesitated. She did not quite know what answer to make. Now why? Since she herself dressed Mlle. Célie, and remembers so very well all she wore, why does she hesitate? Well, there is a reason. She does not know how much I know about those diamond eardrops, or whether we have not found them. Yet without knowing she cannot answer. So now we come back to our pot of cold cream."

"Yes!" cried Mr. Ricardo. "They were there. But how?"

"Wait a bit," said Hanaud. "Let us see how it works out. Remember the conditions. Vauquier has some small thing which she must hide, and which she wishes to hide in Mlle. Célie's room. For she admitted that it was her suggestion that she should look through mademoiselle's wardrobe. For what reason does she choose the girl's room, except that if the thing were discovered that would be the natural place for it? It is, then, something belonging to Mlle. Célie. There was a second condition we laid down. It was something Vauquier had not been able to hide before. It came, then, into her possession last night. Why could she not hide it last night? Because she was not alone. There were the man and the woman, her accomplices. It was something, then, which she was concerned in hiding from them. It is not rash to guess then that it was some piece of the plunder of which the other two would have claimed their share — and a piece of plunder belonging to Mlle. Célie. Well, she has nothing but the diamond eardrops. Suppose Vauquier is left alone to guard Mlle. Célie while the other two ransack Mme. Dauvray's room. She sees her chance. The girl cannot stir hand or foot to save herself. Vauquier tears the eardrops in a hurry from her ears—and there I have my drop of blood just where I should expect it to be. But now follow this! Vauquier hides the earrings in her pocket. She goes to bed in order to be chloroformed. She knows that it is very possible that her room will be searched before she regains consciousness, or before she is well enough to move. There is only one place to hide them in, only one place where they will be safe. In bed with her. But in the morning she must get rid of them, and a nurse is with her. Hence the excuse to go to Mlle. Célie's room. If the eardrops are found in the pot of cold cream, it would only be thought that Mlle. Célie had herself hidden them there for safety. Again it is conjecture, and I wish to make sure. So I tell Vauquier she can go away, and I leave her unwatched. I have her driven to the depôt instead of to her friends, and searched. Upon her is found the pot of cream, and in the cream Mlle. Célie's eardrops. She has slipped into Mlle. Célie's room, as, if my theory was correct, she would be sure to do, and put the pot of cream into her pocket. So I am now fairly sure that she is concerned in the murder.

"We then went to Mme. Dauvray's room and discovered her brilliants and her ornaments. At once the meaning of that agitated piece of handwriting of Mlle. Célie's becomes clear. She is asked where the jewels are hidden. She cannot answer, for her mouth, of course, is stopped. She has to write. Thus my conjectures get more and more support. And, mind this, one of the two women is guilty—Célie or Vauquier. My discoveries all fit in with the theory of Célie's innocence. But there remain the footprints, for which I found no explanation.

"You will remember I made you all promise silence as to the finding of Mme. Dauvray's jewellery. For I thought, if they have taken the girl away so that suspicion may fall on her and not on Vauquier, they mean to dispose of her. But they may keep her so long as they have a chance of finding out from her Mme. Dauvray's hiding-place. It was a small chance, but our only one. The moment the discovery of the jewellery was published the girl's fate was sealed, were my theory true.

"Then came our advertisement and Mme. Gobin's written testimony. Again I was puzzled. 'She ran lightly and quickly across the pavement into the house, as though she were afraid to be seen.' Those were the words, and the woman was obviously honest. What became of my theory then? The girl was free to run, free to stoop and pick up the train of her gown in her gloved hand, free

to shout for help in the open street if she wanted help. No; that I could not explain until that afternoon, when I saw Mlle. Célie's house. Well, there you have the explanation. I had only my theory to work upon even after Mme. Gobin's evidence. But as it

"SHE RAN LIGHTLY AND QUICKLY ACROSS THE PAVEMENT."

terror-stricken eyes fixed upon that flask, and poured a little out and burnt a hole in the sack. Then I understood well enough. The fear of vitriol!" Hanaud gave an uneasy shudder. "And it is enough to make anyone afraid! That I can tell you. No wonder she lay still as a mouse upon the sofa in the bedroom. No wonder she ran quickly into the

happened it was the right one. Meanwhile, of course, I made my inquiries into Wethermill's circumstances. My good friends in England helped me. They were precarious. He owed money in Aix, money at his hotel. We knew from the motor-car that the man we were searching for had returned to Aix. Things began to look black for Wethermill.

Then you gave me a little piece of information."

"I!" exclaimed Ricardo, with a start.

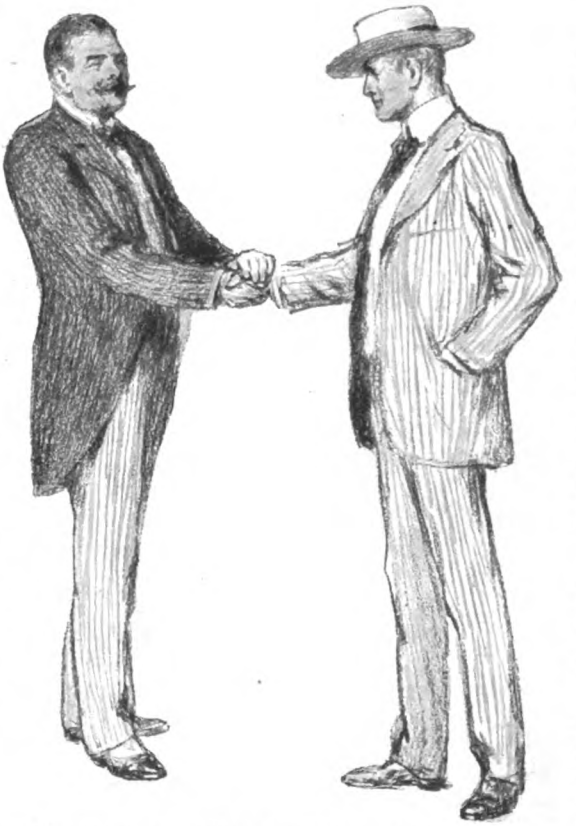
"Yes. You told me that you walked up to the hotel with Harry Wethermill on the night of the murder and separated just before ten. A glance into his rooms which I had—you will remember that when we had discovered the motor-car I suggested that we should go to Harry Wethermill's rooms and talk it over—that glance enabled me to see that he could very easily have got out of his room on to the veranda below and escaped from the hotel by the garden quite unseen. In a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes he could have reached the Villa Rose. He could have been in the salon before half-past ten, and that is just the hour which suited me perfectly. And, as he got out unnoticed, so he could return. So he did return! My friend, there are some interesting marks upon the window-sill of Wethermill's room and upon the pillar just beneath it. Take a look, M. Ricardo, when you return to your hotel. Oh, I had already evidence. But then came an overwhelming thing—the murder of Marthe Gobin. We know now how he did it. He walked beside the cab, put his head in at the window, asked, 'Have you come in answer to the advertisement?' and stabbed her straight to the heart through her dress with a long, thin knife. The dress would save him from being stained with her blood. He was in your room that morning, searching for a telegram in answer to your advertisement. He received one from Hippolyte Tacé at a little after one. He was like a fox in a cage, snapping at everyone, twisting vainly this way and that way, risking everything and everyone to save his precious neck. Marthe Gobin was in the way. She is killed. Mlle. Célie is a danger. So Mlle. Célie must be suppressed. And off goes a telegram to the Geneva paper, handed in by a waiter from the café at the station of Chambéry before five o'clock. Wethermill went to Chambéry that afternoon when we went to Geneva; and, of course, he was followed."

Hanaud leaned back in his chair.

"And now, my friend," said he, "let us talk of someone else. What of Mlle. Célie?"

Ricardo drew a letter from his pocket.

"I have a sister in London, a widow," he said. "She is kind. I, too, have been thinking of what will become of Mlle. Célie. I wrote to my sister, and here is her reply. Mlle. Célie will be very welcome."



"HANAUD STRETCHED OUT HIS HAND AND SHOOK RICARDO'S WARMLY."

Hanaud stretched out his hand and shook Ricardo's warmly.

"She will not, I think, be for very long a burden. She is young. She will recover from this shock. She is very pretty, very gentle. If—if no one comes forward whom she loves and who loves her—I—yes, I myself, who was her papa for one night, will be her husband for ever."

He laughed inordinately at his own joke. It was a habit of M. Hanaud's. Then he said, gravely:—

"But I am glad, M. Ricardo, for Mlle. Célie's sake that I came to your amusing dinner-party in London."

THE END.

The Fascination of Wave-Watching

By JOHN J. WARD, F.E.S.,

Author of "Peeps into Nature's Ways," etc. Illustrated from Photographs by the Author.

TO those who only occasionally visit the sea-shore, watching the waves invariably proves a source of entertainment. They are enchanted though no mighty billows attract the eye; the infinite variety of ordinary waves that occur with normal winds is marvellously enjoyable as they roll towards the shore. Indeed, it is by means of the latter that we can best understand why the surface of the sea is ever changing its form.

Properly to appreciate what is happening we have to realize that there is an endless conflict going on between two seas—a sea of air and a sea of water. The bottom of the immense sea of air rests on the surface of the water, and the latter, of course, resists any change in its natural level. The air surface, in contact with the water, likewise tends to keep its pressure equal, but is continually disturbed by currents of more or less dense air moving above it. Direct heat from the sun causes the air in particular parts to become heated and, consequently, to expand; while in those parts where the air is protected from the heat of the sun it cools and contracts, this variation in density setting up currents in the air; or, in other words, causing a wind to blow.

It is obvious that the slightest disturbance of the surface of the water necessarily affects the pressure on the air above it, and *vice versa*. Indeed, invisible waves occur in the air simultaneously with those of the water. A stone thrown into a pond well illustrates this point. The moment the stone enters the water a hole is formed, into which the air immediately rushes. The water, however, forcibly resists this intrusion of the air, and promptly closes up the hole. Not only is the hole filled up again, but the water rushes back with so much energy that it heaps up the hollow to overflowing, and the water again falls back in a less degree. In this way a series of constantly-decreasing vibrations is set up and a wave-motion is propagated, visible on the surface of the pond as concentric, expanding circles.

It should be observed that the ripples or waves that run to the banks of the pond are not, as they appear to be, ridges of water forced forward by the fall of the stone. The water that was disturbed was, as previously explained, immediately required to fill up the hole made by the falling stone. What has passed through the water was a form of energy, expended by the water in its efforts to resist being made unlevel by the disturbing stone. On a windy day, when looking at a standing field of ripe wheat, a rift or air-wave will sometimes be seen to quickly cross the whole field, yet it does not convey any of the heads of corn before it. The wave appearance is produced by the bending down and springing up in turn of each row of corn.

Now, a water-wave exhibits a similar kind of energy, but of a more complex character, and in its progress over the surface it is continually imparting wave-energy to the water-particles immediately in front of it, and in this way the wave is destined to convey its energy forward until it meets with some stronger force that is able to disperse it, or is exhausted with friction of the water-particles.

On watching a floating object that meets a wave it will be observed that the wave passes by it, simply causing it to bob up and down. The object is pushed forward and then pulled back again in a circular movement, so that the water in which it floats remains in practically the same place as before the wave passed, although it has taken its part in conveying the energy of the wave.

From what has been stated it will be obvious that a sudden atmospheric disturbance that produces strong winds at any given spot at sea would set up wave-oscillations, and that these would go on accumulating while the storm lasted, travelling away from the centre of the disturbance in all directions. In this way a heavy sea may occur at places where little or no wind is blowing, the waves reaching the shore considerably in advance of the distant storm-centre, and often giving warning of its approach.

One might anticipate that when waves

FIG. 1.—A WAVE APPROACHING THE ROCK AND BEING MET BY A RETURNING WAVE.

FIG. 2.—THE WAVES MEET AND A THIRD WAVE APPROACHES.

FIG. 3.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE THIRD WAVE.

produced by different causes meet they would both become disturbed, or that they would unite. Such, however, is not the case, although it is possible under certain conditions for two waves to nullify each other. That occurrence, though, in sea-waves, is rare, and usually, after the waves have encountered, each one is seen to be pursuing its individual course as if no interruption had taken place.

Those who watch the waves may discover many interesting points regarding the various forms that occur from time to time. Any spot on the coast will serve for the purpose of their study, although it should be observed that the position selected will largely influence the form of the waves — a feature that the accompanying illustrations will make clear.

In Fig. 1 is shown a "choppy" sea, with waves rolling in from the Atlantic towards the shore. In the distant sea the waves seem insignificant, but as they near the shore they appear to become suddenly larger and more powerful. What really happens is that while in the open and deep water the wave can travel unimpeded; on

FIG. 4.—THE CURLING PORTION OF THE WAVE IN FIG. 3 ENLARGED.

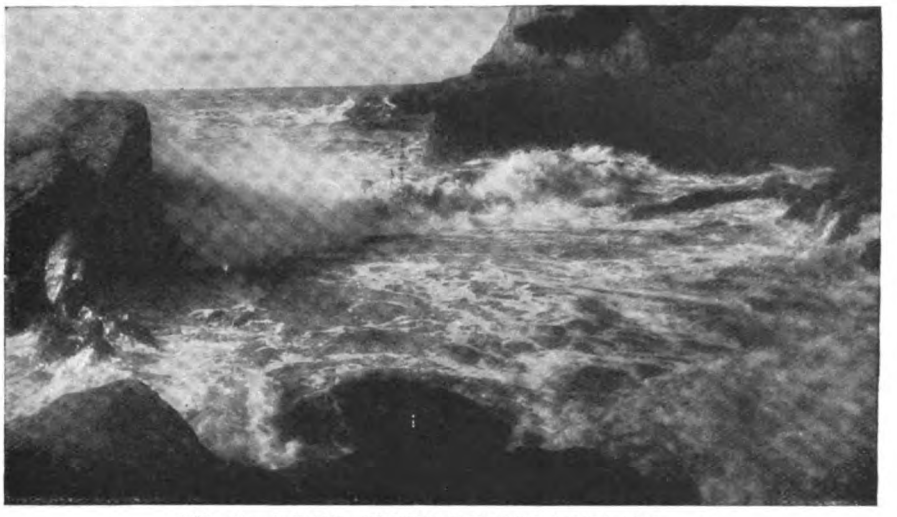


FIG. 5.—A WAVE RUSHING BETWEEN ROCKS AND——

nearing the land its progress is hindered. The wave finds itself driven into a bay or some narrow gulf that breaks its line and consequently concentrates its energy. In this way it increases in size until it breaks. Fig. 1 shows a wave approaching in this manner and being met by a returning wave that has already broken on the shore. The result of this is shown in Fig. 2.

larger and stronger wave has approached, and the energy of this wave seems to have been largely concentrated on the central rock, the result of which is shown in Fig. 3. The photograph clearly depicts that part of the water which has struck the rock thrown upwards into the air and just in the act of curling over and breaking into spray.

In Fig. 4 this simple curling wave is shown

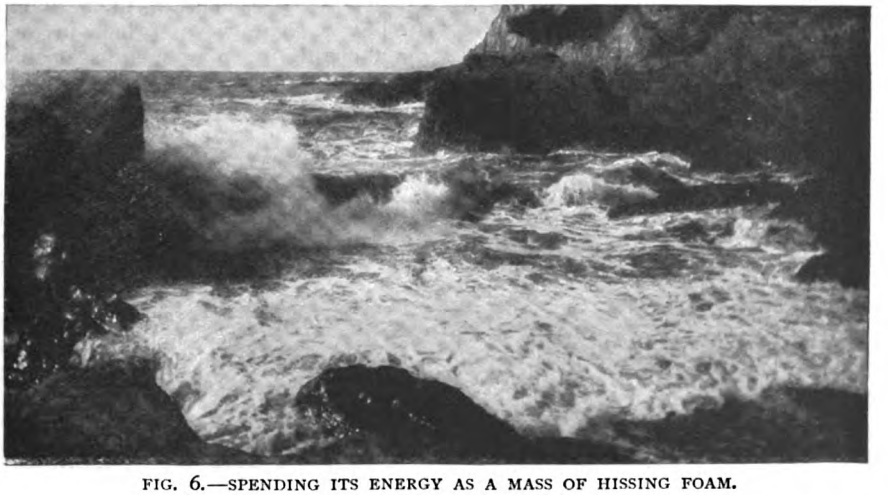


FIG. 6.—SPENDING ITS ENERGY AS A MASS OF HISSING FOAM.

The returning rush of water, combined with that of the broken incoming wave, has raised the surface-level so that it almost covers the projecting pieces of rock, and the remaining energy of the wave has produced a shower of spray by impact with part of the rock. Before the volume of water produced by the two broken waves has again subsided another more in detail, and it well illustrates why huge waves can do so much damage to coast structures. Although the photograph only really shows a shower of spray, yet, by the form which the water has assumed, it is easy to see that it was propelled with an immense force. If, then, we take into consideration the fact that a cubic yard of water

FIG. 7.—WAVES THAT BREAK IN SHALLOW WATER NEAR THE ROCKS.

weighs about three-quarters of a ton, and that a moderate storm-wave may occupy a mass of water weighing many hundreds of tons and possess the energy of an express train, it is not surprising that such masses of water, hurled with so much force against sea-walls, piers, etc., should cause damage.

In Fig. 5 is shown a wave some part of which, instead of finishing its course by meeting a rock, as in the previous case, rushes between the rocks into a more open space. At the side where the water comes in contact with the rock it is seen breaking into spray, but near the centre the volume of water pours through with a rush, though its progress is hindered by water returning from the breaking of a previous wave. The result of that hindrance, together with the resistance of the shallow water, is shown in Fig. 6, where the wave is seen in the act of breaking and its energy being spent in a mass of hissing foam. It will be seen, therefore, that the energy of motion contained in a wave that strikes a rock terminates in the uplifting of the water and a shower of spray, the volume of water that is raised of course depending on the size and pressure of the wave; while the energy of a wave that finishes its course on a flat or sloping shore is spent in friction with the sand or shingle.

In a similar manner waves that have travelled over deep water break when the depth of water beneath them diminishes. In Fig. 7 some waves (which in the open sea above the deep water are scarcely recognizable) are shown breaking as they reach shallow water near the rocks. In this way mariners, by the presence of such "breakers," are warned that some sandbank or shallow is being approached, even when no rocks are visible.

Even through what we may term a perfectly calm sea, waves are continually travelling, although they are scarcely noticeable until they reach the shore. Fig. 8 supplies an excellent illustration. A stretch of calm sea is shown with waves gently breaking on the sloping shore. The photograph shown in Fig. 9 tells a very different story. In the latter case powerful waves are regularly arriving and breaking with equal vigour; indeed, it is the "ground-

FIG. 8.—THE WAVES THAT ROLL TO SHORE FROM A CALM SEA.

swell" that tells of the far-off storm from which they have travelled.

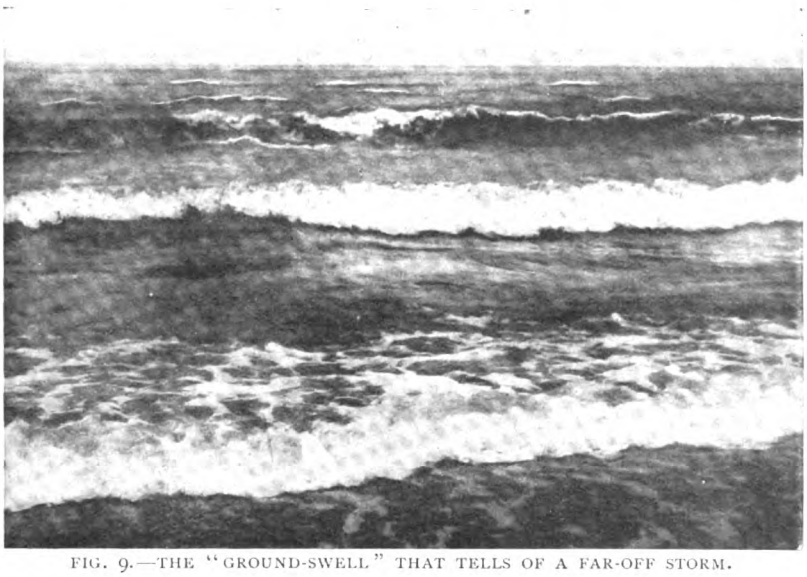


FIG. 9.—THE "GROUND-SWELL" THAT TELLS OF A FAR-OFF STORM.

In both the last-mentioned cases the breaking of the waves arises from the same cause. As they reach the shore they get steeper on the land side, owing to the fact that the particles of water influenced by the wave are, like floating objects that a wave overtakes, agitated by a circular movement, and, while in the deep water this movement is unimpeded, in shallower water friction of the particles occurs in the lower part of the wave. This friction causes the upper part of the wave to travel more rapidly than the lower, until the water rises and topples over. Thus the curling of the wave comes about, and, as previously explained, the breaking of the wave on a rock is but an exaggeration of the same features.

A sea without waves is an impossible thing. In Fig. 10 is shown what one might conventionally term a "calm" sea, but its surface is seen to be covered with little wavelets. Even a passing steamboat will set up a wave-motion similar to that produced by wind, and these oscillations will last for long periods of time. Dr. Forel, of Lausanne, in the course of some interesting experiments on Lake Geneva, showed that a lake-steamer created wave-vibrations that would persist for more than two hours after the movement of the boat had ceased—a very remarkable fact when one comes to think of it.

From what has been written here it is plain that there are more wonders in the waves than their mere forms which so fascinate the eye by their infinite variety. It should also be added that huge waves have not been considered here, for the reason that they are only exaggerated forms of those here illustrated, and the simpler forms show more clearly what is happening.

For the purpose of making my meaning clear I have, in the course of this article, frequently used the words "seen" and "watch" with regard to waves. A final thought, however, for those who "watch" the waves is that no man has ever seen a wave. A sea-wave is not a *thing* that can be seen or photographed, but is a *condition of the sea;* the water agitated by the wave may be seen, but the wave remains invisible. And its mysterious power, like the forces of magnetism, electricity, and gravitation, is something which the light of science has yet to penetrate.

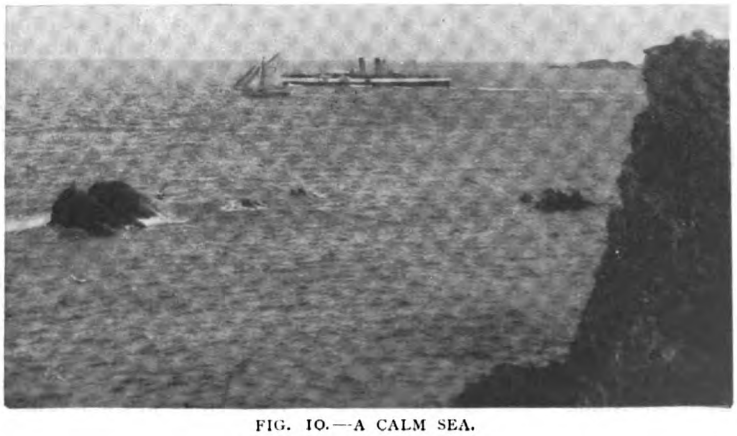


FIG. 10.—A CALM SEA.

"Love Me, Love My Dog."

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Harry Rountree.

AFTER five minutes of silent and intense thought, John Barton gave out the statement that the moonlight on the terrace was pretty. Aline Ellison said, "Yes, very pretty."

"But, I say, by Jove," said a voice behind them, "you should see some of the moonlight effects on the Mediterranean, Barton. You really should. They would appeal to you. There is nothing like them, is there, Miss Ellison?"

Homicidal feelings surged up within John's bosom. This was the fourth time that day that Lord Bertie Fendall had interrupted just as he had got Aline alone. It was maddening. Man, in his dealings with the more attractive of the opposite sex, is either a buzzer or a thinker. John was a thinker. In ordinary circumstances a tolerable conversationalist, he became, when in the presence of Aline Ellison, a thinker of the most pronounced type, practically incapable of speech. What he wanted was time. He was not one of your rapid wooers, who meet a girl at dinner on Monday, give her their photograph on Tuesday morning, and propose on Tuesday afternoon. It took him a long while to get really started. He was luggage, not express. But he had perseverance, and, provided the line was kept clear, was bound to get somewhere in the end.

The advent of Lord Bertie had blocked the line. From the moment when Mr. Keith, their host, had returned from London bringing with him the son and heir of the Earl of Stockleigh, John's manœuvres had received a check. Until then he had had Aline to himself, and all that had troubled him had been his inability to speak. He had gone dumbly round the links with her, rowed her silently on the lake, and sat by in mute admiration while she played waltz tunes after dinner. It had not been unmixed happiness, but at least there had been no competition. But in Lord Bertie he had a rival, and a rival who was a buzzer. Lord Bertie had the gift of conversation, and a course of travel had provided him with material for small-talk. Aline, her father being rich and her mother a sort of female Ulysses, had gone over much of the ground which Lord Bertie had covered; and the animation with which she exchanged views of European travel with him made John moist with agony. John was no fool, but he had never penetrated farther into the heart of the Continent than Paris; and in conversations dealing with the view from the summit of the Jungfrau, or the paintings of obscure Dagoes in Florentine picture-galleries, this handicapped him.

On the present occasion he accepted defeat with moody resignation. His opportunity had gone. The conversation was now dealing with Monte Carlo, and Lord Bertie had plainly come to stay. His high-pitched voice rattled on and on. Aline seemed absorbed.

With a muttered excuse John turned into the house. It was hard. To-morrow he was leaving for London owing to the sudden illness of his partner. True, he would be coming back in a week or so, but in that time the worst would probably have happened. He went to bed so dispirited that, stubbing his toe against a chair in the dark, he merely sighed.

As he paced the terrace after breakfast, waiting for the motor, Keggs, the Keiths' butler, approached.

At the beginning of his visit Keggs had inspired John with an awe amounting at times to positive discomfort. John was a big, broad-shouldered young man, and his hands and feet were built to scale. But no hands and feet outside of a freak museum could have been one half as large as his seemed to be in the earlier days of his acquaintanceship with Keggs. He had suffered terribly under the butler's dignified gaze, until one morning the latter, with the air of a high priest conferring with an underling on some point of ritual, had asked him whether, in his opinion, he would be doing

rightly in putting his shirt on Mumblin' Mose in a forthcoming handicap, as he had been advised to do by a metropolitan friend who claimed to be in the confidence of the trainer. John, recovering from the shock, answered in the affirmative; and a long and stately exchange of ideas on the subject of Current tranquilly, as if he were naming some customary and recognized occupation for bulldogs.

"Gruffling at——? What!"

"'Is lordship, sir, 'ave climbed a tree, and Reuben is at the foot, gruffling at 'im, very fierce."

"HE HAD GONE DUMBLY ROUND THE LINKS WITH HER."

Form ensued. At dinner, a few days later, the butler, leaning over John to help him to sherry, murmured softly:—

"Romped 'ome, sir, thanking *you*, sir," and from that moment had intimated by his manner that John might consider himself promoted to the rank of an equal and a friend.

"Excuse me, sir," said the butler, "but Frederick, who 'as charge of your packing, desired me to ask you what arrangements you wished made with regard to the dog, sir."

The animal in question was a beautiful bulldog, Reuben by name. John had brought him to the country at the special request of Aline, who had met him in London and fallen an instant victim to his rugged charms.

"The dog?" he said. "Oh, yes. Tell Frederick to put his leash on. Where is he?"

"Frederick, sir?"

"No, Reuben."

"Gruffling at 'is lordship, sir," said Keggs,

John stared.

"'Is lordship, sir," continued Keggs, "'as always been uncommon afraid of dogs, from boy'ood up. I 'ad the honour to be employed has butler some years ago by 'is father, Lord Stockleigh, and was enabled at that time to observe Lord 'Erbert's extreme aversion for animals of that description. 'Is uneasiness in the presence of even 'er ladyship's toy Pomeranian was 'ighly marked and much commented on in the servants' 'all."

"So you had met Lord Herbert before?"

"I was butler at the Castle a matter of six years, sir."

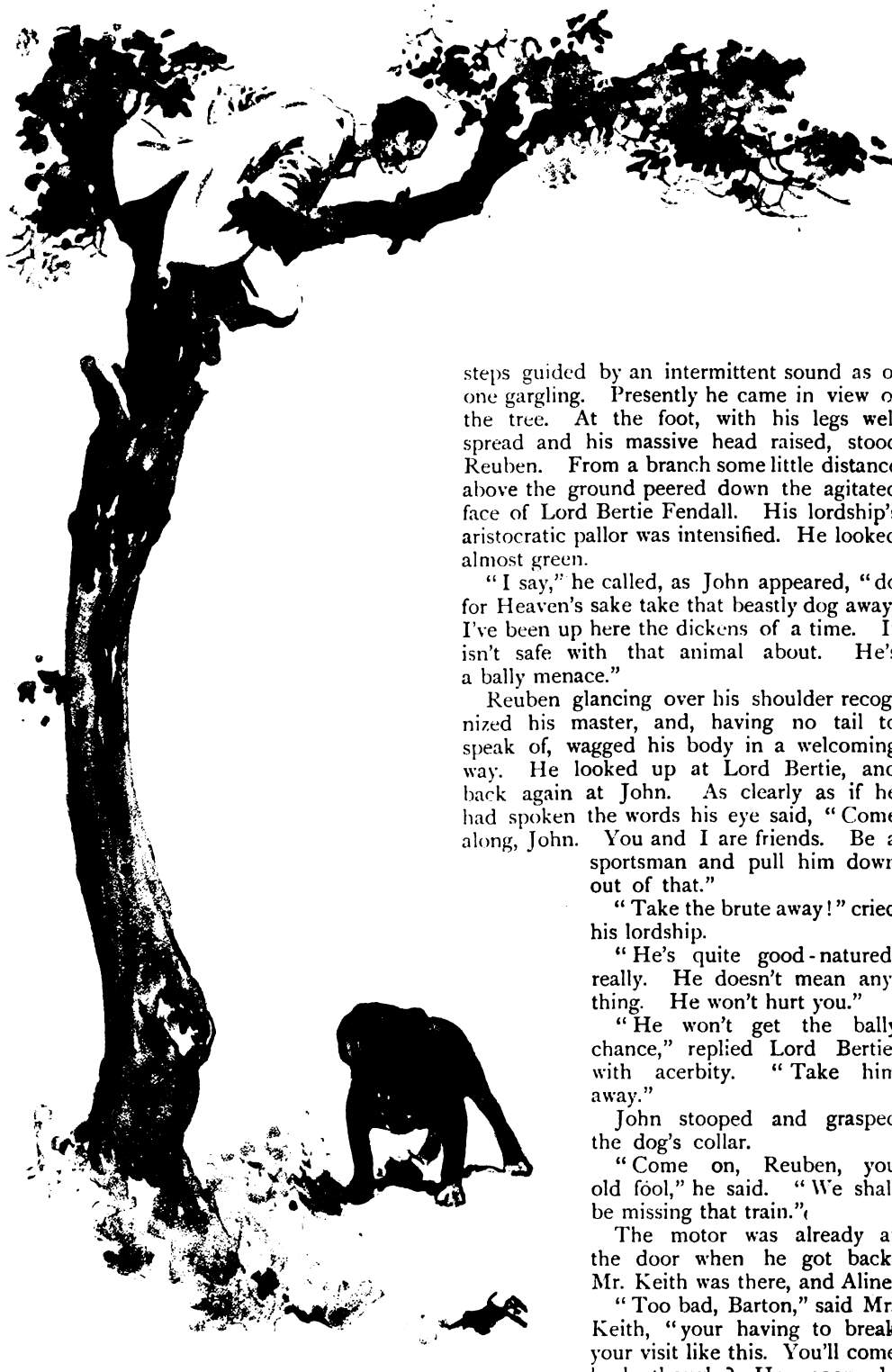
"Well," said John, with some reluctance, "I suppose we must get him out of that tree. Fancy being afraid of old Reuben! Why, he wouldn't hurt a fly."

"'E 'ave took an uncommon dislike to 'is lordship, sir," said Keggs.

"Where's the tree?"

"At the lower hend of the terrace, sir. Beyond the nood statoo, sir."

John ran in the direction indicated, his



'FROM A BRANCH SOME LITTLE DISTANCE ABOVE THE GROUND PEERED DOWN THE AGITATED FACE OF LORD BERTIE FENDALL."

steps guided by an intermittent sound as of one gargling. Presently he came in view of the tree. At the foot, with his legs well spread and his massive head raised, stood Reuben. From a branch some little distance above the ground peered down the agitated face of Lord Bertie Fendall. His lordship's aristocratic pallor was intensified. He looked almost green.

"I say," he called, as John appeared, "do for Heaven's sake take that beastly dog away. I've been up here the dickens of a time. It isn't safe with that animal about. He's a bally menace."

Reuben glancing over his shoulder recognized his master, and, having no tail to speak of, wagged his body in a welcoming way. He looked up at Lord Bertie, and back again at John. As clearly as if he had spoken the words his eye said, "Come along, John. You and I are friends. Be a sportsman and pull him down out of that."

"Take the brute away!" cried his lordship.

"He's quite good-natured, really. He doesn't mean anything. He won't hurt you."

"He won't get the bally chance," replied Lord Bertie, with acerbity. "Take him away."

John stooped and grasped the dog's collar.

"Come on, Reuben, you old fool," he said. "We shall be missing that train."

The motor was already at the door when he got back. Mr. Keith was there, and Aline.

"Too bad, Barton," said Mr. Keith, "your having to break your visit like this. You'll come back, though? How soon, do you think?"

"Inside of two weeks, I hope," said John. "Hammond has had these influenza attacks before. They never last long. Have you seen Reuben's leash anywhere?"

Aline Ellison uttered a cry of anguish.

"Oh, you aren't taking Reuben, Mr. Barton! You can't! You mustn't! Mr. Keith, don't let him. Come to auntie, Reuben, darling. Mr. Barton, if you take my precious Reuben away I'll never speak to you again."

John looked at her, and gulped.

He cleared his throat.

What he wanted to say was: "Miss Ellison, your lightest wish is law. I love you—not with the weak two-by-four imitation of affection such as may be offered to you by certain knock-kneed members of the Peerage, but with a great, broad, deep, throbbing love such as the world has never known. Take Reuben. You have my heart, my soul; shall I deny you a dog? Take Reuben. And when you look upon him, think, if but for a moment, of one who, though far away, is thinking, thinking always of you. Miss Ellison, good-bye!"

What he said was: "Er, I——"

And that, mind you, was pretty good going for John.

"Oh, thank you!" cried Aline. "Thank you so much, Mr. Barton. It's perfectly sweet of you, and I'll take such care of him. I won't let him out of my sight for a minute."

". . ." said John, brightly.

Mathematicians among my readers do not need to be informed that ". . ." is the algebraical sign representing a blend of wheeze, croak, and hiccough.

And the motor rolled off.

It was about an hour later that Lord Bertie Fendall, finding Aline seated under the shade of the trees, came to a halt beside her.

"Barton went off in the car just now, didn't he?" he inquired, casually.

"Yes," said Aline.

Lord Bertie drew a deep breath of relief. At last he could walk abroad without the feeling that at any moment that infernal dog might charge out at him from round the next corner. With a light heart he dropped into a chair beside Aline, and began to buzz.

"Do you know, Miss Ellison——"

A short cough immediately behind him made him look round. His voice trailed off. His eyeglass fell with a jerk and bounded on the end of its cord. He sprang to his feet.

"Oh, there you are, Reuben," said Aline. "Here, come here. What have you been doing to your nose? It's all muddy. Aren't you fond of dogs, Lord Herbert? I love them."

"Eh? I beg your pardon?" said his lordship, revolving warily on his own axis, as the animal lumbered past him. "Oh, yes. Yes. That is to say—oh, yes. Very."

Aline was removing the mud from Reuben's nose with the corner of her pocket-handkerchief.

"Don't you think you can generally tell a man's character by whether dogs take to him or not? They have such wonderful instinct."

"Wonderful," agreed his lordship, meeting Reuben's rolling eye and looking hastily away.

"Mr. Barton was going to take Reuben with him, but that would have been silly for such a short while, wouldn't it?"

"Yes. Oh, yes," said Lord Bertie. "I suppose," he went on, "he will spend most of his time in the stables and so on, don't you know? Not in the house, I mean, don't you know, what?"

"The idea!" cried Aline, indignantly. "Reuben's not a stable dog. I'm never going to let him out of my sight."

"No?" said Lord Bertie a little feverishly. "No? Oh, no. Quite so."

"There!" said Aline, giving Reuben a push. "Now you're tidy. What were you saying, Lord Herbert?"

Reuben moved a step forward, and wheezed slightly.

"Excuse me, Miss Ellison," said his lordship. "I've just recollected an important—there's a good old boy!—an important letter I meant to have written. Excuse me!"

The announcement of his proposed departure may have been somewhat abrupt, but at any rate no fault could be found with his manner of leaving. It was ceremonious in the extreme. He moved out of her presence backwards, as if she had been royalty.

Aline saw him depart with a slightly aggrieved feeling. She had been in the mood for company. For some reason which she could not define she was conscious of quite a sensation of loneliness. It was absurd to think that John's departure could have caused this. And yet somehow it did leave a blank. Perhaps it was because he was so big and silent. You grew used to his being there just as you grew used to the scenery, and you missed him when he was gone. That was all. If Nelson's column were removed, one would feel lonely in Trafalgar Square.

Lord Bertie, meanwhile, having reached the smoking-room, where he proposed to brood over the situation with the assistance of a series of cigarettes, found Keggs there, arranging the morning papers on a side-table. He flung himself into an arm-chair, and, with a scowl at the butler's back, struck a match.

"I 'ope your lordship is suffering no ill effects from the adventure?" said Keggs, finishing the disposal of the papers.

"What?" said Lord Bertie, coldly. He disliked Keggs.

"I was alluding to your lordship's encounter with the dog Reuben this morning."

Lord Bertie started.

"What do you mean?"

"I observed that your lordship 'ad climbed a tree to elude the animal."

"You saw it?"

Keggs bowed.

"Then why the devil, you silly old idiot," demanded his lordship explosively, "didn't you come and take the brute away?"

"HE SPRANG TO HIS FEET."

It had been the practice in the old days, both of Lord Bertie and of his father, to address the butler in moments of agitation with a certain aristocratic vigour.

"I 'ardly liked to interfere, your lordship, beyond informing Mr. Barton. The animal being 'is."

Lord Bertie flung his cigarette out of the window, and kicked a foot-stool. Keggs regarded these evidences of an overwrought soul sympathetically.

"I can appreciate your lordship's hemotion," he said, "knowin' 'ow haverse to dogs your lordship 'as always been. It seems only yesterday," he continued, reminiscently, "that your lordship, then a boy at Heton, 'ome for the 'olidays, handed me a package of Rough on Rats, and instructed me to poison 'er ladyship your mother's toy Pomeranian with it."

Lord Bertie started for the second time since he had entered the room. He screwed his eyeglass firmly into his eye, and looked keenly at the butler. Keggs's face was expressionless. Lord Bertie coughed. He looked round at the door. It was closed.

"You didn't do it," he said.

"The 'onorarium which your lordship offered," said the butler, deprecatingly, "was only six postage-stamps and a 'arf share in a white rat. I did not consider it hadequate

in view of the undoubted riskiness of the proposed act."

"You'd have done it if I had offered more?"

"That, your lordship, it is impossible to say after this lapse of time."

The Earl of Stockleigh had at one time had the idea of attaching his son and heir to the Diplomatic Service. Lord Bertie's next speech may supply some clue to his lordship's reasons for abandoning that scheme.

"Keggs," he said, leaning forward, "what will you take to poison that dashed dog, Reuben?"

The butler raised a hand in pained protest.

"Your lordship, really!"

"Ten pounds."

"Your lordship!"

"Twenty."

Keggs seemed to waver.

"I'll give you twenty-five," said his lordship.

Before the butler could reply, the door opened and Mr. Keith entered.

"The morning papers, sir," said Keggs deferentially, and passed out of the room.

It was a few days later that he presented himself again before Lord Bertie. His lordship was in low spirits. He was not in love with Aline—he would have considered it rather bad form to be in love with anyone—but he found her possessed of attractions and wealth sufficient to qualify her for an alliance with a Stockleigh; and he had concentrated his mind, so far as it was capable of being concentrated on anything, upon bringing the alliance about. And up to a point everything had seemed to progress admirably. Then Reuben had come to the fore and wrecked the campaign. How could a fellow keep up an easy flow of conversation with one eye on a bally savage bulldog all the time? And the brute never left her. Wherever she went he went, lumbering along like a cart-horse with a nasty look out of the corner of his eye whenever a fellow came up and tried to say a word. The whole bally situation, decided his lordship, was getting dashed impossible, and if something didn't happen to change it he would get out of the place and go off to Paris.

"Might I 'ave a word, your lordship?" said Keggs.

"Well?"

"I 'ave been thinking over your lordship's offer——"

"Yes?" said Lord Bertie, eagerly.

"The method of eliminating the animal which your lordship indicated would 'ardly do, I fear. Awkward questions would be asked, and a public hexposé would inevitably ensue. If your lordship would permit me to make a alternative suggestion?"

"Well?"

"I was reading a article in the newspaper, your lordship, on 'ow sparrows and such is painted up to reperesent bullfinches, canaries, and so on, and I says to myself, 'Why not?'"

"Why not what?" demanded his lordship, irritably.

"Why not substitoot for Reuben another dog painted to appear identically similar?"

His lordship looked fixedly at him.

"Do you know what you are, Keggs?" he said. "A blithering idiot."

"Your lordship always 'ad a spirited manner of speech," said Keggs, deprecatingly.

"You and your sparrows and canaries and bullfinches! Do you think Reuben's a bally bird?"

"I see no flaw in the idea, your lordship. 'Orses and such is frequently treated that way. I was talking that matter over with Roberts, the chauffeur——"

"What! And how many more people have you discussed my affairs with?"

"Only Roberts, your lordship. It was unavoidable. Roberts being the owner of a dog which could be painted up to be the living spit of Reuben, your lordship."

"What!"

"For a hadequate 'onorarium, your lordship."

Lord Bertie's manner became excited.

"Where is he? No, not Roberts. I don't want to see Roberts. This dog, I mean."

"At Roberts's cottage, your lordship. 'E is a great favourite with the children."

"Is he, by Jove? Good-tempered animal, eh?"

"Extremely so, your lordship."

"Show him to me, then. There might be something in this."

Keggs coughed.

"And the 'onorarium, your lordship?"

"Oh, that. Oh, I'll remember Roberts all right."

"I was not thinking exclusively of Roberts, your lordship."

"Oh, I'll remember you, too."

"Thank you, your lordship. About 'ow extensively, your lordship?"

"I'll see that you get a couple of pounds apiece. That'll be all right."

"I fear," said Keggs, shaking his head,

"hit could 'ardly be done hat the price. In a hearlier conversation your lordship mentioned twenty-five. That, 'owever, was for the comparatively simple task of poisoning the animal. The substitootion would be more expensive, owing to the nature of the process. I was thinking of a 'undred, your lordship."

"Don't be a fool, Keggs."

"I fear Roberts could not be induced to do it for less, the process being expensive."

"A hundred! No, it's dashed absurd. I won't do it."

"Very good, your lordship."

"Here, stop. Don't go. Look here, I'll give you fifty."

"I fear it could not be done, your lordship."

"Sixty guineas. Seven——. Here, don't go. Oh, very well then, a hundred."

"I thank you, your lordship. If your lordship will be at the bend in the road in 'alf an hour's time the animal will be there."

Lord Bertie was a little early at the tryst, but he had not been waiting long when a party of three turned the corner. One of the party was Keggs. The second he recognized as Roberts the chauffeur, a wooden-faced man who wore a permanent air of melancholy. The third, who waddled along at the end of a rope, was a dingy white bulldog.

The party came to a halt before him. Roberts touched his hat, and eyed the dog sadly. The dog sniffed at his lordship with apparent amiability. Keggs did the honours.

"The animal, your lordship."

Lord Bertie put up his glass and inspected the exhibit.

"Eh?"

"The animal I mentioned, your lordship."

"That?" said Lord Bertie. "Why, dash it all, that bally milk-coloured brute isn't like Reuben."

"Not at present, your lordship. But your lordship is forgetting the process. In two days Roberts will be able to treat that hanimal so that Reuben's own mother would be deceived."

Lord Bertie looked with interest at the artist. "No, really? Is that a fact?"

Roberts, an economist in speech, looked up, touched his hat again in a furtive manner, and fixed his eyes once more on the dog.

"Well, he seems friendly all right," said Lord Bertie, as the animal endeavoured to lick his hand.

"He 'as the most placid disposition," Keggs assured him. "A great improvement on Reuben, your lordship. Well worth the 'undred."

Hope fought with scepticism in Lord Bertie's mind during the days that followed. There were moments when the thing seemed possible, and moments when it seemed absurd. Of course, Keggs was a silly old fool, but, on the other hand, there were possibilities about Roberts. The chauffeur had struck his lordship as a capable-looking sort of man. And, after all, there were cases on record of horses being painted and substituted for others, so why not bulldogs?

It was absolutely necessary that some step be taken shortly. His jerky manner and abrupt retreats were getting on Aline's nerves. He could see that.

"Look here, Keggs," he said, on the third morning. "I can't wait much longer. If you don't bring on that dog soon, the whole thing's off."

"We 'ave already effected the change, your lordship. The delay 'as been due to the fact that Roberts wished to make an especial good job of it."

"And has he?"

"That I will leave your lordship to decide. The hanimal is now asleep on the terrace."

He led the way to where a brown heap lay in the sunshine. His lordship followed with some diffidence.

"An extraordinary likeness, your lordship."

Lord Bertie put up his eyeglass.

"By Jove, I should say it was. Do you mean to tell me——?"

"If your lordship will step forward and prod the animal, your lordship will be convinced by the amiability——"

"Prod him yourself," said Lord Bertie.

Keggs did so. The slumberer raised his head dreamily, and rolled over again. Lord Bertie was satisfied. He came forward and took a prod. With Reuben this would have led to a scene of extreme activity. The excellent substitute merely flopped back on his side again.

"By Jove! it's wonderful," he said.

"And if your lordship 'appens to have a cheque-book handy?"

"You're in a bally hurry," said Lord Bertie, complainingly.

"It's Roberts, your lordship," sighed Keggs. "'E is a poor man, and 'e 'as a wife and children."

After lunch Aline was plaintive.

"I can't make out," she said, "what is the matter with Reuben. He doesn't seem to care for me any more. He won't come when I call. He wants to sleep all the time."

"Oh, he'll soon get used—I mean," added Lord Bertie, hastily, "he'll soon get over it.

I expect he has been in the sun too much, don't you know."

The substitute's lethargy continued during the rest of that day, but on the following morning after breakfast Lord Bertie observed him rolling along the terrace behind Aline. Presently the two settled themselves under the big sycamore tree, and his lordship sallied forth.

"And how is Reuben this morning?" he inquired, brightly.

"He's not very well, poor old thing," said Aline. "He was rather sick in the night."

"No, by Jove; really?"

"THE THIRD, WHO WADDLED ALONG AT THE END OF A ROPE, WAS A DINGY WHITE BULLDOG."

"I think he must have eaten something that disagreed with him. That's why he was so quiet yesterday."

Lord Bertie glanced sympathetically at the brown mass on the ground. How wary one should be of judging by looks. To all appearances that dog there was Reuben, his foe. But beneath that Reuben-like exterior beat the gentle heart of the milk-coloured substitute, with whom he was on terms of easy friendship.

'Poor old fellow!" he said.

He bent down and gave the animal's ear a playful tweak. . . .

It was a simple action, an action from which one would hardly have expected anything in the nature of interesting by-products—yet it undoubtedly produced them.

What exactly occurred Lord Bertie could not have said. There was a sort of explosion. The sleeping dog seemed to uncurl like a released watch-spring, and the air became full of a curious blend of sniff and snarl. An eminent general has said that the science of war lies in knowing when to fall back. Something, some instinct, seemed to tell Lord Bertie that the moment was ripe for falling back, and he did so over a chair.

He rose, with a scraped shin, to find Aline holding the dog's collar with both hands, her face flushed with the combination of wrath and muscular effort.

"What did you do that for?" she demanded, fiercely. "I told you he was ill."

"I—I—I——" stammered his lordship.

The thing had been so sudden. The animal had gone off like a bomb.

"I—I——"

"Run!" she panted. "I can't hold him. Run! *Run!*"

Lord Bertie cast one look at the bristling animal, and decided that her advice was good and should be followed.

He had reached the road before he slowed to a walk. Then, feeling safe, he was about to light a cigarette, when the match fell from his fingers and he stood gaping

Round the bend of the road, from the direction of Roberts's cottage, there had

appeared a large bulldog of a dingy-white colour.

Keggs, swathed in a green baize apron, was meditatively polishing Mr. Keith's silver in his own private pantry, humming an air as he worked, when Frederick, the footman, came to him. Frederick was a supercilious young man, with long legs and a receding chin.

"Polishing the silver, old top?" he inquired, genially.

"In answer to your question, Frederick," replied Keggs, with dignity, "I ham polishing the silver."

Frederick, in his opinion, needed to be kept in his place.

"His nibs is asking for you," said Frederick.

"You allude to——"

"SOME INSTINCT SEEMED TO TELL LORD BERTIE THAT THE MOMENT WAS RIPE FOR FALLING BACK, AND HE DID SO OVER A CHAIR."

"Bertie," said Frederick, definitely.

"If," said Keggs, "Lord 'Erbert Fendall desires to see me, I will go to 'im at once."

"Another bit of luck for 'Erbert," said Frederick, cordially. "'E's in the smoking-room."

"Your lordship wished to see me?"

Lord Bertie, who was rubbing his shin reflectively with his back to the door, wheeled, and glared balefully at the saintly figure before him.

"You bally old swindler!" he cried.

"Your lordship!"

"Do you know I could have you sent to prison for obtaining money under false pretences?"

"Your lordship!"

"Don't stand there pretending not to know what I mean."

"If your lordship would explain, I 'ave no doubt——"

"Explain! By Jove, I'll explain, if that's what you want. What do you mean by doping Reuben and palming him off on me as another dog? Is that plain enough?"

"The words is intelligible," conceded Keggs, "but the accusation is overwhelming."

"You bally old rogue!"

"Your lordship," said Keggs, soothingly, "'as been deceived, has I predicted, by the

reely extraordinary likeness. Roberts 'as undoubtedly eclipsed 'imself."

"Do you mean to tell me that dog is the one you showed me in the road? Then how do you account for this? I saw that milk-coloured brute of Roberts's out walking only a moment ago."

"Roberts 'as two, your lordship."

"What?"

"The himage of one another, your lordship."

"What?"

"Twins, your lordship," added the butler, softly.

Lord Bertie upset a chair.

"Your lordship," said Keggs, "if I may say so, 'as always from boy'ood up been a little too 'asty at jumping to conclusions. If your lordship will recollect, it was your lordship's 'asty assertion as a boy that you 'ad seen me occupied in purloining 'is lordship your father's port wine that led to my losing the excellent situation, which I might be still 'oldin', of butler at Stockleigh Castle."

Lord Bertie stared.

"Eh? What? So that——? I see!" he said. "By Jove, I see it all. You've been trying to get a bit of your own back. What?"

"Your lordship! I 'ave done nothing. 'Appily I can prove it."

"Prove it?"

The butler bowed.

"The resemblance between the two animals is extraordinary, but not absolutely complete. Reuben 'as a full set of teeth, but Roberts's dog 'as the last tooth but one at the back missing."

He paused.

"If your lordship," he added with the dignity that makes the good man, wronged, so impressive, "wishes to disprove my assertions, the modus hoperandi is puffectly simple. All your lordship 'as to do is to open the animal's mouth and submit 'is back teeth to a pussonal hinspection."

John Barton alighted from the motor, and, in answer to Keggs's respectful inquiry, replied that he was quite well.

"Where is everybody?" he asked.

"Mr. Keith is out walking, sir. 'Is lordship 'as left. Miss——"

"Left!"

"'Is lordship was compelled to leave a few days back, sir, 'avin' business in Paris."

"Ah! Returning soon, I suppose?"

"On that point, sir, 'is lordship seemed somewhat uncertain."

"How is Reuben?"

"Reuben 'ave enjoyed good 'ealth, sir. 'E is down by the lake, I fancy, sir, at the present moment, with Miss Ellison."

"I think I might as well go and see him," said John, awkwardly.

"I fancy 'e would appreciate it, sir."

John turned away. The lake was some distance from the house. The nearer he got to it the more acute did his nervousness become. Once or twice after he had caught the gleam of Aline's white dress through the trees he almost stopped, then forced himself on in a sort of desperation.

Aline was standing at the water's edge encouraging Reuben to growl at a duck. Both suspended operations and turned to greet him, Reuben effusively, Aline with the rather absent composure which always deprived him of the power of speech.

"I've taken great care of Reuben, Mr. Barton," she said.

Something neat and epigrammatic should have proceeded from John. It did not.

"I'd like to have you all for my own, wouldn't I, Reuben?" she went on, bending over the snuffling dog, and kissing him fondly in the groove between his eyes.

It was a simple action, but it had a remarkable effect on John. Something inside him seemed suddenly to snap. In a moment he had become very cool and immensely determined. Conversation is a safety-valve. Deprive a man of the use of it for a long enough time, and he is liable to explode at any moment. It is the general idea that the cave-man's first advance to the lady of his choice was a blow on the head with his club. This is not the case. He used the club because, after hanging round for a month or so trying to think of something to say, it seemed to him the only way of disclosing his affection. John was a lineal descendant of the cave-man. He could not use a club, for he had none. But he did the next best thing. Stooping swiftly, he seized Aline round the waist, picked her up, and kissed her.

She stood staring at him, her lips parted, her eyes slowly widening till they seemed to absorb the whole of her face. Reuben, with the air of a dramatic critic at an opening performance, sat down and awaited developments.

A minute before, John would have wilted beneath that stare. But now the spirit of the cave-man was strong in him. He seized her hands, and pulled her slowly towards him.

"You're going to have us both," he said.

"THE SAILOR'S BIBLE."

The Nautical Almanac and the Lighter Side of Astronomy.

By WILLIAM FRASER DOAK,
M.A., F.R.A.S., of H.M. "Nautical Almanac" Office.

IF one asks the ordinary man in the street, "What is the 'Nautical Almanac'?" or, "Where is the 'Nautical Almanac' office?" in all likelihood no reply will be forthcoming. Little knowledge exists in his mind regarding the one or the other, and yet it is not too much to say that the "Nautical Almanac" is one of the most important publications of the day, and one of the very essentials of astronomy and navigation alike. The retirement of its superintendent on the 13th of last April may well, therefore, be made the occasion for some notes dealing with the publication which he has directed for so many years.

This all-important Government Blue Book —of close on seven hundred pages—is known the world over as the Sailor's Bible and Ocean Guide. Although it is not a book to be seen on railway bookstalls or in lending libraries, and is rarely met with in the collection of the average household, yet it is so essential a part of a nautical outfit that a ship, whether stately liner, majestic battleship, or ocean tramp, would as soon think of sailing to sea without her compass as without this precious volume. The explorer, too, over the desert sands or trackless ice, must have his "N. A." with him, and would rather part with food and stores than with its sacred pages. Many well-known travellers have publicly declared their indebtedness to it. Dr. Nansen, before setting out on his adventurous journey northwards, paid a visit to the "Nautical Almanac" Office and was supplied with advance proofs to aid him in his calculations, and after his Polar expedition he stated that for some considerable time during his lengthy stay in the Far North the only book to which he had access was a volume of the work in question.

The great African traveller, Dr. Livingstone, was once obliged to reduce his library to the Bible and the "Nautical Almanac"; and M. du Chaillu and the late Captain Speke were placed in a similar position upon various occasions. The work, too, of surveyors and boundary commissioners on the African continent and elsewhere is dependent on the figures tabulated in its pages. The "Nautical Almanac," moreover, finds its way into all the observatories of the world, from Siberia to the Cape and from California to Hong-Kong; and to the numerous and ever-increasing army of amateur astronomers and star-gazers it acts as guide, philosopher, and friend. It has thus contributed more, perhaps, than any other work to the practical development of astronomy, geography, and navigation, and in its modern and improved form continues to be the honoured *vade mecum* of the present-day astronomer, explorer, and navigator.

Now this work, although so indispensable, is not at first sight very inviting, by reason of its serried ranks of figures and its mystic signs, but it is nevertheless worthy of closer study than is usually bestowed upon it. Every year a new edition of this same work issues from the office, representing a whole twelve months' labour and application on the part of the staff. No other work of its size demands so much time and trouble, and certainly no other needs it more, for upon the accuracy of its information and the absolute correctness of its contents depend the lives of thousands. When far out at sea, and away from all sources of information but the "lights of heaven," compass, sextant, chronometer, and "Nautical Almanac," the mariner

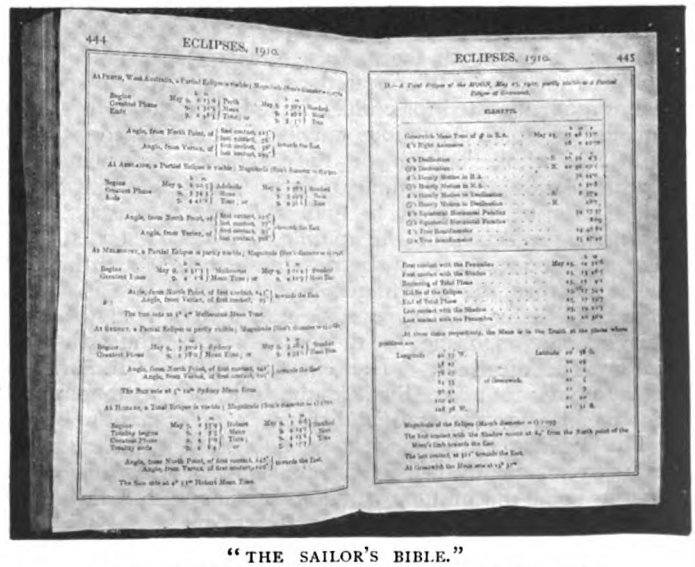
realizes the importance of accuracy in a way which few landsmen can imagine. An error of a few minutes, or even seconds, will put him considerably out of his position, thus increasing his food and coal bill, and may even place him in danger, and ultimately lead to the total loss of his ship and all on board.

As its name implies, the "Nautical Almanac" is prepared mainly for the use of the sailor. In guiding his ship across the trackless ocean he must be continually finding his whereabouts on his chart; in other words, his latitude and longitude. To settle his latitude he observes the sun at noon by means of his sextant, taking its altitude above the horizon. Then, turning to his Almanac, he finds the sun's "declination" at noon, or its distance north or south of the Equator, and with this quantity and his observation combined he fixes his latitude. At night, the sun being unavailable, he employs the moon, a star, or a planet in a similar manner. To settle his longitude, he must know both his local and Greenwich time. The former is found by observation and calculation aided by the "Nautical Almanac," and the latter he learns from his chronometers. The difference between them shows him his number of degrees East or West of Greenwich. For, as the sun passes over three hundred and sixty degrees of longitude in one day, or fifteen degrees in one hour, if he calculated his ship's time to be exactly two hours behind the Greenwich time at noon, he would know that he was in longitude thirty degrees West.

In addition to these tables, which are intended primarily for the mariner, there are others which appeal chiefly to the astronomer, such as tables of the planets, Jupiter's satellites, eclipses, occultations, etc.; and here, whether amateur or professional, he will find material enough for the purposes of observation and research, and also for the practical purpose of correcting his sidereal clock or finding his local time. At one point more perhaps than at any other the "Nautical Almanac" appeals to the interest and attention of the layman, and that is in those striking phenomena, the eclipses of the sun and moon, the details of which are calculated to a nicety. He watches with the keenest delight the progress of the grand and sometimes impressive phenomenon so accurately foretold him in the Almanac, and brought to his notice, it may be, through the agency of the daily Press. More than delighted, too, is he when he first catches a glimpse of the elusive planet Mercury through his opera-glass; or sees the satellites of Jupiter appearing as mere pin-points to his gaze, and in the positions tabulated in the Almanac. Then, again, from the data recorded in the Almanac are calculated the risings and settings of the sun, moon, and planets, so familiar in the columns of the ordinary every-day almanac.

The "Nautical Almanac" office, now a separate department of the Admiralty, is situated in a quiet, old-world corner of Gray's Inn, the ancient seat of the Barons Grey of Wilton. It was moved to Gray's Inn somewhere about the year 1842. There, in that quiet abode, astronomical science is shaped and moulded to meet the requirements of practical life, and there astronomy may be said to acquire its utilitarian value.

It may safely be said that no one outside the office has read the entire "Nautical Almanac" from beginning to end, but each figure of the printed Almanac is, in the office, examined twice and read three times. The total number of figures exceeds a million, but, great as that number is, it is trifling compared with the number of figures


444 ECLIPSES, 1910.

ECLIPSES, 1910. 445

"THE SAILOR'S BIBLE."

A MUCH-REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE "NAUTICAL ALMANAC."

employed in the calculations, as the Almanac figures represent "bare" results only. The moon, for instance, requires for its calculation more than a million and a half of figures, and similarly with other branches of the work, such as the sun, the planets, etc. Contrary to the general opinion, practically every figure in the book is fresh from year to year.

The tables from which nearly all the work is calculated have been originally constructed from the labours of the astronomical observer, and to a large extent from the observations of the sun, moon, and planets made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. Telescopes and other astronomical appliances are conspicuously absent, as the work of the staff is purely mathematical and not observational.

In spite of all the official zeal for the welfare of the Almanac, a curious mistake once crept into the Almanac for 1890, the bottom of an "E" (the Dominical letter for the year) breaking in type so as to make it look like an "F." It appeared as "E" in every proof submitted for correction, and was damaged in some mysterious way in printing off. The whole edition of the Almanac appeared with the Dominical letter "F." Those ever on the alert to find fault with painstaking officials in the public service were only too eager to point out the error, but it was then too late to remedy it. The Dominical letter is of great importance to many people, showing as it does all the Sundays in the year. The effect of the mistake was to make Sunday the 6th of January instead of the 5th, and so on.

The "Nautical Almanac" is published several years in advance for the convenience of ships going out on long voyages, and some parts of the work are already done for many years ahead.

From the foregoing remarks one might be pardoned for drawing the conclusion that the ordinary work of the department—saturated as it is with figures—must be prosaic to a degree. But it has an interesting side as well, as the sequel will show.

Various calculations bearing on interesting subjects are made from time to time by the assistants, many of which appear in the form of circulars, and are distributed to learned societies, institutions, etc. For the War Office an Egyptian Almanac is prepared annually. Its calculation is deemed necessary by the authorities in view of the fact that in one of the Egyptian campaigns the Army was suddenly startled during a night march by a total eclipse of the moon, for which it was not prepared. To prevent another surprise of that nature, the Almanac is regularly produced, and any such phenomenon is carefully noted therein.

Questions, too, regarding the Almanac are asked from time to time. Perhaps one correspondent may desire to know the time of full moon one hundred years ago, or another the state of the moon at the time of the Gunpowder Plot. Ancient eclipses have to be calculated to confirm historical records, and recently it fell to the lot of one or two of the assistants to calculate the time of high water at Dover at the landing of Julius Cæsar in August, B.C. 55. On another occasion it was required to calculate the time of rising of the Dog Star Sirius at Alexandria on the 15th of June, B.C. 4241!

Inquiries of the strangest kind reach astronomers from all parts, but it would be hard to beat the one made by a simple-minded farmer, who on one occasion wrote to the Astronomer Royal to ask whether he could tell how many piglings his sow would farrow next time, as he was anxious to be ready for any emergency. He must have thought the Astronomer Royal was gifted with second

PRINCIPAL ARTICLES OF THE CALENDAR,
For the Year 1890.

Golden Number	10	**Dominical Letter**	F
Epact	9	**Roman Indiction**	3
Solar Cycle	21	**Julian Period**	6603

THE MISPRINT OF AN "F" INSTEAD OF AN "E," WHICH AFFECTED ALL THE SUNDAYS OF THE YEAR.

sight, or perhaps, like Kepler of old, dabbled somewhat in astrological science.

A more intimate knowledge of time and its attendant circumstances would have assisted the resident in one of the Western States of America, who had insured himself against accidents for a year dating from noon on November 13th. At 11 a.m. on November 13th of the following year he met with an accident and claimed. The company successfully resisted on the ground that, as their head office was in New York, the time stated in the policy was noon at that city, and that as the accident happened at eleven o'clock on the zone two hours West, the policy had already lapsed.

A knowledge of mathematical astronomy was essential in deciding a case which came before the Courts recently, and in which a market gardener claimed compensation for loss of sunlight from the owner of a block of buildings which he considered an obstruction. The annual loss of light occasioned by the shutting out of the sunlight was calculated by one of the "Nautical Almanac" staff, and practically determined the case.

That the science of astronomy is useful also in emergencies and in "tight corners" is shown by the story of Columbus, who, when he had to deal with a rebellious crew, threatened to take away the sun, being well aware that a solar eclipse was due about the time he spoke. Apropos of Columbus, philatelists must be interested in a certain Honduras stamp which shows a picture of Columbus discovering America, using a telescope!

"COLUMBUS DISCOVERING AMERICA THROUGH A TELESCOPE!"

From this stage the further step to what may be called the lighter side of astronomy is an easy one. One might well question whether any such lighter side existed, and whether any humour lies wrapped up in the calculation of the orbit of, say, Halley's Comet, in the tracing out of the path of one of the planets, in watching the sky for hours at a stretch in the hope of picking up a few stray meteors, or in trying to discover a satellite of Venus, or a second moon of the earth. That may very well be, but still, in the attitude, wise and otherwise, of people towards astronomy, their efforts to understand a little of the science, and the mistakes into which they fall, a great many little items crop up and incidents occur which both interest and amuse.

It is a well-known fact—and may have a physiological basis—that most people regard the moon as being about one foot in diameter. That these popular measurements tend to mislead, and are not the best means of dealing with celestial dimensions, the following dialogue would indicate:—

Mrs. S——: "By the way, I hear Jupiter, the evening star, is worth seeing just now. Can either of you girls tell me where to look for it?"

Bertha: "Yes, I can. It's exactly two yards and a half to the right of the Great Bear."

Mrs. S——: "Two yards and a half! What on earth do you mean?"

Bertha: "Well, I've measured it carefully with my umbrella."

Some few years ago an evening paper published the following sparkling verses on the occasion of the disgrace and degradation of Li Hung Chang, reviving an old epigram upon the fate of two Chinese astronomers who were put to death by the Emperor for getting drunk on the night when an eclipse was due:—

"Here rest the bones of Ho and Hi,
Whose fate was sad, yet risible;
Being hang'd because they did not spy
Th' eclipse that was invisible.

"Heigh-ho! 'tis sad a love of drink
Occasioned all this trouble;
But this is hardly true, I think,
For drunken folks see double.

"Li Hung Chang will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that he has failed worthily."

The difficulties of teaching astronomy even in its most elementary form are, perhaps, only known to those who have attempted it. A London assistant schoolmistress stated some time ago that she was now fully convinced "of the inutility of attempting to instil into the minds of nine-year-old girls a knowledge of the more recondite branches of astronomy." She says that, according to instructions, she explained to her class the uses and purposes of the zodiac. Some days afterwards she resumed the astronomy lesson, and, in order to test the recollection of the pupils, she asked, "What is the zodiac?" "There aren't none now, ma'am," replied one little girl; "it's bust up." "What's burst up?" asked the teacher, in great surprise. "The sody 'urk," answered the girl, "where they made the soda-water; and father's been thrown out of work." Investigation showed that a soda-water manufactory in the neighbourhood where the girl lived had been closed through the bursting of a steam pipe, and the pupil had seen in this catastrophe the collapse of the zodiac.

"THE EQUA-NOX."

Parents, as well as teachers, have sometimes to run the gauntlet of awkward questions.

"Father," said little Tommy one day, "what is an equinox?"

Father: "Why, er—it is—ahem! For goodness' sake, Tommy, don't you know anything about mythology at all? An equinox was a fabled animal—half horse, half cow. Its name is derived from the words 'equine' and 'ox.' It does seem as if these public schools don't teach children anything nowadays."

This is perhaps equalled by the definition given by a proud father who derived the word from *equa*, "mare," and *nox*, "night," and called it "nightmare," which may have expressed his feelings fairly enough. He may have been the man who could quite understand how the distances of the stars were determined, but was puzzled as to how they found out their *names*.

The answers to examination questions are a fruitful source of amusement. One student, on being asked to state some reasons for the rotundity of the earth, gave the following:—

"(1.) On watching for the disappearance of a ship, the last thing visible is the hull. This proves that the earth curves, for if the earth had been flat the last thing visible would have been the masts of the ships.

"(2.) The phases of the moon are caused by the earth's coming between it and the sun, and therefore casting the shadow on it. This shadow is always of a circular shape.

"(3.) If at any place on the earth's surface three stakes are driven into the ground at equal distances from one another and a rope is stretched horizontally between each stake and the one opposite to it, the middle rope will appear the highest, and the farthest one the lowest."

The following question was once set: "There is reason to believe that the earth now rotates in a longer time than formerly. What effect would such alteration have upon the length of a second of time?" One student replied that the earth turns round more slowly now than it used to because it has become so densely populated. Another volunteered the statement that the fact alluded to in the question probably accounts for the great ages of the people in the Bible, since, the earth moving more slowly, the years have become longer.

The following illuminating description of parallax was supplied to an examiner: "The movement of a certain star in relation to other stars. Its size may be compared with the diameter of a sixpence and three miles."

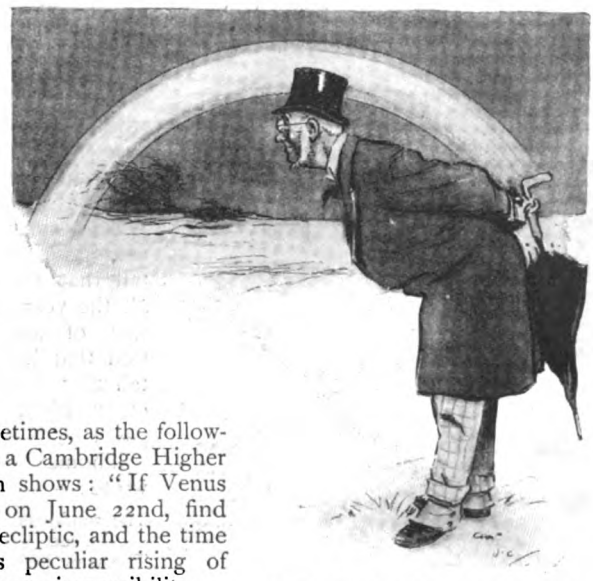
Having to explain the statement that the sun never sets on the British Empire, a youthful essayist wrote as follows: "The sun sets in the west. Now the British Empire lies in the north, south, and east."

His geographical knowledge was about equal to that of the old woman who was

asked where her sailor son was now. "Well, I don't mind rightly, mum," she said, "if he be gone to Gibraltar in the *Jupiter*, or to Jupiter in the *Gibraltar*, but it be somewheres in them parts."

Worth recording also is the remark of the old gentleman who, on seeing a fine rainbow, said, "Who that sees that perfect arch can doubt for one moment that the earth is round?"

"What is the cause of the rainbow?" a candidate was asked. "The subject, as I understand it, is not very well understood," was his luminous answer. He was perhaps unaware of the quaint remark once made by a little girl who had suddenly caught sight of a rainbow. "Oh! granny," she said, "look what a beautiful sunstroke!"



THE OLD GENTLEMAN AND THE RAINBOW.

Even the examiner trips sometimes, as the following question set at a Cambridge Higher Local Examination shows: "If Venus rises at midnight on June 22nd, find its position in the ecliptic, and the time of setting." This peculiar rising of Venus is, of course, an impossibility.

But enough of the examination room and its store of undigested information. Let us turn now to journalism.

Experienced journalists, accustomed to dash off articles at a moment's notice, naturally fall into mistakes when dealing with subjects of an astronomical nature. One journalist, in describing the surrender of Cronje on the morning of February 27th (the new moon fell about noon on March 1st), wrote of the young moon rising at that period, and how, after it had pursued its course for two hours, its light showed the Boer commander that he was surrounded.

It is also startling to read elsewhere that "on the links the signallers of the Dundee City Rifles spent the hours of darkness manipulating the *heliograph*."

Dog-days, we are told by another authority, are dog-days "because a bright particular star known to star-gazers as the Dog Star makes friends with the sun for that length of time. The star rises with the sun and adds to its heat. Dog-days end on August 11th, when possibly the Dog Star goes to the dogs."

The following is from *Punch* of July 7th, 1909:—

"A Very Near Thing.—June 21st is the longest day. The sun rises at 3.44 and sets at 8.18, whereas on the following day it rises at 3.45 and sets at 8.19.—*Manchester Evening News*.

"In decent June weather one might have called it a dead-heat."

A newspaper was responsible recently for the statement regarding a celebrity that "his fame as a teacher and as an operating surgeon has been carried to the four corners of the earth. By his writings he has *reached even a wider circle*." This may not establish any connection between astronomy and "astral systems," but the following tit-bit, at any rate, seems to connect astronomy and gastronomy.

"He's quite a star as an after-dinner speaker, isn't he?"

"Star? He's a regular moon. He becomes brighter the fuller he gets."

To artists and poets a greater licence is usually accorded in dealing with their respective subjects, and it cannot be said that they do not take full advantage of it. The former are sometimes careless in the manner in which they introduce the moon into landscapes. One occasionally sees the moon near the horizon, *with the horns turned downwards*, a piece of drawing fit to go with Hogarth's barrel, which shows both its heads at once. Often, too, we find stars which appear to be inside the dark limb of the moon—a physical impossibility, of course. The Turkish ensign is misleading in this respect.

The artist Millais on one occasion painted a double rainbow with the colours in the wrong order, and he had to make the necessary correction.

"THE TURKISH ENSIGN IS MISLEADING."

An artist once painted the picture of a beautiful girl sitting by a sundial, but by a strange mistake he put the figure 12 on the dial due east of the gnomon instead of due south.

That well-known stanza from the poem of Charles Wolfe :—

> We buried him darkly at dead of night,
> The sods with our bayonets turning ;
> By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
> And the lantern dimly burning,

is no doubt very poetical, but unfortunately there was no moon visible at Corunna at the time of the occurrence.

In one of Rider Haggard's novels the moon is said to rise in the evening, from which we infer that the moon must be full or near the full. Then, according to his description, the moon is visible for the next seven nights, during the eighth night it sets, and the next night, about the ninth after full moon, it rises *full*. This is indeed a marvellous moon, and can find a parallel only in that case where the moon eclipsed the sun during the morning and was full on the evening of the same day !

Dickens tells us of a star which remained in the zenith for several hours, and we have heard of a lady novelist who, in describing a sunset, states that Venus was at the time rising in the eastern sky.

In the *Daily Nation* there once appeared a sentence wherein Mr. Dillon boasted that his resplendent star was high and culminating on the horizon.

The story of the American who possessed a sky-scraper so tall that there was snow on it all the year round is capped by that of another Yankee, who said that his skyscraper was so tall that it had to be lowered every night to let the moon pass !

Thomas Moore, in 1814, wrote :—

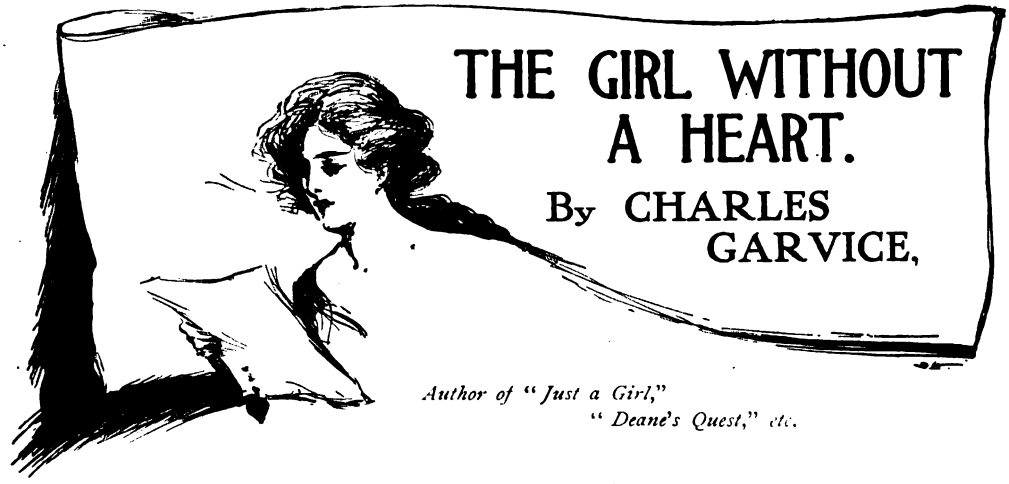
> The sunflower turns on the god when he sets
> The same look which she turned when he rose.

But the sunflower does not turn to the sun as suggested. The flower is so called simply because the flower resembles a picture sun ; it is not a heliotrope at all.

We shall draw this essay to a close with a reference to Tennyson.

In "Maud" he has a passage which tells of the month when the daffodil dies, and the Charioteer and the Gemini hang over Orion's grave, the poet evidently referring to the months of April and May. Close to the same passage he speaks of Mars as being "like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast."

The whole passage refers to the Crimean War, which lasted from 1854 to 1856. The exactness of Tennyson's writing was here exemplified in a very striking manner, as in 1854 the planet Mars was in April and May "stationary" in the constellation Leo (the Lion), and just in the position where Tennyson described it.



THE GIRL WITHOUT A HEART.

By CHARLES GARVICE,

Author of "Just a Girl," "Deane's Quest," etc.

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy, R.I., R.B.A.

AS Neville opened the door of the manager's room a lady was coming out. Neville drew back to make way for her, and, in doing so, glanced at her, but not curiously; for very few of the ladies who visited Harry Malty—his name and description on the bills of the Thespis were "Harold Maltravers, Sole Manager"—excited either curiosity or interest in Neville, who, though a distinguished playwright, regarded actresses very much as a chess-player regards his pieces, and not as beings of flesh and blood containing that most mysterious of things, a soul. But an indefinable quality in her movements, the slight little gesture with which she acknowledged his courtesy, smote faintly on his notice, and he inquired, though casually:—

"Who was that, Malty?"

"That," replied Malty, as he shook hands—he belonged to the class of men which insists upon shaking hands at every possible opportunity—"that was our new young lady; subject to your approval, of course, dear boy. I'd have asked her to wait if I'd known it was you outside. But you'll see her at rehearsal to-morrow. I've asked her to come in at half-past eleven and run over the part, just to see whether she'll do."

"Who is she?" asked Neville. "She had her veil down, and that landing of yours is so confoundedly dark. Some day someone will fall down those stairs, break his neck, and come on you for damages."

Malty laughed at this intentional bull, as he always did at the smallest of Neville Norris's jokes, for Neville was the most profitable author of the day, and his last two comedies had enjoyed long runs, during which they had played nearly all the time to "full capacity."

"Well, her name is Mary Howard, and it's her right name, too. She's the daughter of a doctor—not a clergyman this time," he chuckled, and lit a monster cigar, pushing the box to Neville, who declined with a shake of the head. "And I tell you she's a stunner! You didn't see her, you say? You'd have opened your eyes if you had, for she's one of the best-looking girls I've met with—and I've seen a few, as you know. Quite be-auti-ful. Splendid figure, too. And a voice like music; one of those deep voices with soft notes in 'em. It will carry right across the house, even when she whispers."

Neville sat astride a chair and lit a cigarette. He was used to Malty's rhapsodies over his new finds, and was unmoved by his present enthusiasm.

"I don't remember the name," he said. "Where has she been?"

"That's just it," replied Malty, nodding and smiling triumphantly. "She hasn't been anywhere. She's my own find; my own particular precious pearl; and I tell you she'll come to the top of the basket, Neville, my boy. She'll play Cynthia right down to the ground, and fairly knock 'em with it."

"Will she?" said Neville, with a slight

frown. "It's rather a big part, and requires some acting, some experience. You tell me this is her first trial, the very first thing she has done? Isn't it rather risky? The play mainly depends on Cynthia, and the part will make a very heavy call even upon a woman who knows the ropes, and this girl is quite new—'

"Don't you be nervous," cut in Malty, rolling his huge head. "I tell you she's all right. Do you think I don't know? Now, *do* I often make mistakes? Besides, though she hasn't been on the regular stage, she's been doing a lot of amateur theatricals." Neville groaned slightly. "Yes, I know! But she isn't the kind of girl you've got in your mind; there's none of that silly, affected nonsense about her; and not a ha'porth of conceit. You can take it from me she's a perfect find and"—he coughed behind his beringed hand—"we shall get her cheap."

"IT SOUNDS RATHER APPALLING; BUT YOU KNOW YOUR BUSINESS, MALTY."

"Well, we shall see," said Neville, rising with a slight shrug of his shoulders. "It sounds rather appalling; but you know your business, Malty."

"I flatter myself I do, old boy; and I ought to by this time. I've been at it, man and boy, for—well, for some years. Of course, we should have been quite safe with Nellie; but she's gone off and married her turnip-headed young lord, so there's an end of her! You leave it to me, Neville, and we shall come out all right."

"Well," said Neville, doubtfully, "here's the cut copy for the last act; I've taken out as much as I can, and they must play it a bit quickly."

The two men talked business for half an hour or so; then Neville, declining a share of Malty's morning champagne, left the theatre and returned to his rooms on the Embankment. They were very good rooms, for Neville Norris was one of the successful men of his profession. He was a dramatist by instinct, and he had profited by experience; there was nearly always a play of his running at one of the London theatres, and he had recently reached the playwright's high-water mark by having four plays running at the same time. This means money, and it was a wonder to his friends that Neville still remained unmarried. But though Neville was popular as well as prosperous, he had shown no desire to take to himself a mate, and, with a pardonable resentment, the women of his set had grown to regard him as cold and insusceptible.

Possibly their estimate was correct; but just as possibly the explanation lay in the fact that the man was wedded to his art. He lived for the theatre; and the enjoyment he got out of his success was not due to the money or the fame it won for him, but to the actual work, which brought him that glow of satisfaction which the true artist alone can feel. He lived very simply and temperately; to perform well the kind of work he did, a man requires to be as temperate as the acrobat who lightly risks his life on the lofty trapeze. At Oxford he had been an athlete—there were half-a-dozen mugs on a table in his smoking-room—and he still kept up his fencing and boxing, in the summer used the Row, and in the winter rode to hounds. He was still a young man and a good-looking one, and his manner to all and sundry was pleasant and courteous. In a word, he was a gentleman.

Punctual to the moment he arrived at the Thespis next morning, and was met in the vestibule by Malty, who greeted him with exaggerated geniality.

Neville followed the manager on to the stage. The girl was seated on a chair by the wing, bending over her part.

"At any rate, she's graceful enough," said Neville to himself. "And beautiful," he added, as she looked up and rose at their approach.

"This is Mr. Neville Norris, our great 'hauthor,'" said Malty, with heavy playfulness. "And this is our new recruit, Miss Howard."

Neville eyed her with veiled scrutiny as she gave him her hand, but she met his gaze calmly, with that faint smile of self-possession which marks the lady.

"Now, we'll just run through the part," said Malty, wagging his head and rubbing his big, fat hands. "Just run through it, you know. No need to be nervous, Miss Howard. Mr. Norris and I are accustomed to make allowances. Always a little nervousness on a trial spin, eh?"

The exhortation appeared to be unnecessary, for Miss Howard seemed to be quite calm and free from the slightest indication of gaucherie.

"We may as well keep our seats and take it comfortably," said Neville. "I'll read Mr. Ormsby's part, and you will, of course, take Cynthia's. I'll give you your cues plainly and we'll take it slowly."

He read his first lines and waited anxiously for her response. At her first word his anxiety disappeared, for her voice was not only a good but a wonderful one. It had a wide register and a contralto tone, which, though deep, was clear and bell-like; she would be heard in the very last seats of the pit, which provides the most severe of tests. Neville had said that they would take it quietly, but as they proceeded—he was reading his own play, and it was a good one—he warmed to his work. He rose and began to take the stage, but she remained seated until, with a gesture, he commanded rather than invited her to rise, and they began to act.

Then gradually the satisfaction which had been roused in him by her voice began to cool, for she had not caught fire at his enthusiasm—she was not responding. The gestures, the business, the emphasis were all right, but, most important of all, the spirit was lacking. She was like Galatea descended from her pedestal—a beautiful statue endowed with a marvellous voice, but speaking and moving as a statue would speak and move, with infinite grace but without a heart.

Yes, he said to himself, with a touch of bitterness in his disappointment, she was just Galatea.

They ran on to the end of the play, and Malty accorded them a noisy applause.

"First-rate! Beautiful! 'Pon my soul you were grand, Miss Howard." He did not suspect the literal truth of his words. "And as for you, Neville, you were magnificent. As I've told you a score of times before, you ought to have been an actor. Eh, Miss Howard?"

She smiled, but did not answer the question; instead she said, very quietly, in the softest tones:—

"I shall do? You are—pleased?"

"Oh, yes; quite pleased," said Neville, with a little too much emphasis, but which paled its ineffectual fire before Malty's exuberant enthusiasm.

They passed to the subject of her dresses, concerning which she displayed but a calm and serene interest; the hour of the next day's rehearsal was fixed, and she departed. All the way to his room Malty expressed his satisfaction with his new find, pretending not to notice Neville's lack of responsiveness; but presently he broke out with:—

"You don't mean to say you don't like her—don't think she'll do?"

Neville took out a cigarette slowly, and at last vouchsafed an answer.

"Frankly, I don't think she will."

"Why, what's the matter with her?" demanded Malty, impatiently biting off the end of a cigar. "She's pretty enough for you, I should think."

"She's a very beautiful girl," said Neville, slowly, "and her voice is—good. And she moves like a young goddess; but there's no soul in her."

"Soul be hanged!" retorted Malty, with a snort. "Oh, of course; I know what you mean. But I tell you what it is, Neville. The public has been pretty well fed up with your soulful women. They're precious sick of the upturned eyes and waving arms business; and I don't blame 'em. No, my boy, what they like is a lady—a lady who talks and walks like a real lady in a real drawing-room. There's something restful about her, something—oh, dash it, I can't describe it, but you know well enough what I mean."

Neville nodded absently. "Yes, I know; but this is not altogether a restful part. Cynthia is a simple, unsophisticated country

girl, whose heart has been won by a man who doesn't care for her, but wants her to marry him for purposes of his own. Miss—what's her name?—Miss Howard plays the first act well enough, because it happens to suit her—it doesn't demand much feeling; but in the second act she has to wake up, and in the third, as you know, she has to display strong emotion. If you want me to be perfectly candid, I tell you that Miss Howard is incapable of doing so."

"Why?" demanded Malty, snappishly.

"I don't know," replied Neville, with an impatient gesture. "Yes, I do. She is cold, immovable—'heartless' is not the word, because I suppose every woman has a heart, but — it will serve. No; the truth is she does not know that she has a heart."

"THE GIRL WAS SEATED ON A CHAIR BY THE WING, BENDING OVER HER PART."

Malty was silent for a moment, gnawing at his cigar; then he glanced at the bent head half timidly, half defiantly, and said with a little laugh:—

"Oh, is that all? Well, you teach her, Neville, my boy."

"What?" said Neville, absently.

"I said, you teach her," replied Malty, more boldly. "Make love to her, Neville. By George, I should think you wouldn't find much difficulty! Do a bit of flirting with her. It isn't your way, I know—you're as cold as an oyster; but you might make an effort on this occasion. My aunt! I wish I had the chance of making love to her."

"Don't be an idiot, Malty," said Neville, not impatiently, but a little wearily.

"All right; but what are we going to do? The date of the production is fixed; every likely woman is engaged. I've hunted everywhere. You want a girl created for you, and that's too big an order for me."

"Oh, very well," assented Neville, reluctantly; "but don't blame me if she produces a frost on the first night; she's cold enough."

Neville purposely absented himself from the next three rehearsals. He was trying to buoy himself up with Malty's assurance that Miss Howard would "improve." But, on the fourth rehearsal, his hope was rudely dispelled. She was word-perfect, her action was appropriate, too appropriate; but she was still the Galatea. Ormsby, the famous *jeune premier*, who played the lover's part, almostcomplained to Neville. He couldn't "move" her, he said, with a pathos which would have been humorous if the importance of the matter had not made Neville sore.

"And so much depends on her!" said Ormsby, with a sigh that was closely akin to a groan; for this curled darling of our stage usually had no difficulty in "moving" the women he was acting with.

"Oh, she'll be all right," said Neville, desperately.

Now, Neville had scarcely spoken to Miss Howard during the rehearsals he had attended, for there was nothing to say, nothing to find fault with, excepting this peculiar incapacity of hers to simulate real emotion. But the following day he went up to her after they had run through, and in his frank, pleasant way got into talk with her; and after the others had gone he stayed on discussing the play and her part, and skilfully he led her to talk about herself. She was not at all reticent,

but told him that she was the only daughter of a doctor whose health had broken down, and that she had gone on the stage so that she might not be a burden to him.

Her story, told quite simply and without any appeal to his sympathy, touched him. He asked her if she would lunch with him after next day's rehearsal and go for a drive. She accepted at once with the unsuspiciousness of a well-bred girl. He took her to a quiet restaurant, and afterwards drove her in his spider phaeton to Richmond, through Petersham and the Park.

They had tea at an eminently respectable confectioner's; and she presided with a deftness and grace which roused in Neville a sense of quiet pleasure; all her movements were pretty, girlish, and free from self-consciousness. He leant back with a subtle air of enjoyment to watch her going through the simple and ordinary operation of putting on her gloves; her hands were as perfect as her face and form. Stimulated by the tea, she talked more freely on the homeward way; it was evident that she had formed a definite estimate of him and knew that she could trust him. She was full of the play; but Neville would not discuss her part with her.

"Just go your own way," he said.

He pulled up at the corner of the Bloomsbury street where she lived, and she smiled at his little display of tact.

He held her hand as she alighted and, perhaps unconsciously, pressed it; but her fingers made no response, and she left him with a simple "Thank you, Mr. Norris. I have enjoyed it very much."

"You must come again," he said.

She met him next day at rehearsal as calmly as if he were a mere acquaintance from whom she had received a quite ordinary kindness, and she went through her part in exactly the same statuesque way. Ormsby followed Neville out of the theatre. The popular actor was evidently in a bad temper; his pre-Raphaelite countenance was darkened by a frown, the "soulful" eyes, which had penetrated the soft hearts of the stalls and dress-circle and fluttered the pit and gallery, glowered resentfully. It was not only Miss Howard's immovable calm which had upset him, but the fact that that calm immovability had been displayed not only during the rehearsal of her part, but in the face of an attempt on his part to make love to her, an exhibition of condescension which generally met with a ready response from the ladies of his acquaintance.

"Miss Howard's impossible; and that's just it, Norris," he said; "impossible! There's no striking any fire out of her; you can't get her even warm; she's like a stone. Heaven knows, I've tried my very best this morning"—he had, indeed—"and she just turns her eyes on you as if she wondered what you were at. I'm awfully sorry, Norris; but I'm afraid I sha'n't be able to carry on."

"Oh, nonsense," said Norris, rather impatiently. "She'll improve; she'll be all right on the night."

"I think I've heard that remark before," retorted Ormsby, sardonically; "and my experience is that it generally ends in being all wrong. I've never met anyone like her. I tell you she's having a bad effect on me; and instead of being all right on the night, I shall be as wooden as she is, your play will be a frost, and Malty will lose his hair. Of course, it doesn't matter to you; you can afford a failure."

"No, I can't," said Neville, curtly. "But don't you lose *your* hair. It will all come right. Miss Howard is so beautiful——"

"Oh, she's beautiful enough," broke in Ormsby, with a sudden flush; "and if you were going to start a living-picture show she'd suit you down to the ground; but——"

"'But me no buts,'" said Neville, with forced lightness. "We shall pull through all right."

But though he endeavoured to reassure Ormsby, Neville felt anxious. What could he do? Hints were of no use. Once or twice he had suggested, in a casual way, that she should put a little more of herself into the second act. She had taken the hints with unmoved serenity and had evidently tried to obey them, and, as obviously, had failed.

A day or two later he took her out again; they went up Hampstead way this time. But though Neville had resolved to avail himself of the opportunity to talk to her very plainly about her lack of warmth, somehow he found it impossible to do so; she had probably got used to him by this time, and she talked and laughed as freely as a young girl out for a holiday. And what man with a heart in his bosom could lecture a young girl out for a holiday? Besides, Neville felt that he, too, was holiday-making; as he climbed the hills and drove across the Heath, his usually grave face took to itself smiles, he bandied little jests with her, listened with an unconscious sympathy to little snatches of reminiscences. He prolonged the drive until the dusk stole upon them; it was early in the season, and the evening grew cool;

he glanced at her jacket, and it seemed to him too thin for the change of temperature.

"You haven't got enough on," he said. "There's a light coat of mine under the seat. Better get it out and sling it round you. Yes; get it out and put it on, please," as she demurred. "I can't afford to have you catch cold."

"I sha'n't catch cold," she said, with a little laugh; "but I'll put it on if you wish."

She fumbled under the seat, and he moved the reins to his right hand and bent down to help her. In doing so his face touched hers. Hers was glowing with youth and the fresh air, and the contact sent a warm thrill through him. He glanced at her out of the tail of his eyes, and saw that a dash of colour had come into her face as she put her arm up to set her hat straight.

"I'm sorry!" he said, in a low voice. "Here, let me help you with the coat."

"I can do it, thanks," she said; but he drew it round her, and was conscious that his action was almost like an embrace. For one instant he was smitten by the desire to draw her close, very close, to him; but, as has been remarked, Neville was a gentleman, and he checked the impulse, breathing a sigh of relief at his resistance of temptation. Indeed, just at this moment his horses required all his attention, for the near one was young and a little flustered by the lights which had now sprung up. Neville tried to soothe the restive animal with a word or two and a soft stroke of the lash, but it refused to be reassured, and, suddenly rearing as far as the chain would permit, it came down with a snort and bolted. They were going downhill, and the spider phaeton, one of the lightest, swayed somewhat dangerously.

"Sit tight," said Neville.

She laughed in response, and, glancing at her, he saw that she was not at all frightened. The other horse had now become upset, and they were both going at a rather dangerous speed. Suddenly they came upon a motor-car. The younger animal, regarding its presence as a direct insult, tried to stop, and was nearly over on its side; so also was the spider. Instinctively, Neville flung his left arm round the girl and held her; he could do so safely, for he had the horses well in his right hand. As he pulled them up opposite a lamp his arm was still round Mary, and, with a little laugh of approval, he pressed her to him.

"You've plenty of pluck," he said.

As he spoke he looked at her. Her face was deeply flushed, her eyes were downcast, her under-lip was quivering. Amazed, and smitten by complex emotion, he withdrew his arm slowly. It was not fear that had brought that flush to her face, weighted her eyelids, set her lips trembling. What then? Had Galatea awakened? Was it he who had called the statue to life? The thought sent the blood racing through his veins; he stared straight in front of him, not daring to look at her.

They drove on steadily enough now, and for a time silently. It was as if their recent danger, their brief but close contact, had revealed each to the other; for the first time his nearness to her filled him with a subtle delight. He listened to her soft breathing as one listens to hushed music; he longed to touch her, to speak to her, to whisper "I love you." But, with infinite effort, he repressed the longing, for he feared that the three words would transform the living woman by his side to a statue again. And he did not want her to go back. At last he managed to utter some commonplace, something that should have made her laugh; but instead of answering promptly, serenely, as she would have done an hour ago, it seemed as if she had some difficulty in finding her voice; and the laugh was only a smile, and that a wavering one.

He would have thought that he had offended her, but there was no indication of offence in her voice, in the expression of her downcast face. Was she actually—shy? The thought sent another thrill through him, for shyness would mean so much in her.

"Jimmy has behaved so badly this evening that he doesn't deserve you should come out with him again. But you will, will you not?" he said, as they reached her corner.

"I—I don't know," she faltered, standing on the edge of the pavement, and still with downcast eyes. "I am not afraid, if that is what you mean; but I shall have to work hard now; the time is growing short. Good night, and—thank you very much."

He held her hand as if loath to let her go, but she drew it away from him quickly, and, with an upward glance of the eyes that were now violet—a swift, grave glance—she turned and left him.

As Neville drove to his rooms he knew that something had happened to him, and he knew what it was—he had fallen in love with Mary Howard. When such a man as Neville loves, he loves passionately. He wanted the girl more intensely than he had ever wanted anything in his life. With his old briar clenched in his teeth he paced up and down

the room into the small hours. Yes, he loved her. Would she love him, marry him? Had that sudden blush, the downcast eyes, the quivering lip, meant anything?

He waited for the next day's rehearsal with furious impatience, wondering how she would greet him. With a leap of the heart, he saw as he approached her that the colour stole to her face, that she seemed to hold her breath and to pause before she responded to his commonplace, "Good morning. I hope you are none the worse for our little misadventure last night?"

"No," she said, in a low voice and without a smile, "I was not frightened; I am not nervous."

Ormsby, who had been standing at one of the wings talking to the low comedian, but glancing sullenly at Neville and Mary Howard, crossed over to them.

"Can't we begin?" he said, abruptly. "I've got an appointment——"

"Certainly," replied Neville, with a start.

The rehearsal commenced. Was it his fancy? Neville asked himself, or was she really acting with some feeling? He looked up from his copy at her and caught Ormsby's eye fixed on her with an expression of surprise and dawning gratification. Yes, she was playing differently; her statuesque calm was melting; she faltered once or twice, the colour rose and fell in her face, her eyelids seemed heavy, her eyes were dark, the hitherto rhythmic motions of her glorious arms were broken by naturalness. Neville's heart beat fast as he watched her. Suddenly she stopped dead short, glanced at him almost piteously, and said:—

"I'm—I'm sorry! I've forgotten my part."

Neville rose and went to her instantly.

"You're tired," he said. "Oh, pray don't apologize. It was the first time—you have been wonderful!"

"We'll knock off," said Malty, hovering round her fussily. "Look here, Miss Howard, I know what *you* want; you want a good big glass of port. Hi! one of you, go to my room and fetch a black bottle——"

She shook her head. "No, thank you," she said, quietly. "If we're not going to do any more I think I should like to go home. I am sorry. But I shall be quite well to-morrow."

Neville waited until she had left the place; then he went after her, slowly at first, but quickly enough when he was out of sight of the others.

"Let me come with you," he said.

She stopped for a moment, then she walked on beside him. She was calm and self-possessed, but her exquisitely-formed brows were drawn together as if she were troubled and faintly perplexed.

"Are you better?" he asked. "It was hot and stuffy in there. Don't you think it would be as well if you kept in the open air for a little while? Look here; let's cross over to the Temple Gardens."

She made no response, but went with him to that spot of green which is hallowed by memories which Englishmen will cherish for ever. The place was empty. Neville made for the seat which has been consecrated by lovers for ages past; and she leant back with her hands folded over her part, and looked before her with her brows still drawn, her lips still drooping at the corners in a way he had never noticed before.

A great wave of tenderness swept over him; it is in the moment of a woman's weakness, physical or spiritual, that she appeals most irresistibly to the man who loves her, and in this moment Neville's one great longing was to express his tenderness, his sympathy, by a touch of the hand; but he had to repress the desire, for he was not sure of her yet, and he was more than ever afraid lest he should—no, not startle her, for Mary was not the girl to be startled—but make her cold again. Presently she drew a long sigh, a faint colour rose to her face, and she turned her eyes upon him almost shyly, meekly.

"I am giving you a great deal of trouble," she said. "I have spoilt the rehearsal, and taken you away——"

"That's all right," he said, with a laugh. "It's very evident that you are new to the business—that you don't know the rules which govern the conduct of a *prima donna*. Why, you've not been late at rehearsal once, you have not fainted, you have not even quarrelled with me and poor Malty, and, most astonishing of all, you have not insisted upon my re-writing your part and allowing you to take the centre of the stage nearly all the time you are on. This remissness of yours has sometimes made me quite uncomfortable, and I should really be obliged if you could put on a few airs and make yourself a bit of a nuisance. You'd seem more human."

She laughed the low, soft laugh which Neville heard when he was far away from her, when he was riding in the Park, in the silence of his rooms.

"At any rate, I am human enough to be grateful to you for all your kindness to me. You have been so different from what I—expected."

"Ah, I know. You formed your ideas of a dramatic author from books, in which he is generally represented as a bounder, a bully, and a holy terror. You're looking better. Now, I prescribe a little turtle soup, a glass of dry sherry, and a French roll; and I know the place where we can get it to perfection. Come along!"

She hesitated, and murmured a protest, but he laid his hand upon her arm—he had managed to touch her at last—and, with a smile, she let him take her to a restaurant. It was a good prescription; it dispelled her nervousness, the traces of her inexplicable breakdown, and she was soon laughing that soft laugh of hers in response to Neville's extremely successful efforts to amuse her and dispel her remorse. He walked with her to the familiar corner, and she allowed her hand to linger in his for a longer time than she had hitherto permitted it.

She went straight to her room and took her things off slowly, looking at the reflection of her face in the glass; her cheeks were still flushed, the light that had made her eyes shine like stars in the restaurant was still glowing in them; they grew dreamy, her lips parted with a shy smile, and she turned away as if she were ashamed of some revelation made by lips and eyes.

As for Neville, he went back to the Temple Gardens and flung himself on the seat. It had been hard work for him to refrain from telling her that he loved her—not only for the reason which has been stated, but because, if she refused him, of the effect the affair would have upon her work. No; he must wait until after the momentous first night.

She came to the next rehearsal apparently quite recovered, and, to the continued amazement of Ormsby, displayed still greater feeling than she had done on the previous day. He was not only amazed, but much gratified. To say that Ormsby was vain would convey no censure or reproach, for what human being could retain his modesty through such an ordeal of adulation and admiration as that to which the poor fellow was constantly subjected not only on the stage but off it?

Yesterday he was half-inclined to suspect that his all-conquering presence and potent charm had begun to tell upon the apparently impregnable Mary Howard; to-day he was quite certain that they had produced their usual effect, and he displayed this conviction by the tenderness of the tone in which he addressed her, and by the tilt of his handsome head as he watched her from the side wing.

Yes; it was evidently another conquest, another feminine scalp; and this time his heart was stirred by something warmer than vanity, for Mary's coldness and irresponsiveness to his advances, which had piqued him at first, had latterly stirred him with something like a genuine passion. It was time he was married. He certainly could not find a more beautiful and, he added to himself, a more profitable wife. In his mind's eye he already saw himself in that most desirable of positions, that of an actor-manager, starring with his wife, Miss Mary Howard.

The rehearsals were now growing serious. The new play had been puffed and paragraphed in Malty's best and most effectual manner; it had been delicately hinted to the public that the Thespis had secured in its new leading actress a marvel second only to Sarah Bernhardt herself; in short, the public curiosity had been gently tickled, irritated rather, to fever-point.

And as the days went on, while Ormsby was making love with dulcet tones and eloquent glances, Neville was surrounding her, so to speak, with an aura of pure and true love, which he expressed in those unobtrusive attentions which cost men so little, but which mean so much to women. Nearly every day he took her to the quiet restaurant, assuring her when she hesitated that it was merely a selfish act on his part, for, if she did not accompany him, his own lunch would consist of a dry sherry and biscuit, a combination as deleterious as tea and bun.

The dress rehearsal arrived, and for the first time Neville saw her in woman's war-paint, an evening frock and coiffure; and the sight of her in her feminine splendour made his heart bound and his pulse throb; indeed, the whole company was impressed, not to say startled, by the exquisite beauty of her face and form, accentuated by her attire. As for Malty, he was in ecstasies, and Neville had to grip him by the arm to restrain him from some genuine but embarrassing exclamations, for Mary was playing with a grace and, above all, with a feeling which simply astounded her fellow-actors.

Immediately after the rehearsal Neville went up to her. His face was very grave, his eyelids were lowered. He was afraid to let her see his eyes; his voice sounded almost harsh as he said:—

"Come away at once, please! I have a cab for you. No; you must not stay," he added, almost sternly, as Malty came rushing

up, followed by the call-boy with champagne. "And no champagne, please, Malty. To-morrow night, if you like. Come, Miss Howard."

As Malty stepped back he chuckled and grimaced at Neville as if in recognition of his gallantry; but Neville did not notice this by-play. Obediently, she let him take her to the cab. He put her in and, almost unconsciously, drew her cloak more closely round her.

"You will go to bed at once!" he said. "Do not look at your part; don't think of it even; just go to bed and get to sleep as soon as possible. I want you to be quite fresh to-morrow."

"Very well," she said. Her face was flushed, the beautiful eyes sought his questioningly. "Are you satisfied? Shall I do?" she asked, in a low voice.

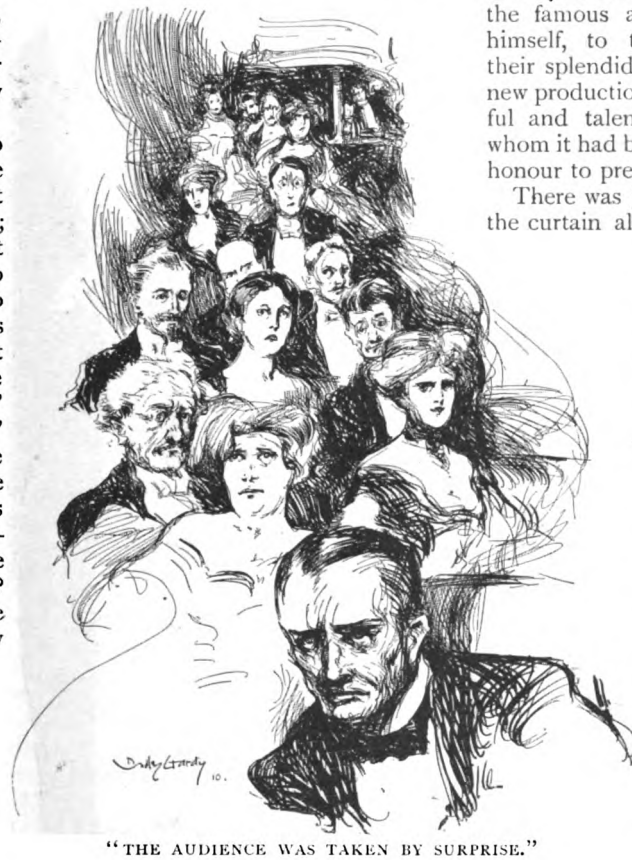
His eyes met hers with an expression that caused hers to lower. "Yes, you will do," he said, rather huskily — "if you will do as I tell you."

"I will," she said, almost inaudibly.

He held her hand for a moment, and as he pressed it he felt it quiver in his.

When the curtain went down the following night, a scene occurred which was unprecedented in the annals of the Thespis. Somewhat prepared as it had been, the audience was taken by surprise. The play was good, but its excellent qualities were almost forgotten in the wonderful performance of the new actress. She had been called after each act; but at the close the applause was overwhelming, and the calls for her threatened to be interminable. Again and again Ormsby, who was radiant—he had played well—led her on, and at every appearance the delighted house cheered her.

Neville never took a call, and did not do so on this occasion, though the house roared for him and showed some resentment at his refusal to appear. But Malty — beaming — bounced on to assure them that Mr. Norris was not in the house, but that he would convey their kind approval to the famous author; and, for himself, to thank them for their splendid reception of his new production and the beautiful and talented young lady whom it had been his pride and honour to present to them.



"THE AUDIENCE WAS TAKEN BY SURPRISE."

There was jubilation behind the curtain also as her fellow-actors and actresses gathered round Mary to congratulate her upon her magnificent success, for the members of "the profession" are not more envious and jealous, though they are popularly supposed to be, than the members of other callings. She was touched; indeed, there were tears under her lids, but she bore the good fortune, which most of us find more trying than misfortune, very modestly, very sweetly. They were all too good to her, she said, and she said it from the heart which at first they had denied to her. Yes; she would drink a glass of champagne. Be sure, Malty had it all ready at the wings; there was enough of it, apparently, to supply the cascade in the second act. Ormsby poured out a glass for her; then raised his own and, in his inimitable manner, said, in thrilling tones:—

"To the new goddess!" and when he had emptied the glass flung it with all the air of a cavalier behind him, so that no lesser toast should be drunk from it.

Neville stood by almost silent, but, need-

"TO THE NEW GODDESS!"

less to say, he was watching the central figure closely, and waiting for the moment when he could take her away from the hubbub and send her home to rest. He got her away at last to the waiting cab.

"You are pleased?" she said. "Oh, I want to tell you how grateful I am to you, but I can't. My heart is beating so fast—I can't say what I feel."

With a gesture that intoxicated him, she stretched out both her hands to him.

"I will tell you to-morrow," he said, as he grasped the trembling hands. "Will you come to the Gardens at twelve o'clock?"

She looked into his eyes, and her face grew like a rose as she murmured, "Yes."

Neville went back to the theatre. He knew that Malty would insist upon making something of a night of it. As he went up the steep stairs to the manager's room he heard Ormsby's voice. It was raised as if its owner were in some kind of a passion.

"He's a mean, dastardly cur!" Neville heard him shout, in the voice of a man hot with anger and smarting with a sense of personal injury.

Neville would have gone down again and waited until the storm had passed over; but he was accustomed to Ormsby's fits of passion, and, attaching little importance to this particular one, he opened the door slowly and entered. Malty was seated on his table—a half-empty champagne glass in his hand, a look of discomfort on his fat, red face. Ormsby was pacing up and down the room furiously, his face white and working. At Neville's appearance Malty turned his bullet-head, swore under his breath, and very nearly dropped the champagne glass; and Ormsby stopped dead short and glowered at Neville, who, on his way towards the table and the champagne, said, a little too casually perhaps:—

"What's the trouble?"

Ormsby appeared to be incapable of speech for a moment, and Malty, getting off his perch rather unsteadily, went round to him, and, laying a persuasive hand on his arm, said, beseechingly:—

"Oh, shut up your head, old man! You've lost your hair; you're half-screwed, that's what you are. Don't say a word! Here, come on home! I'll go with you; I want a breath of fresh air."

But Ormsby flung him off and swung round to Neville.

"I will speak!" he almost shrieked. "I should be a worse cur than he if I didn't. I say he's a mean, cowardly hound; that he's played a dastardly trick, that he has been guilty of a positive outrage on a defenceless girl—a lady. I say that a man who would do such a thing, take such an advantage, ought to be horsewhipped at the cart's tail!"

"My dear Ormsby, men are not horsewhipped nowadays, however great their deserts; and the 'cart's tail' disappeared ages ago—more's the pity, perhaps," said Neville, wearily. "But may I, without intrusion, ask of whom you are speaking?"

"You, you confounded prig!" said Ormsby, infuriated by Neville's manner, which, it must be admitted, was exasperating in the face of the other man's passion. "I'm talking of you and to you. I say that you've behaved like a cad——"

"Now, Ormsby, dry up," broke in Malty, soothingly. "You young fool, you're going too far. What I said—well, it doesn't matter what I said. You chuck it and go home."

"Better not," said Neville. "Get it off your mind, whatever it is, Ormsby. *What is* the trouble, anyway? What have you told him, Malty?"

Ormsby thrust his head forward in a manner peculiar to him when he was greatly excited; the stage-manager had once or twice ventured to hint at this little defect.

"He has told me the whole infernal business," he said, furiously. "How you and he planned to deceive Miss—Howard."

"Hadn't you better leave the lady's name out of this business?" suggested Neville, with sudden gravity. "Surely she can have nothing to do with it?"

"Yes, she has. Look here, Norris, you can't fool me with your cursed affectation of — of sang-froid. You have deliberately deceived her; you have pretended to be in love with her so that she should—should throw herself into her part. And you've succeeded infernally well."

Neville poured out a glass of wine and held up his hand to keep Malty quiet.

"You are making a mistake, Ormsby," he said very quietly; too quietly to please Malty, who knew that Neville's manner became more restrained than usual when he was deeply moved.

"You can't deny it," stormed Ormsby. "I've heard it from Malty's own lips."

"Pardon me, I do deny it," said Neville, flushing slightly, as he now recalled the foolish speech in which Malty had suggested that Neville should make love to Miss Howard. "And that must close the matter. Good night. Good night, Malty."

He passed out of the room so quickly, so quietly, and without hurry, that for a moment Ormsby was too staggered to speak or move; but in an instant he recovered and, with an oath, he dashed after Neville, and, with a cry of "You cur!" aimed a blow at him. Neville was a fairly good boxer, and he warded off the blow easily enough, but Ormsby sprang on him, and Neville, who was on the edge of the first step of the stairs, lost his footing and fell, with Ormsby on top of him.

The two men tumbled down the stairs in a grotesquely comic fashion, gripping each other. But suddenly Neville's grip relaxed, and he lay on the mat quite motionless. Malty came rushing down the stairs and, pushing Ormsby aside, bent over Neville.

"Heavens! I think you've killed him!" he said, thickly. "Run up for some brandy! Quick, you silly ass!"

Neville had recovered before Ormsby returned, and was leaning against the wall,

"HE LOST HIS FOOTING AND FELL, WITH ORMSBY ON TOP OF HIM."

his face white, one arm hanging limply at his side.

"I am all right," he said. "I am all right, I assure you. Don't make a fuss, Malty. Get me a cab. No; I can get it. Go and tell Ormsby that I'm not hurt. He's a good fellow, and I like him all the better for losing his head."

But, of course, Malty would not leave him. Shouting to Ormsby, who stood on the stairs, "Keep back, you idiot!" he helped Neville into a cab and accompanied him home.

The doctor said that Neville had broken his arm, and, in the doctor's presence, Neville abused Malty for not having a gas-jet on his confounded landing. Malty caught the hint, expressed his misery and remorse, and promised to have the light set up that very morning.

When Mary kept her appointment, with a punctuality which it is respectfully hoped she will follow during the rest of her life, she waited for an hour; then, with a disappointment to which she was fully entitled, returned to her rooms. She did not doubt Neville's love; he had been detained, that was all, she told herself, with a sigh. When she arrived at the theatre in the evening, half an hour before the performance, she found Mr. Ormsby pacing up and down the vestibule. He was very pale and evidently agitated, and, with a broken apology, he led Mary to the little ante-room.

"I have something I must say to you, Miss Howard," he said. "I fear you think I am abrupt; but—Miss Howard, will you be my wife? I am very much in love with you, and—and—I feel for you, sympathize with you in this cruel business, but I don't want to say anything about that! Will you be my wife?"

Mary's surprise was too great to admit of blushing; her lovely eyes regarded him with amazement, and at last she said:—

"Oh, I'm sorry! I did not know. Please don't speak. I want to tell you at once that I am—that I can't——"

"I know what you were going to say," he broke in, with increased agitation. "But you have been deceived; you have been treated most cruelly. He has taken advantage of your ignorance of the world—of his character. He has played you a mean and cruel trick. He is not worthy of another thought; forget that he ever existed. It was a trick arranged by Mr. Maltravers and him."

"I don't understand. Who?" said Mary, growing pale.

Ormsby bit his lip. "I didn't want to mention his name. Of course I'm speaking of Mr. Norris. I discovered the truth last night."

"Discovered? I do not know what you mean. Will you tell me plainly, quite plainly, Mr. Ormsby?" she said.

Reluctantly, shamefacedly, indignantly, Ormsby told his story. Neville Norris had been making love to her with the cruel intent to rouse her feelings, to touch her heart, so that she might play more effectively in his cursed comedy. He finished at last, out of breath, and waited for a response from her. He expected her to burst into tears or a torrent of language expressive of her indignation and resentment. But she neither cried nor spoke. She looked straight before her for a moment, her face very pale, her lips set, and then the colour stole to her face and she smiled—not at Mr. Ormsby, not at anything in particular. It was an inscrutable, a heavenly smile, that lent her face an infinite softness, tenderness; and it so staggered Ormsby that he stood and stared at her with his beautiful mouth wide open. Then, before he could recover from his stupor, she moved away, without even a glance at him.

Her dresser opened the door of her room for her and greeted her with an exclamation of trouble and anxiety.

"Oh, miss, isn't it dreadful?" she gasped. "Mr. Norris fell down the back stairs last night and 'as broke his arm."

Mary sat down and began to change her dress.

"Tell me," she said, after a moment or two.

The woman told the story as she knew it, and Mary saw the truth of the matter in a flash. Ormsby and Neville had quarrelled, had fought, and Neville had been injured. She was silent for a while, trying to decide what she should do. Presently she asked if her understudy was in the theatre; but she did not send for her. At all costs, she, Mary, must stand by his play. She was ready for her call, and went on and played. They said that she was not so good as on the preceding night, but admitted that the slight falling-off was only natural; second nights were always tame; and, besides, no doubt Miss Howard was upset by the accident to Mr. Norris.

But she got many calls and recalls at the fall of the curtain, and when at last she returned to her dressing-room and changed, she said to her dresser:—

"Put on your things, Mrs. Brown; I want you to come with me. I'm going to see Mr. Norris."

The woman was used to the whims and fancies of leading ladies, and obeyed without comment, but with a sidelong glance at the pale face.

Neville's man answered the door, and he, too, was accustomed to the erratic motions of theatrical stars, and therefore displayed no surprise at the visit and the lateness of the hour.

"Mr. Norris is going on very well, miss," he said. "He has been sleeping most of the day, but he's awake now. Yes, miss, I'll ask him. Will you step in here, please?"

After five minutes, which seemed five hours to Mary, the man returned and silently escorted her to the sick-room. She paused a moment outside the door and pressed her hands to her heart; then she went in softly. Neville was sitting up in bed, a dressing-gown thrown round him, his arm strapped across his chest. He looked pale, of course. He held out his left hand with one word:—

"Mary!"

She sank on her knees beside the bed and pressed his hand against her bosom as she had pressed her own a moment ago.

"Oh, Neville!" she breathed, her lips quivering.

"It's all right, dearest," he said, with a smile. "I was going to write to you, to send you a message—but somehow I knew you would come. And you have come. You have heard—I can see it by your face." She made a quick, swift motion with her head, as if putting the matter aside; but he was insistent. "You did not believe it, Mary?"

A smile broke over her face, made dazzlingly radiant her eyes; the smile grew into a laugh, tender, caressing.

"How could I?" she whispered. Then her eyes filled. "Your arm, Neville?"

"Yes, it's broken," he said, cheerfully; "but if you had believed me guilty of what they said it would have broken my heart. . . . Dear, I can't kiss you from where I am. Come nearer."

She rose and bent over him, put her arm round him, and drew his head to her bosom, and, holding him thus, her face drooped lower and lower until her lips met his.

HENRY JENKINS.
Who died at the age of one hundred and sixty-nine.

"The Old Man."

A Project for a Novel Newspaper, and Some of Its Contents.

OLD PARR.
Who died at the age of one hundred and fifty-two.

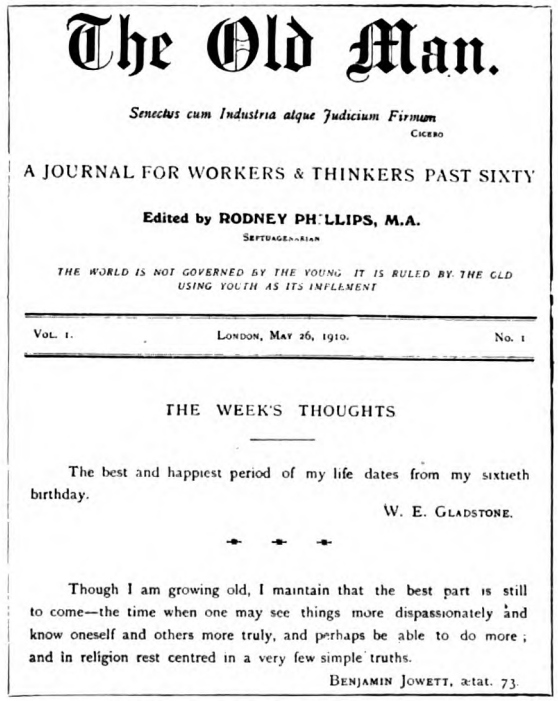
ALTHOUGH there is a very prevalent opinion that this is, *par excellence*, the age of Youth, the era of the Young Man, it is curious that at no time in the history of the world have men over sixty played so prominent and vigorous a part in its affairs. Take whatever department of human effort you please — war, politics, finance, literature, art—who are the men who are doing the most and the best work? The men of sixty or the men of thirty? A glance at the names of the leading financiers of the world, the leading soldiers, the leading statesmen, even the leading writers and painters, is sufficient to answer the question.

It is for this reason that this class of men—those past sixty, who feel that they are still full of ideas and vigour—should have an organ of their own. There is a journal called *The Young Man*. Why not, then, *The Old Man?*

With the idea of ascertaining how such a paper would look and how it would be received, we have gone to work exactly as if we were about to publish a first number. We have drawn up a prospectus and title-cover, and have invited contributions and opinions from many well-known and representative "old men" now living. The result will be found in the following pages.

"We object to being laid on the shelf. We cannot admit all the absurd pretensions to exclusive merit of men whose fathers' cradles we rocked." The foregoing is an extract from an article entitled "Is Youth Infallible?" by Mr. Robert Martin, of Liverpool, the inventor of the gas stove, now in his eighty-seventh year, but still hale and vigorous. It might well serve as the motto of the paper, which, however, has several mottoes, some of them, as well as many of the articles, by men distinguished for years or brains, or both.

It was not so long ago that we were told that a man was useless after sixty — that he was incapable of further great achievement, and might, for all the good he could do in the world, just as well enter the lethal chamber. "Sixty is the age limit of useful-



The Old Man.

Senectus cum Industria atque Judicium Firmum
CICERO

A JOURNAL FOR WORKERS & THINKERS PAST SIXTY

Edited by RODNEY PHILLIPS, M.A.
SEPTUAGENARIAN

THE WORLD IS NOT GOVERNED BY THE YOUNG. IT IS RULED BY THE OLD USING YOUTH AS ITS INSTRUMENT

VOL. I. LONDON, MAY 26, 1910. No. 1

THE WEEK'S THOUGHTS

The best and happiest period of my life dates from my sixtieth birthday.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Though I am growing old, I maintain that the best part is still to come—the time when one may see things more dispassionately and know oneself and others more truly, and perhaps be able to do more; and in religion rest centred in a very few simple truths.

BENJAMIN JOWETT, ætat. 73.

A REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE TITLE-COVER OF "THE OLD MAN."

ness," said Professor Osler; "a man has done his work at sixty, and is thereafter a negligible quantity." Could anything be more fantastic than this opinion nowadays? There is more than one public man who, like Lord Strathcona, if he had died at sixty, would have been absolutely unknown to fame. Lord Strathcona may be said to have begun his Imperial renown at seventy-five. At ninety he is at his office daily at ten o'clock, and after working diligently all day attends on an average three public banquets or dinner-parties a week, and is often not in bed before 1 a.m. William de Morgan was sixty-five before he thought of writing novels. Pierpont Morgan was the same age before he thought of his colossal scheme of finance. Mr. Chamberlain was sixty-five before he suggested tariff reform. Earl Roberts was nearly seventy when he was sent out to supersede the young generals and retrieve disaster in South Africa. "Had I died at threescore years and ten," said Gladstone, "fully half my life-work would have remained undone."

LORD STRATHCONA.
Still in full work at ninety.
From a Photograph.

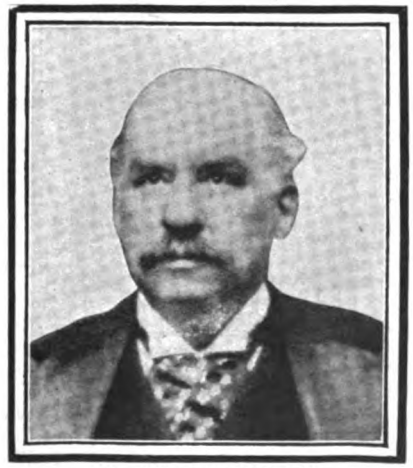
MR. WILLIAM DE MORGAN.
Who began writing novels at sixty-five.
By kind permission of W. Heinemann, Esq.

There is no fact more striking than the way modern life is pushing back the period of old age. Less than a century ago a man was old at forty. You have only to pick up Jane Austen's novels to find gentlemen of thirty-five described as middle-aged. At sixty they were gabbling in their dotage. And there is Mr. Pickwick — that dear, delightful, benevolent old gentleman of forty-five!—just seven years younger than Mr. George Alexander, and five years younger than that leading juvenile, Mr. Lewis Waller!

Fifty years ago, when a man reached the age of forty-five he grew a beard under his chin, bought himself a pair of drab gaiters and a white neckcloth, and spoke with anxious concern of the rising generation, whose manners were so different from those he had known as a "young man." Nowadays the popular notion of irresponsible, irrepressible youth is illustrated by Mr. Lloyd George, who is forty-seven. In our generation forty-seven is outwardly indistinguishable from twenty-seven, save in that the former has a slightly more youthful tint in its cheek and its waistcoat. Is Mr. Seymour Hicks twenty or forty? Is Mr. Henry Ainley forty or twenty? Who—even the most enthusiastic *matinée* girl — cares? The juvenile Lord Althorp is fifty-three; Mr. Hayden Coffin will soon celebrate his half century. Is not the very thought ludicrous that they should grow whiskers either under or above their chins? And as for drab gaiters and white chokers, one's sense of propriety revolts at the idea.

As for the fair sex, the *genus* old lady is all but extinct. The pretty, vivacious matron you admire at a garden-party may have seen twenty-five or seventy summers. As Queen Alexandra not long since said to Mme. Adelina Patti: "We two are two of the youngest women in England." The illustrious Royal example has been so sedulously followed that the ladies — always young, always active, always in the height of Fashion—may be said to laugh in the very face of Father Time.

"It seems to me," writes the Poet Laureate, "that youth is the age of rash, manhood of effective, action; later years, that of observant experience and wise counsel."



MR. PIERPONT MORGAN.
Who thought of his great scheme of finance at sixty-five.
From a Photo. by Brown Bros., New York.

But certain others—as, for example, Sir Frederick Young, K.C.M.G.—hold that later years may also be those of effective action. Sir Frederick, the father and one of the founders of the Royal Colonial Institute, is ninety-three.

SIR FREDERICK YOUNG,
Who writes a most interesting letter to "The Old Man," is ninety-three.
From a Photo. by Maull & Fox.

"I have lived in six reigns," writes Sir Frederick Young, in the pages of *The Old Man*. "I remember a journey of three days on the top of a coach to Newcastle, when my father was elected M.P. for Tynemouth. I was present at Westminster Abbey at the Coronation of William IV., on September 8th, 1831, and I treasure the recollection of many historic events. My life has been devoted to the cause of Imperial Federation. I want the whole Empire to be united politically, and that is my creed at the present day. I want a great Imperial Parliament, with meetings in whatever city may be the centre of the Empire. There are the strongest of reasons, of course, why it should be London; but Canada, for instance, is very go-ahead, and it is not impossible that Canada should produce some day our greatest city. Or it may be Australia. I have seen things move so marvellously that anything may happen."

PROFESSOR MAYOR,
Who is now preparing an improved Latin Primer, is eighty-five.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Then there is an article by Mark Twain on "Old Age"—one of the last things the genial humorist wrote. "I am an old man," he remarks, "so old that the thought of being as old as I am now would once have filled me with wonder. It doesn't fill me with wonder any more. I don't know that I have any sensations about my age, except envy. It is a mean thing to say, when I can boast of having actually lived seventy odd years myself (with the doctor and my family to help me), that I should covet the years of other people. But it is a fact, and the reason is that, although I like to brag about being old, other people are so much older that it makes me ridiculous." The humorist then goes on to tell of Methuselah and Old Parr and other celebrities, whose "staying" powers are perfect gall and wormwood to a man whose other accomplishments having failed is trying to get up a reputation by being old.

Professor J. E. B. Mayor, at eighty-five, who "never took exercise for its own sake," contributes to *The Old Man* a delightful account of his present employments, from which the following may be quoted:—

"I still read all day long. My eyes never tire of reading the smallest print; my hearing is still keen; I can read aloud for five or six hours in the day—an exercise which (like Pliny and Celsus and John Wesley) I regard as very conducive to health.

"What knowledge I have of foreign languages I have acquired for myself. I have made many mistakes. The whole notion of 'grounding' beginners in a language by making them turn fatuous English into Greek, Latin, German, or what not that cannot be other than fatuous, is false. Ollendorff, Kerchever Arnold, and their whole rabble must be cut off root and branch. I am making a First Latin Reader, which will contain many English proverbs, many fine lines of English, rendered into Latin iambics and trochaics. In the sixteenth century and later these easy metres were used for paraphrases of Scripture, which served as text-books in schools. Far better than harping on Balbus and his wall is turning such a line as Byron's—

> Wax to receive and marble to retain,

into the octonarius,

> Ad expi imandam cera, marmor ad tenendam imaginem;

or Dryden's—

> The world's an inn, and life the journey's end,

into the trochaic—

> Finis viae mors, vita deversorium;

or the proverb—

> A good horse often needs a good spur,

into the trimeter—

> Eget bonus equus saepe calcaris boni."

Sir Hiram Maxim writes to *The Old Man*: "It is a mistake to class me as an old man.

I am not old at all. I am quite willing to admit, however, that the majority of mankind that were born in the year 1840 may be considered old. In fact, I have met a good many of them, and I have often remarked that the year 1840 must have been a bad year for men, as I find that nearly everyone I meet born in that year is old. It is quite true that I have been in the world seventy years, and I have been told by a good many of my associates, whose opinions certainly ought to be worth something, that if I had been a drinking man, gone on an occasional booze, and used tobacco plentifully, I might have been at least ninety years old by this time. I have had so much work to do in my lifetime that I have not had time to grow old. When I was a boy they used to say, 'Hiram is a good boy to work; he is very industrious.' Well, I went on for years, working harder and harder every year, keeping at it, not wasting a moment of time — in fact, feeling guilty unless I was at work—and finally I made a lot of money. It was then that her ladyship suggested that I had better let up a bit, but I found that I could not stop. It was the inertia of mass; it has been going so long and so fast that it refused to halt; so I am still at it, as busy as a bee, and at the present moment I see very little chance of being able to stop."

SIR HIRAM MAXIM,
Who is seventy, says he is not "old at all."
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

Art in *The Old Man* is represented by Mr. B. W. Leader, R.A., who writes: "Although I am in my eightieth year I feel the same enthusiasm for my art as I did when a young man. I think my contributions to this year's Academy prove that my powers have not deteriorated. I might mention that many artists did some of their best work in their old age; Corot, for instance, painted two of his finest pictures the year of his death, when he was seventy-nine; and Titian, one of the world's greatest artists, was at work on his last and celebrated picture, 'Pieta,' when he died at the great age of ninety-eight."

MR. B. W. LEADER, R.A.
At eighty he feels the same enthusiasm for art as when he was a young man.
From a Photo. by E. H. Mills.

Of old age Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace observes that it is merely a normal state. There is no reason why we should have less appetite for the last course of Life's feast than we had for the first. Each is so different. Dr. Wallace is in his eighty-eighth year, and is still one of the master-minds of the English-speaking world. Perhaps his greatest work, "Man's Place in the Universe," did not appear until he was eighty.

There is only one survivor of the founders of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood now alive, and that is Mr. William Holman Hunt, now in his eighty-fourth year. Yet he is still vigorous and still able to paint and to write, as his recently-published book on the P.R.B. amply testifies.

A far older veteran is Dean Gregory of St. Paul's, who is in his ninety-second year.

DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE,
Who is eighty-seven, says old age is "merely a normal state."
From a Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.

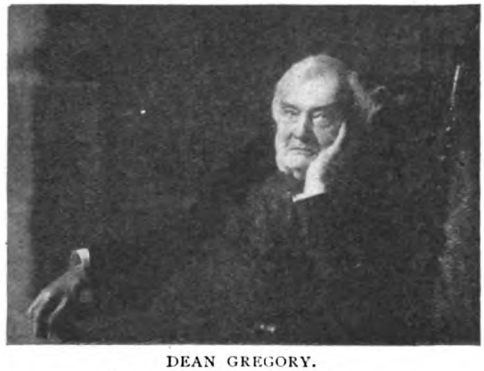
"The Church," says Dean Gregory, "must be favourable to longevity, as well as to prolific families, for years and olive-branches seem to be commonest in the parsonages, deaneries, and even our episcopal palaces." The Dean ascribes his longevity to plain living

and hard working—also inseparable from the Church.

Another feature in *The Old Man* is the report of a chat with the oldest living Red Indian chief, Wolf Robe, who, in his hundredth year, still boasts of his friendship for Mr. Roosevelt, whom he remembers visiting him on the Reserve on his eightieth birthday. When this chief was asked the secret of his long life he responded: "Have a good time, but don't have him too good. That's all."

MR. WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT.
Still painting and writing at eighty-three.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

Mr. Thomas Hardy at seventy was only aware of the fact that he was an old man by the shoals of congratulations that recently poured in upon him. Yet he is now meditating an entirely new departure in intellectual work; his vigour shows no sign of abating and his originality almost seems to increase with years.



DEAN GREGORY.
Still a hard worker at ninety-one.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

There is an interview in *The Old Man* with General Booth, in which he says:—

"It has been said that I am proud, haughty, and despotic, trampling upon the feelings of those placed under my guidance. The critics, however, neglect to say how thousands of all nationalities and classes eagerly go to the uttermost parts of the earth at my bidding. It has been alleged that I live in grand style and am amassing a large fortune out of the gifts of poor and deluded people, that I live in a magnificent mansion and drive about in a costly motor-car, and never eat or drink except out of a silver dish with a golden spoon. I have never taken a shilling from the Salvation Army funds for my own personal support since its commencement, and have never gone out in loaned or hired motors except when visiting poor lost people."

Lord Roberts — Britain's greatest General since Wellington — after forty years' service in India, had returned to England, apparently to spend his latter days in retirement. In his sixty-eighth year there came the news that the Army sent to South Africa to punish the Boers had failed; that Buller had met humiliating defeat at Colenso, and that Roberts's only son was among the slain. At this critical juncture the veteran General was summoned once more to action, and speedily reversed the situation. Within a few weeks Kimberley was relieved and Cronje captured, and a few months later Roberts had swept irresistibly over the veldt, scattering the enemy before him and occupying the capitals of both the Boer Republics.

MR. THOMAS HARDY.
Who is meditating an entirely new work at the age of seventy.
From a Photograph.

WOLF ROBE.
The oldest Red Indian Chief, aged ninety-nine.
From a Photograph.

The story is told of "Bobs" that while riding in company with General

Buller, on the outskirts of Pretoria, they came upon a fairly high rail fence.

"What about taking that fence?" asked Roberts.

Although seven years younger than his chief, Buller replied:—

"I am too old for that, sir."

Whereupon Lord Roberts, setting spurs to his horse, cleared the fence as though he were the youngest huntsman in a field at home. It is to Buller's credit that he followed.

GENERAL BOOTH.
Full of vigour at eighty-one.
From a Photo. by E. H. Mills.

Of statesmen who became noted in their later years one famous instance is that of Benjamin Franklin, who was in his seventy-first year when he arrived in Paris as the first American Ambassador to the Court of France. He was seventy-seven when he helped to negotiate the treaty that secured American independence; Minister at Paris until his seventy-ninth year; and after his return to his own country, serving in various public capacities, Franklin proved fully that a man may be of use when he is past sixty.

Since Pitt, England has had no "boy Premier." The "Iron Duke" was Prime Minister at sixty-one, and held a Cabinet portfolio at seventy-seven. Of his thirteen successors to the present day, all but three held office beyond sixty, all but five beyond seventy, and two—Palmerston and Gladstone—beyond their eightieth year, Palmerston dying in harness two days before his eighty-first birthday, and Gladstone retiring, still vigorous, at eighty-four.

Carlyle, writing of Sir Charles James Napier, said: "A lynx-eyed, fiery man—more of a hero than any modern I have seen in a long time." Napier was brave to rashness, and inspired by an energy which ill brooked control. He was sixty when he took command of the British Army in India and conquered the province of Sind. In one fierce battle he hurled his force of two thousand men upon a native army of twenty thousand, and literally hewed them down, fighting himself in the forefront of the battle; for Napier was a General of the older type, assailing the enemy sword in hand. After the war was over he served as Governor of the province for several years, quelling the hill tribes and bringing order out of chaos. At sixty-six he was sent out once more to India to put down an insurrection of the Sikhs.

LORD ROBERTS.
Who won the Boer War at sixty-eight.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

At seventy-six Victor Hugo completed his "Histoire d'un Crime." At the age of eighty-three, when death summoned him, he was working upon a tragedy with all the energy of youth.

VICTOR HUGO.
Who was working on a tragedy when he died at eighty-three.
From a Photo. by Nadar, Paris.

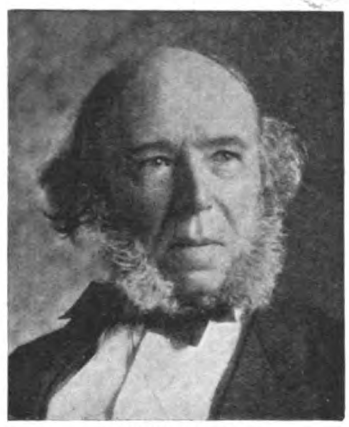
Herbert Spencer was forty when he resolved to write a series of books covering the whole field of philosophy. Ill-health and lack of means hampered but could not distract him from his self-appointed task. For upwards of forty years he laboured at the task, completing

it just before his death, in his eighty-fourth year. The only work he left unfinished was a volume of reminiscences, undertaken as a relaxation from his more arduous labours. Tolstoi is another distinguished example of mental fertility in old age.

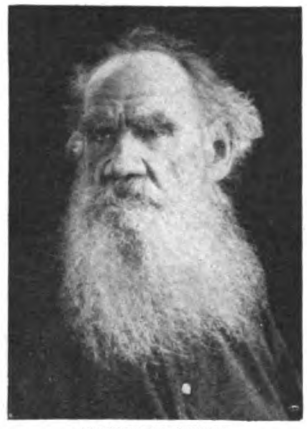
From a striking symposium entitled "How to Attain Longevity" the following is taken:—

"Earl Nelson, who is in his eighty-seventh year, is a remarkable man, for he started handicapped in life by the fact that 'as a child, up to five or six, I suffered from indigestion, but have always since had very good health until some twenty years back, when I was poisoned by an overdose of strychnine. Sir James Paget declared I should never recover the use of my lower limbs, but perseverance and a determination never to give in so far restored me that I have been able to walk four or five miles a day, shooting, for some years.'

"Lord Nelson's views of life are formulated in the following way: 'If you have no hereditary disease from the sins of your ancestors, the great secret of a long life is to live, by God's help, according to His laws. A youth wasted in self-indulgence, which the world calls pleasure, is the real cause of most of the evils of this life. I have no fixed *régime*, but am generally in bed by twelve, and seldom require seven hours' sleep. If called at six I am as fresh as a lark. I never let the grass grow under my feet, and if I have anything on my mind I get rid of it at once. This does away with all morbidness, and makes one cheerful and in good spirits, and helps to make one feel young even at eighty-seven. I never smoke, but am no abstainer, though always moderate in food and drink, and avoid physic as much as possible.'"



HERBERT SPENCER.
Who did not complete his great work till eighty-four.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



COUNT TOLSTOI.
Full of mental activity at eighty-two.
From a Photo. by Carl Seebald.

ANTON STEINACKER.
The oldest man alive, being one hundred and sixteen.
From a Photograph.

Considerable space is given in the first number of *The Old Man* to an interview with "The Oldest Man in the World," by Karl Renck, of the *Vienna Courant*. There are many claimants to the honour, but none would seem to be better authenticated than the claim of Anton Steinacker, a native of Festran, in Styria, who was born on April 24th, 1794, and is therefore in the one hundred and seventeenth year of his age. Up to the age of a hundred Anton, who was formerly a schoolmaster, did not use spectacles, his eyesight being excellent. He remembers seeing Napoleon riding at the head of his troops in 1811, and a year later Anton was drafted into the army, but did not serve. On his hundred and fifth birthday he was presented to the Emperor Franz Josef, although he was not until two or three years later the oldest Austrian subject. His diet now consists almost exclusively of milk. Although now blind and deaf, his intelligence is still keen, and he always asks after the health and movements of the Emperor. "Life is still worth living," said Anton, in a parting message. "I am glad to be alive."

In the words of Sir James Crichton Browne: "Life owes every man and woman one hundred years. It is their business to see that they collect the debt."

WATCH-DOGS

BY

W·W·JACOBS

Illustrated by Will Owen.

"IT'S a'most the only enj'yment I've got left," said the oldest inhabitant, taking a long, slow draught of beer, "that and a pipe o' baccy. Neither of 'em wants chewing, and that's a great thing when you ain't got anything worth speaking about left to chew with."

He put his mug on the table and, ignoring the stillness of the summer air, sheltered the flame of a match between his cupped hands and conveyed it with infinite care to the bowl of his pipe. A dull but crafty old eye squinting down the stem assured itself that the tobacco was well alight before the match was thrown away.

"As I was a-saying, kindness to animals is all very well," he said to the wayfarer who sat opposite him in the shade of the Cauliflower elms; "but kindness to your feller-creeturs is more. The pint wot you give me is gone, but I'm just as thankful to you as if it wasn't."

He half closed his eyes and, gazing on to the fields beyond, fell into a reverie so deep that he failed to observe the landlord come for his mug and return with it filled. A little start attested his surprise, and, to his great annoyance, upset a couple of tablespoonfuls of the precious liquid.

"Some people waste all their kindness on dumb animals," he remarked, after the landlord had withdrawn from his offended vision, "but I was never a believer in it. I mind some time ago when a gen'leman from

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Lunnon wot ad more money than sense offered a prize for kindness to animals. I was the only one that didn't try for to win it.

"Mr. Bunnett 'is name was, and 'e come down and took Farmer Hall's 'ouse for the summer. Over sixty, 'e was, and old enough to know better. He used to put saucers of milk all round the 'ouse for cats to drink, and, by the time pore Farmer Hall got back, every cat for three miles round 'ad got in the habit of coming round to the back-door and asking for milk as if it was their right. Farmer Hall poisoned a saucer o' milk at last, and then 'ad to pay five shillings for a thin black cat with a mangy tail and one eye that Bob Pretty said belonged to 'is children. Farmer Hall said he'd go to jail afore he'd pay, at fust, but arter five men 'ad spoke the truth and said they 'ad seen Bob's youngsters tying a empty mustard-tin to its tail on'y the day afore, he gave way.

"That was Bob Pretty all over, that was; the biggest raskel Claybury 'as ever had; and it wasn't the fust bit o' money 'e made out o' Mr. Bunnett coming to the place.

"It all come through Mr. Bunnett's love for animals. I never see a man so fond of animals as 'e was, and if he had 'ad 'is way Claybury would 'ave been overrun by 'em by this time. The day arter 'e got to the farm he couldn't eat 'is breakfuss because of a pig that was being killed in the yard, and it was no good pointing out to 'im that the pig was on'y making a fuss about it because it was its nature so to do. He lived on wegetables and such like, and the way 'e carried on one day over 'arf a biled caterpillar 'e found in his cabbage, wouldn't be believed. He wouldn't eat another mossel, but sat hunting 'igh and low for the other 'arf.

"He 'adn't been in Claybury more than a week afore he said 'ow surprised 'e was to see 'ow pore dumb animals was treated. He made a little speech about it one evening up at the schoolroom, and, arter he 'ad finished, he up and offered to give a prize of a gold watch that used to belong to 'is dear sister wot loved animals, to the one wot was the kindest to 'em afore he left the place.

"If he'd ha' known Claybury men better 'e wouldn't ha' done it. The very next morning Bill Chambers took 'is baby's milk for the cat, and smacked 'is wife's 'ead for talking arter he'd told 'er to stop. Henery Walker got into trouble for leaning over Charlie Stubbs's fence and feeding his chickens for 'im, and Sam Jones's wife had to run off 'ome to 'er mother 'arf-dressed because she had 'appened to overlay a sick rabbit wot Sam' ad taken to bed with 'im to keep warm.

"People used to stop animals in the road and try and do 'em a kindness—especially when Mr. Bunnett was passing—and Peter Gubbins walked past 'is house one day with ole Mrs. Broad's cat in 'is arms. A bad-tempered old cat it was, and, wot with Peter kissing the top of its 'ead and calling of it Tiddleums, it nearly went out of its mind.

"The fust time Mr. Bunnett see Bob Pretty was about a week arter he'd offered that gold watch. Bob was stooping down very careful over something in the hedge, and Mr. Bunnett, going up quiet-like behind 'im, see 'im messing about with a pore old toad he 'ad found, with a smashed leg.

"'Wot's the matter with it?' ses Mr. Bunnett.

"Bob didn't seem to 'ear 'im. He was a-kneeling on the ground with 'is 'ead on one side looking at the toad; and by and by he pulled out 'is pocket-'an'kercher and put the toad in it, as if it was made of egg-shells, and walked away.

"'Wot's the matter with it?' ses Mr. Bunnett, a'most trotting to keep up with 'im.

"'Got its leg 'urt in some way, pore thing,' ses Bob. 'I want to get it 'ome as soon as I can and wash it and put it on a piece o' damp moss. But I'm afraid it's not long for this world.'

"Mr. Bunnett said it did 'im credit, and walked 'ome alongside of 'im talking. He was surprised to find that Bob hadn't 'eard anything of the gold watch 'e was offering, but Bob said he was a busy, 'ard-working man and didn't 'ave no time to go to hear speeches or listen to tittle-tattle.

"'When I've done my day's work,' he ses, 'I can always find a job in the garden, and arter that I go in and 'elp my missis put the children to bed. She ain't strong, pore thing, and it's better than wasting time and money up at the Cauliflower.'

"He 'ad a lot o' talk with Mr. Bunnett for the next day or two, and when 'e went round with the toad on the third day as lively and well as possible the old gen'leman said it was a miracle. And so it would ha' been if it had been the same toad.

"He took a great fancy to Bob Pretty, and somehow or other they was always dropping acrost each other. He met Bob with 'is dog one day—a large, ugly brute, but a'most as clever as wot Bob was 'imself. It stood there with its tongue 'anging out and looking at Bob uneasy-like out of the corner

of its eye as Bob stood a-patting of it and calling it pet names.

"'Wunnerful affectionate old dog, ain't you, Joseph?' ses Bob.

"'He's got a kind eye,' ses Mr. Bunnett.

"'He's like another child to me, ain't you, wot a pity it was everybody 'adn't got Bob Pretty's common sense and good feeling.

"'It ain't that,' ses Bob, shaking his 'ead at him; 'it ain't to my credit. I dessay if Sam Jones and Peter Gubbins, and Charlie Stubbs and Dicky Weed 'ad been brought

"MR. BUNNETT SAID IT DID 'IM CREDIT, AND WALKED 'OME ALONGSIDE OF 'IM TALKING."

my pretty?' ses Bob, smiling at 'im and feeling in 'is pocket. 'Here you are, old chap.'

"He threw down a biskit so sudden that Joseph thinking it was a stone went off like a streak o' lightning with 'is tail between 'is legs and yelping his 'ardest. Most men would ha' looked a bit foolish, but Bob Pretty didn't turn a hair.

"'Ain't it wunnerful the sense they've got,' he ses to Mr. Bunnett, wot was still staring arter the dog.

"'Sense?' ses the old gen'leman.

"'Yes,' ses Bob, smiling. 'His food ain't been agreeing with 'im lately and he's starving hisself for a bit to get round agin, and 'e knew that 'e couldn't trust hisself alongside this biskit. Wot a pity men ain't like this with beer. I wish as 'ow Bill Chambers and Henery Walker and a few more 'ad been 'ere just now.'

"Mr. Bunnett agreed with 'im, and said up the same as I was they'd 'ave been a lot better than wot I am.'

"He bid Mr. Bunnett good-bye becos 'e said he'd got to get back to 'is work, and Mr. Bunnett 'ad 'ardly got 'ome afore Henery Walker turned up full of anxiousness to ask his advice about five little baby kittens wot 'is old cat had found in the wash-place the night afore.

"'Drownd them little innercent things, same as most would do, I can't,' he ses, shaking his 'ead; 'but wot to do with 'em I don't know.'

"'Couldn't you find 'omes for 'em?' ses Mr. Bunnett.

"Henery Walker shook his 'ead agin. ''Tain't no use thinking o' that,' he ses. 'There's more cats than 'omes about 'ere. Why, Bill Chambers drownded six o'ny last week right afore the eyes of my pore little boy. Upset 'im dreadful it did."

"Mr. Bunnett walked up and down the

room thinking. 'We must try and find 'omes for 'em when they are old enough,' he says at last; 'I'll go round myself and see wot *I* can do for you.'

"Henery Walker thanked 'im and went off 'ome doing a bit o' thinking; and well he 'ad reason to. Everybody wanted one o' them kittens. Peter Gubbins offered for to take two, and Mr. Bunnett told Henery Walker next day that 'e could ha' found 'omes for 'em ten times over.

"'You've no idea wot fine, kind-'arted people they are in this village when their 'arts are touched,' he ses, smiling at Henery. 'You ought to 'ave seen Mr. Jones's smile when I asked 'im to take one. It did me good to see it. And I spoke to Mr. Chambers about drowning 'is kittens, and he told me 'e hadn't slept a wink ever since. And he offered to take your old cat to make up for it, if you was tired of keeping it.'

"It was very 'ard on Henery Walker, I must say that. Other people was getting the credit of bringing up 'is kittens, and more than that, they used to ask Mr. Bunnett into their places to see 'ow the little dears was a-getting on.

"Kindness to animals caused more unpleasantness in Claybury than anything 'ad ever done afore. There was hardly a man as 'ud speak civil to each other, and the wimmen was a'most as bad. Cats and dogs and such-like began to act as if the place belonged to 'em, and seven people stopped Mr. Bunnett one day to tell 'im that Joe Parsons 'ad been putting down rat-poison and killed five little baby rats and their mother.

"It was some time afore anybody knew that Bob Pretty 'ad got his eye on that gold watch, and when they did they could 'ardly believe it. They give Bob credit for too much sense to waste time over wot they knew 'e couldn't get, but arter they 'ad heard one or two things they got alarmed, and pretty near the whole village went up to see Mr. Bunnett and tell 'im about Bob's true character. Mr. Bunnett couldn't believe 'em at fust, but arter they 'ad told 'im of Bob's poaching and the artful ways and tricks he 'ad of getting money as didn't belong to 'im, 'e began to think different. He spoke to parson about 'im, and arter that 'e said he never wanted for to see Bob Pretty's face agin.

"There was a fine to-do about it up at this 'ere Cauliflower public-'ouse that night, and the quietest man o' the whole lot was Bob Pretty. He sat still all the time drinking 'is beer and smiling at 'em and giving 'em good advice 'ow to get that gold watch.

"THE QUIETEST MAN O' THE WHOLE LOT WAS BOB PRETTY."

"'It's no good to me,' he ses, shaking his 'ead. 'I'm a pore labourin' man, and I know my place.'

"''Ow you could ever 'ave thought you 'ad a chance, Bob, *I* don't know,' ses Henery Walker.

"'Ow's the toad, Bob?" ses Bill Chambers; and then they all laughed.

"'Laugh away, mates,' ses Bob; 'I know you don't mean it. The on'y thing I'm sorry for is you can't all 'ave the gold watch, and I'm sure you've worked 'ard enough for it; keeping Henery Walker's kittens for 'im, and 'anging round Mr. Bunnett's.'

"'We've all got a better chance than wot you 'ave, Bob,' ses little Dicky Weed.

"'Ah, that's your iggernerance, Dicky,' ses Bob. 'Come to think it over quiet like, I'm afraid I shall win it arter all. Cos why? Cos I deserves it.'

"They all laughed agin, and Bill Chambers laughed so 'arty that 'e joggled Peter Gubbins's arm and upset 'is beer.

"'Laugh away,' ses Bob, pretending to get savage. 'Them that laughs best laughs last, mind. I'll 'ave that watch now, just to spite you all.'

"''Ow are you going to get it, Bob?' ses Sam Jones, jeering.

"'Never you mind, mate,' ses Bob, stamping 'is foot; 'but I'm going to win it fair. I'm going to 'ave it for kindness to pore dumb animals.'

"''Ear! 'ear!' ses Dicky Weed, winking at the others. 'Will you 'ave a bet on it, Bob?'

"'No,' ses Bob Pretty; 'I don't want to win no man's money. I like to earn my money in the sweat o' my brow.'

"'But you won't win it, Bob,' ses Dicky, grinning. 'Look 'ere! I'll lay you a level bob you don't get it.'

"Bob shook his 'ead, and started talking to Bill Chambers about something else.

"'I'll bet you two bob to one, Bob,' ses Dicky. 'Well, three to one, then.'

"Bob sat up and looked at 'im for a long time, considering, and at last he ses, 'All right,' he ses, 'if Smith the landlord will mind the money I will.'

"'He 'anded over his shillin', but very slow-like, and Dicky Weed 'anded over 'is money. Arter that Bob sat looking disagreeable like, especially when Dicky said wot 'e was goin' to do with the money, and by and by Sam Jones dared 'im to 'ave the same bet with 'im in sixpences.

"Bob Pretty 'ad a pint more beer to think it over, and arter Bill Chambers 'ad stood 'im another, 'e said 'e would. He seemed a bit dazed like, and by the time he went 'ome he 'ad made bets with thirteen of 'em. Being Saturday night they 'ad all got money on 'em, and, as for Bob; 'e always 'ad some. Smith took care of the money and wrote it all up on a slate.

"'Why don't you 'ave a bit on, Mr. Smith?' ses Dicky.

"'Oh, I dunno', ses Smith, wiping down the bar with a wet cloth.

"'It's the chance of a lifetime,' ses Dicky.

"'Looks like it,' ses Smith.

"'But 'e can't win,' ses Sam Jones, looking a bit upset. 'Why, Mr. Bunnett said 'e ought to be locked up.'

"'He's been led away,' ses Bob Pretty, shaking his 'ead. 'He's a kind-'arted old gen'leman when 'e's left alone, and he'll soon see wot a mistake 'e's made about me. I'll show 'im. But I wish it was something more useful than a gold watch.'

"'You ain't got it yet,' ses Bill Chambers.

"'No, mate,' ses Bob.

"'And you stand to lose a sight o' money,' ses Sam Jones. 'If you like, Bob Pretty, you can 'ave your bet back with me.'

"'Never mind, Sam,' ses Bob; 'I won't take no advantage of you. If I lose you'll 'ave sixpence to buy a rabbit-hutch with. Good-night, mates all.'

"He rumpled Bill Chambers's 'air for 'im as he passed—a thing Bill can't abear—and gave Henery Walker, wot was drinking beer, a smack on the back wot nearly ruined 'im.

"Some of 'em went and told Mr. Bunnett some more things about Bob next day, but they might as well ha' saved their breath. The old gen'leman said he knew all about 'im and 'e never wanted to 'ear his name mentioned agin. Arter which they began for to 'ave a more cheerful way of looking at things; and Sam Jones said 'e was going to 'ave a hole bored through 'is sixpence and wear it round 'is neck to aggravate Bob Pretty with.

"For the next three or four weeks Bob Pretty seemed to keep very quiet, and we all began to think as 'ow he 'ad made a mistake for once. Everybody else was trying their 'ardest for the watch, and all Bob done was to make a laugh of 'em and to say he believed it was on'y made of brass arter all. Then one arternoon, just a few days afore Mr. Bunnett's time was up at the farm, Bob took 'is dog out for a walk, and arter watching the farm for some time met the old gen'leman by accident up at Coe's plantation.

"'Good arternoon, sir,' he ses, smiling at

"SOME OF 'EM WENT AND TOLD MR. BUNNETT SOME MORE THINGS ABOUT BOB NEXT DAY."

'im. 'Wot wunnerful fine weather we're a-having for the time o' year. I've just brought Joseph out for a bit of a walk. He ain't been wot I might call hisself for the last day or two, and I thought a little fresh air might do 'im good.'

"Mr. Bunnett just looked at 'im, and then 'e passed 'im by without a word.

"'I wanted to ask your advice about 'im,' ses Bob, turning round and follering of 'im. 'He's a delikit animal, and sometimes I wonder whether I 'aven't been a-pampering of 'im too much.'

"'Go away,' ses Mr. Bunnett; 'I've 'eard all about you.'

"'All about me?' ses Bob Pretty, looking puzzled. 'Well, you can't 'ave heard no 'arm, that's one comfort.'

"'I've been told your true character,' ses the old gen'leman, very firm. 'And I'm ashamed that I should let myself be deceived by you. I hope you'll try and do better while there is still time.'

"'If anybody 'as got anything to say agin my character,' says Bob, 'I wish as they'd say it to my face. I'm a pore, hard-working man, and my character's all I've got.'

"'You're poorer than you thought you was, then,' says Mr. Bunnett. 'I wish you good arternoon.'

"'Good arternoon, sir,' ses Bob, very humble. 'I'm afraid some on 'em 'ave been telling lies about me, and I didn't think I'd got a enemy in the world. Come on, Joseph. Come on, old pal.'

"He shook 'is 'ead with sorrow, and made a little sucking noise between 'is teeth, and afore you could wink, his dog 'ad laid hold of the old gen'leman's leg and kep' quiet waiting orders.

"'Help!' screams Mr. Bunnett. 'Call 'im off! Call 'im off!'

"Bob said arterwards that 'e was foolish enough to lose 'is presence o' mind for a moment, and instead o' doing anything he stood there gaping with 'is mouth open.

"'Call 'im off!' screams Mr. Bunnett, trying to push the dog away.

"'Don't move,' ses Bob Pretty in a frightened voice. 'Don't move, wotever you do.'

"'Call him off! Take 'im away!' ses Mr. Bunnett.

"'Why Joseph! Joseph! Wotever are you a-thinking of?' ses Bob, shaking 'is 'ead at the dog. 'I'm surprised at you! Don't you know Mr. Bunnett wot is fond of animals?'

"'If you don't call 'im off,' ses Mr. Bunnett, trembling all over, 'I'll have you locked up.'

"'I am a-calling 'im off,' ses Bob, looking

very puzzled. 'Didn't you 'ear me? It's you making that noise that excites 'im, I think. P'r'aps if you keep quiet he'll leave go. Come off, Joseph, old boy, there's a good doggie.'

"'It's no good talking to 'im like that,' ses Mr. Bunnett, keeping quiet but trembling worse than ever.

"'I don't want to 'urt his feelings,' ses Bob; 'they've got their feelings the same as wot we 'ave. Besides, p'r'aps it ain't 'is fault—p'r'aps he's gone mad.'

"'*Help!*' ses the old gen'leman, in a voice that might ha' been heard a mile away.

"'Why don't you keep quiet?' ses Bob. 'You're on'y frightening the pore animal, and making things worse. Joseph, leave go and I'll see whether there's a biskit in my pocket. Why don't you leave go?'

"'Pull him off. Hit 'im,' ses Mr. Bunnett.

"'*Wot?*' ses Bob Pretty, with a start. 'Hit a poor, dumb animal wot don't know no better! Why, you'd never forgive me, sir, and I should lose the gold watch besides.'

"'No, you won't,' ses Mr. Bunnett, speaking very fast. 'You'll 'ave as much chance of it as ever you had. Hit 'im! Quick!'

"'It 'ud break my 'art,' ses Bob. "He'd never forgive me; but if you'll take the responserbility, and then go straight 'ome and give me the gold watch now for kindness to animals, I will.'

"He shook his 'ead with sorrow and made that there sucking noise agin.

"'All right, you shall 'ave it,' ses Mr. Bunnett, shouting.

"'For kindness to animals?' ses Bob. 'Honour bright?'

"'Yes,' ses Mr. Bunnett.

"Bob Pretty lifted 'is foot and caught Joseph one behind that surprised 'im. Then he 'elped Mr. Bunnett look at 'is leg, and arter pointing out that the skin wasn't hardly broken, and saying that Joseph 'ad got the best mouth of any dog in Claybury, 'e walked 'ome with the old gen'leman and got the watch. He said Mr. Bunnett made a little speech when 'e gave it to 'im wot he couldn't remember, and wot he wouldn't repeat if 'e could.

"He came up to this 'ere Cauliflower public-'ouse the same night for the money 'e had won, and Bill Chambers made another speech, but, as Smith the landlord put 'im outside for it, it didn't do Bob Pretty the good it ought to ha' done."

"BOB PRETTY LIFTED 'IS FOOT AND CAUGHT JOSEPH ONE BEHIND THAT SURPRISED 'IM."

Mr. Maskelyne's Reply TO Sir Hiram Maxim's Challenge.

THE CHALLENGER.
Elliott & Fry.

THE CHALLENGED.
Elliott & Fry.

AN article appeared in THE STRAND MAGAZINE for June last from the pen of Sir Hiram Maxim, in which he describes some rope tricks commonly performed by spirit mediums, who imitate the Davenport Brothers.

These tricks appear to have puzzled Sir Hiram considerably, and, whilst disclaiming any belief in spiritualism, he considers that they cannot be accomplished by normal means, and he offers me twenty pounds if I can show him how they are done.

Verbal explanations of tricks of this class never satisfy persons who are totally ignorant of the devices of spirit mediums. Nothing short of practical demonstration would convince Sir Hiram, I am quite sure. To give him this, it would be necessary for me to construct apparatus, and go into training for the performance of dexterous feats which I have not attempted for thirty-five years.

The munificent offer of twenty pounds would not cover the outlay, to say nothing of my time and trouble. I am, however, inclined to meet Sir Hiram in a sporting spirit rather than a mercenary one, and I make him the following offer. If Sir Hiram will arrange for a public contest between myself and a rope-tying medium, I will undertake to reproduce the tricks of that medium, and I will afterwards show Sir Hiram how they are done, without charge.

Sir Hiram writes: "I am strongly of opinion to-day that Mr. Maskelyne would be quite unable to go on a new stage with a firm new floor and, with no other apparatus except a light box, perform the tricks that I saw done by Mr. Fay." Sir Hiram is entirely mistaken. I have performed the tricks he describes, and much more wonderful ones, under more severe conditions than any spirit medium has ever submitted to, several times in the open air, on new stages with firm new floors, and with huge audiences surrounding the cabinet. I have performed them repeatedly in private drawing-rooms without a stage of any description.

One of the last private *exposés* of the entire cabinet and dark séances of the Davenports I gave at Sandringham in 1875 in the presence of our late and lamented King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and a large party.

At that time our present King was a small boy, and, being somewhat startled at the manifestations in the dark, Queen Alexandra held him upon her lap.

I mention this performance particularly, as some very amusing incidents took place. I

was performing the famous coat trick of the Davenports. Ira Davenport, with his wrists tied behind his back and the knots sealed, could take off his coat in a few seconds. I improved upon that trick. I was secured in the same manner, and in addition I allowed a piece of tape to be passed through the buttonholes of the lapels of my coat, tied tightly across the chest, and sealed. In this condition I could take off my coat in five seconds.

I had practised throwing things in the dark, and could aim very accurately. I threw my coat at King Edward, intending that it should fall into his lap. Unfortunately, however, my aim was not so good as usual. When the lights were turned up his head was completely enveloped in my coat.

To show that there was no trick in the coat, I asked to have one lent to me. The King told one of the party who was about my size to lend me his dress-coat. To create a laugh I put the coat on inside out. When the lights were turned up it was seen that the silk lining of the coat was a mass of rags. The King was convulsed with laughter, and exclaimed, "Dick, Dick, is that your coat?"

The reply was, "No, sir; it's one I borrowed."

Queen Alexandra was greatly interested, and repeatedly gave instructions to the committee appointed to apply the tests. "Look behind," she would exclaim; "see no tricks behind."

"WHEN THE LIGHTS WERE TURNED UP HIS HEAD WAS COMPLETELY ENVELOPED IN MY COAT."

At the side of the banqueting hall in which the performance was given there is a high balcony. After the entertainment, when we were taking the cabinet to pieces, Queen Alexandra entered this balcony and was peeping over the top, watching the operation. I happened to look up; our eyes met. She gave a merry laugh, and went off in evident enjoyment of her little joke.

Sir Hiram makes a great feature of the

fact that his medium was tied by a sailor. I and my late colleague, Mr. Cooke, have been tied scores of times by sailors, and have never found the least difficulty in performing under their bonds.

The most severe test we ever had was at Swansea, in 1866. A sail manufacturer, named Macnamara, made a heavy wager with Mr. Gregory, the proprietor of the Gate House Hotel, Tenby, that he would tie us so that we could neither get free nor produce any manifestations. The contest created considerable excitement. Mr. Macnamara secured us in a most scientific manner. He occupied nearly an hour in the operation. He used very few knots, but plaited the ropes round our limbs. Under this exceptional test we were entirely successful, and Mr. Gregory won his wager.

At the conclusion of Sir Hiram's article he makes the following statement: "So far, Mr. Maskelyne has utterly failed to understand or explain the extraordinary performances of little Mr. Fay." I have utterly failed to understand or explain why Sir Hiram should presume to make such a statement about a performance he never witnessed.

He states that his first visit to my entertainment was in 1883. I permanently withdrew the greater portion of the Davenport tricks from my programme in 1875. We had constantly performed them for ten years, and they were becoming stale. The excitement about them had subsided; and, moreover, the tying by the public was a long and tedious operation. Consequently, more attractive novelties had to be substituted.

I would remind Sir Hiram that we gave our *exposé* of the Davenport tricks while the brothers were still before the public, and when their performances were fresh in the minds of all who witnessed them. So closely did we imitate their tricks, and so far did I improve upon them, that the spiritualists generally declared we were much more powerful mediums than the Davenports, but found it more profitable to deny the possession of spirit power.

I should like to have one more flutter of excitement in my old age, so I hope Sir Hiram will see his way to accept my offer. If he does, I promise him that I will not only show him how his medium's tricks are done, I will show him all the tricks of the Davenports, which are much cleverer than the poor imitations he has witnessed. I will also show him my improvements upon these tricks.

One of these would have puzzled him and the famous magicians of Bridgeport much more than Mr. Fay's trick of ringing bells with his hands full of peas. I and Cooke used to play a cornet duet with our wrists tied behind our backs, the knots sealed, and our hands full of flour.

We did this without spilling a grain of flour or cracking a seal. I will even show you this, Sir Hiram! Won't that tempt you to come up to the scratch?

To verify many of the above statements, I append a Press criticism of one of our first performances of the Davenport Cabinet Séance, which was given in the open air:—

The *Birmingham Gazette*, June 24th, 1865.

THE DAVENPORTS OUTDONE.

On Monday evening an opportunity was offered of witnessing, in Jessop's Gardens, the tricks—for so they are described—as performed by Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke. A plain and simply-constructed cabinet was placed upon a platform, in which the performers were securely tied by two gentlemen from the audience. Immediately upon the doors of the cabinet being closed bells began to ring, tambourines were played, and musical instruments pitched through the aperture. In less than a minute after the doors were closed they were thrown open again from the inside, and the operators were found to be as firmly and securely tied as in the first instance. The musical instruments were replaced in the cabinet, the doors again closed, and in a few seconds the bells rang more violently than ever, the tambourine appeared to be more eccentric in its movements, and naked hands were thrust through the aperture. The doors were again thrown open as before, and the two performers were found sitting calmly at either end of the cabinet, bound hands and feet. A gentleman from the audience then ascended the platform, was blindfolded, placed upon a seat in the cabinet, and his hands firmly tied to the knees of each of the operators. As soon as the doors were closed the bells, tambourine, and trumpet commenced their discordant discourse, and came forth from the cabinet aperture as if released from a temporary Bedlam.

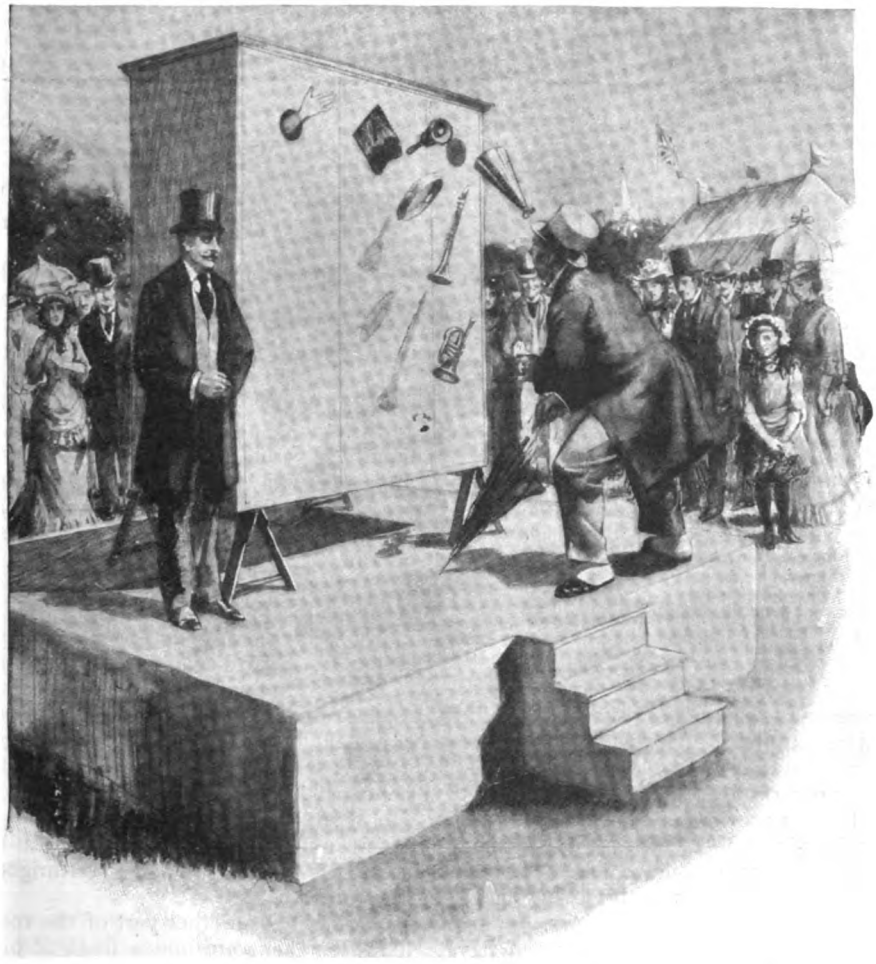
The doors again voluntarily opened, and the blindfolded gentleman was seen to be seated as when he first entered the cabinet, only that the tambourine was upon his head instead of being upon his knee.

The succeeding trick, however, appeared to be far more marvellous than any which preceded it. Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke remained bound as before; the cords were sealed, and flour placed in their hands. In this condition they were again locked in the cabinet, two cornets being placed in the centre seat. Immediately upon the doors being closed a duet was commenced upon the cornets, "Home, Sweet Home," being the air selected for the purpose. It was well played, and would have called forth plaudits under ordinary circumstances, but in this case the applause was immense. Upon the last strain of the duet dying away the doors were flung open, the cornets remained passive upon the seat where they had been originally placed, and the operators sat as calmly and collectedly as if nothing had occurred.

The ropes were inspected, and it was announced that the seals had not been broken, nor had any of the flour been spilled. The doors were again closed, and in about four minutes the young men emerged from the cabinet perfectly unfettered, with the flour still in their hands!

But the most astonishing part of the programme had yet to be accomplished. Mr. Maskelyne announced that he would be locked in a box three feet long by two feet wide and eighteen inches in depth, that the box should be corded according to the fancy of anyone present, and still he would escape.

An ordinary-looking deal box, of the dimensions stated, with a few holes drilled in at either end, was placed in the cabinet, and in this Mr. Maskelyne voluntarily immured himself. The box was locked, and the key given to a gentleman called from the audience, who corded up the box — an operation which occupied fully six minutes. This having been done to his satisfaction bells were placed upon the box and the doors of the cabinet were closed, but the click of the bolt had scarcely died away ere the bells began to be tremulous, and gradually increased to a clatter, till at length they were pitched through the aperture on to the platform, and in less than ten minutes from the closing of the doors they were again thrown open, and Mr. Maskelyne was seen coolly seated in the box, and smilingly bowing his acknowledgments of the applause with which he was greeted. This is a trick which the Davenports never attempted, and (as Barnum somewhere has it) "It must be seen to be believed." Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke were then bound by Mr. E. Lawrence and Mr. Dallow—the first-named being, we believe, one of the gentlemen whose knot-tying somewhat perplexed the Brothers Davenport during their visit here—an operation which occupied nearly twenty minutes, but the exhibitors managed to free themselves from their bonds in about fifteen minutes. Mr. Lawrence then explained to the audience that he had seen the Brothers Davenport tied, and had, indeed, assisted in that operation, but he could venture to assert that those worthies were not tied nearly so securely as the rivals had been. The performance throughout was loudly applauded, and gave the greatest satisfaction.



"MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS WERE PITCHED THROUGH THE APERTURE."

"DID SHE TELL HIM?"

A Problem Story for Women.

By ELIZABETH BANKS,

Author of "The Luck of the Black Cat," etc.

Illustrated by W. Dewar.

I.

MADELINE ALDEN sat before her dressing-table on her thirty-fourth birthday, and rejoiced in the brightness of her eyes, the glint of her hair, the smoothness of her skin. She circled her face with her arms, and her eyes laughed into the mirror. Then she picked up a newspaper that lay beside her and began reading aloud:—

Miss Alden's biography is necessarily short, and, in view of her youth, it would be presumption to speak of her as one who has "arrived," although many a writer of long experience might well envy the position to which this girl-novelist has already attained. . . . Strong as her story is, it lacks somewhat of conviction in the love scenes. At times the reader is carried to the point of great expectations, which are not realized. But Miss Alden will gain strength as she gains years, and we look to her to write a really great love story.

She ceased to laugh as she read the end of the notice, prophecy of her future greatness, and her features contracted in pain.

"I wonder, oh, I wonder!" she murmured. "No, I do not wonder—I know! I can write well only what I feel, and I can make others feel only what I have felt. 'It lacks somewhat of conviction in the love scenes!' Had I made my heroine hungry, no one would have doubted her, for I myself have lacked for bread. Had I made her hate, she would have been convincing, for I have hated. Had I made her ambitious, all would have understood, for I have aspired and do aspire. But I made her love—and I have never loved. I should have made her *try* to love, as I have tried, yet never succeeding!"

She fell upon her knees before the dressing-table, and the mirror reflected back a bowed head of chestnut hair.

"I do not ask to *be loved*, but only to love!" she whispered.

A minute later she stood again before the glass, peering into her own face. "Youth! Youth!" she cried; "silly, simpering girlhood, prolonged into the years that should have brought maturity of mind and body—the years that have brought crows' feet and love and children to other women! But it cannot always be like this. Perhaps love will come, but come too late. What if at forty, forty-five, first love, with all its madness and passion, should come to me! Suppose, then, the wrinkles show above and below my eyes; grey hair demands a plastering smoothly back in style of coiffure; stout figure calls for black or sombre browns, while only in love I am young!

"Or suppose that love never comes, and yet from the present time I grow old? My mouth will take on a compression of the lips and a downward droop; my eyes will grow dim; my forehead furrowed; my hair white; my features sharp; my figure attenuated or corpulent, as the vagaries of old age shall decree; while I myself will have within me none of the sweetness and graces that old age should bring!

"It must not be! I will fight for my birthright—every woman's birthright—love in youth!"

She went to another part of the room and took from her wardrobe a frock of pink and lace and ribbons. Dressed in this, with hat and boots and gloves that marked her as a woman of taste and daintiness, she sought a street of humble name and neighbourhood and climbed the steps of a house to a door where an unpolished brass plate proclaimed the name of "Charles Denlow, M.D." The plate also proclaimed the fact that Dr. Denlow's office hours were not such as included the time which Miss Alden had chosen for a visit, but she little doubted she would find him in, for he was young and unknown.

"Ah, Dr. Denlow, you *are* in!" she exclaimed, hypocritically; then, with a sudden access of honesty, "I won't pretend to surprise, for I know you have few patients. That is the reason I have called."

The young doctor looked at her half sadly, but said nothing, and she continued:—

"Dr. Denlow, you once told someone in my hearing that you knew the secret of the preservation of youth in women, and that, given your own way in the treatment of a woman not yet disfigured by age, you could preserve her youth and keep her in appearance a girl when other women of her age were old. Is that the truth?"

"You do well to quote me accurately," said the young man, "for in making that statement I was careful to use the phrase 'in appearance.' I could not keep the heart young, but only the face and the body."

"And you would prescribe no cosmetics, no enamelling, no bleaching nor dyeing of the hair, pencilling of the eyebrows—none of the common 'aids to beauty'?"

"Certainly, none of them. I am not a beauty-doctor, but a physician," he answered, with half-offended dignity.

"Do you know my age?" she asked.

"I do not."

"Judging by my appearance, how old do you think I am?"

"The newspapers would lead one to believe that you are eighteen or twenty, but I think it possible you may be twenty-three — not more."

"YOU ONCE TOLD SOMEONE THAT YOU KNEW THE SECRET OF THE PRESERVATION OF YOUTH IN WOMEN."

"I am thirty-four!"

"It is very extraordinary, but I once knew of another woman like you—only one, however—and she——" The doctor checked his reminiscences.

Miss Alden looked at him earnestly. "Tell me, doctor, what happened to that other woman?" she asked.

"Oh, at thirty-five you would have sworn she was twenty!" he said, lightly.

"And at forty-five?" His questioner's eyes peered terror-stricken into his face.

"She seemed past sixty!"

His visitor suddenly recoiled from him, and buried her face in her hands. "As I

feared!" she murmured. Then, "Lately I have been impressed with the idea that suddenly, one day, I may wither and dry up and become an old hag, like Rider Haggard's She."

"You need not," replied the doctor, whimsically.

"The other woman did!"

"The other woman was a fool! She would not take care—yet she was warned!"

"Warn me, and I will not be a fool! I will take care! Dr. Denlow, as you know, I have suddenly become a celebrity—the 'girl-novelist' they call me. It is prophesied that within a few years I shall be one of the greatest of women writers. At present I am poor, and what ready money I have received for my book must go to the paying off of debts. Now, you are a young physician, with neither money nor reputation. Ten years hence I am sure to have plenty of money. Take me under your care, save for me my youth, and when I am forty-five years old I will pay you your fee with a hundred per cent. interest."

The young man looked at her keenly. He was by way of being a woman-student.

"I will make you a counter-proposal," he said. "In what you say concerning your future I agree with you. I have studied your work with interest and admiration. The great love story is yet to be written, and you will write it! But I also have an ambition for fame—fame rather than money, although the fame I crave will bring me money. I will give you a course of instructions and treatment which, if followed implicitly, will preserve your youth, or rather keep you always fifteen years younger than your real age. Just as now, at thirty-four, you appear to be in your teens, so at forty-five you will appear to be a woman of thirty—and a beautiful woman of thirty has the world at her feet. She can rule the gods!

"For my services I will exact this fee. At the end of eleven years you are to let me advertise you as my patient, so that all the world shall give me credit for what I have done. When you are forty-five, your age—I mean the date of your birth—must be made public, your photograph published, and the credit given to me. This is the fee I ask. You see I, too, am ambitious!"

For an instant the woman hesitated, and the man searched her face. There was something in his eyes that was half sympathetic, half curious, wholly doubting, but she was not looking at him.

"Yes," she said, finally. "It shall be as you say. But tell me, after those eleven years are up, shall I still go on, being always fifteen years younger than my age?"

"*In appearance*, yes!" he answered.

So in the doctor's dingy little office the protocol of the agreement was signed, and the following morning the woman began the course of treatment which he prescribed. Her heart was light, and eleven years seemed a long time.

II.

ALL the world was reading the great love story, and all the world wondered. Between the publication of her first novel and the great love story six other books had intervened, and as the manuscript of each one passed through the hands of the literary adviser of the publishing house which handled her work, a sigh of disappointment had escaped this man. For he was looking for *something* from Madeline Alden. So was the world.

Now it had come, the time being just eleven years since she had first shot, meteor-like, into the literary firmament.

In the midst of all the luxury and beauty that her soul craved, she sat in her apartment, a glorious, regal-looking woman of, possibly, thirty. Compared with herself on that other day eleven years back, when she had sat before the glass that mirrored girlhood, she was as the full-blown rose to the promising bud, and in her eyes shone a new light—the light of love.

She rocked herself backwards and forwards in the little gilt chair, and as she rocked she sang, while her voice—sweet, fresh, yet impassioned—rang through the halls.

"Now the greater glory shines round about me, what do I care for fame?" she exclaimed, jumping up and going over to a vase of roses and burying her face in them. "Love, beautiful love, how I have longed for you! How I have waited! Ah! You have given me more than I used to ask! I asked but to love, and now I not only love—I am loved. And I am so young—oh, so young!"

Then suddenly the smile left her face and the light in her eyes went out.

"This is the date. The time is up. Denlow has kept his word. I am fifteen years to the good, and I must pay his price. Next week the world will know. Next week *he* must know. What will *he* say? What will *he* do? He loves a woman of thirty. He himself is but thirty-one. Will he cast me off because of my deceit? Will he recoil

from me as from something unnatural when he picks up his morning paper and reads? But I love him. Nothing can take that joy from me. But also I want to be loved—I want to be loved!"

"A FOOTMAN IN LIVERY USHERED MADELINE ALDEN INTO THE WAITING-ROOM."

Dr. Denlow's offices were no longer dingy, nor were they in a humble neighbourhood. Success and rapid advancement had followed the young physician, and now a footman in livery ushered Madeline Alden into the waiting-room, where fifteen others waited their turn for a five-minutes' interview with the great physician. She sat down at a Sheraton table, her fingers wandering idly among the magazines and weeklies. Two or three medical journals, with the name of John Denlow topping leading articles, were on the table, and as Miss Alden picked one

of them up her hand trembled and she felt a cold shiver creeping down her spine. "What will the newspapers say about him and *me* next week?" she murmured.

"Ah, Miss Alden, good morning!" she heard him saying, when finally she had been ushered into the inner sanctum, and looking up she found him keenly scrutinizing her.

"You are not quite well, I fear," he said to her kindly, as he led her to a chair. "What seems to be the trouble on this, our day of days? Surely you have not come to tell me that I am a failure? Does anyone dispute that you are thirty? Indeed, would they not rather incline to twenty-eight?"

"I have no physical ailment, doctor," she answered, huskily. "I am merely unhappy, but I am an honest woman, and have come to keep my contract. Next week the world will know!"

"Is the world, then, so important a thing to you?" he asked, gently. And again his eyes searched her face.

"No; not the world. And, besides, what you are about to do will advertise me the more. It will sell thousands of my books, and I shall be not only famous, but immensely wealthy."

"That is true," he replied; "and yet—well yet, Miss Alden, I must ask you to release me from my part of our contract."

"I do not understand you," she said.

"I mean that when I entered into that agreement with you I was young and very poor. Now I am a successful physician. Whether or not I ever really intended to exact my fee from you we will not now discuss. But I will say that it has been my privilege and my interest to watch over and instruct you, and the result has proved to me that my theory concerning the preservation of a woman's youth and beauty is correct. I have but insisted upon your following the laws of health as I know them—health for the mind as well as for the body. The experience I have gained is my fee. I have no account against you."

"Free! I am free!" She stretched out her arms and hands as though breaking a chain. She lifted her face. The light shone out from her eyes. "You do not know what freedom you have bestowed upon me!" she said, as her whole body seemed to throb with joy.

"Yes, I do know," he said, kindly. "You know I am a diligent reader of your writings, and I have read and understood your latest book. Enjoy your youth! Preserve it! But remember, we have but turned back the clock after all. What mortal can do for you I have done; but there are things I cannot do, nor can you. The clock says thirty, but Time is greater than the clock!"

His eyes showed sympathy, yet earnestness and warning, and she went away sorrowing.

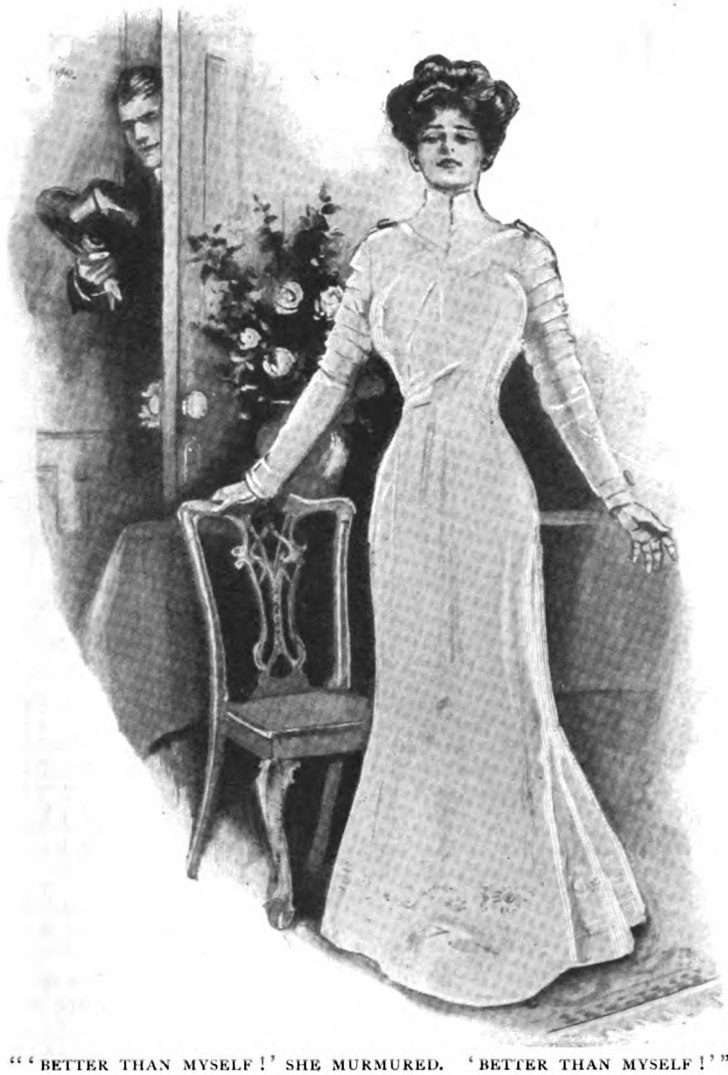
The afternoon wore on, and she waited for her lover, and a conflict waged in her heart. No longer the question of what *he* would do and say, but what *she* ought to do, asked itself again and again, in different words and varying language.

She need not tell, and if she did not tell, he might never know. She had never lied to him. She had never spoken of her age, but she knew he had read one of the articles which referred to her as being "still on the right side of thirty," and he had remarked, "I am a year or two ahead of you." That was on the night when he had folded her to his heart and said, "You have come to me just when you were most needed. I never cared to marry until I saw you, but now love and you are necessary to me. I have great ambitions, Madeline! I aspire to the heights. I would be King—and see, I crown you Queen!" Playfully he had taken his watch-chain as he spoke, and circled it round her hair.

A ray of comfort shone into her heart at the remembrance. Was it right to tell him what might sadden him, taking the joy out of his life? If he knew, perhaps a strange feeling of awe or horror of her, as of something abnormal, might take possession of him against his will. She had heard him say that youth should mate with youth; that age belonged to age. This was when he was telling her of one of his friends who had married a woman twenty years his junior. What would he think of a marriage where there was fourteen years' seniority on the side of the woman? Why, she, Madeline Alden, was "middle-aged"! She rushed to the glass over the fireplace.

"It is a lie!" she cried. "I am young! I only fell in love for the first time a year ago! And he needs me! The world has need of him! Without me he cannot do his duty as the King!"

Again she faltered, and again she remembered his need of her. Once in her life she had prayed to God that she might love someone better than herself. Would it be loving *him* better than herself to hurt his heart—perhaps to wreck his future, his life, just for



"'BETTER THAN MYSELF!' SHE MURMURED. 'BETTER THAN MYSELF!'"

the sake of gaining a clear conscience for herself? And yet—and yet—oh, that eternal yet!

Her hand wandered uncertainly and dazedly over her brow as she heard his footsteps on the stairs. He was coming—her lover, her King. Then, as the welcome sounds grew nearer, and she felt his pause before the door:—

"Better than myself!" she murmured; "better than myself!"

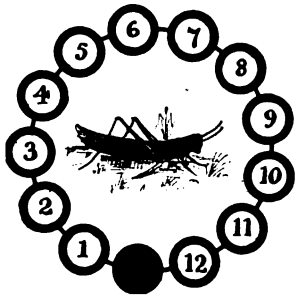
Did she tell him? What would *you* have done?

PERPLEXITIES.

A Page of Puzzles. By Henry E. Dudeney.

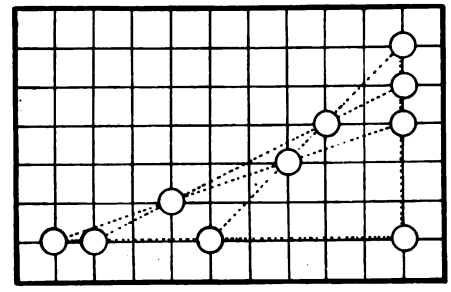
10.—THE GRASSHOPPER PUZZLE.

IT has been suggested that this puzzle was a great favourite among the young apprentices of the City of London in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Readers will have noticed the curious brass grasshopper on the Royal Exchange. This long-lived creature escaped the fires of 1666 and 1838. The grasshopper, after his kind, was the crest of Sir Thomas Gresham, merchant grocer, who died in 1579, and from this cause it has been used as a sign by grocers in general. Unfortunately for the legend as to its origin, the puzzle was only produced by myself so late as the year 1900. On twelve of the thirteen black discs are placed numbered counters or grasshoppers. The puzzle is to make 1 to 6 change places with those numbered 7 to 12, the vacant disc being left in the same position as at present. Move one at a time in any order, either to the adjoining vacant disc or by jumping over one grasshopper, like the moves in draughts. Nos. 7 to 12 can only move in the direction of a clock hand, and the others the opposite way. Note also that 1 and 12 must be left next to the vacant disc, and try to find the fewest possible moves.



11.—FOUR-IN-LINE PUZZLE.

The illustration shows how ten counters may be placed on the points of the diagram where the lines intersect so that they form five straight lines with four counters in every line, as indicated by the dotted lines. It is an easy but interesting puzzle to find a second way of doing this. Of course, a mere reversal or reflection of the given arrangement will not be considered different; it must be a new scheme altogether. And, of course, you cannot increase the dimensions of the diagram or alter its shape.



12.—A WORD SQUARE.

The arrangement shown in the illustration would be a word square if only all the lines and columns spelt real words, which, with the exceptions of "poised" and "sitter," they do not. The puzzle is to rearrange these particular thirty-six letters so that a perfect word square is formed. As a clue I will state that all the letters in the diagonal—P, T, U, T, L, M—are correctly placed as they stand at present. Most of the other letters are out of their proper places.

P	O	I	S	E	D
O	T	P	I	T	A
I	P	U	T	O	R
S	I	T	T	E	R
E	T	O	E	L	E
D	A	R	R	E	M

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

7.—THE MOUSE-TRAP.

If we interchange cards 6 and 13, and begin our count at 14, we may take up all the twenty-one cards—that is, make twenty-one "catches"—in the following order: 6, 8, 13, 2, 10, 1, 11, 4, 14, 3, 5, 7, 21, 12, 15, 20, 9, 16, 18, 17, 19. We may also exchange 10 and 14 and start at 16, or exchange 6 and 8 and start at 19.

8.—LETTER "N" CHESS PROBLEM.

The key move is 1 Q—B 6, and whatever Black may do White can checkmate him on the following move.

9.—DIGITAL PUZZLE.

There are nine solutions to this puzzle, as follows, and no more:—

12 × 483 = 5,796	27 × 198 = 5,346	28 × 157 = 4,396
42 × 138 = 5,796	39 × 186 = 7,254	4 × 1,738 = 6,952
18 × 297 = 5,346	48 × 159 = 7,632	4 × 1,963 = 7,852

The seventh answer is the one that is most likely to be overlooked by solvers of the puzzle. The key to the solution of this puzzle lies in what is known as "casting out nines." Any addition of the nine digits, however arranged, will result in 9 if we keep on adding until we get a single figure. Thus, if we add together 1, 2, 4, 8, 3, 5, 7, 9, 6, we get 45, and again adding 4 to 5 we get 9. Also, taking the three first groups separately, we find their digits add to 3, 6, and 9 respectively. Add these together and we get 18, which again makes 9. Now the digital additions must group in one of the following ways: 3, 6, 9; 6, 3, 9; 9, 9, 9; 1, 4, 4; or 4, 1, 4, because in every case not only do the three numbers sum to 9 (in the manner explained), but the first two when multiplied together produce the third. For example, 3 times 6, or 18, equals 9. These conditions are necessary to a solution of the puzzle.

THE MAGIC CITY.

A Story for Children. By E. NESBIT.

Illustrated by Spencer Pryse.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE left Lucy in tears and Philip in the grasp of the hateful Pretenderette, who, seated on the hippogriff, was bearing him away across the smooth blueness of the wide sea.

"Oh, Mr. Noah," said Lucy, between sniffs and sobs, "how *can* she! You *did* say the hippogriff could only carry one!"

"One ordinary human being," said Mr. Noah, gently. "You forget that dear Philip is now an earl."

"But do you really think he's safe?" Lucy asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Noah. "And now, dear Lucy, no more questions. Since your arrival on our shores I have been gradually growing more accustomed to being questioned, but I still find it unpleasant and fatiguing. Desist, I entreat."

So Lucy desisted, and everyone went to bed, and, for crying is very tiring, to sleep. But not for long.

Lucy was awakened in her bed of soft dry seaweed by the sound of the castle alarm bell, and by the blaring of trumpets and the shouting of many voices. A bright light shone in at the window of her room. She jumped up and ran to the window and leaned out. Below lay the great courtyard of the castle, a moving sea of people on which hundreds of torches seemed to float, and the sound of shouting rose in the air as foam rises in the wind.

"The Fear! The Fear!" people were shouting. "To the Ark! To the Ark!" And the black night that pressed round the castle was loud with the wild roar of waves and the shriek of a tumultuous wind.

Lucy ran to the door of her room. But suddenly she stopped.

"My clothes," she said, and dressed herself hastily, for she perceived that her own petticoats and shoes were likely to have better wearing qualities than seaweed could possess, and if they were all going to take refuge in the Ark she felt she would rather have her own clothes on.

"Mr. Noah is sure to come for me," she most sensibly told herself. "And I'll get as many clothes on as I can." Her own dress, of course, had been left at Polistopolis, but the ballet dress would be better than the seaweed tunic. When she was dressed she ran into Philip's room and rolled his clothes into a little bundle and carried it under her arm as she ran down the stairs. Half-way down she met Mr. Noah coming up.

"Ah! you're ready," he said; "it is well. Do not be alarmed, my Lucy. The tide is rising but slowly. There will be time for everyone to escape. All is in train, and the embarkation of the animals is even now in progress. There has been a little delay in sorting the beasts into pairs. But we are getting on. The Lord High Islander is showing remarkable qualities. All the big animals are on board; the pigs were being coaxed on as I came up. And the ant-eaters are having a late supper. Do not be alarmed."

"I can't help being alarmed," said Lucy, slipping her free hand into Mr. Noah's, "but I won't cry or be silly. Oh, I do wish Philip was here."

"Most unreasonable of girl children," said Mr. Noah; "we are in danger, and you wish him to be here to share it?"

"Oh, we *are* in danger, are we?" said Lucy, quickly. "I thought you said I wasn't to be alarmed."

"No more you are," said Mr. Noah, shortly; "of course you're in danger. But there's Me. And there's the Ark. What more do you want?"

"Nothing," Lucy answered in a very small voice, and the two made their way to a raised platform overlooking the inclined road which led up to the tower on which the Ark had been built. A long procession toiled

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slowly up it, of animals in pairs, urged and goaded by the M.A.'s under the orders of the Lord High Islander.

The wild wind blew the flames of the torches out like golden streamers and the sound of the waves was like thunder on the shore.

Down below, other M.A.'s were busy carrying bales tied up in seaweed. Seen from above, the busy figures looked like ants when you kick into an ant-hill and the little ant-people run this way and that way and every way about their little ant-businesses.

The Lord High Islander came in, pale and serious, with all the calm competence of Napoleon at a crisis.

"A BRIGHT LIGHT SHONE IN AT THE WINDOW OF HER ROOM."

"Sorry to have to worry you, sir," he said to Mr. Noah, "but of course your experience is invaluable just now. I can't remember what bears eat. Is it hay or meat?"

"It's buns," said Lucy. "I beg your

pardon, Mr. Noah. Of course I ought to have waited for you to say."

"In my Ark," said Mr. Noah, "buns were unknown, and bears were fed entirely on honey, the providing of which kept our pair of bees fully employed. But if you are sure bears *like* buns, we must always be humane, dear Lucy, and study the natural taste of the animals in our charge."

"They love them," said Lucy.

"Buns and honey," said the Lord High Islander; "and what about bats?"

"I don't know what bats eat," said Mr. Noah. "I believe it was settled after some discussion that they don't eat cats. But what they *do* eat is one of the eleven mysteries. You had better let the bats fast."

"They *are*, sir," said the Lord High Islander.

"And is all going well? Shall I come down and lend a personal eye?"

"I think I'm managing all right, sir," said the Lord High Islander, modestly. "You see it's a great honour for me. The M.A.'s are carrying in the provisions, the boys are stowing them, and also herding the beasts. They are very good workers, sir."

"Are you frightened?" Lucy whispered, as he turned to go back to his overseeing.

"Not I," said the Lord High Islander. "Don't you understand that I've been promoted to be Lord Vice-Noah of Polistarchia? And, of course, the hearts of all Vice-Noahs are strangers to fear. But just think what a difficult thing fear would have been to be a stranger to if you and Philip hadn't got us the Ark!"

"It was Philip's doing," said Lucy. "Oh, *do* you think he's all right?"

"I think his heart is a stranger to fear, naturally," said the Lord High Islander, "so he's certain to be all right."

When the last of the animals had sniffed and snivelled its way into the Ark—it was a porcupine with a cold in its head—the islanders, the M.A.'s, Lucy, and Mr. Noah followed. And when everyone was in, the door of the Ark was shut from inside by an ingenious mechanical contrivance worked by a more than usually intelligent M.A.

You must not suppose that the inside of the Ark was anything like the inside of your own Noah's Ark, where all the animals are put in anyhow, all mixed together, and wrong way up as likely as not. That, with live animals and live people, would, as you will readily imagine, be quite uncomfortable. The inside of the Ark which had been built under the direction of Mr. Noah and Mr. Perrin was not at all like that. It was more like the inside of a big Atlantic liner than anything else I can think of. All the animals were stowed away in suitable stalls, and there were delightful cabins for all those for whom cabins were suitable. The islanders and the M.A.'s retired to their cabins in perfect order, and Lucy and Mr. Noah, Mr. Perrin, and the Lord High Islander gathered in the saloon, which was large and had walls and doors of inlaid mother-of-pearl and pink coral. It was lighted by glass globes filled with phosphorus collected by an ingenious process invented by another of the M.A.'s.

"And now," said Mr. Noah, "I beg that anxiety may be dismissed from every mind. If the waters subside, they leave us safe. If they rise, as I confidently expect them to do, our Ark will float, and we still are safe. In the morning I will take soundings, and begin to steer a course. We will select a suitable spot on the shore, land, and proceed to the Hidden Places, where we will consult the oracle. A little refreshment before we retire for what is left of the night? A Captain's biscuit would, perhaps, not be inappropriate?" He took a tin from a locker and handed it round.

"That's A1, sir," said the Lord High Islander, munching. "What a head you have for the right thing!"

"All practice," said Mr. Noah, modestly.

"Thank you," said Lucy, taking a biscuit. "I wish——"

The sentence was never finished. With a sickening suddenness the floor of the saloon heaved up under their feet, a roaring, surging, battering sound broke round them; the saloon tipped over on one side and the whole party was thrown on the pink silk cushions of the long settee. A shudder seemed to run through the Ark from end to end, and "What is it? Oh! what is it?" cried Lucy, as the Ark heeled over the other way and the unfortunate occupants were thrown on to the opposite set of cushions. (It really *was*, now, rather like what you imagine the inside of your Noah's Ark must be when you put in Mr. Noah and his family and a few hastily-chosen animals and shake them all up together.)

"It's the Sea," cried the Lord High Islander; "it's the great Fear come upon us! And I'm not afraid!" He drew himself up as well as he could in his cramped position with Mr. Noah's elbow pinning his shoulder down and Mr. Perrin's boot on his ear.

With a shake and a shiver the Ark righted itself and the floor of the saloon got flat again.

"It's all right," said Mr. Perrin, resuming control of his boot; "good workmanship, it do tell. She ain't shipped a drop, Mr. Noah, sir."

"It's all right," said Mr. Noah, taking his elbow to himself and standing up rather shakily on his yellow mat:—

"We're afloat, we're afloat
On the dark rolling tide;
The Ark's watertight,
And the crew are inside.
Up, up with the flag,
Let it wave o'er the sea;
We're afloat, we're afloat—
And what else should we be?"

"*I* don't know," said Lucy; "but there isn't any flag, is there?"

"The principle's the same," said Mr. Noah; "but I'm afraid we didn't think of a flag."

"*I* did," said Mr. Perrin; "it's only a Jubilee hankey"—he drew it slowly from his breast-pocket; a cotton Union Jack it was—"but it shall wave all right. But not till daylight, I think, sir. Discretion's the better part of, don't you think, Mr. Noah, sir? Wouldn't do to open the Ark out of hours, so to speak!"

"Just so," said Mr. Noah. "One, two, three! Bed!"

The Ark swayed easily on a sea not too rough. The saloon passengers staggered to their cabins. And silence reigned in the Ark.

I am sorry to say that the Pretenderette dropped the wicker cage containing the parrot into the sea—an unpardonable piece of cruelty and revenge; unpardonable, that is, unless you consider that she did not really know any better. The hippogriff's white wings swept on. Philip, now laid across the knees of the Pretenderette (a most undignified attitude for any boy, and I hope none of you may be placed in such a position) screamed as the cage struck the water, and, "Oh! Polly!" he cried.

"All right," the parrot answered; "keep your pecker up!"

"What did it say?" the Pretenderette asked.

"Something about peck," said Philip, upside down.

"Ah!" said the Pretenderette, with satisfaction, "he won't do any more pecking for some time to come." And the hippogriff wings swept on over the wide sea.

Polly's cage fell—and floated. And it floated alone till the dawn, when, with wheelings and waftings and cries, the gulls came from far and near to see what this new strange thing might be that bobbed up and down in their waters in the light of the new-born day.

"Halloa!" said Polly in bird-talk, clinging upside down to the top bars of the cage.

"Halloa, yourself," replied the eldest gull. "What's up? And who are you? And what are you doing in that unnatural lobster-pot?"

"I conjure you," said the parrot, earnestly, "I conjure you by our common birdhood to help me in my misfortune."

"No gull who *is* a gull can resist that appeal," said the master of the sea birds; "what can we do, brother bird?"

"The matter is urgent," said Polly, but quite calmly. "I am getting very wet and I dislike salt water. It is bad for my plumage. May I give an order to your followers, bird-brother?"

"Give," said the Master Gull with a graceful wheel and whirl of his splendid wings.

"Let four of my brothers raise this detested trap high above the waves," said the parrot, "and let others of you, with your brave strong beaks, break through the bars and set me free."

"Delighted," said the Master Gull; "any little thing, you know," and his own high-bred beak was the first to take hold of the cage, which presently the gulls lifted in the air and broke through, setting the parrot free.

"Thank you, brother birds," the parrot said, shaking wet wings and spreading them. "One good turn deserves another. The beach yonder was white with cockles but yesterday."

"Thank you, brother bird," they all said, and flew fleetly cocklewards.

And that was how the parrot got free from the cage and went back to the shore to have that little talk with the blugraiwee which I told you about in the last chapter.

The Ark was really very pleasant by daylight with the sun shining in at its windows. The sun shone outside as well, of course, and the Union Jack waved cheerfully in the wind. Breakfast was served on the terrace at the end of the Ark—you know—that terrace where the boat part turns up. It was a very nice breakfast, and the sea was quite smooth—a quite perfect sea. This was rather fortunate, for there was nothing else. Sea on every side of the Ark. No land at all.

"THE SALOON PASSENGERS STAGGERED TO THEIR CABINS."

"How ever shall we find the way," Lucy asked the Lord High Islander, "with nothing but sea?"

"Oh," he answered, "that's all the better, really. Mr. Noah steers much better when there's no land in sight. It's all practice, you know."

"And when we come in sight of land, will he steer badly then?"

"Oh, anybody can steer then," said Billy; "you, if you like." So it was Lucy who steered the Ark into harbour, under Mr. Noah's directions. Arks are very easy to steer if you only know the way. Of course, Arks are not like other vessels; they require neither sails nor steam engines, nor oars to make them move. The very Arkishness of the Ark makes it move just as the steersman wishes. He only has to say "Port," "Starboard," "Right ahead," "Slow," and so on, and the Ark (unlike many people I know) immediately does as it is told. So steering was easy and pleasant; one just had to keep the Ark's nose towards the distant domes and pinnacles of a town that shone and glittered on the shore a few miles away. And the town grew nearer and nearer, and the black streak that was the people of the town began to show white dots that were the people's faces. And then the Ark was

moored against a quay side and a friendly populace cheered as Mr. Noah stepped on to firm land, to be welcomed by the governor of the town and a choice selection of eminent citizens.

"It's quite an event for them," said Mr. Perrin. "They don't have much happening here. A very lazy lot they be, almost as bad as Slothtown."

"What makes them lazy?" Lucy asked.

"It's owing to the onions and potatoes growing wild in these parts, I believe," said the Lord High Islander. "They get enough to eat without working. And the onions make them sleepy."

They talked apart while Mr. Noah was arranging things with the governor of the town, who had come down to the harbour in a hurry and a flurry and a furry gown.

"I've arranged everything," said Mr. Noah, at last. "The islanders and the M.A.'s and the animals are to be allowed to camp in the public park till we've consulted the oracle and decided what's to be done with them. They must live somewhere, I suppose. Life has become much too eventful for me, lately. However, there are only three more deeds for the Earl of Ark to do, and then, perhaps, we shall have a little peace and quietness."

"BREAKFAST WAS SERVED ON THE TERRACE AT THE END OF THE ARK."

"The Earl of Ark?" Lucy repeated.

"Philip, you know. I do wish you'd try to remember that he's now an Earl. Now you and I must take camel and be off."

And now came seven long days of camel travelling, through desert and forest, and over hill and through valley, till at last Lucy and Mr. Noah came to the Hidden Place where the oracle is, and where that is I may not tell you—because it's one of the eleven mysteries. And I must not tell you what the oracle is, because that is another of the mysteries. But I may tell you that if you want to consult the oracle you have to go a long, very quiet way between rows of round pillars rather like those in Egyptian tombs. And as you go it gets darker and darker, and when it is quite dark you see a little, little light a very long way off, and you hear, very far away, beautiful music, and you smell the scent of flowers that do not grow in any wood or field or garden of this earth. Mixed with this scent is the scent of incense and of old tapestried rooms where no one has lived for a very long time, and you remember all the sad and beautiful things you have ever seen or heard, and you fall down on the ground and hide your face in your hands and call on the oracle, and if you are the right sort of person the oracle answers you.

Lucy and Mr. Noah waited in the dark for the voice of the oracle, and at last it spoke. Lucy heard no words, only the most beautiful voice in the world speaking softly, and so sweetly and finely and bravely that at once she felt herself brave enough to dare any danger and strong enough to do any deed that might be needed to get Philip out of the clutches of the base Pretenderette. All the tiredness of her long journey faded away, and but for the thought that Philip needed her she would have been content to listen for ever to that golden voice. Everything else in the world faded away and grew to seem worthless and unmeaning. Only the soft golden voice remained, and the grey hard voice that said, "You've got to look after Philip, you know!" And the two voices together made a harmony more beautiful than you will find in any of Beethoven's sonatas. Because Lucy knew that she should follow the grey voice—and remember the golden voice as long as she lived.

But something was tiresomely pulling at her sleeve, dragging her away from the wonderful golden voice. Mr. Noah was pulling her sleeve and saying, Come away," and they turned their backs on the little light and the music and the enchanting perfumes, and instantly the voice stopped and they were walking between dusky pillars towards a far grey speck of sunlight.

It was not till they were once more under the bare sky that Lucy said:—

"What did it say?"

"You must have heard," said Mr. Noah.

"I only heard the voice and what it meant. I didn't understand the words. But the voice was like dreams and everything beautiful I've ever thought of."

"I thought it a wonderfully straightforward business-like oracle," said Mr. Noah, briskly, "and the voice was quite distinct, and I remember every word it said."

(Which just shows how differently the same thing may strike two people.)

"What did it say?" Lucy asked, trotting along beside him, still clutching Philip's bundle, which through all these days she had never let go.

And Mr. Noah gravely recited the following lines. I agree with him that, for an oracle, they were extremely straightforward:—

> You had better embark
> Once again in the Ark,
> And sailing from dryland,
> Make straight for the Island.

"Did it *really* say that?" Lucy asked.

"Of course it did," said Mr. Noah; "that's a special instruction to me, but I dare say you heard something quite different. The oracle doesn't say the same thing to everyone, of course. Didn't you get any special instruction?"

"Only to try to be brave and good," said Lucy, shyly.

"Well, then," said Mr. Noah, "you carry out your instructions and I'll carry out mine."

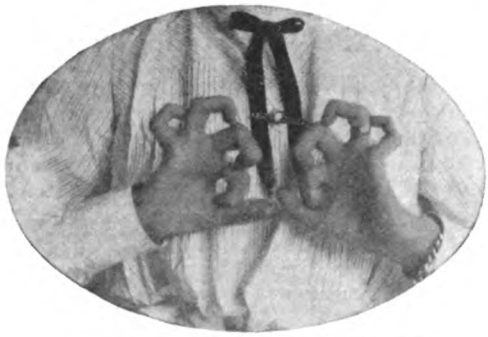
"But what's the use of going to the island if you can't land when you get there?" Lucy insisted. "You know only two people can land there, and we're not them, are we?"

"Oh, if you begin asking what's the use, we sha'n't get anywhere," said Mr. Noah. "And more than half the things you say are questions."

(To be continued.)

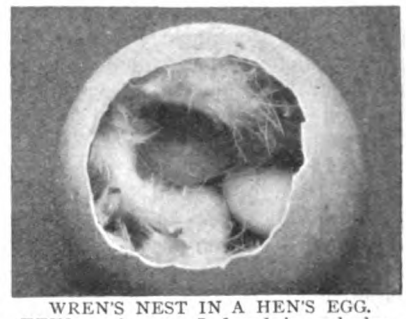
CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]



ANOTHER SET OF SUPPLE FINGERS.

IN one of your recent issues I noticed an illustration similar to the photograph I now send, and the contributor stated that he knew of only one person who could so place the fingers. This picture is a photograph of my hands placed in that position by myself. It may interest your correspondent to know that there is another person, away over the seas, who has supple fingers. My friends think it a very difficult thing to do.—Mrs. Donald Fraser. Northcote, Derby, Tasmania.



WREN'S NEST IN A HEN'S EGG.

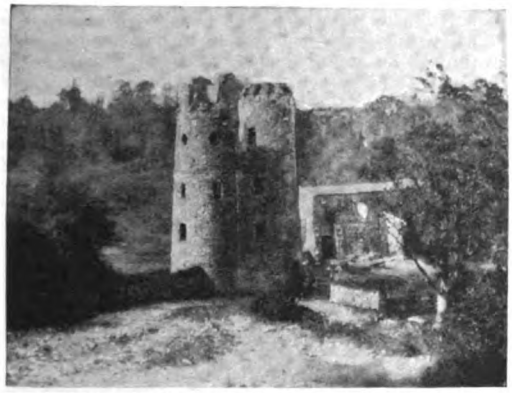
A FEW weeks ago I found in a hedge, at a height of about two feet from the ground, a wren's nest which had been built in a hen's egg. The nest was made chiefly of feathers and a little grass, and contained three eggs. Surely this is a somewhat unusual nesting-place?—Mr. A. H. Miller, Holly House, Leigh Green, Tenterden, Kent.

A HAND THAT SHEDS ITS SKIN.

THIS is a photograph of the skin off a man's right hand, both front and back. He has had no illness, but has "shed" his skin four times within the last twelve years, and each time the skin has come off more or less complete.—Mr. Henry Ridge, London Road, Newport Pagnell.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS . . . ."

AN elaborate practical joke which was played on a happy honeymoon couple is here illustrated. The victims were quite unaware of the decorations on the cab until they reached the station, and not until they had to change trains at a later stage of their journey did they discover the liberties that had been taken with their trunk.—Mr. H. E. Booth, 355, New Chester Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.



TOWER BUILT ENTIRELY BY ONE MAN.

STANDING on the banks of the River Awbeg (the "Mulla" of Spenser), between Mallow and Fermoy, co. Cork, is a remarkable edifice known as "Johnny Roche's Tower." The whole tower was built by the labour of *one* man, who subsequently resided in it. This individual, who received no education whatever, also erected a mill (seen in the background), constructing the water-wheel after a special design of his own. Long before the introduction of the bicycle he went about the country in a wheeled vehicle of his own construction, propelled by foot-power. His last feat was to build his tomb in the middle of the river-bed. John Roche died about twenty years ago, but was not interred in the strange burying-place which he selected for himself, his less original relatives deeming such a mode of sepulture unchristian.—Mr. Robert W. Evans, Carker House, Doneraile, co. Cork, Ireland.

PECULIAR JAPANESE METHOD OF COLD STORAGE.

ON a recent visit to the city of Takata, on the north-west coast of Japan, I had occasion to observe what at first thought I imagined was a hay-stack, but on investigation found to be an immense mound of snow covered with straw-matting. The purpose of this mound was to keep in cold storage, for consumption in summer, fish caught in the winter-time. This is the only method of cold storage employed in the rural districts in the North-West of Japan, where the snowfall is very deep in winter, and these stacks are to be seen in considerable numbers distributed in different parts of the country.—Mr. Edgar Salinger, Na Kau Trading Corporation, Yokohama.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

THE following quaint notice which appeared on the front page of our local paper was inserted by one of our Hindu hawkers. The editor had evidently polished up the spelling, but as a specimen of English I think it is unique, and it has defied

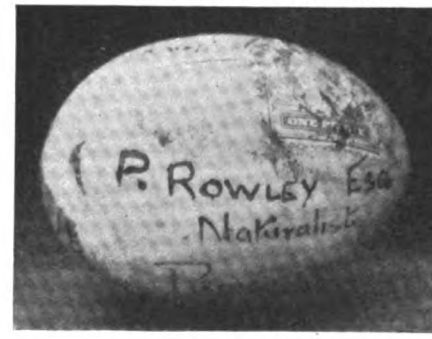
Charters Towers,
March 14, 1910.

THIS improvement I wish every debtor not to pay debt to creditor at present time debtor has no necessity pay creditor, because I find out new law from Qneensland lawyer. After my trouble I has been run two or three lawyers and gave my particular obligation every lawyer hand. The lawyer gave me improvement see by through the law book just the same every lawyer say yes Creditor has power to take also property first from debtor after creditor can put him tco debtor insolvent himself by according to law I am very much satnsfied with lawyer's advice. I gave improvement for this both matter by shortly. Lady and Gentleman kindly have see through the paper for this matter.

SUBAN BOX,
Indian Hawker,
Charters Towers.

the attempts of all here to decipher its meaning. Suban Box went insolvent some time ago, and it has evidently something to do with his insolvency.—Mr. John E. Shepherd, Charters Towers, North Queensland.

A CURIOUS PRACTICAL JOKE.



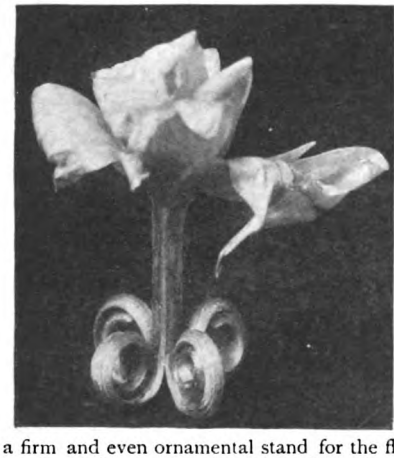
A FRIEND of mine has recently been elected as hon. secretary of a local natural history society, and a few days afterwards he was somewhat astonished to receive the curious specimen shown in the photograph. The egg was blown and the shell irregularly blotched over with red and black writing ink, the address also being written in black ink. Marked "Fragile," and bearing a penny stamp, it was passed through the post at Coventry, duly post-marked, and safely delivered at its destination.—Mr. John J. Ward, Rusinurbe House, Somerset Road, Coventry.

A SWINGING NESTING-PLACE.

HERE is a photograph of a cocoa-nut which was hung on an apple tree in my garden here for the tits to feed on. Some three weeks after, on looking to see how much had been eaten, I was surprised to find that a starling had laid an egg in it.—Mr. Ed. Rob. Pole, Great Bedwyn.

A NATURAL FLOWER-STAND.

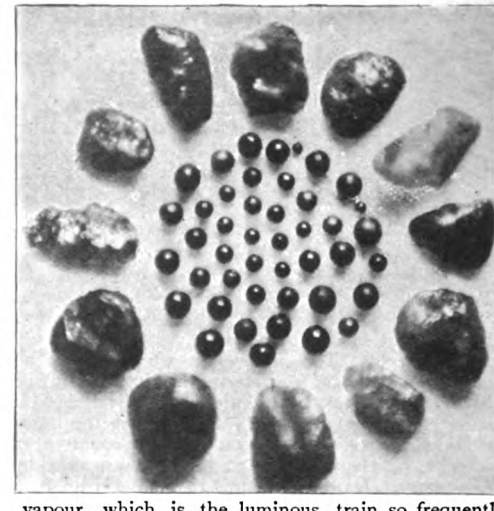
AFTER picking a tulip and placing it in warm water, I was very much surprised to see that the stalk had split and curled up in the way shown in the photograph. As will be seen, the stalk had formed itself



into a firm and even ornamental stand for the flower. —Miss E. Disney, Sunningdale, York Crescent, Aldershot.

DUST FROM SHOOTING STARS.

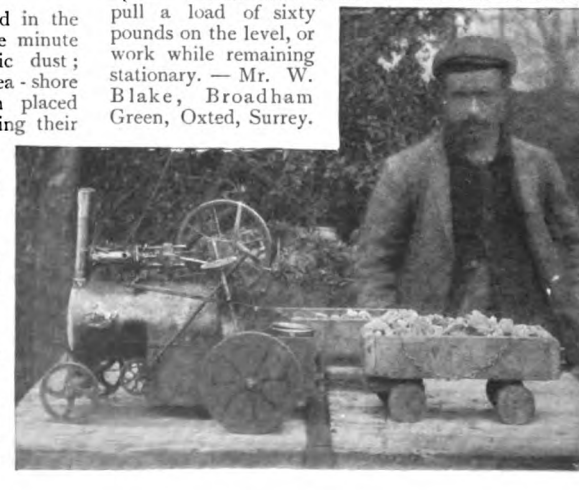
THE group of shot-like pellets arranged in the middle of the illustration I send are minute hollow spheres of steel known as meteoric dust; they are infinitely finer than ordinary sea-shore sand, a few grains of which have been placed around the group for the purpose of showing their comparative size. The whole is magnified twelve hundred times, or thirty-five diameters, and could be placed inside a circle one-tenth of an inch in diameter. Their origin is interesting. Meteors, or shooting stars, as they are more generally called, have from the beginning of things been bombarding the world at a rate estimated by the highest authority at many thousands an hour, of which, however, an average of only five or six are visible to the naked eye during the same period of time. Fortunately, owing to our protecting envelope of air, very few of these missiles reach us. In size, meteors vary from a few ounces to many pounds in weight, and it is only very occasionally that one is of sufficient dimensions to survive the passage of eighty to one hundred miles through an atmosphere increasing in density as the earth is approached. The speed at which they enter the atmosphere, calculated at not less than thirty-five miles a second, generates such intense heat by friction that the iron of which the meteor principally consists is immediately reduced to an incandescent



vapour, which is the luminous train so frequently seen in the heavens on a clear night. The vapour rapidly cools, and condenses in the form of these minute particles, which assume the spherical form as does shot during its fall from the top of the tower. Finally, the little spheres are scattered by the winds and currents in the upper regions, and gradually descend in their millions as an invisible but never-ending shower.—Mr. F. T. Aman, 14, Thorburn Road, New Ferry, Birkenhead.

AN ENGINE MADE OF ODDS AND ENDS.

THIS model traction-engine was made entirely by myself from odds and ends—from bicycles, perambulators, egg-beaters, pails, tin cans, and so forth. I have been working on a farm all my life, but have always taken an interest in traction-engines. This little model will draw two trucks of stone up an incline with a rise of one foot in seven, pull a load of sixty pounds on the level, or work while remaining stationary. — Mr. W. Blake, Broadham Green, Oxted, Surrey.



Prince Rupert and Its Surroundings.

By CY WARMAN,

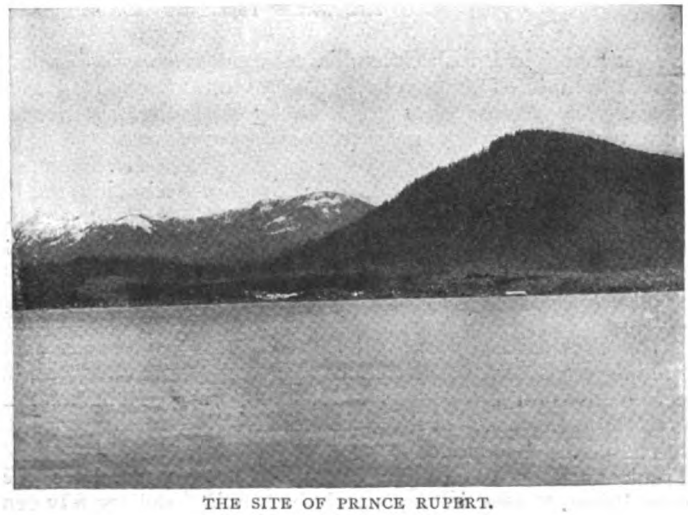
Author of "The Story of the Railroad," "The Express Messenger," etc.

THERE is a broad band belting this whirling sphere, crossing this continent along the international boundary-line, which produces the best of what man needs most. It includes the red clover belt. It is the home of the apple orchard. It produces strong men and women, big babies, high-jumping horses, and hard wheat. It is the place of prosperity and happy homes. Canada claims at least half this pay streak. The soil here is renewed annually by the long rest—the four, five, or six months' sleep under the snow—as surely as the valley of the Nile is rejuvenated by the annual floods.

Canada is a remarkably free, happy, prosperous, self-governed country. Money invested or employed in Canada is safe. Her banking system beats the American system as a modern motor-car beats a bull-cart. Canada covers nearly half a continent, her resources are immeasurable, her future all in front. This Dominion is to-day the happiest hunting-ground for the idle dollar under the sun. The average price of her wheat lands is twelve dollars fifty cents, the average yield of wheat nineteen bushels, the average cost of sowing and reaping six dollars fifty cents, the present price of wheat one dollar, so that the land pays for itself each year, yielding the Dutchman's "one per cent" on the investment.

It is evident now to the man in the street that the promoters of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Government which backed them, must have been pretty well informed as to the resources and possibilities of the territory to be tapped, for every day brings some new good news of new finds in fresh fields.

Perhaps the greatest surprises will come out of that last one thousand miles—Edmonton to the coast. In addition to the timber wealth, the mineral wealth already in sight is remarkable. Along the Bulkley River alone one hundred square miles of coal



THE SITE OF PRINCE RUPERT.

lands have already been located. All this wilderness of Central British Columbia seems to be shot full of mineral—coal, lead, iron, copper, silver, and gold have all been found here in paying quantities. Important discoveries have been made of high-grade lead-ores, stretching from Hazleton, at the head of navigation on the Skeena, to Aldermere, a distance of sixty miles along the G.T.R. survey line.

Paralleling these lead-veins, and four miles away, is a copper belt of a very high grade of bornite and glace, all veins showing what is known as strong secondary enrichments.

The lead-ore averages higher in silver than any yet found in British Columbia, returning about two hundred ounces of silver to the ton of lead-ore. All the veins struck so far run from two to four feet in depth, of clean shipping ore.

In adjoining claims tetrahedrite, or grey copper ore, has been found, which will run seven hundred and fifty ounces in silver and thirty-six per cent. copper. These are about as good values as any obtained at Cobalt.

The Provincial Government is now busy building roads and blazing trails into these new fields, and prospectors are coming in from the four corners of the world.

The first one hundred miles of the Grand Trunk Pacific will be open for traffic east from Prince Rupert in 1910, and the whole line a year later, and then great development is expected.

Valuable as these mining prospects are, the real wealth of this Far West lies in its fertile valleys, where conditions are ideal for ranching, dairying, and mixed farming. Here will also be found a great fruit country. They have only about ninety days of winter in which stock requires to be fed. The snowfall is not heavy, and zero weather lasts only for a few days at a time. All sorts of wild berries grow here, showing the possibilities of fruit culture. The Grand Trunk Pacific travels along the Bulkley Valley for nearly one hundred miles. Wild grass and peavine, sure indications of rich land, grow high enough to hide cattle. Ranchmen cut all the hay needed within call of the dinner-horn.

THE WATER FRONT AT PRINCE RUPERT.

Mr. Thompson, on Thompson River, which flows into the Bulkley, has an ideal ranch and is growing rich. There is an abundance of fish and game; black bear, so fat and lazy that they leave the trail reluctantly, can be seen any day. Salmon run up the Skeena and Bulkley for two hundred and fifty miles, and all the little lakes that lie among the hills are alive with mountain trout.

Ranchman Barrett, on Barrett Lake, has on his ranch, besides cattle and horses, one hundred and fifty head of mules. One ranchman's wife cleared an average of seven dollars fifty cents a day from ten cows, after

A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MAIN STREET AT PRINCE RUPERT, TAKEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1908.

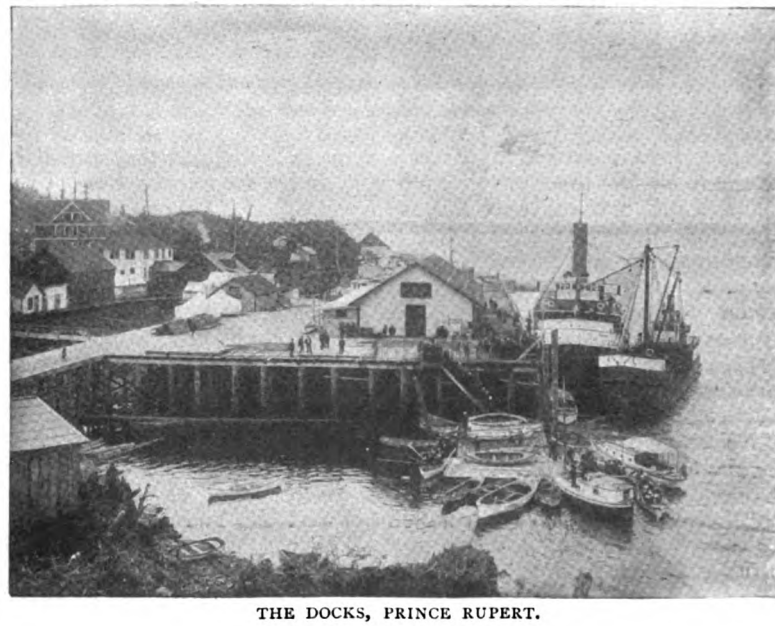
supplying her own table with butter and milk. From the tops of the surrounding hills a view of the Bulkley explains why they have named it Pleasant Valley.

The timber for the greater part is small, scattered, and easily cleared. Here and there are open parks almost ready for the plough. There is an occasional cedar swamp, where splendid timber grows, and there is good timber in the gulches and along the larger streams. The Talqua (sometimes spelled Talkwa) River, which also empties into the Bulkley, is rich in mineral prospects. There are also extensive coalfields here.

British Columbia is so vast, with such a varied climate, that almost any description will fit in somewhere. In the extreme south-east they have to irrigate, while in the far north-west corner of the Province, especially along the sea-coast, they have too much rain; but here in the Bulkley Valley, curtained off from the coast by the Coast Range and sheltered on the north-east by the Rockies, lies an Eden where climatic conditions are ideal for ranching.

Another wonderful valley is the Nechaco, which is dotted with beautiful lakes, some of them ten miles long.

Wild fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, sasktoons, high-bush cranberries, huckleberries, chokeberries, wild cherries, and many other kinds of berries, grow in great profusion. There is no reason why apples and similar hardy fruits should not grow equally well. At Soda Creek, about a hundred miles farther south, where the climate is similar but rainfall far less, there is an apple tree five years old which produced over 200lb. of fruit last year, and bids fair to exceed that amount this season. This tree belongs to Mr. C. E. Smith, who is an intelligent gardener and observer. Last year he took 225lb. of plums from one tree, and plums of such a size that about ten of them would fill a quart jar. His cherries were picked this year at the beginning of last



THE DOCKS, PRINCE RUPERT.

month, and yielded abundantly. He has grown pears successfully, and his currant and raspberry bushes are loaded down with ripe fruits of extraordinary size in the season. Among other things, Mr. Smith last year produced 100lb. of potatoes from 1lb. of seed potatoes, and took 225lb. of Hubbard squash from one vine. In his garden was some fine-looking corn, which he says produces roasting ears about the middle of August, and fully ripens long before frost.

At Quesnell, early in July, oats were fully headed out, their tops touching the extended arms of a six-foot man; peas were just beginning to ripen, potatoes larger than a man's fist, corn six feet three inches in height, and rhubarb with leaf thirty-six inches in width, the stalk thirty-two and a half inches in length and five and a half inches in circumference. From data already collected one could multiply evidence of the almost tropical productiveness of this wonderful garden spot. Prices keep pace with the growth. Potatoes bring five cents a pound, oats two dollars and fifty cents a bushel, and other farm products in proportion.

There are about 200,000 acres of fine lands in the Nechaco Valley, through which the beautiful Nechaco River flows from west to east, wider than the Thames at the Tower Bridge, swifter than the Mississippi at St. Louis, sweet, cold, and clear. The soil is a highly-productive white silt; the surface of the valley is comparatively level, but sloping generally toward the many lakes and streams. There are countless open meadows and bits of prairie land giving the country a park-like appearance.

From reliable information obtained from Hudson Bay factors and trappers we gather that only a few days in winter show zero weather; that the snowfall is from eighteen to twenty inches, coming in December and going in March.

Small grain planted in April ripens in August; the rainfall is ample, and comes in the growing time.

SHAWATLANS LAKE AND FALLS, PRINCE RUPERT.

The nights are cool, the temperature in the summer days ranging from 85 to 100 degrees; but even at 100 the heat is not oppressive. The autumn is warm and late; killing frost comes usually about October 15th.

Last year Mr. Murray, a Missouri ranchman and trapper, left some potatoes in the hills; they survived, and produced a splendid volunteer crop this year. The snow came with the first heavy frost, and when the snow disappeared it was spring.

The Nechaco will some day rival the Okanagan, if it does not surpass that beautiful vale.

Aug., 1910.

FASHIONS OF THE MOMENT

NEVER has Madame la Mode shown so much simplicity and grace as at the present moment. At the fashionable French *plages* are now to be seen the latest triumphs of the Parisian modiste. Charming little frocks of the all-in-one persuasion are fashioned of French lawn. Distinctly is the "cut" of these gowns noticeable, since their make is of naught but a few pin tucks and tiny gathers, and their decoration the finest of laces, principally Valenciennes.

Fig. 1.—A pretty little model for the river of mercerised or French lawn, the draped effect over the shoulders being especially becoming to slim figures, while the dainty tucks and Valenciennes insertion in two widths, as trimming, add just the correct touches required by the open-air girl.

Linen, striped, of Galatea design, is responsible for the success of many of the coat and skirt costumes—these summer suits bearing no resemblance to the tailored work of a short while since. The influence of the kimono sleeve, and the introduction of the yoke, more or less fanciful and in many cases merely simulated, has brought more of the "dressy" touch to these little coats, and similarly with the new skirts which boast of gathered upper parts in conjunction with shaped flounces, mostly

The delights of a River Picnic are enhanced when a suitable gown is worn for the occasion

from the knee downwards. These are in some examples quite plain, merely being finished with a six or seven-inch hem, and a stitched strap to connect them to the knee part of the *jupe;* others again take the form of cunningly-contrived kilts, the side pleats in these being scarcely apparent until the wearer walks. The charming little "swish" of these kilts invariably attracts admiration no less than the added freedom of movement allowed to the wearer.

The Magyar or peasant style is ubiquitous and is likely to continue, with ingenious variations, well into the autumn. The latest of these is presented to us in an overdress falling to the knees, where it is appropriately shaped to display an embroidered underdress. This style has much to be said in its favour on the score of its practicality, as the overdress of serviceable crépon or striped batiste of darker hue successfully protects the undergown of fine white broderie Anglaise.

Chiffon, net, and mousseline de soie receive almost exclusive attention for the modelling of the evening gown just now. At the casinos these materials, allied to silk embroideries or *dentelle* of a coarse square mesh, patterned with fine soutache braid, are much observed, their high-waisted effect and lengthwise style of trimming proving eminently becoming to the majority of wearers.

Fig. 2.—For casino or hotel wear, this charming evening gown is composed of mousseline de soie or French voile, the lengthwise application of the silk Irish crochet insertion being particularly appreciated by the woman of a full, medium figure.

Scarves of glass and silver-spangled net, tasselled with threaded beads to match, are very effective for the evening toilette, especially in lightening up an otherwise dull gown, while those of hand-painted chiffon add a charming note of finish to the afternoon toilette.

Evening jackets of fine black lace are also worn, mounted over ciel-blue or pearl-grey chiffon, ornamented with gold or silver passementerie.

The success of the toilettes of the moment, simple as they appear, rely principally on the care and attention

given to the wearer's figure. Corset modes are studied to a greater extent than formerly; Englishwomen, copying the example of their French sisters, now realize that the effect of the most charming gown rests chiefly with the particular make and suitability of the corset beneath.

If corsetting well improves the figure, so equally does the becomingly-dressed hair affect the hat. Women, whether naturally endowed or not with curling tresses, are appreciating the return of ringlets and kiss-curls; the particularly becoming millinery now seen is due not a little to this fact. There are very few faces—or chapeaux—that waves and bunches of curls do not improve, and there is quite a display of these adornments, which promise to be indulged in for some little while to come.

Fig. 3. — Crepon, in silk or cotton, is responsible for the graceful, and at the same time practical, overdress shown in this sketch. Besides affording a distinct contrast to the sleeves and skirt of the underdress, it receives more or less of the surface wear, thus allowing the latter to be of the finest make of English embroidery, even for punting or other energetic wear.

Simple blouses of the Arcadian or Magyar persuasion are now worn, effectively fashioned in the new crêpe Paisley silks and foulards. For more dressy wear sleevelets and a vest of guipure lace are cunningly added, effecting an apparently complete alteration with a minimum amount of trouble.

Ostrich feather stoles and pleated tulle and net ruffles in white, black, or grey are very popular with matrons for smart wear.

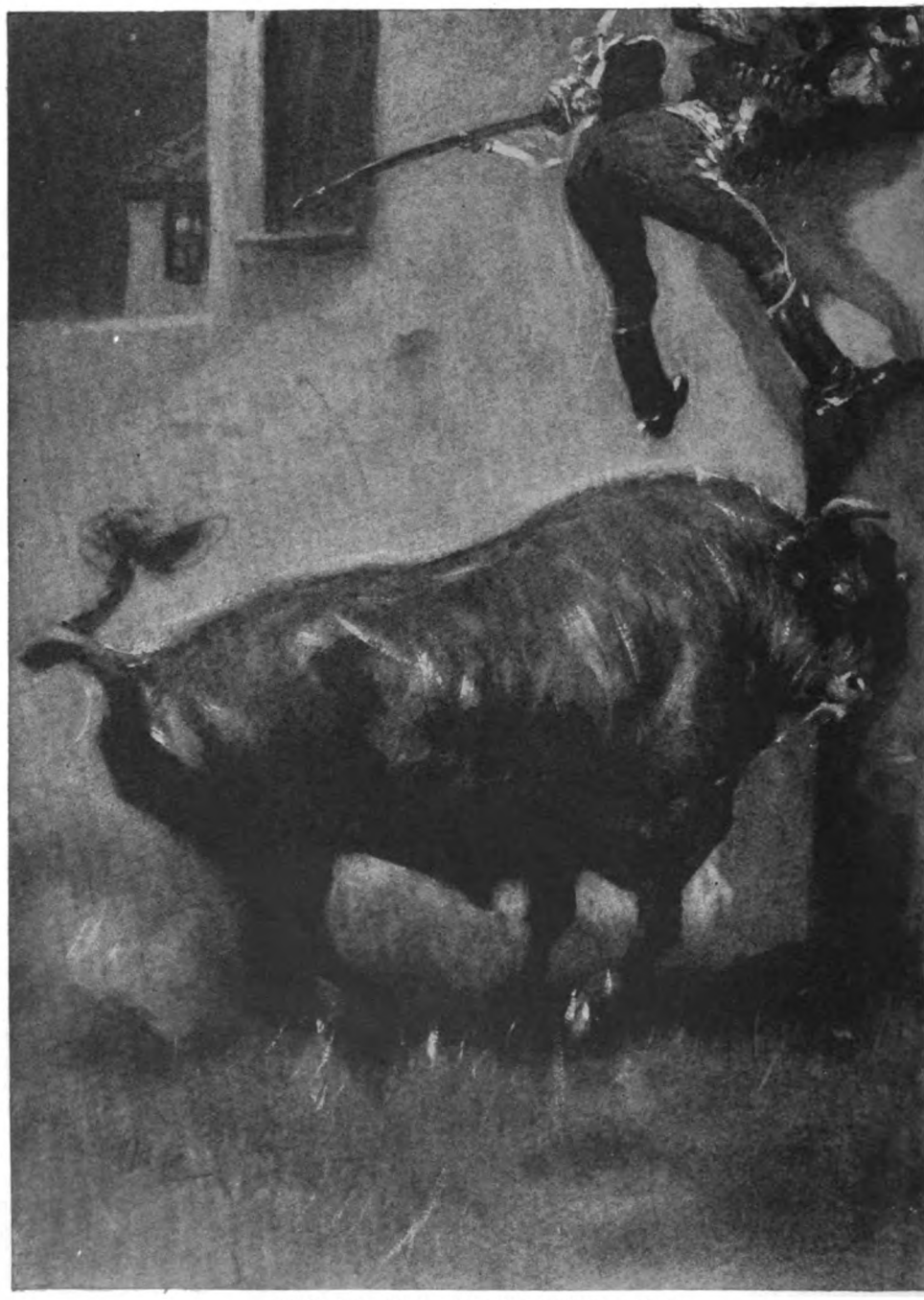
A GRACEFUL YET SIMPLE GOWN

Fig. 4.—One of the latest "tub" suits, its fabrication either in linen, holland, or Shantung being particularly suited to slight figures, the dainty turnover collar of grey or mauve hand embroidery and buttons covered with the material reflecting the latest of French ideas.

STYLES THAT WILL PLEASE

This would prove an admirable style of Gown in which to sit for a photo-graph.

Fig. 5.—As a summer visiting or garden-party frock the possibilities of this delightful design are endless, since the materials composing it allow of infinite variation. Silk spotted muslin, in conjunction with a plain silk muslin fichu, composed the ideal gown of our model, a wide ribbon of soft silk encircling the waist and knees.



"HE BUTTED ME INTO THE AIR."

(*See page* 263.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. xl. No. 237.
SEPTEMBER, 1910.

The Marriage of the Brigadier.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday.

I AM speaking, my friends, of days which are long gone by, when I had scarcely begun to build up that fame which has made my name so familiar. Among the thirty officers of the Hussars of Conflans there was nothing to indicate that I was superior in any way to the others. I can well imagine how surprised they would all have been had they realized that young Lieutenant Etienne Gerard was destined for so glorious a career, and would live to command a brigade and to receive from the Emperor's own hand that cross which I can show you any time that you do me the honour to visit me in my little cottage—you know, do you not, the little whitewashed cottage with the vine in front, in the field beside the Garonne?

People have said of me that I have never known what fear was. No doubt you have heard them say it. For many years out of a foolish pride I have let the saying pass. And yet now, in my old age, I can afford to be honest. The brave man dares to be frank. It is only the coward who is afraid to make admissions. So I tell you now that I also am human, that I also have felt my skin grow cold and my hair rise, that I have even known what it was to run until my limbs could scarce support me. It shocks you to hear it? Well, some day it may comfort you, when your own courage has reached its limit, to know that even Etienne Gerard has known what it was to be afraid. I will tell you now how this experience befell me, and also how it brought me a wife.

For the moment France was at peace, and we, the Hussars of Conflans, were in camp all that summer a few miles from the town of Les Andelys, in Normandy. It is not a very gay place by itself, but we of the Light

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Cavalry make all places gay which we visit, and so we passed our time very pleasantly. Many years and many scenes have dulled my remembrance, but still the name Les Andelys brings back to me a huge ruined castle, great orchards of apple trees, and, above all, a vision of the lovely maidens of Normandy. They were the very finest of their sex, as we may be said to have been of ours, and so we were well met in that sweet sunlit summer. Ah, the youth, the beauty, the valour, and then the dull, dead years that blur them all! There are times when the glorious past weighs on my heart like lead. No, sir; no wine can wash away such thoughts, for they are of the spirit and the soul. It is only the gross body which responds to wine; but if you offer it for that, then I will not refuse it.

Now, of all the maidens who dwelt in those parts there was one who was so superior in beauty and in charm that she seemed to be very specially marked out for me. Her name was Marie Ravon, and her people, the Ravons, were of yeoman stock who had farmed their own land in those parts since the days when Duke William went to England. If I close my eyes now I see her as she then was, her cheeks like dusky moss-roses, her hazel eyes so gentle and yet so full of spirit, her hair of that deepest black which goes most fitly with poetry and with passion, her figure as supple as a young birch tree in the wind. Ah! how she swayed away from me when first I laid my arm round it, for she was full of fire and pride, ever evading, ever resisting, fighting to the last that her surrender might be the more sweet. Out of a hundred and forty women —but who can compare where all are so near perfection?

You will wonder why it should be, if this maiden was so beautiful, that I should be left without a rival. There was a very good reason, my friends, for I so arranged it that my rivals were in the hospital. There was Hippolyte Lescœur—he visited them for two Sundays; but if he lives I dare swear that he still limps from the bullet which lodged in his knee. Poor Victor also—up to his death at Austerlitz he wore my mark. Soon it was understood that if I could not win Marie I should at least have a fair field in which to try. It was said in our camp that it was safer to charge a square of unbroken infantry than to be seen too often at the farm-house of the Ravons.

Now let me be precise for a moment. Did I wish to marry Marie? Ah, my friends, marriage is not for a Hussar. To-day he is in Normandy; to-morrow he is in the hills of Spain or in the bogs of Poland. What shall he do with a wife? Would it be fair to either of them? Can it be right that his courage should be blunted by the thought of the despair which his death would bring, or is it reasonable that she should be left fearing lest every post should bring her the news of irreparable misfortune? A Hussar can but warm himself at the fire and then hurry onwards, too happy if he can but pass another fire from which some comfort may come. And Marie, did she wish to marry me? She knew well that when our silver trumpets blew the march it would be over the grave of our married life. Better far to hold fast to her own people and her own soil, where she and her husband could dwell for ever amid the rich orchards and within sight of the great Castle of Le Galliard. Let her remember her Hussar in her dreams, but let her waking days be spent in the world as she finds it.

Meanwhile we pushed such thoughts from our mind and gave ourselves up to a sweet companionship, each day complete in itself, with never a thought of the morrow. It is true that there were times when her father, a stout old gentleman, with a face like one of his own apples, and her mother, a thin, anxious woman of the country, gave me hints that they would wish to be clearer as to my intentions, but in their hearts they each knew well that Etienne Gerard was a man of honour, and that their daughter was very safe, as well as very happy, in his keeping. So the matter stood until the night of which I speak.

It was the Sunday evening, and I had ridden over from the camp. There were several of our fellows who were visiting the village, and we all left our horses at the inn. Thence I had to walk to the Ravons', which was only separated by a single very large field which extended to the very door. I was about to start when the landlord ran after me.

"Excuse me, lieutenant," said he, "it is farther by the road, and yet I should advise you to take it."

"It is a mile or more out of my way."

"I know it. But I think that it would be wiser," and he smiled as he spoke.

"And why?" I asked.

"Because," said he, "the English bull is loose in the field."

If it were not for that odious smile, I might have considered it. But to hold a danger over me and then to smile in such

a fashion was more than my proud temper could bear. I indicated by a gesture what I thought of the English bull.

"I will go by the shortest way," said I.

I had no sooner set foot in the field than I felt that my spirit had betrayed me into rashness. It was a very large square field, and as I came farther out into it I felt like the cockle-shell which ventures out from land, and sees no port save that from which it has issued. There was wall on every side of the field save that from which I had come. In front of me was the farm-house of the Ravons, with wall extending to right and left. A back door opened upon the field, and there were several windows, but all were barred, as is usual in the Norman farms. I pushed on rapidly to the door, as being the only harbour of safety, walking with dignity as befits the soldier, and yet with such speed as I could summon. From the waist upwards I was unconcerned and even debonair. Below, I was swift and alert.

I had nearly reached the middle of the field when I perceived the creature. He was rooting about with his fore-feet under a large beech tree which lay upon my right hand. I did not turn my head, nor would the bystander have detected that I took notice of him, but my eye was watching him with anxiety. It may have been that he was in a contented mood, or it may have been that he was arrested by the nonchalance of my bearing; but he made no movement in my direction. Reassured, I fixed my eyes upon the open window of Marie's bedchamber, which was immediately over the back door, in the hope that those dear, tender, dark eyes were surveying me from behind the curtains. I flourished my little cane, loitered to pick a primrose, and sang one of our devil-may-care choruses, in order to insult this English beast, and to show my love how little I cared for danger when it stood between her and me. The creature was abashed by my fearlessness, and so, pushing open the back door, I was able to enter the farm-house in safety and in honour.

And was it not worth the danger? Had all the bulls of Castile guarded the entrance, would it not still have been worth it? Ah, the hours—the sunny hours—which can never come back, when our youthful feet seemed scarce to touch the ground, and we lived in a sweet dreamland of our own creation! She honoured my courage, and she loved me for it. As she lay with her flushed cheek pillowed against the silk of my dolman, looking up at me with her wondering eyes, shining with love and admiration, she marvelled at the stories in which I gave her some picture of the true character of her lover!

"Has your heart never failed you? Have you never known the feeling of fear?" she asked.

I laughed at such a thought. What place could fear have in the mind of a Hussar? Young as I was, I had given my proofs. I told her how I had led my squadron into a square of Hungarian Grenadiers. She shuddered as she embraced me. I told her also how I had swum my horse over the Danube at night with a message for Davoust. To be frank, it was not the Danube, nor was it so deep that I was compelled to swim; but when one is twenty and in love one tells a story as best one can. Many such stories I told her while her dear eyes grew more and more amazed.

"Never in my dreams, Etienne," said she, "did I believe that so brave a man existed. Lucky France that has such a soldier; lucky Marie that has such a lover!"

You can think how I flung myself at her feet as I murmured that I was the luckiest of all—I who had found someone who could appreciate and understand.

It was a charming relationship, too infinitely sweet and delicate for the interference of coarser minds. But you can understand that the parents imagined that they also had their duty to do. I played dominoes with the old man and I wound wool for his wife, and yet they could not be led to believe that it was from love of them that I came thrice a week to their farm. For some time an explanation was inevitable, and that night it came. Marie, in delightful mutiny, was packed off to her room, and I faced the old people in the parlour as they plied me with questions upon my prospects and my intentions.

"One way or the other," they said, in their blunt country fashion. "Let us hear that you are betrothed to Marie, or let us never see your face again."

I spoke of my honour, my hopes, and my future, but they remained immovable upon the present. I pleaded my career, but they in their selfish way would think of nothing but their daughter. It was indeed a difficult position in which I found myself. On the one hand, I could not forsake my Marie. On the other, what would a young Hussar do with marriage? At last, hard-pressed, I begged them to leave the matter, if it were only for a day.

"I will see Marie," said I; "I will see

her without delay. It is her heart and her happiness which come before all else."

They were not satisfied, these grumbling old people, but they could say no more. They bade me a short good night and I departed, full of perplexity, for the inn. I came out by the same door which I had entered, and I heard them lock and bar it behind me.

I walked across the field lost in thought, with my mind entirely filled with the arguments of the old people, and the skilful replies which I had made to them. What should I do? I had promised to see Marie without delay. What should I say to her when I did see her? Would I surrender to her beauty and turn my back upon my profession? If Etienne Gerard's sword were turned to a scythe, then, indeed, it was a bad day for the Emperor and France. Or should I harden my heart and turn away from Marie? Or was it not possible that all might be reconciled, that I might be a happy husband in Normandy but a brave soldier elsewhere?

"I FLUNG MYSELF AT HER FEET."

All these thoughts were buzzing in my head, when a sudden noise made me look up. The moon had come from behind a cloud, and there was the bull before me.

He had seemed a large animal beneath the beech tree, but now he appeared enormous. He was black in colour. His head was held down, and the moon shone upon two

menacing and bloodshot eyes. His tail switched swiftly from side to side, and his fore-feet dug into the earth. A more horrible-looking monster was never seen in a nightmare. He was moving slowly and stealthily in my direction.

I glanced behind me, and I found that in my distraction I had come a very long way from the edge of the field. I was more than half-way across it. My nearest refuge was the inn, but the bull was between me and it. Perhaps if the creature understood how little I feared him he would make way for me. I shrugged my shoulders and made a gesture of contempt. I even whistled. The creature thought I called it, for he approached with alacrity. I kept my face boldly towards him, but I walked swiftly backwards. When one is young and active one can almost run backwards and yet keep a brave and smiling face to the enemy. As I ran I menaced the animal with my cane. Perhaps it would have been wiser had I restrained my spirit. He regarded it as a challenge—which, indeed, was the last thing in my mind. It was a misunderstanding, but a fatal one. With a snort he raised his tail and charged.

Have you ever seen a bull charge, my friends? It is a strange sight. You think, perhaps, that he trots, or even that he gallops. No; it is worse than this. It is a succession of bounds by which he advances, each more menacing than the last. I have no fear of anything which man can do. When I deal with man I feel that the nobility of my own attitude, the gallant ease with which I face him, will in itself go far to disarm him. What he can do, I can do, so why should I fear him? But when it is a ton of enraged beef with which you contend, it is another matter. You cannot hope to argue, to soften, to conciliate. There is no resistance possible. My proud assurance was all wasted upon the creature. In an instant my ready wit had weighed every possible course, and had determined that no one, not the Emperor himself, could hold his ground. There was but one course—to fly.

But one may fly in many ways. One may fly with dignity or one may fly in panic. I fled, I trust, like a soldier. My bearing was superb, though my legs moved rapidly. My whole appearance was a protest against the position in which I was placed. I smiled as I ran—the bitter smile of the brave man who mocks his own fate. Had all my comrades surrounded the field they could not have thought the less of me when they saw the disdain with which I avoided the bull.

But here it is that I must make my confession. When once flight commences, though it be ever so soldierly, panic follows hard upon it. Was it not so with the Guard at Waterloo? So it was that night with Etienne Gerard. After all, there was no one to note my bearing—no one save this accursed bull. If for a minute I forgot my dignity, who would be the wiser? Every moment the thunder of the hoofs and the horrible snorts of the monster drew nearer to my heels. Horror filled me at the thought of so ignoble a death. The brutal rage of the creature sent a chill to my heart. In an instant everything was forgotten. There were in all the world but two creatures, the bull and I—he trying to kill me, I striving to escape. I put down my head and I ran—I ran for my life.

It was for the house of the Ravons that I raced. But even as I reached it, it flashed into my mind that there was no refuge for me there. The door was locked; the lower windows were barred; the wall was high upon either side; and the bull was nearer me with every stride. But, oh, my friends, it is at that supreme moment of danger that Etienne Gerard has ever risen to his height. There was but one path to safety, and in an instant I had chosen it.

I have said that the window of Marie's bedroom was above the door. The curtains were closed, but the folding sides were thrown open, and a lamp burned in the room. Young and active, I felt that I could spring high enough to reach the edge of the window-sill and to draw myself out of danger. The monster was within touch of me as I sprang. Had I been unaided I should have done what I had planned. But even as in a superb effort I rose from the earth, he butted me into the air. I shot through the curtains as if I had been fired from a gun, and I dropped upon my hands and knees in the centre of the room.

There was, as it appears, a bed in the window, but I had passed over it in safety. As I staggered to my feet I turned towards it in consternation, but it was empty. My Marie sat in a low chair in the corner of the room, and her flushed cheeks showed that she had been weeping. No doubt her parents had given her some account of what had passed between us. She was too amazed to move, and could only sit looking at me with her mouth open.

"Etienne!" she gasped. "Etienne!"

In an instant I was as full of resource as ever. There was but one course for a gentleman, and I took it.

"Marie," I cried, "forgive, oh, forgive the abruptness of my return! Marie, I have seen your parents to-night. I could not return to the camp without asking you whether you will make me for ever happy by promising to be my wife."

It was long before she could speak, so great was her amazement. Then every emotion was swept away in the one great flood of her admiration.

"I RAN FOR MY LIFE."

"Oh, Etienne, my wonderful Etienne!" she cried, her arms round my neck. "Was ever such love? Was ever such a man? As you stand there, white and trembling with passion, you seem to me the very hero of my dreams. How hard you breathe, my love; and what a spring it must have been which brought you to my arms! At the instant that you came I had heard the tramp of your war-horse without."

There was nothing more to explain, and when one is newly betrothed one finds other uses for one's lips. But there was a scurry in the passage and a pounding at the panels. At the crash of my arrival the old folk had rushed to the cellar to see if the great cider-cask had toppled off the trestles, but now they were back and eager for admittance. I flung open the door and stood with Marie's hand in mine.

"Behold your son!" I said.

Ah, the joy which I had brought to that humble household! It warms my heart still when I think of it. It did not seem too strange to them that I should fly in through the window, for who should be a hot-headed suitor if it is not a gallant Hussar? And if the door be locked, then what way is there

"I FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR AND STOOD WITH MARIE'S HAND IN MINE."

but the window? Once more we assembled all four in the parlour, while the cobwebbed bottle was brought up and the ancient glories of the House of Ravon were unrolled before me. Once more I see the heavy-raftered room, the two old smiling faces, the golden circle of the lamp-light, and she, my Marie, the bride of my youth, won so strangely, and kept for so short a time.

It was late when we parted. The old man came with me into the hall.

"You can go by the front door or the back," said he. "The back way is the shorter."

"I think that I will take the front way," I answered. "It may be a little longer, but it will give me the more time to think of Marie."

Some Curious Wagers.

With Facsimiles from the Betting-Book of White's Club. Reproduced by Special Permission.

By BERNARD DARWIN.

ALIKE in the variety and extent of their wagers the gentlemen of England are, as compared with their predecessors, but a degenerate race. Who, for instance, would nowadays bet anything between five and a hundred guineas as to the number of his friend's children and the date of their arrival? Yet there are literally hundreds of these wagers solemnly recorded in the Betting-Book of White's, together with others dealing with almost every conceivable subject in heaven or earth.

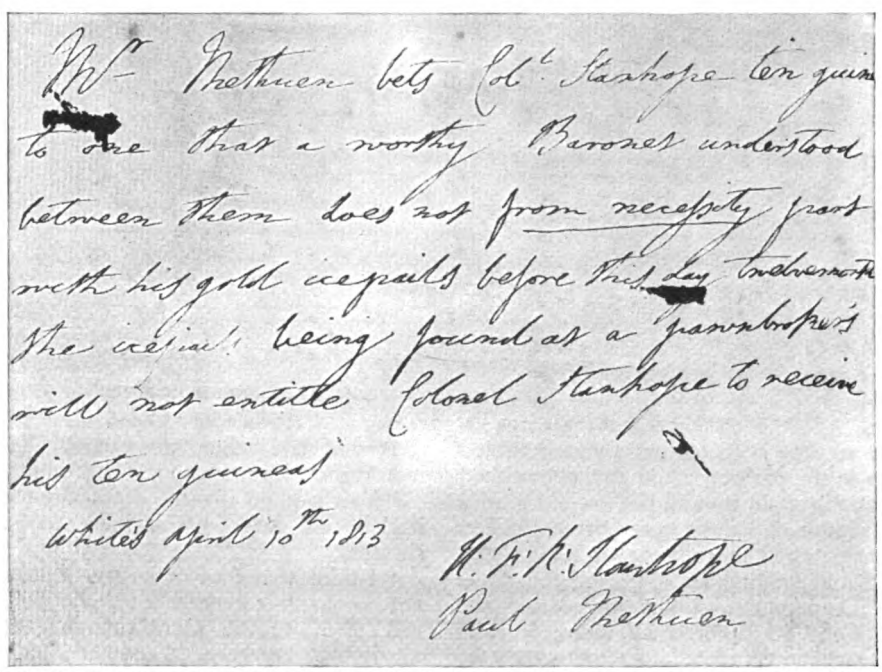
Here are two or three of a less common type, of which we give facsimiles of the original entries in the Betting-Book. The first relates to a gentleman, presumably embarrassed, concerning whom a bet is recorded that he "does not *from necessity* part with his gold ice-pails before this day twelvemonth."

The next concerns a certain baronet whose financial circumstances formed the subject of a bet between Lord Alvanley and Sir Joseph Copley. "If he is observed," so runs the Betting-Book, "to borrow small change of the chairmen or waiters Sir Joseph is to be reckoned to lose."

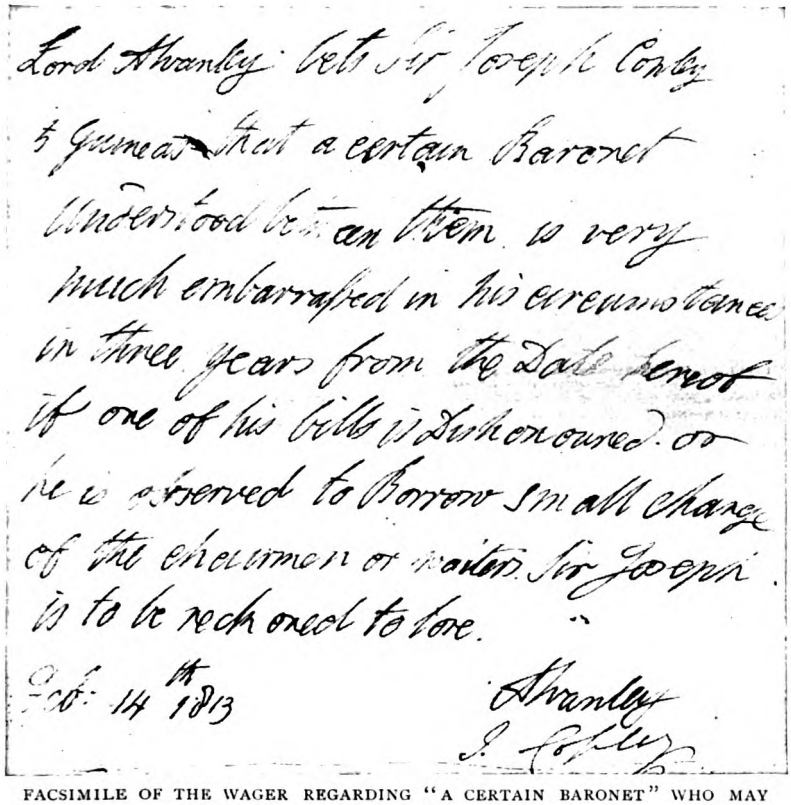
Again the course of contemporary history may be traced in entries in the Betting-Book such as the next reproduction: "Mr. Butler bets Sir George Talbot twenty guineas to one that he is not in the room at White's with Napoleon in the course of the next two years.—April 24th, 1815."

Going back to an earlier period we find on October 18th, 1749, the next entry here reproduced: "Col. Waldegrave bets Lord March fifty guineas that his lordship does not win the chaise match. N.B. — Lord Anson goes Col. Waldegrave halves. Paid."

This brings us to a very famous wager and a very famous character—the Earl of March



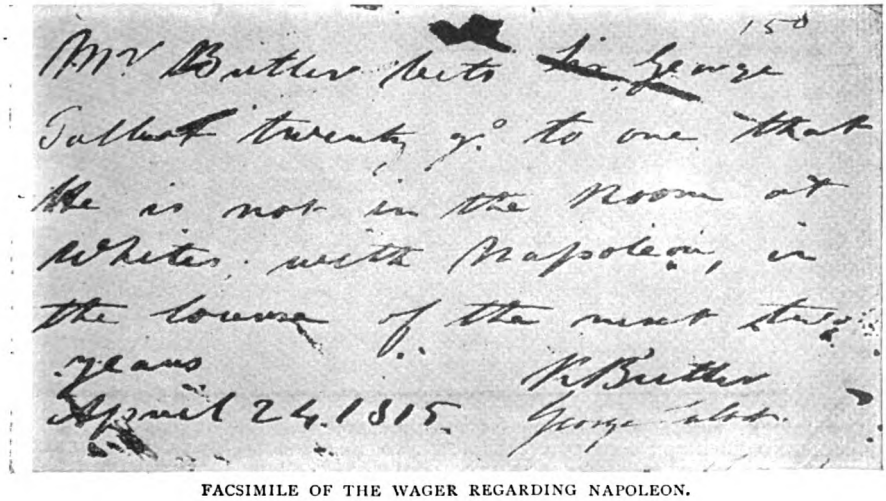
FACSIMILE OF THE ENTRY IN THE BETTING-BOOK OF WHITE'S CLUB RECORDING THE BET ABOUT A MEMBER'S ICE-PAILS.



FACSIMILE OF THE WAGER REGARDING "A CERTAIN BARONET" WHO MAY "BORROW OF THE CHAIRMEN OR WAITERS."

and Ruglen, better known by his later title of the Duke of Queensberry, and better still as "Old Q." A mighty gambler was his Grace of Queensberry, and, if his career be scanned with an entirely cold and impartial eye, a thoroughly selfish and evil old reprobate. Yet one cannot help feeling a slight weakness for him on account of his charming letters to George Selwyn, which show that he was fond of at least one other person in the world beside himself. Whatever his lack of virtue, he did not suffer from lack of intelligence, and to bet with him seems to have been to court disaster.

The terms of the aforesaid "chaise match" were that Count Taaffe and another betted Lords March and Eglinton one thousand guineas that they could not provide a four-wheeled carriage to carry a man and be drawn by four horses nineteen miles in an hour. The Duke, as it is simpler to call him, took an infinity of trouble over his task, trying horse after horse and carriage after carriage. Wright, of Long Acre, was finally the happy man whose handiwork was selected —a horsebreaker's brake without the usual



FACSIMILE OF THE WAGER REGARDING NAPOLEON.

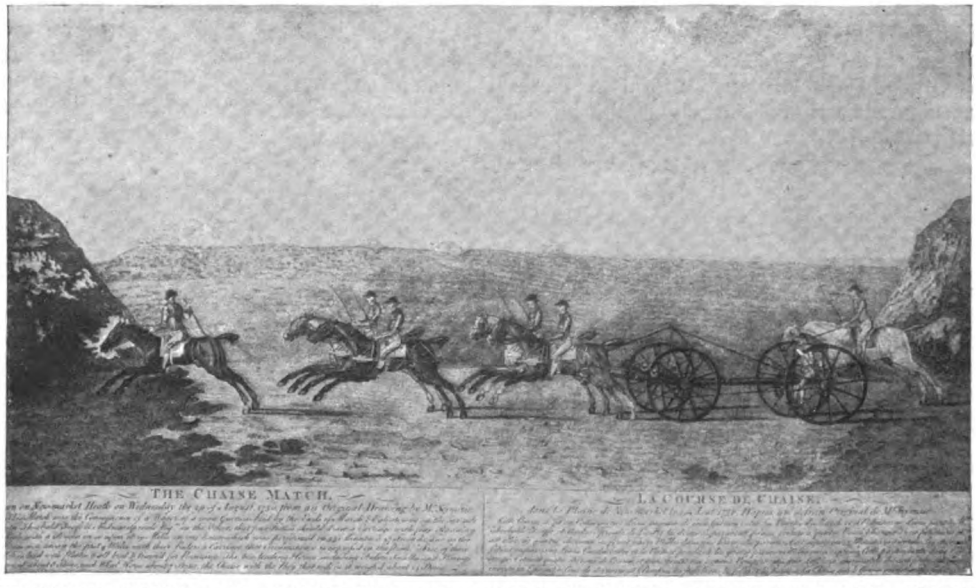
THE RECORD OF THE CELEBRATED CHAISE MATCH.

high perch, having oil-cans fixed to the boxes of the wheels, and the pole and bars made of thin wood lapped with wire to strengthen them. The springs were of steel, and the harness of silk and whalebone, and the total weight some two and a half hundredweight.

On the 29th August, 1750, the carriage with its four chosen horses and postilions took the field at Newmarket before a prodigious concourse of spectators, among whom a course was cleared by a horseman resplendent in red velvet. In the result the Duke's judgment was thoroughly vindicated, for the horses, fairly running away with their riders, actually covered the first four miles in nine minutes, and the total distance in six minutes and thirty-three seconds under the hour.

His next successful wager was of a highly ingenious kind; he betted that he would cause a letter to be conveyed fifty miles in the hour, a feat that sounded no doubt impossible enough to those unfortunate persons who took the bet. Not so, however, to his Grace, who enclosed the letter in a cricket ball and then stationed a number of cricketers at fixed intervals to throw each other catches with the ball, which by this method covered many miles over the required fifty.

On another occasion on which he was tempted to make a bet of somewhat similar character, the Duke very nearly caught a tartar in a certain Mr. Edgworth. Indeed, if Mr. Edgworth had only been as discreet as he was ingenious, he and his friends would have plundered their victim to their hearts' content. The Duke declared that by means of relays of swift horses the result of a certain race at Newmarket would be known to him at nine o'clock at night.



THE CHAISE MATCH, RUN AGAINST TIME, ON NEWMARKET HEATH, AUGUST 29TH, 1750, BETWEEN LORDS MARCH AND EGLINTON AND COUNT TAAFFE AND MR. SPROULE, DISTANCE NINETEEN MILES, TIME FIFTY-THREE MINUTES AND TWENTY-SEVEN SECONDS.

From a Print in the possession of the Club.

"Oh," said Edgworth, "I expect to know it at four."

This was too much for the Duke, and he made several bets of five hundred pounds each with Edgworth and his friends. Alas! however, for the indiscretion—or was it only the transparent honesty?—of Mr. Edgworth. When they met next day at the Turf Coffee House to reduce the bet to writing, Edgworth, who had in his mind a system of semaphores, blurted out that he did not mean to rely upon horses. The Duke instantly realized that there were some things undreamed of in his philosophy, and declined to proceed with the bet.

Once again he was all but beaten only to save himself with characteristic energy and astuteness. He noticed one day a journeyman coach-builder trundling a wheel and doing so with great skill and rapidity. He was also acquainted with a certain waiter at Betty's fruit-shop in St. James's Street who was "famed for his running." One cannot help surmising that this fame was rather easily earned or else the coach-builder must have been a very wonderful fellow, for the Duke backed him to run with the hind-wheel of the ducal carriage faster than the waiter, who was not even to be encumbered with a pile of plates. So well satisfied was he that he would win his money that he did not have a trial with this particular wheel till the day before the match, when, to his horror, he discovered that it was much lower than the wheel which the coach-builder usually trundled, and so sadly diminished his pace. Here was a pretty quandary, but the Duke was not to be beaten. He borrowed a large number of planks from a friend in the Board of Works and engaged an army of workmen. All night the workmen toiled by the light of the moon, and in the morning there was ready a pathway of planks, by means of which the wheel was brought up to the requisite height. The Jockey Club on appeal allowed this rather curious proceeding, and the race was run, with the result that Betty's waiter lost the race and his backers their money.

One more bet of "Old Q.'s" deserves mention—a bet of a thousand guineas with Sir John Lade that he would find a man to eat more at one sitting than Sir John's nominee.

Sir John's understanding appears to have been at fault on this occasion, and he lost his money. There is something very engaging in the report forwarded to the Duke by the agent whom he had appointed to watch the match in his absence:—

"I have not time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your Grace that your man beat his antagonist by a pig and an apple pie."

If one could win such a match by the margin of a pie it seems almost needless ostentation to beat the enemy by a pig as well.

From Sir John Lade we may turn to another member of the extraordinary band that had its headquarters at the Pavilion at Brighton—Richard, seventh Lord Barrymore. That he inherited some little talent in the direction of wagering is clear from a story of his father—Richard, the sixth Earl. This worthy, being in great financial straits, spent some time carefully covering the floor of a room with playing cards, or, according to another account, with halfpence. He then invited a party of friends to dine in the same room, and, at an appropriately late hour of the evening, offered to bet five hundred pounds that he would guess more nearly than anyone else the number of cards (or halfpence) that would cover the floor. As his biographer remarks, "It is unnecessary to record the name of the winner," and Lord Barrymore's circumstances became temporarily less embarrassed.

With this promising ancestry the seventh Earl was likely to have a weakness for wagering, but he appears to have been more honest than his father, if less successful. One of his bets was made with the Duke of York at Brighton, to the effect that he could wade farther into the sea than the Duke. Instantly they walked down to the shore from the pavilion and plunged into the sea in all their fine clothes. The Duke of York, however, had not paid enough attention to the fact that he was not so tall as Lord Barrymore, and as he did not want to be drowned he had to pay.

Besides being a great coachman and patron of the ring, Lord Barrymore was something of an athlete and cricketer. He captained several elevens that played matches for large sums, and ran a famous race in Kensington Gardens—sixty yards with a turn round a tree—against Captain Parkhurst, the latter being mounted. He also wanted to race the Bath coach from Hyde Park Corner to Hammersmith, but the odds apparently were not forthcoming that should make it worth his while.

In this matter of running, however, Lord Barrymore, who was so fond of deceiving others that he founded a club called the "Humbug Club," was once entirely bam-

boozled by a friend of his, by name, appropriately enough, Bullock. Mr. Bullock, who was a very stout gentleman, weighing some vast number of stone, offered to run Barrymore a hundred yards race, provided he had thirty-five yards start and might choose his own course. Great excitement prevailed at Brighton, and the Prince of Wales anxiously inquired where the race was to be run, that he might come and see it. With every respect for Royalty, however, Mr. Bullock declined to disclose his plan of campaign till the appointed hour, when he led the way to a narrow little alley in which there was scarcely room to walk. In less than no time Barrymore had gained his thirty-five yards and was up with his man, but then his difficulties began. By no possible means could he pass, for Mr. Bullock hurled himself from side to side in his exertions and filled up the whole of the alley. It was in vain that the giver of the start tried to dodge past, and Mr. Bullock waddled in first, the winner of a very comfortable sum.

CAPTAIN BARCLAY WALKING A THOUSAND MILES IN A THOUSAND HOURS.

Among those who flourished in the days of the Prince Regent there was a much greater runner and a much more reputable person than Lord Barrymore — the famous Robert Barclay Allardyce, of Ury, better known by the name under which he ran of Captain Barclay. He was a very serious athlete and a great authority on training, on which subject he wrote a book. He trained Tom Cribb for his second fight with Molyneaux, and taking the champion to Ury, his Aberdeenshire home, put him through so strenuous a course of physic and exercise that Tom declared nothing would induce him to endure it again. However, Tom jumped into the ring a miracle of fitness, successfully defended the honour of his country against the American negro, and put some ten thousand pounds into Captain Barclay's pocket.

Barclay was a man of prodigious strength and powers of endurance, and his many feats would fill a book. In 1806, when in Suffolk with the 23rd Regiment, he backed himself for a thousand guineas to lift half a ton from the ground, and did in fact lift twenty-one half-hundredweights. With a straight arm he threw half a hundredweight a distance of eight yards and threw the same weight over his head five yards. He also lifted a man weighing eighteen stone from the floor to the table, the man standing upon the captain's right hand and being merely steadied with his left. Sir Francis Galton tells in his reminiscences that he remembers Captain Barclay when quite an old man lifting Sir Francis's brother in the same way, although he had to admit afterwards that he had strained himself somewhat in the accomplishment of the feat.

Among his pedestrian achievements was the covering of ninety miles in twenty-one and a half hours. This he backed himself to do for five hundred guineas, but broke down in training. Again he tried, and became so sick as to have to give up the attempt after sixty-seven miles. Nothing daunted, he then raised the stakes to five thousand guineas, and set out once more on a measured mile on the road between York and Hull. He began at midnight clad in a flannel shirt and trousers and, of all odd garments, a night-cap, while lamps were placed at regular intervals along the road to light him on his way. This time all went well and he won with an hour and seven minutes to spare.

His most famous achievement, however, was that of walking a thousand miles in a

thousand consecutive hours on Newmarket Heath for a bet of a thousand guineas. He started on June 1, 1809, walking, as we are told, with an easy, lounging gait, and sliding his feet over the ground rather than lifting them. Between the miles he would go to sleep or lie on a sofa and talk to his friends. His ideas of training were rather different from those of to-day, for the amount of alcohol he consumed sounds to us prodigious. According to the *Sporting Magazine* he would have "good strong ale" with his breakfast at five, and more of it with his luncheon. He dined at six with yet more ale and two glasses of port wine, and he drank ale again for supper, while he kept himself going with Madeira and water between meals. So deeply interested were the people of Newmarket in his success that they vied with each other in providing him with their own ale as being better than that supplied from the public inns.

Gradually the hours wore away, and the London betting on the gallant captain rose to five to one. At one time his backers received the dismal intelligence that the sinews in his legs were so much strained that it took him over twenty minutes to cover a mile, but the strain passed, and eight days from the end the betting at Tattersall's was ten to one. As the final day approached Newmarket was invaded by a huge crowd, and there was no bed to be had for love or money. The track had to be roped off, much to the annoyance of Barclay, who disliked this parade, and finally he ended his task amid the natural enthusiasm of those who are said to have won a hundred thousand pounds over the result. Moreover, he was so little distressed that almost immediately afterwards he was able to sail with the army on the ill-fated expedition to Walcheren.

It is satisfactory to know that in spite of these feats Captain Barclay lived to a green and respected old age, and it was only the kick of a horse that could kill him in the year 1854.

From this Scotsman, sober, long-headed, and businesslike, we may pass to a very different type of sportsman—a very gallant fellow in his own way—the celebrated "Jack" Mytton of Halston. Save that merely for his own pleasure he once went without sleep for two days and three nights, during which he shot, danced, and walked an incredible number of miles, Captain Barclay, as a rule, only essayed a feat when he had a reasonable number of guineas to gain. Mytton, on the other hand, would do the most madcap things on the spur of the moment, with no prospect but that of a broken neck. He would ride at impossible fences crying, "Now for the honour of Shropshire." He would swim his horse over the Severn in flood, or put his tandem at a five-barred gate. He shot duck on a winter night with never a stitch of clothing, and set his shirt on fire with nothing to gain but a highly problematical cure for the hiccups, and even so nothing could kill him but an ineradicable taste for port wine.

Perhaps, however, his most famous achievement was done for a bet of one hundred and fifty pounds. He was dining with some friends at Cronkhill, some distance from Halston, and came in his tandem. After dinner someone spoke of driving tandem as a dangerous pursuit. Mytton was up in arms at once, and offered to bet twenty-five pounds all round that he would there and then drive his tandem half a mile across country to the turnpike road, taking on his way a deep drain, a sunk fence, and two quickset hedges.

There was a fine moon; twelve men with lanterns fastened on poles were employed to supplement the moonlight, and Mytton started on his adventurous journey. First came the sunk fence, and into it went horses, driver, and all. A gradual slope on the far side saved him, however; by dint of the whip he got his team safely out and sent them at full speed at the deep wide drain. This they cleared, but the jerk of landing sent Mytton sprawling on to the wheeler's back. He crawled back to his seat, however, and attacked the quickset hedges. Both these he cleared most gallantly, arrived safe and sound on the turnpike road, and drove home to Halston.

His achievements in the saddle were numberless. On his horse "Hero" he cleared a gate seven feet high, and it is to be remembered that he was a tall, heavy man. He jumped another horse, "Baronet," over nine yards of water on his way home from hunting, and afterwards backed himself for five hundred guineas to clear nine yards over hurdles on the same horse. He accomplished this often in practice, but when it came to the appointed day "Baronet" refused, and he lost his money, as he ultimately lost every shilling that he could lay his hands on.

Poor Mytton! his end was a miserable one. He died at the age of thirty-seven in the King's Bench Prison, a wreck of mind and body. His many failings were all too

obvious, but he had such glorious pluck that one can almost echo the words of Sir Bellingham Graham, as Mytton cleared a high park-paling with his arm in a sling, "Well done, neck-or-nothing. You are not a bad one to breed from."

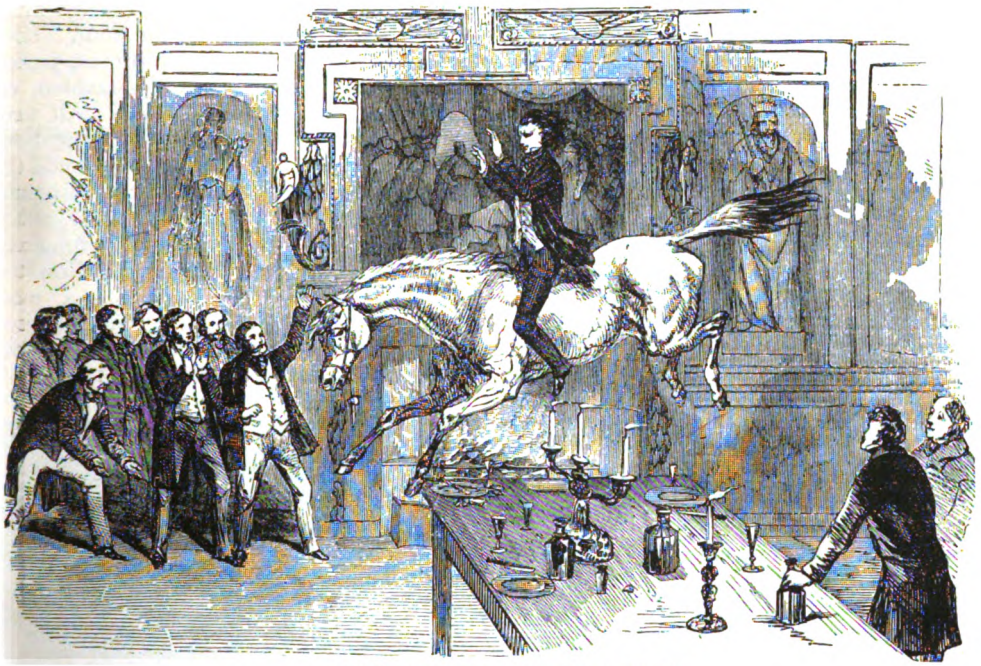
A feat that would have been one after Jack Mytton's heart was that performed by the famous Buck Whalley, who on another occasion won fifteen thousand pounds by journeying from Dublin to Jerusalem and back within a stated time. Whalley backed himself to jump over a carrier's cart on horseback, and accomplished the feat by the ingenious means of "taking off" from the upper storey of a house.

Another bet of the same dashing character was made by a Mr. Manning, a sporting farmer, in 1851. He rode his horse bare-backed into the dining-room of an inn at Aylesbury and successfully cleared a dinner-table in its full dress — lights, dishes, decanters, and all. The feat was thus described in the *Bucks Chronicle* at the time:—

"The feat reminds one of an incident in the life of Mr. John Mytton, of sporting fame. The following are the details of the present feat. At the stewards' ordinary, at the White Hart Hotel, Aylesbury, after the late aristocratic steeplechases, the conversation turning on the feat of bringing a horse up into the dining-room in which the company were then assembled, which was once done by Lord Jocelyn and Mr. Ricardo, during the meeting of the Royal Hunt some few years ago, Mr. Charles Symonds, of Oxford, offered to bring a grey horse of his upstairs and lead him round the table. The animal shortly announced his progress by a loud clattering on the old oak staircase. In a few minutes the horse was gazing on the assembled company. His owner then led him over a flight of chairs, which he jumped beautifully. Nothing then would satisfy the company but that he must jump the dining-tables. The proprietor of the hotel, fearing lest some serious accident might occur, as the room is of great antiquity, having been built by the Earl of Rochester in the time of Charles II., strongly objected; but he was overruled, and the horse was led over the tables, everything standing. The champagne glasses rattled, the plates quivered, the candlesticks shook, but nothing was displaced; back again he went, clearing everything at a bound. Whereupon Mr. Manning, of Wendover, volunteered to ride him bare-backed over, and he did so without bridle or saddle. The celebrated gentleman jock, Captain Barlowe, next essayed, and managed to make a smash of one table with its contents. This was only a temporary check; for, in the face of a tremendous fire, and the cheering of all present, he achieved the feat

JOHN MYTTON DRIVING TANDEM ACROSS COUNTRY FOR AN AFTER-DINNER BET.
From Memoirs of the Life of the late John Mytton of Halston, Shropshire," by Nimrod.

gallantly. It was now time to desist, and to get the horse downstairs; this was sooner said than done, for the stairs and passages being kept polished, the gallant grey slipped about dreadfully, and was evidently afraid of the descent. At length, at the suggestion of a worthy Baronet, he was blindfolded, and thus descended into the entrance-hall, but managed to break about a dozen of the carved oak banisters in his progress."



MANNING'S LEAP OVER A DINNER-TABLE.

In quite modern times people do not seem so anxious to do these extraordinary things. The Cambridge undergraduate no longer backs himself to run round the great court of Trinity while the college clock strikes twelve, nor to jump up the flight of stone steps in front of the hall—this latter a very considerable athletic feat which is said to have been accomplished by the great Charles Stuart Calverley when he was an undergraduate. There has been one really wonderful achievement, however, in quite modern times, of which the author of "Light Come, Light Go," gives an interesting account. A friend of his, Mr. Bulpett, was one day dining at the Ship at Greenwich when a discussion arose as to the difficulty of swimming the Thames in ordinary clothes. Mr. Bulpett promptly laid four to one—one hundred pounds to twenty-five pounds —that he did it. Next day Mr. Bulpett duly appeared at the Ship immaculately dressed in a frock-coat and tall hat and carrying a walking-stick. He got across with great ease, although the tide carried him down over a mile, and so little distressed was he that he instantly offered the same odds that he would there and then swim back again. There were, however, no takers to be found.

Mention must now be made of the driving match between Lord Lonsdale and Lord Shrewsbury, which made almost as great a stir in 1891 as "Old Q.'s" "chaise match" had done over a century before. The match was to have been over twenty miles, five miles being allotted to each of four methods of driving—single, pair, four-in-hand, and postilion. Unfortunately, however, some misunderstanding arose, and Lord Shrewsbury at the last moment paid forfeit. Thereupon Lord Lonsdale, having moved numberless horses and carriages at great expense, and desiring, moreover, to give the public a run for their money, decided to drive over the course in order to show what he could do.

The weather was most unpropitious—a bitterly cold day in March, with the addition of a recent heavy fall of snow. However, a snow-plough was borrowed from the local

authorities and the appointed strip of five miles on the Reigate road was duly cleared. Couriers galloped in front to clear the road, and, save for one restive dray-horse and two policemen, who wisely got out of the way after making a formal protest, no obstacles were met with. As a small piece of evidence of the trouble taken by Lord Lonsdale over the match, each of his four carriages contained a carefully-synchronized clock and a pair of large blue spectacles, the latter of which proved enormously useful, since Lord Lonsdale was simply bespattered with mud from head to foot.

First came the single horse, who covered the five miles in thirteen minutes thirty-nine and one-fifth seconds, a time that would have been considerably reduced but for the dray-horse aforesaid. Leaping out of one buggy into another, like a flash of lightning Lord Lonsdale was off again with his pair in three seconds. These got over the ground at a great pace, and when they dashed up steaming hot, their driver plastered with mud, ten miles had been covered in twenty-six minutes thirty-three and three-fifth seconds.

Next came that which must naturally be the slowest part of the business, the four-in-hand, but it took no longer than a few seconds over the quarter of an hour, and now, barring accidents, the twenty miles would surely be done under the hour. Lord Lonsdale hurled off his covert coat, jacket, and hat, and leaped, postilion-fashion, on to the back of one of his pair. All went well over the last five miles, and when Lord Lonsdale pulled up he had covered the twenty miles in fifty-six minutes fifty-five and four-fifths seconds—considering the rather heavy going, a truly wonderful performance.

Finally, the pictures reproduced on the present page show the result of a most amusing wager with striking effect—*seven* men buttoned into the waistcoat of a Brobdingnagian named Edward Bright!

THE SURPRISEING BETT DECIDED.

A View of Decideing the Wager between Mr. Codd and Mr. Hants of Maldon in the County of Essex. which was that 7 Men where actually with great ease on the first day of December 1750 in the House of the Widow Day the Black Bull in Maldon aforesaid, button'd within the Waistcoat of Mr. Bright deceased.

"One Luckless Hour."

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier.

HE stood upon the edge of the lawn at Ascot, looking towards the band, apparently listening to the music, in reality seeing nothing, hearing nothing, realizing only the slow torture of a live and sickly fear. To the casual observer the Honourable Ralph Fausitt looked all that a fashionable young man of good breeding, education, and parentage should look. His clothes were selected with unerring taste, and he wore them with that air of distinction which was presumably an inheritance from a long line of aristocratic forbears, coupled with a devotion to athletics which until lately had been paramount in his life. He was sufficiently well-off; he had already received at least half-a-dozen invitations to luncheon; he had never in his life made a bet which he could not afford to lose; the paddock was full of his friends, and the prettiest girl there, to whom —at any rate, up to a month ago—he had been devoted, was even at that moment sitting anxiously in her box awaiting a visit from him. Yet all these things counted for nothing, and less than nothing. In his eyes was the nameless terror of a man who has never felt a twinge of cowardice, who feels fear now for the first time. The flower-decked lawn was a barren waste. Life had become, during the last twenty-four hours, an ugly phantasm, a scarlet terror. Before his eyes seemed to float the memory of a tiny room, a luxurious, over-furnished, bijou chamber in a toy palace, and there upon the soft green carpet, with a broken ornament by his side, always the central figure, a dead man, the body of a man lying there white and still, a man killed by his hand. Already outside the gates newspaper boys were probably calling out the news: "Horrible murder in the flat of a celebrated actress!" He fancied that even where he stood he could hear their voices, the raucous relish of their cry. He was a murderer! It was for him that Scotland Yard in a few hours would be sending out far and wide their greyhounds of the chase, against him that the whole wonderful machinery of their elaborate system would be set at work. How could he hope to escape? What chance was there for one so ignorant, so young in crime? Already he was giving himself away every minute. The most harmless of policemen sent a shiver of fear through him. What chance was there when the hunt should begin in earnest? None—absolutely none!

A hand fell upon his shoulder. The voice was the voice of a friend, yet he started as though he had been shot.

"Why, Ralph, old chap, you look as though you'd been backing the wrong 'uns, and no mistake," the new-comer remarked, carelessly. "What's up with you? Why haven't you been up to luncheon?"

Fausitt turned slowly round. He was still shaking, and his friend's casual interest was quickly changed into something like amazement.

"Why, what in thunder's the matter with you, man?" he exclaimed, dropping his voice a little. "You look as though you were seeing ghosts."

"I've a headache," Fausitt stammered; "the sun, I suppose—and you startled me."

His friend—Captain Guy Darnell, of the Argylls—whistled softly under his breath. He was a young man of resource, and he came to a rapid decision.

"What you want is a drink," he declared, "and I should say that you wanted it quick. Come along."

Fausitt suffered himself to be led away. Yes, he needed a drink—anything to drown the torture of these grisly memories!

"Netta's been asking for you," Darnell remarked, as they strolled along the gravel path. "She said that you promised to take her into the paddock."

Fausitt almost groaned. He could see

Netta sitting in a corner of the box, waiting, a trifle wistful, too proud to complain, but still feeling his neglect. Dear little Netta! He began to wonder drearily if there had ever been a moment in his life when he had not been in love with her. If only he could wipe out this last month of small follies—above all, these last few hours of supreme, consummate idiocy! He had held everything in his hands; he had thrown life itself away to gratify a moment's impulse.

"I am going up presently," he muttered, feverishly. "I hadn't forgotten. There was a man I wanted to speak to."

Darnell said no more for the moment, although his eyebrows rose a little curiously when he saw Fausitt dispose of his tumbler of brandy and soda-water at a single gulp. They made their way outside again. Darnell passed his arm through his friend's.

"Look here, old chap," he said, "I am going to talk like an ass. Just listen to me, though, there's a good fellow."

Fausitt nodded indifferently. They had just passed a policeman, and he was shivering all over.

"It's about Netta," her brother continued, pausing to light a cigarette. "Now, we've always been pals, of course, Ralph," he continued, taking his companion's arm again, "and I've always been jolly glad to have you round so much, and so thick with Netta. She's a nice little thing—although she's my sister—and I've something to say about her. Don't think I'm a prig, old chap, but here goes. You'll have to chuck going about with a so much advertised young lady as Mlle. Lafère if you're going to keep on making the running with Netta."

"A HAND FELL UPON HIS SHOULDER . . . HE STARTED AS THOUGH HE HAD BEEN SHOT."

Fausitt nodded in a spiritless fashion.

"Is that all, Guy?" he asked.

"Not quite," Darnell replied. "You know, Ralph, I'm not setting up for being a saint, or anything of that sort, but, dash it all, I think that class of people need keeping in their places. I was jolly glad to find you alone just now, and if you think of coming up to see Netta, as I hope you do, why, then, just give Mlle. Nina the go-by to-day."

"What the mischief do you mean?" Fausitt exclaimed.

"Sorry I didn't make myself clear, old fellow," Darnell answered. "I'll have another shot at it. If you're going to be seen about this place with Mlle. Nina Lafère, I'd rather you didn't come up to see Netta—that's all."

Fausitt laughed. It wasn't at all a pleasant-sounding laugh; there was nothing which even suggested mirth about it.

"You needn't have bothered about that, Guy," he replied; "Mlle. Nina won't be here to-day."

Darnell shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I'm glad to find that you didn't bring her, old chap," he answered; "but as for her not being here—well, I've just passed her in the paddock, not ten minutes ago."

Fausitt was almost past any further display of emotion. Nevertheless, he sat down abruptly upon an empty seat. His cheeks were livid, his eyes were hot and burning. Mlle. Nina here! The thing was incredible.

"You don't mean it, Guy?" he muttered. "You don't mean to tell me that she is here?"

"She's here, right enough," Darnell assured him. "She favoured me with a most gracious bow. I ran into Somerville and her talking together just outside the subway."

There was a short silence. Darnell was watching his friend more curiously than ever. By degrees he had come to understand that this was no ordinary fit of nerves, no ordinary indisposition with which Fausitt was afflicted. The music rose and fell, the breeze rustled pleasantly in the trees, there was a murmur of cheerful voices, and much laughter around them. But tragedy sat by his side upon that seat, and Darnell recognized it. He, too, had grown a little paler. The June sunshine had lost its warmth for both of them.

"What's wrong, Ralph, old man?" he demanded, laying his hand upon the other's shoulder. "There's no one within hearing, and you can trust me—you know that. Out with it."

"I must tell someone," Fausitt answered, thickly, "or go mad. Here goes."

He took off his immaculate silk hat. His forehead was wet with perspiration, yet as he sat there he shivered—shivered though the blazing sun fell upon his uncovered head. When he began to speak the words seemed to tumble from his mouth.

"I have killed a man, Guy—shot him through the heart—last night! He is dead; I murdered him!"

Darnell drew a little away. Incredulity and horror struggled together in his face.

"You are not serious, Ralph?" he gasped.

"Shot him through the heart," Fausitt repeated, with dull reiteration. "I saw him fall, saw the blood come through his coat. Guy, don't ever kill a man if you can help it—it's ghastly!"

"I SHOT HIM THROUGH THE HEART."

They stared at one another, speechless for countless seconds, Darnell almost as livid now as his friend. At first he refused to credit his senses; then he saw the horror alive in the other's face, distorting, paralyzing, and he believed.

"Where was it?" he faltered.

"In Mlle. Lafère's rooms," Ralph answered.

"Does anyone know?"

"She does. I suppose others do by now," Fausitt muttered. "She let me out after it was over."

"And the—the man?" Darnell asked.

"I left him lying upon the floor."

"Was there a quarrel?"

Fausitt nodded.

"You know, I've been rather a fool about Mlle. Nina," he said, slowly. "I didn't care a jot about her, but she was amusing to take round, and the fellows all envied me, and that sort of thing. There's something else I'd like to tell you, Guy, while we are about it, and it seemed to make her more attractive in a way. She was straight—upon my word she was."

"Go on," Darnell insisted. "If you say so, that's good enough for me. Tell me how it happened."

"Last night I fetched her from the theatre," Fausitt continued, "and we had supper together. Afterwards I took her home. In her rooms there was a man waiting—a Portuguese. Directly we entered the row began. You know, I can't understand their beastly language, but I could guess that he was jealous, and that it was about me. He went on talking till I didn't know where I was. At last he snapped his fingers in my face. She tried to get between us, and he pushed her away. Then I lost my temper and punched his head. He was coming for me like a madman—a great bull of a fellow, over six feet high, and as strong as a giant. You know I'm only just about again after influenza. Nina knew it too, and she pushed a little revolver into my hand and screamed at the man like a Paris gutter-child. He struck her across the cheek brutally. He was going to do it again—then I fired."

"You hit him?" Darnell whispered, hoarsely.

"Just over the heart," Fausitt groaned. "He simply collapsed upon the floor. I saw—the blood. Nina pushed me out of the room. She locked the door and sent me off."

"You think there is no chance? You are sure that he is dead?" Darnell asked.

Fausitt shook his head with a gesture of despair.

"I shot at him deliberately," he answered. "I was only a few feet away."

A race was just over, and the people were beginning to stream back again down the walks and on to the lawn. The band were remounting to their places. Darnell rose unwillingly to his feet.

"Ralph, old chap," he declared, "I must go and look the people up for a few minutes. I'll come back afterwards and sit with you, unless you'd rather be alone."

"It's very good of you, Guy," Fausitt replied, drearily. "I think, if you don't mind—I won't if you'd rather not—I'd like to come and say good-bye to Netta."

Darnell hesitated, but only for a moment.

"Come along in a few minutes," he said. "I had better get there first and just prepare them for your looking a bit queer."

He patted his friend affectionately on the shoulder and strode off, swinging his field-glasses in his hand, trying to realize this thing, and failing utterly. Fausitt remained upon the seat, staring with glazed eyes at the apparition which confronted him. Darnell had spoken the truth, then. Not a dozen yards away Mlle. Nina herself was sitting at a small table, talking to a man whom he himself had introduced to her not many evenings ago. She was a little paler than usual, perhaps, but otherwise there was nothing remarkable about her appearance. More than once he heard her laugh—the sound maddened him. There was a hollow ring about her mirth, perhaps, but to him it seemed ghastly. He rose to his feet and made his way unsteadily toward the table. Nina looked at him strangely. Her black eyes seemed larger than ever, her cheeks more pallid. She showed no signs of surprise. Probably, he reflected, someone had told her that he was there. The man by her side greeted him casually. Some foolish questions and answers passed between them. Then mademoiselle's escort, who was a man of the world, rose to his feet and bowed.

"Mademoiselle will excuse me," he said, smiling. "We shall meet again, I trust."

He passed away, leaving them alone. Fausitt took his place almost mechanically. Mlle. Nina leaned towards him.

"Why is it that you look at me like that?" she murmured.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. "How could you come?"

"Or you, then?" she replied. "What about you? It is the same thing, is it not?"

"Does anyone know yet?" he faltered.

She shrugged her shoulders, opened her lips, and closed them again. She seemed to be in two minds as to how to answer his question.

"No," she said at last; "as yet I do not believe that anyone knows."

Her face had lost a little of its brilliant hardness; she was looking at him now more kindly; her eyes were soft, as though the tears were not far away.

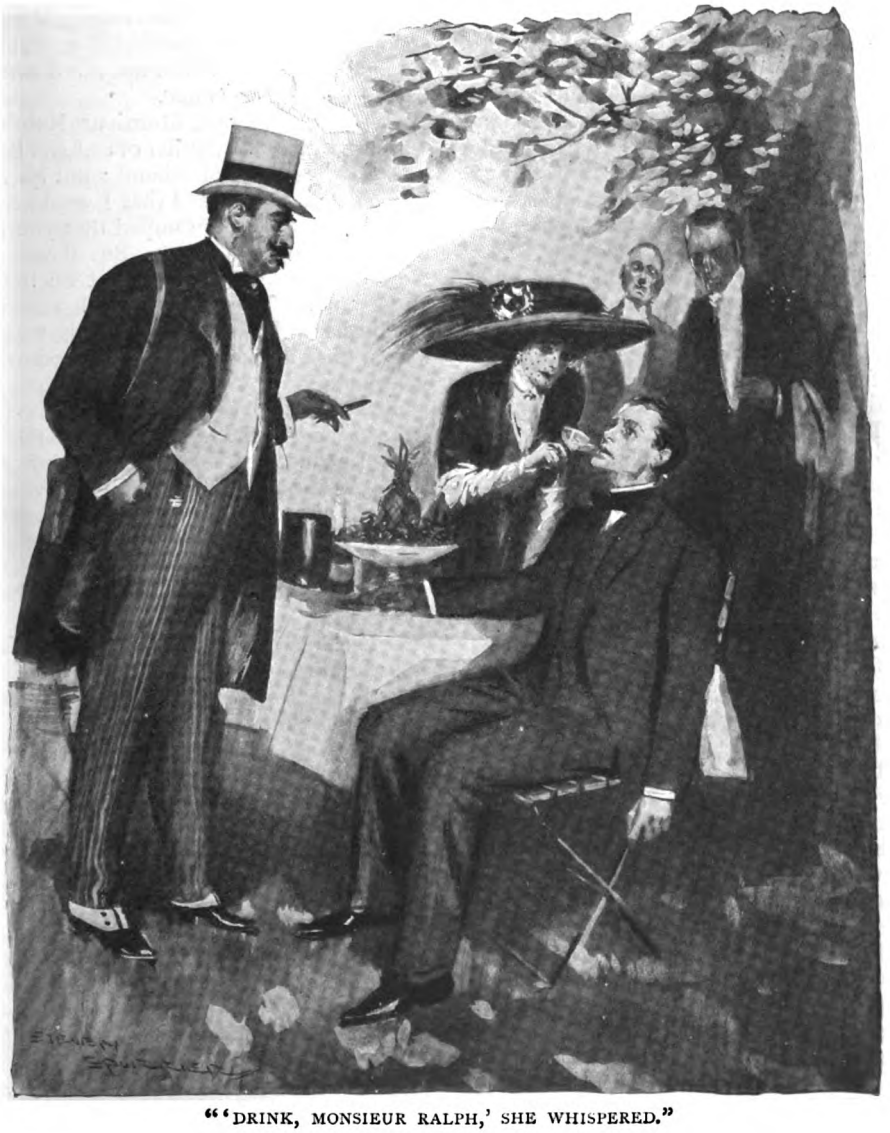
"My God!" he muttered, half to himself. "What made me do it? What made you give me that accursed thing, Nina? You could have called for help—anything sooner than that!"

She was looking down toward the point of her parasol.

"Monsieur Ralph," she begged, "please to go now. There is someone here with whom I wish to speak. In ten minutes you will return. You promise? It will perhaps be for the last time."

"For the last time!" Fausitt muttered, as he plunged into the crowd.

He had meant to go at once to the Darnells' box, yet whenever he turned that way his courage failed him. To see Netta for the last time, to say good-bye to her before all these people—the agony of it was inconceivable. Perhaps after the races were over he might meet them coming out, might draw her aside for a single moment in the crush. Anything was better than a formal entry into the box, Lady Darnell's polite



"'DRINK, MONSIEUR RALPH,' SHE WHISPERED."

inquiries as to his headache, Guy's forced cheerfulness, Netta's serious, remonstrating eyes. She might even be piqued by his neglect, refuse to speak to him. He might have to come away without even a touch of her fingers. For the last time he turned away from the staircase. He would not go up; he came to that decision finally.

For something more than the ten minutes he wandered aimlessly about. Then he remembered his promise to Mlle. Nina, and he turned back towards where he had left her. The lawn was crowded now with people sitting out taking wine and fruit under the trees, and he had forgotten exactly at which table she was. He came upon it quite suddenly. It was, indeed, the sound of her voice which first attracted him. He stood quite still; his feet were rooted to the ground. He was absolutely unable to move another step. Then up went the earth and round the faces of the people, the tents, the pavilion, the whole panorama. Conversation, music, laughter, everything was merged into one dull humming, beating against his ears. For a moment the world was black. And then — he was sitting down at the table. They were both there — mademoiselle and the man, mademoiselle and the man whom he had killed! Mademoiselle was holding a glass of wine to his lips.

"Drink, Monsieur Ralph," she whispered. "Oh, I am sorry!"

He drank—afterwards he knew that it was champagne. Then he set the glass down, but he could not move his eyes from the man's face opposite. There were no such things as ghosts, he told himself. This was the man himself. His pallid skin, his sleepy eyes, his fiercely upturned moustache and unnaturally white teeth; it was the man himself, no other. Mlle. Nina's fingers were gripping his. A few people were looking at them curiously. Could they, too, see the man? he wondered. Was he really a substantial person, a human being, alive like the others?

"Monsieur Ralph," Mlle. Nina continued in his ear, "it is my husband, this. He would speak to you now himself, but you do not understand. Last night we quarrelled together, it is true. He was jealous, and of you. It was absurd. He said cruel things, and I was angry, but there was no wish in my heart to kill. When I pushed the little revolver into your hand I never imagined but that you must recognize it. It is the one I use every night — always — at the music-hall, in my sketch. You remember now? Ah, I can see that you remember! The burglar comes from under the couch, and I shoot. The cartridges are full of that red fluid; there is no bullet. They are made for me, these cartridges, in Paris. It was one of these which you used. I put it into your hand that you might frighten Miguel, my husband. We love one another, indeed, very dearly, but if I am alone for one week —oh, he is so jealous!"

She rested her hand upon her husband's. In broken French, and with many expressive gestures, he was doing his best to corroborate her words. Fausitt felt his breath come quickly. Again there was a little uncertainty about the faces, the hurrying waiters, the moving branches of the trees. The man spoke rapidly to mademoiselle in their own language, and she poured out more wine and passed it across the table.

"Please drink this, Monsieur Ralph, and do not be angry with either of us," she begged. "It was cruel of my husband; but he was so jealous, and I promised that I would not tell all at once, because he hoped that you would be frightened, as he was. But it was cruel. Now you understand—it must be that you understand. You have not hurt anyone. My husband, he will shake hands with you, for we are all three to be the good friends, is it not so?"

Then Fausitt began to grasp the truth. All of a sudden he realized one of the great dramatic emotions. He came back from the shadows into the full warmth and vigour of splendid life. Again the blood was warm in his veins, the joy of existence a fire in his heart. With every second his understanding of this thing became more intense. He was free; he had killed no one! Mlle. Nina and her husband were two very delightful acquaintances who were passing with smiles and bows from his life—and Netta was waiting for him. He held out his glass, which Nina's husband, with a polite little gesture, filled. They all three drank together.

"Monsieur et madame," Fausitt exclaimed, "I congratulate you upon your reconciliation! I drink to your very good health."

"And Monsieur Ralph forgives?" Mlle. Nina murmured. "It was all so foolish, so cruel."

Fausitt drained his glass and held out his hands.

"I'd forgive anybody anything," he declared.

He was never quite sure of the way he went across the lawn, amongst the chairs,

past the band, across the gravel path, and up the wooden staircase. People stared after him and made remarks—he had probably won a great bet; he had heard some wonderful news. There was something, at any rate, quite extraordinary about the joyful haste with which this well-dressed young man pushed his way along, regardless alike of manners and safety. He threw open the door of the box. Opposite was Guy Darnell, pale and worried. Netta's blue eyes, as she half rose from her place, were full of plaintive sympathy. Lady Darnell welcomed him a little coldly, a fact of which he was entirely unconscious.

"I have just been telling them all," Darnell explained, laboriously, "about your head, and that you are obliged to get back home. It seems to me as though you might possibly have another touch of the 'flu' coming."

Fausitt laughed, and his friend stared at him as though he had taken leave of his senses.

"My headache's gone!" he exclaimed. "I never felt better in my life. I have come to make my most humble apologies and to beg Miss Netta, if it isn't too late, to take just one turn in the paddock with me."

She arose at once with alacrity.

"I am not sure that you deserve it," she answered, smiling. "I had nearly given you up. Guy's account was so pathetic, though, that we none of us had anything but sympathy left. According to him you were almost prostrate."

"Worst of your brother, he does exaggerate so," Fausitt remarked, lightly.

Guy, who was feeling a little dazed, followed them out on to the corridor. Fausitt leaned back towards him.

"I was fooled," he whispered. "I shot the fellow with mademoiselle's stage revolver — you know, the beastly thing she uses at the Palace. I have just had a drink with the man and wished Mlle. Nina farewell."

"'WHAT WERE YOU SAYING TO GUY?' NETTA ASKED HIM, AS THEY DESCENDED THE STEPS."

"By Jove, that's splendid!" Darnell exclaimed. "Congratulations, old fellow!"

Fausitt grasped his friend's hand.

"Keep them till I come back, old chap," he replied.

"What were you saying to Guy?" Netta asked him, as they descended the steps.

"He was congratulating me upon something," Fausitt answered, leaning a little towards her. "I told him to wait—until we got back."

She looked up at him and then suddenly away.

"Bother the horses!" he whispered. "Let's go and sit under the trees and listen to the music."

Darnell watched them cross the lawn. Then he whistled softly to himself for several moments, drew a long breath of relief, and, turning back into the box, rang the bell.

"I am sending for some champagne," he explained. "We shall need it when they come back."

"My Parents."

TO which parent does the child owe most? Does the tender-heartedness and loving sentiment of the mother, or the more stern, practical mind and stronger nature of the father, have the greater influence upon its life and character? The problem is a difficult one to solve. Both influences are necessary, although an excess of either may, sooner or later, mar the child's happiness and career.

MR. THOMAS ALVA EDISON'S MOTHER.
By permission of Messrs. Cassiers.

The preponderance of opinion seems to be that it is the early seeds sown by the mother which bear the greater fruit. And, to a certain extent, this view is borne out by men and women of to-day who have achieved fame. It is to their mothers that they seem to pay the more affectionate and generous tributes, as if to emphasize the time-honoured proverb, "One good mother is worth a hundred school masters."

Listen to what Thomas Alva Edison says, for instance:—

"I did not have my mother long, but she cast over me an influence which has lasted all my life. The good effects of her early training I can never lose. If it had not been for her appreciation and her faith in me at a critical time in my experience I should never likely have become an inventor. I was always a careless boy, and with a mother of different mental calibre I should probably have turned out badly. But her firmness, her sweetness, her goodness were potent powers to keep me in the right path. My mother was the making of me. The memory of her will always be a blessing to me."

There are at least three members of the Cabinet—viz., Mr. Haldane, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. John Burns—who confess to owing more to their mothers than to any other person.

"Never was man more blessed in his parentage," once said the War Secretary. "Their influence on my life and career is incalculable. My father is dead, but my mother is still with me, and the sight of her invariably reminds me of the valuable precepts which she always held before me, and which have so materially assisted me in the modelling of my life."

The early lives of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the President of the Local Government Board ran on somewhat similar lines. Both were left fatherless at an early age, and both their mothers had a hard, bitter struggle to keep the home together and provide food and education for the future Ministers of the Crown.

THE MOTHER OF MR. HALDANE.
From a Copyright Photograph by permission of the "Pall Mall Magazine."

"My mother had a hard struggle to bring up her children," says Mr. Lloyd George. "But she never complained, and never spoke of her struggle. It was not until long after that we were able to appreciate how fine had been her spirit in the hard task of bringing up her fatherless children. Our bread was home-made. We scarcely

ate fresh meat, and I remember that our greatest luxury was half an egg for each child on Sunday mornings."

It is a picture which calls to mind that of Mr. John Burns helping his mother home with some washing at one o'clock in the morning, and saying, as they rested in the neighbourhood of the Houses of Parliament, "Mother, if ever I have health and strength, no mother shall have to work as you do, and no child do in life what I have to do." "Mother and wife—they are the best friends I ever had," he remarked not long ago. "Character and career—all is due to their guidance and influence."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S MOTHER.
From a Photograph by Sharples.

DR. MACNAMARA'S FATHER.
From a Photograph by C. Keeping.

REGIMENTAL BADGE WHICH BELONGED TO DR. MACNAMARA'S FATHER—NOW USED BY DR. MACNAMARA AS A MASCOT.

Dr. T. J. Macnamara, on the other hand, pays generous tribute to the inspiring memory of his father, and his father's friends:—

"My father's medals (he fought in the Crimea and afterwards went out with his regiment, the old Forty-Seventh, the Loyal North Lancashires, to Canada, where I was born) are amongst my dearest possessions, and fixed to my desk, as a sort of mascot, are two magic brass figures—the old shako regimental badge. I am proud of being the son of a man who fought in the trenches before Sebastopol. To my father and his comrades — great, kindly, generous, tender-hearted men—amongst whom I was brought up in the barracks at Montreal, I owe practically everything. They made a man of me, far more than many schoolmasters ever did afterwards."

It was a charming tribute, by the way, which Lord Rosebery paid to the model lives of his father and mother, when, in August, 1878, he took his bride, the only daughter and heiress of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, home to Dalmeny, where they were duly fêted by the tenants. In one of his short speeches of thanks, his lordship said: "That long and blameless married life carried on by the late Lord Rosebery and the Dowager Lady Rosebery on these estates makes my wife and myself feel that we have indeed a hard task before us to succeed those dear ones who were our predecessors. Never did man have nobler mother. When my father died she devoted herself entirely to her children. She was our constant companion, and happy indeed were those nursery days."

Mention of the military atmosphere in which Dr. Macnamara was brought up calls to mind, a story told us not long ago by Sir William Treloar.

LORD ROSEBERY'S MOTHER.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

THE MOTHER OF MR. H. FURNISS.
From a Photograph by H. W. Busbridge.

"My father," said Sir William, "came from Helston, in Cornwall, and established the business of carpet manufacturer in Ludgate Hill. I was sent to King's College School, and ultimately developed a desire for military life. I wished to enlist among the English supporters of Garibaldi, and asked my father to buy me a commission in a crack regiment. 'No,' he replied, 'I will not buy you a commission, but you may enlist in the ranks if you like, and I will promise not to buy you out.' Thus he damped my military ardour, and led me to stick to business. Seldom has a father done his son such a good and profitable 'turn.'"

Referring again, however, to the influence of a mother in the making of a child, it would be rather curious to know how many people are of the same opinion as Mr. Harry Furniss.

"I believe thoroughly," says the well-known artist, "that men take after their mothers and daughters after their fathers. My own daughter is strangely like my mother, who was an exceptionally accomplished woman, beloved by all who knew her—a model parent, a brilliant conversationalist, endowed with great talent, yet modest withal. She was the best type of mid-Victorian mother. Strict, deeply religious, punctilious, caring only for the very highest products in literature and art.

"As to any effect my mother had on my religious thought, I may say that in matters Sabbatarian she, being Scotch, had not, perhaps, a keen sense of the humorous, and, therefore, when one Sunday evening, after a day of church-going, Sunday-school, family prayers, and hymn-singing, she discovered me reading Ingersoll's 'Mistakes of Moses,' she patted me on the back and said that she had never heard of that American divine, but that no doubt his teachings, though American in tone, were good. Now, had my dear mother understood Ingersoll, and taken that book away, I might by this time have been a country parson bothering artists for contributions for bazaars, and presiding over mothers' meetings."

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema tells a charming story of how his mother was wont to wake him at five o'clock in the morning by pulling a string attached to his big toe, in order that he might paint and draw before school hours. "I was deeply attached to her," he says. "She was a woman of strong character, and, when she was left with a family of small children and a very limited income on which to support and educate them, she bore herself with energy and courage. Thanks to her loving care, my childhood days were not unhappy."

SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA'S MOTHER.
From a Painting by Sir Lawrence when a youth.

"The best friend I ever had on earth," are the words

SIR CHARLES SANTLEY'S MOTHER.
By permission of Messrs. Isaac Pitman.

MME. PATTI'S FATHER AND MOTHER.
From Photographs.

which Sir Charles Santley uses when referring to his mother in "Reminiscences of My Life." He, too, studied his art in odd hours.

"I was not fond of early rising," he says, "but my enthusiasm in the musical cause made me turn out in time to have half an hour's fiddling before I left in the morning, and during the dinner-hour I generally succeeded in devoting a quarter of an hour to practising my voice. I met with little encouragement; my father upbraided me with paying more attention to 'notes' than to business."

On the other hand, Mme. Patti speaks with affection and pride of the manner in which both her parents helped her in her ambitions. "My earliest recollections," says the famous prima donna, "are associated with the trials and triumphs of my parents on the stage. Child as I was, I wanted to help them out of their difficulties. I can still see my father's troubled, tear-dimmed face as he said to me, 'No, little one, what you ask is impossible.' And when at last he consented, and I made my first appearance in public (New York), a prima donna of seven summers, I remember that while the people were clapping and waving their handkerchiefs after I had sung in 'Una Voce,' my dear father caught me up in his arms and kissed me, and my mother petted me as if I had done something very wonderful indeed. I was in Hamburg in the summer of 1869, when they brought me a message that my father was no more. I was overwhelmed with grief, for I had lost not only a father, but a close and dear friend."

In "The Story of My Life," Miss Ellen Terry says:—

"I have a very dim recollection of anything that happened in the attic" — the theatrical lodgings of her parents in Glasgow — "beyond the fact that when my father and mother went to the theatre every night they used to put me to bed, and that directly their backs were turned and the door locked I used to jump up and go to the window. My 'bed' consisted of the mattress pulled off their bed and laid on the floor — on father's side. Both my father and my mother were very devoted parents (though severe at times, as all good parents are), but while mother loved all her children too well to make favourites, I was, I believe, my father's particular pet."

During the course of an interview Miss Ellen Terry said: "My parents were mainly responsible for my good fortune. They were exceedingly clever and conscientious, and spared no pains to bring out and perfect what talents I possessed. I believe I was my father's favourite, and, as a child, used to sleep all night holding his hand."

The mother of Mrs. Brown Potter was a woman of keen perception and high ideals. "Her great idea in the training of her children," she informed us, recently, "was to

MISS ELLEN TERRY'S FATHER AND MOTHER.
By permission of Messrs. Fisher Unwin

leave our minds free to think—dream and imagine for ourselves. She thought by this means not to limit our understanding, and she made a great impression on me as a child, always saying that the littleness of things and the narrowness of ideas of life were put into our minds, and we must ourselves work on and upward to an ever-widening ocean of thought and life. And our desire must be to have earnestness of heart and also the courage of our strong convictions."

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT'S MOTHER.
From a Photograph.

"Mother, admirably beautiful, looking like a Madonna, with her golden hair and her eyes fringed with such long lashes that she made a shadow on her cheeks when she bent her eyes. She would have given her golden hair, her slender white fingers, her tiny feet, her life itself in order to save her child." It is thus that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt refers to her mother when mentioning an accident of her childhood, when the great tragedienne fell into the fire and severely burnt herself.

It is a tribute to beauty of form, as well as beauty of heart, which calls to mind the fact that Mr. Plowden, the London magistrate, considered his mother one of the most beautiful and graceful of women.

"My mother," he says, in his piquant autobiography, "Grain or Chaff," "was a beautiful woman, of a type very rarely seen or met with, at least in northern climes. It was not only that every feature might have been traced with a Grecian chisel, or that her magnificent eyes and wealth of hair were black as the raven's wing. What specially distinguished her were the incomparable shape and pose of her head and the queenly grace and almost majesty of her appearance."

"Darling Mother. At the last moment I am told that my book requires a dedication. Of course it does. This is it. Your devoted Maud." In this charming manner does that brilliant dancer, Miss Maud Allan, commence "My Life and Dancing," and in the first pages of her autobiography she says:—

"I remember that when it was settled I should go to Berlin and take up my studies there, I said, with the egotism of a very young girl, 'Some day, dear, you shall come to me over there, when I have made you proud of your daughter.' How well I remember her answer. 'If you are the most famous woman in the world, I shall never be able to love you better, for, Maudie dear, aren't you my baby?'"

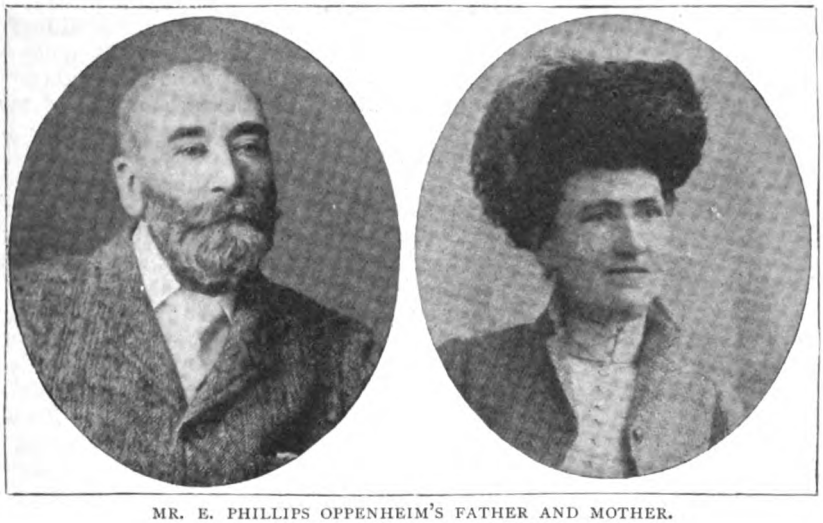
The wisdom of a father endeavouring to thwart his son's early ambitions is open to considerable question.

Sir William Treloar's father was right in damping the ex-Lord Mayor's military ardour. On the other hand, the father of Sir Charles Santley took a mistaken view when he characterized his son's musical practices as so much waste of time. The case of Mr. Martin Harvey furnishes an example of a father willing to further his son's early ambitions, and the gratitude and success of that son.

"It gives me very great pleasure," says the actor, "to testify to the breadth of mind which always characterized my father's dealings in the matter of my occupation. His own profession was that of naval architecture, and it was his fond hope that I should follow in his footsteps—famous footsteps they were, as all the yacht-racing men know. But Nature had not fitted me for that career, and when I made up my mind to go upon the stage he was the first to help me in every possible way. He sought the advice of Sir W. S. Gilbert in the matter (he was at the time building a yacht for him), and on his advice I went to John Ryder to study elocution. This did me a world of good, and I can never be sufficiently grateful to my father for giving me

MR. MARTIN HARVEY'S FATHER.
From a Photograph by R. H. Preston.

the fine opportunities he did for grounding myself in work which must have appeared to him at first strange and precarious."



MR. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM'S FATHER AND MOTHER.
From Photographs by J. Burton & Sons.

It was in a similar strain that Mr. E. PhillipsOppenheim wrote to us. "I feel that I must gratefully acknowledge the encouragement and friendly attitude of my parents towards my earliest efforts in story writing," he says. "My father, although exceedingly anxious that I should join him in business, insisted upon paying for the publication of the first complete story I wrote, and my mother bought a typewriter for me and learnt to use it herself. It was, without doubt, their pleasure and interest in my earliest efforts which encouraged me to persevere."

Mr. Bramwell Booth, who, in all probability, will succeed his father, General Booth, as Chief of the Salvation Army, pays an equally generous tribute to his father and mother.

"My earliest impressions," he says, "the impressions which made a lasting effect on my character, were received from my mother, who was not only a woman of the deepest piety and the strongest religious convictions, but a woman of very remarkable intellectual power and very much above the average in every way. Naturally she exercised a dominating influence upon all our characters. As to my standards of life, I think I may say that my father influenced me most. I have been unquestionably greatly determined in my life's work by his high ambitions for the kingdom of Christ."

When we wrote to Dr. Robertson Nicoll asking if he would be kind enough to furnish us with a tribute to the influence of his parents upon his life, we had for the moment forgotten the fact that two years ago he published a book telling an interesting story of his father's life, and the sacrifices the latter made in order to gain knowledge and add to his library. After mentioning this fact, the editor of *The British Weekly*, in a kindly letter, continued: "My mother died early, and I have only a few recollections of her. My father was a bookman in the full sense of the word, having accumulated some seventeen thousand volumes out of a small income. He was one of the two great influences upon my life, and I can trace him in almost every thought and action."

MR. HALL CAINE'S FATHER.
From a Photograph by G. B. Cowen.

Mr. Hall Caine, too, makes a touching reference to his father's sacrifices in "My Story." "If I were writing an autobiography in the accepted sense," says the popular novelist, "I think I should be tempted to tell some touching stories of how my father, as a friendless and penniless boy, scrambled and starved himself through seven long years that were supposed to be necessary to teach him a trade; and again, after he had married, and children had begun to come, starved and scrambled, or at least pinched and deprived himself, with the cheerful co-operation of my mother, through the years in which I and my first brother and

sister had to be sent to school. The world went well with him in later days, and his children of a younger brood knew nothing of his privations ; but it is not for me, as his eldest son, to forget the stoical unselfishness to which I owe so much."

Mr. J. M. Barrie has made a pretty reference to his mother, the original, it is said, of Maggie Wylie in "What Every Woman Knows." She would be discovered, in answer to his excited letters, flinging the bundle of undarned stockings from her lap and going in for literature. She would rack her brains at her son's request for memories that he might convert into articles, then send them to him in letters which she dictated through her daughters. Barrie says that it used to be a saying with his mother that she "had her stockings always on the wires for odd moments."

There is a touch of pathos in the tribute which Mr. Tom Gallon pays to his father.

"He worked hard all his life," says the author, "and I never remember that he was anything but poor. Yet he found time to read, and that, too, of the best, and to show me, however blunderingly, how to read of the best in turn. He was above all a great playgoer, and there was scarcely anything in theatreland in those days that I did not see. Not an expensive matter by any means, because we always went in the gallery, and that swallowed up so much money that we had to walk both ways from the south side of the river. One compensation we had, and that was that we generally managed to have enough money to spare to purchase hot potatoes from a stall going home. On very wet nights we rode—and then we had no potatoes.

MR. TOM GALLON'S FATHER.
From a Photograph.

"He always wanted me to write, although, poor man, he realized that I had to make a living, and didn't quite see how the two things would go together. And I know that on the production of my first play in a London theatre (like the young lady's baby, only a very little one) I seemed to miss him horribly. Because, you see, he was dead."

Mr. John Bloundelle-Burton mentioned a strange habit which he and his mother were wont to indulge in, and which, he says, "may have had an indirect influence on my future. When we read romances or novels, or anything which possessed plot or *dénouement*, it was our custom, on arriving at a certain portion of the book, to write down our opinion of what the end of it would be, and what would become of the characters, good and bad, etc. More often than not we found that our opinions quite coincided, and, when they did not do so, if either of us was right—which was not always the case—it was my mother who was so. She was a woman of extraordinarily cultivated nature, and one to whom no subject came amiss."

Dear to the heart and mind of Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson) are the memories of the home of her childhood in Dublin. "My father," she says, "died three years ago, and was, and is, so very dear to me that I feel unable, except in the most impersonal way, to talk of our dealings with each other." And that is why she prefers to talk of what he was to other people. But the old Dublin home was the resort of men of letters and distinction—an environment which Mrs. Hinkson considers had a great deal to do with the moulding of her own life.

Lavinia's Long Day.

By E. M. JAMESON.

Illustrated by W. H. Margetson, R.I.

YOUNG Mrs. Jevons carefully adjusted her veil before the mirror, snapped the clasp of her vanity bag, and took up her umbrella.

"I wish I had not to leave you," she said, surveying the set of her well-cut coat and skirt; "you *know* it's only because the Russells will be wild with me if I don't meet them. And I can't afford to risk offending one of Jack's best clients. A wife can do so much for her husband's interests. It seems rather shabby to go off for a whole day, after asking you here to keep me company in the wilds; but you *quite* understand, Lavinia, dear?"

Lavinia determinedly suppressed a dimple that lurked in the delicious oval of her cheek.

"Quite," she said, briefly. "How sweet that coat is, Marguerite."

"Isn't it?" The wearer revolved slowly as she agreed. "One of my trousseau coats. Jack always loves to see me in it. That's the worst of being down here; one can't wear one's nice things. You even look too smart in that pink cotton, Lavinia, and I'm sure it's only a washed-out thing."

Lavinia's cheeks took on the colour of her gown. Marguerite was never famed for tact. Perhaps if Lavinia had been well off she would not have felt the tiny sting inflicted by the words.

She held out her skirt between thumb and forefinger and surveyed it with serene, brown eyes.

"It certainly is a washed-out rag," she remarked; "yet I feel quite fond of it. I've had such fun in this gown."

"Well, it's good enough for this place," said Mrs. Jevons, disparagingly, moving towards the door. "Why we ever decided to come to such an out-of-the-way corner I can't imagine. Next year I'll persuade Jack to go to the sea."

"It's a darling place," remonstrated Lavinia, following the other down the narrow stairs and out at the open front door. "See how picturesque it is, with its peaked gables and old-fashioned garden — like a cottage in a fairy tale."

But young Mrs. Jevons paid no heed.

"YOUNG MRS. JEVONS CAREFULLY ADJUSTED HER VEIL BEFORE THE MIRROR."

She was surveying the horizon with meditative gaze. "*Do* you think I need take an umbrella, Lavinia?"

"If you are taking it for probable rain, *no*," said Lavinia; "if for appearances, yes."

"But I think it looks well, don't you?"

"I never carry an umbrella for the sake of appearances." Lavinia stood out in the little tiled path, shading her eyes with her hand. "But don't let me influence you. There's a tiny cloud in the west."

"Then I'll take it," concluded Mrs. Jevons, with decision, moving towards the gate. "Why hasn't Jack an automobile? I just hate having to walk to the station. Mrs. Pincher is rather late this morning, Lavinia; I hope you won't mind being left alone for a short while. She is stupid enough in all conscience, but she is company."

Lavinia pointed to the deserted lanes around.

"Why in the world should I mind? She is probably on her way, and if anyone suspicious comes I shall not open the door. Do be happy, Marguerite. You ought to know by this time that I am not a nervous person."

Mrs. Jevons shrugged her shoulders.

"I wish I wasn't. You should count yourself fortunate not to be highly strung, Lavinia; it is a curse."

"But I never encourage nerves," said Lavinia, lightly; "they don't go with poverty. A thunderstorm is my only pet abomination, and that is too ingrained to be stamped out. But hurry, or you will miss your train. Yes, yes, your skirt hangs beautifully; the Russells won't be able to find any flaws in you, even if they want to. Do hurry."

With admiring eyes she watched the tall, well-developed figure until a turn in the lane hid Marguerite from view.

She was such a little thing herself, brown-eyed and slim, with a feminine grace that appealed to men's best instincts. Several had wanted to take care of her for the rest of her natural days, but though she had to work for her living, while all the time she was drawn to the domestic hearth, Lavinia had steadily refused to marry for any mere worldly advantage. There was a whole fund of romance under her demure exterior, and she hoped one day to meet the man she might marry for love. Marguerite Jevons was making use of her, as usual, but Lavinia did not mind. After the rush and bustle of town, these country solitudes were inexpressibly restful.

She stood now by the rustic gate drinking in the fragrance of the air and the beauty of her surroundings. The cottage stood alone, on the edge of a small wood, only divided from the lane by the short tiled pathway terminated by a row of lichen-stained palings.

The sun shone down warmly on Lavinia's uncovered bronze-brown head, and tinged with a softer pink the contour of her cheek. Lost in thought, she stood there until the striking of a clock inside the cottage brought her to herself.

She turned slowly and went into the house. Ten o'clock and no Mrs. Pincher to keep her company. Half-past ten and still no sign. It was undoubtedly pleasant to be rid of Mrs. Pincher's small talk; she was garrulous and not to be suppressed, while both in mind and appearance she was entirely out of keeping with the old-world air of the cottage.

Lavinia tied an apron over her pink gown, and proceeded to wash up the breakfast things. This accomplished, and Mrs. Pincher still tarrying, she went upstairs to make the beds. Marguerite was untidy and incorrigibly careless. Her raiment was scattered over the room; articles of jewellery, some of them really valuable, bestrewed the dressing-table. Lavinia put them into their several receptacles, and then stood at the window, uncertain what to do next.

The sun was momentarily hidden behind a cloud; a sudden breeze sprang up and shook the tree-tops. Then it was that Lavinia first realized the intense solitude of her position. There was not a sign of living creature; even the birds had ceased to sing, and all Nature, with herself, seemed to be waiting and listening. In spite of her liking for solitude Lavinia had seldom experienced much of her own society. There had generally been someone within reach.

Standing there, watching with intent eyes the strip of lane along which Mrs. Pincher must pass, she debated within herself the best course to pursue.

A feeling of dismay seized her at the thought of the long day that stretched before her. Marguerite would not return before eight o'clock that evening. Mrs. Pincher lived with an invalid husband a mile and a half away. Should she lock up the house and ascertain the reason of her non-appearance? The walk through the lanes would be pleasant. She decided to go, until she remembered that upstairs were Marguerite's valuables, while even downstairs the rash, newly-wedded pair had in use several pieces

of solid silver. The cottage locks were of the flimsiest; suppose anyone should come during her absence and rifle the place? It was very improbable, of course, but she did not feel justified in risking it. No; she was in a position of trust, and there she must remain until someone came to relieve her.

"It is ridiculous if I can't put up with a day spent in my own society," said Lavinia to herself; "and after my repudiation of nerves, too! There is plenty to read, at all events. But I should be glad of a dog or a cat —or, in fact, anything *alive*."

The glory of the day had departed. The sky grew darker, a bank of cloud rose high on the horizon, and the wind, with a low, moaning sound, rustled the tree-tops.

Her spirits sank to zero.

"If there is going to be a storm," she said to herself, "it will be fifty times worse."

Her pulses quickened at the mere suggestion. She must get some needlework or a book to occupy her attention, or perhaps a little gardening might be more companionable than either. The sun gleamed out again behind the clouds, and her spirits rose in accord.

She sang a little song to herself, and the moments passed laggingly until it was time to prepare the midday meal. She was in the act of enjoying it when some impulse prompted her to glance from the window at the strip of dusty lane along which Mrs. Pincher must come. Someone moved slowly along it. Mrs. Pincher was ponderous and short of breath. She had come! All Lavinia's apprehensions took flight.

"At last!" she exclaimed; then looked again. It was not Mrs. Pincher's capacious figure passing between the hedgerows, but that of a man—a man of huge proportions, moving slowly with halting gait, and stooping forward a little as he came. There was something strange about his actions, something stealthy in the way he moved, as if he wished to escape observation. He limped, too; and even from that distance she could see he was covered thickly with dust. With fast-beating pulses Lavinia watched him from behind the muslin curtain. He would probably pass by. But, no; his hand was on the gate, the latch clicked under his touch.

"WITH FAST-BEATING PULSES LAVINIA WATCHED HIM FROM BEHIND THE MUSLIN CURTAIN."

"What shall I do?" Lavinia felt thoroughly frightened. "He is so huge and — and — yes — there's blood on his hand."

Trembling in every limb she slipped away to the front door and shot the bolt. The windows only opened at two little diamond-paned squares at the top. She drew herself into the slip of hall near the stairs and listened. It seemed a long time before she heard a knock upon the door. It was an uncertain sound, almost furtive, she told herself, listening with pulses that beat suffocatingly and caused a rushing in her ears.

Again and again came the knock, growing louder every time, and still she made no sign. Then she heard an exclamation, a kind of growl, as if the intruder were baffled, and the footsteps went slowly round the house. The

back door was bolted, she knew. She crept up the staircase, and paused beside a small window which gave on to the garden at the back.

Just below, in the little tiled yard, was a lean-to place used for storing bicycles, tools, and so forth. She was just in time to see him pull the door open and go in. If she dared, now was her opportunity. She had only to slip out and turn the key in the lock; there would be no risk of his emerging, as the lock was stronger than any on the house doors, and he would be neatly trapped. Otherwise he might easily murder her, rob the place, and be off without a soul being any the wiser.

She longed inexpressibly for Mrs. Pincher's substantial frame; even Marguerite was tall and well-developed. She herself was such a little thing.

She hesitated, then in a flash it seemed the deed was done. She had slipped from the front door and had turned the key in the lock. It creaked, of course, but that did not signify now. He was trapped completely without hope of escape, for all that lighted or ventilated the place was a small unglazed window high up in the wooden side of the shed. She heard a sound as she ran away again, the big key clasped in her hand. He must be furious, of course.

The house gained, she sat down on the lowest stair, trembling a little — yet triumphant, too. The relief was so overwhelming that tears struggled from beneath her closed eyelids and trickled down her cheeks. She strained to listen for a sound. He would probably kick the door, or show his rage in some audible way. But he did nothing of the kind. There was no sound; even the wind had ceased to moan, and a breathless silence brooded over the place. Somewhere in the distance a storm was gathering. The air seemed full of electricity, and the nerves she did not know she possessed were all on wires.

"I shall remember this dreadful day all my life," she said to herself. "How shall I bear it until eight o'clock to-night?"

She rose presently, and then realized that she had left her meal half-finished. But desire for food was far from her. She shook her brown head pensively and took up the kettle to fill it from the pump outside. All the water in the house had to be carried, and the great can was empty.

"Perhaps a cup of tea will put courage into me," she said, shuddering as she crept past the door of the shed. There was not a sound. It was when she was sipping her cup of tea that her heart smote her a little. In spite of his great size and height the tramp had looked very white and miserable in the glimpse she had caught of him.

The halting gait, the bent, dejected shoulders covered with dust came back to her and roused some pity. He might be one of life's derelicts, he might be a murderer even, but he must be very hungry and thirsty and miserable in there. Lavinia could not bear to see a living thing in distress. She had been known to shed tears over a half-starved cat, or a sparrow dead upon the pathway. The fact that she had got the better of the tramp roused her sympathy. She could afford to be magnanimous.

Rising, she collected some slices of ham and bread and butter. Then she paused. How to give them to him? She was not, of course, so mad as to think of opening the door. She must put them through the window near the roof. That necessitated a ladder. She found one propped against an apple tree in the garden, and, returning, placed it in position against the tarred wooden side of the shed. Then she went to the house again for the food, which she put into a tin milk-can, attaching a piece of string to the handle. That accomplished, she climbed the ladder very softly and looked in. Her breath came and went rapidly; she was terribly afraid of what she should see.

As a matter of fact, the shed was so dark that she could see nothing but the vaguest shadows. There was no sound, no movement from the tramp. He might not have been in the shed at all. But the prisoner from his resting-place in the corner saw a sudden radiance fill the aperture near the roof. Lavinia's bronze-brown head and lovely face were set in a nimbus of light like that of a saint in a sun-encircled stained window.

The vision was speaking to him—a voice broke the shadows that hemmed him in.

"You are here for no good, of course," said Lavinia, severely, forgetting that after all he had done nothing so far to induce the theory; "and, as I am alone, you must stay where you are until someone comes who can help me to get rid of you." She felt quite safe in letting him know her solitary state. "But I daresay you are hungry, and so I have brought you some bread and ham. The enforced rest will do you no harm."

For the first time a sound came from the interior of the shed, a husky, indistinct sound that she understood to mean gratitude.

The tin milk-can swung downwards until it touched the ground, and Lavinia disappeared from the aperture.

The tramp drew a long breath and put out his hand.

He was ravenously hungry, but, more than that, his thirst was prodigious.

As if divining his wishes, the vision reappeared.

"If you would like anything to drink, I will bring you some tea. You need not expect intoxicants. There is only a little brandy in the house. You may not like tea, but it is much better for you."

Again she heard an indistinct sound from the recesses of the barn. This time it was followed by a husky word of thanks. She clambered down the ladder, and presently returned with a good-sized can of tea and milk, all ready sugared. It was seized before it had time to reach the ground, and the same husky voice said, in a humble way, "Thank you kindly."

Like every woman worthy of the name, Lavinia felt a desire to reform erring mankind. She descended the ladder, almost softened towards her captive. He was so very harmless under lock and key.

Her humane treatment of him might lead him from his undesirable life, might prove the turning-point in his downward career. Lavinia felt almost cheerful as she went back to the house. Rain was beginning to fall in great drops, and she held her pink skirts from the wet, glistening tiles as she went in at the open door. Half her fears had subsided. When Marguerite returned, one of them could seek aid in evicting the tramp. No doubt he would be glad to get away with a caution, and perhaps—Lavinia was too ridiculously soft-hearted for anything—perhaps a trifling sum to aid him in his regeneration.

The rain pattered on the tiles and drew out a myriad sweetnesses from the herbaceous borders in the garden. Lavinia lost her sense of loneliness. Was it possible that even a tramp under lock and key close by could be better than nothing in the way of company?

She even hummed a little tune to herself, and took out her embroidery.

Then suddenly, as she stood by the table in the parlour searching for a thimble and thread, she heard a faint sound in the room overhead. She started so violently that the thimble, just found, rolled across the table and away to a distant corner near the window. But Lavinia made no movement to stop it. Transfixed with dread, she stood motionless, listening, telling herself that she must be mistaken. The sound came again, indeterminate, stealthy, but a sound nevertheless, and in the room where Marguerite's trinkets were placed.

She remembered too late that while acting the part of the Good Samaritan she had left the front door wide open. Somebody—another tramp, perhaps—must have slipped into the house during her brief absence, and was even now rifling the place of its valuables.

She dared not go upstairs. Better to stay down here and wait. She stood as if rooted to the spot, holding to the table for support, her eyes fixed on the door leading into the tiny hall. Perhaps after all she had been mistaken—it was possible that the wind had caused the sound. But there was not a breath of air to blow anything aside. The atmosphere was still and heavy, almost uncannily still. Across the silence the sound came again, this time the creaking of a stair. Footsteps descended stealthily. There were seven stairs in the flight, she counted them mechanically one by one. It seemed centuries before the intruder appeared. At the sight of him Lavinia's heart seemed to cease beating. Dirty, ragged, threatening, he looked every inch a criminal. There was something ferocious in the glance he turned on her.

She stood motionless as he advanced; she wanted to fly, but her trembling limbs refused to stir. Then as he drew nearer, his filthy, claw-like hands stretched out towards her, she shrieked wildly, desperately, forgetting that she was far from help—forgetting everything but the horror of his approaching touch.

She fell back against the wall as he reached her, and everything grew dark. His terrible face was blotted out, but she did not entirely lose consciousness. In the shadows circling round her she realized that from somewhere aid had come; there was a struggle going on near her, she could hear the breath of desperate men coming in quick pants. Then a door banged somewhere and she found herself alone.

She groped her way to the couch and sat down, staring at the door. She did not understand what had happened; she had been delivered from her terrible visitor, but beyond that she could not go.

Approaching footsteps aroused in her a sick apprehension, but in some miraculous way a glance at the man coming in sent

all her fears away. He leaned against the mantelshelf, breathing short and quickly. With his huge height and broad shoulders he seemed to dominate the little room. Lavinia, turning towards him a piteous face from you forgive me? I just had to come out and settle things, you know."

As the truth burst upon Lavinia the colour rushed back to her face in a flood, making it as softly pink as her gown.

"THEN AS HE DREW NEARER, HIS FILTHY, CLAW-LIKE HANDS STRETCHED OUT TOWARDS HER."

which every trace of colour had been wiped out, realized instinctively that he was to be trusted. Where he had come from or how she did not seek to know. He was there to help her, to guard her from that terrible intruder.

It was some moments before he spoke, just as she noticed with fascinated eyes that blood was trickling slowly down his sleeve, and in big, ugly drops to his palm. He stanched it with his pocket-handkerchief, then spoke with a half apologetic, humorous smile.

"I broke loose from my captivity. Do

"You—I—oh, you *can't* be——" she stammered. "It is not possible that I——"

"That you locked me up? But indeed it is. And very deftly too. I can't go back, even if you wish it, as tramp number two is occupying my place in the shed. Unfortunately, I was obliged to break the lock, so he has the added ignominy of bonds. No, no"—as she gave a quick glance round—"he can't escape; in fact, he is far more secure than I was."

He held out his great hands and smiled a little. "I could have freed myself any moment, the place was so ramshackle; but I

guessed you were badly scared, and I determined to stay where I was for a while. And after all, in spite of your fears, how heavenly kind you were to the wretched tramp you took me for!"

Lavinia's face grew very pale. Unable to utter a word, she made a little arresting gesture, and then, thoroughly unstrung by her experiences, she put her face against the head of the couch and began to cry.

Arkwright clenched his hands and took a turn round the room. He badly wanted to stroke the downcast brown head, to comfort her in some absurd way like a child. Instead, he drew a chair near and sat down, looking helplessly worried and incapable, as men do when a woman weeps.

"Do you know," he said, after a moment or two, "this is fifty times worse than being locked up. Please stop crying. You have had a terrible shock—two, in fact—but you needn't be frightened any more. I'm equal to a regiment of tramps if I may stay a little."

Lavinia looked up.

"Oh, but you won't go?" she exclaimed. "I daren't stay by myself any more."

She was trembling all over, her brown eyes wide with fear. "He might escape, you see, and—and—I can't bear any more——"

"No, no, don't cry—it makes me wretched, and you needn't be afraid. Of course I'll stay."

Lavinia sat upright and dried her eyes. Then she drew a long sigh of relief.

"It's not only that I'm frightened," she said, in a low tone, her eyes downcast, her lashes—such long ones, Arkwright thought—sweeping her cheek, "it's partly because I'm so ashamed of myself for having treated you in that way. Of course, I did not really look at you——"

"If you had it would have been the same," he protested; "I am disreputable enough in all conscience. As a matter of fact, I had had a bad spill on my motor-bicycle, and I was covered with dust, while in addition a stake in the hedge ran into my hand. My ankle too, hurt confoundedly."

But she shook her head. "It was unpardonable on my part, quite. Please let me say I'm sorry; it is the least I can do. And now I'm going to bathe your wrist and tie it up. Come into the kitchen."

He watched her as she deftly went about her task and noticed that she was very pale.

"You look as if you wanted a little of that intoxicant you denied me," he said.

She grew suddenly pink again and he relented.

"There, I won't tease you any more. The cup of tea you gave me was the most exquisite draught I ever had. I was so frightfully thirsty. Tell me, are you always so tender-hearted towards tramps?"

He enjoyed seeing that delicious colour ebb and flow in her cheeks.

"Please, don't," she said, looking up at him with pleading brown eyes. And at that moment into Arkwright's life something dawned that was never to go out of it. His hand shook a little as her light touch went about her work.

"It hurts?" she asked, looking up with an anxious frown.

"A little," he said, watching her deft treatment of the bandage, one of her own gossamer handkerchiefs. "How well you manage it."

"I have learned first aid; you see, one never knows how useful it may be. Suppose"—her clasp unconsciously closed on his hand—"suppose you had not been there, and Marguerite away for the day, and Mrs. Pincher not coming. What should I have done? Listen! Did you hear a sound?"

"You have been badly frightened," he remarked; "there's nothing to worry about. He can't possibly get out. Tell me about Marguerite and Mrs. Pincher. It was outrageous of them to desert you, anyway."

Sitting there on the edge of the kitchen dresser he heard about everything.

"So this is Jevons's little place?"

"Do you know him?" Lavinia's eyes were wide with amazement.

"I am a client of his." He could not understand her expression.

"A client? Would you mind telling me your name?"

He gave her an amused glance.

"Arkwright, John J., at your service. What *is* the matter?"

Lavinia's face was a study.

"And I locked you up," she said, in a breathless kind of way. "I have heard of you. You won't let it make any difference, will you? They would be so angry if they knew."

The pleading brown eyes of velvety softness were too much for Arkwright. He got up and came closer, speaking deliberately as he looked down at her.

"It's going to make just this difference," he said. "They told me Jevons was here, and I came down to tell him that I meant to take all my business from him. He's a bit too casual to my mind, clever as he is—too much given to playing round; but now——"

"HIS HAND SHOOK A LITTLE AS HER LIGHT TOUCH WENT ABOUT HER WORK."

"Now?" Lavinia's breath came and went quickly.

Arkwright gave a short laugh and went over to the window.

"Now? Why, I'll let him keep it—with a caution. And, what's more, I'll put all I can in his way, because——"

He broke off and came back, looming over her where she sat on the brown Windsor chair.

"Because?" asked Lavinia. Then suddenly she laughed a little, a dimple showing for the first time in her cheek.

"Have you any notion how good tea can be from a milk-can?" he asked, smiling too. "Jevons has to thank his lucky stars for that fact, and—for others."

"I'm glad I haven't deprived him of his most important client," Lavinia began, demurely; then she started to her feet. "Listen—there's somebody at the gate." She peeped through the dimity blind and gave a sigh of relief. "It's Mrs. Pincher at last!"

She hurried to unbar the back door, and he heard Mrs. Pincher's voice voluble with excuses. Pincher had been taken suddenly worse; she had had to wring out hot flannel in turpentine; she had sent for her daughter, who had been unable to come until half an hour ago. From stifled exclamations Arkwright understood that Mrs. Pincher was being informed of some at least of the day's experiences. He made his way into the parlour, and so got beyond earshot.

Here Lavinia presently found him.

"I said nothing about—about locking you up," she said. "There's no need to tell people."

"We will keep it a dead secret between ourselves. Why should another soul know about it?"

"Needn't I tell the Jevonses?" asked Lavinia, her face showing the utmost relief.

"Not a word. By the way, here are some of Mrs. Jevons's belongings. I took them from the pockets of tramp number two. She ought not to have them down here. Must I go now?"

"Go? With that dreadful man in there?

Oh, please, no. That is, unless you have an appointment."

"I have none," said Arkwright, an expression in his eyes that made Lavinia's heart beat in an unaccustomed and delightful way; "and if I had it would count for nothing if you wished me to stay."

The silence grew oppressive.

Lavinia broke it.

"Mr. and Mrs. Jevons will be back at eight o'clock. You'll be able to talk business afterwards. Mrs. Pincher will get tea presently. I wish"—she stood meditatively by the table, fingering her strip of embroidery—"I wish——"

"Yes?" Arkwright thought that brown-eyed girls should always wear pink cotton frocks.

"Do you think we could let him go with a caution?"

"To rob another house? To terrify other people? Certainly not. It would be most unwise."

Lavinia assented meekly.

"I hate to think of having him so near," she said, presently. "I wish you would let him out. We should be free of him, and after the fright he has had I daresay he would leave other houses alone, especially if——"

"If what?" demanded Arkwright, sternly.

Lavinia blushed.

"Nothing," she said, in a low tone.

"It is just because you are sorry for him. You have forgotten how he terrified you. For my part I never saw a more evil countenance. Mine is not to be named in the same day——"

"*Don't*," interposed Lavinia, growing pink again.

"I'll go and have a look at him if you like," said Arkwright, presently. "Poor wretch! who knows how he may have been driven to evil ways."

"No, no," exclaimed Lavinia, inconsistently; "he might do you some harm."

Arkwright laughed. "With his ankles and wrists tied up securely? How could he?"

Opening the door he went round to the shed. The lock hung loosely where he had burst it. He pulled the door open and looked in.

Lavinia stood listening. There was not a sound. Could the tramp have proved more dangerous than they had supposed? She gathered her courage together and crept along to the door of the shed. It was empty. Only a frayed length of rope showed where the tramp had been.

Half angry, half amused, Arkwright's eyes met hers. Lavinia's face showed a vast relief.

"He, too, seems to have been a strong man," she remarked, demurely. "You are not really sorry?"

From Arkwright's hand a coin fell sharply to the ground. He grew suddenly disconcerted, like a schoolboy found out in a misdemeanour. Lavinia, comprehending, laughed softly, and without a word led the way back to the house.

"It is a mistake to encourage tramps with money," she said, when they reached the parlour.

"But not with tea and bread and ham?" he queried, recovering his equanimity. "I am quite sure you meant to set me free after a time with a caution, and something more substantial to help me on my way."

It was so exactly what she had meant that Lavinia smiled.

"Perhaps," she agreed; then hurriedly, to change the subject, "Mrs. Pincher has offered to make us some scones for tea, partly, I believe, to induce you to stay——"

Arkwright drew nearer. Lavinia picked up her embroidery and put in the needle haphazard. Her heart was beating a happy measure.

"You meant to set me free?" he asked.

Lavinia nodded, and snapped off a length of thread.

"You could not do it," said Arkwright, looking at the down-bent brown head, his jesting tone giving place to gravity. "I shall never be free again. Do you understand what I mean?"

"N-n-o," said Lavinia, almost inaudibly, colouring to the tips of her small ears.

But she did.

"One day we'll endow a Permanent Home of Rest for Tramps," said Arkwright, as Mrs. Pincher appeared with the tea-tray, "where they shall have comfortable quarters, a little pocket-money, and nothing more intoxicating than tea."

"The scones are as light as light can be, miss," said Mrs. Pincher, uncovering the muffineer; "you and the gentleman must want your tea, I'm sure, after the fright you've had. I shall always feel sorry that Pincher chose to-day of all days to be took worse."

As the door closed behind her, Lavinia's eyes and Arkwright's met.

It was palpable that neither agreed with Mrs. Pincher.

SHOP-LIFTING.

By MRS. HERBERT VIVIAN.

Photographs by George Newnes, Ltd.

THERE seems to be no doubt about the fact that shop-lifting is reaching a very high level, and the refined methods of some of the modern exponents of the art would delight the heart of Mr. Fagin himself.

With a view to getting information about this interesting industry, I have been making a little tour of the principal shops of London and Paris, where the managers have been extremely kind in giving me their experiences. Finding it impossible to cope with the army of shop-lifters, several large firms now have a well-organized staff of detectives, and, in addition to this, some of the more intelligent assistants are trained to be very efficient understudies. In one well-known shop there is a lady assistant who is, I am told, the equal of any man in watching a suspicious customer. Her eye is like a hawk's, and woe betide the criminal or kleptomaniac who comes her way.

People imagine that, since we read so much more about it in the papers lately, shop-lifting must be very much on the increase. But, although it is so much more skilfully managed than of yore, I am assured that there is really not so much of it going on as a year or two ago. At one time it was becoming a very serious matter for some of the large shops, so they determined to hold a conference to discuss how to remedy the evil. Finally a committee was appointed to deal with the matter, and it was agreed by all the parties concerned that anyone found flagrantly and deliberately stealing on their premises should forthwith be handed over to the police and prosecuted. The evil-doer is evidently beginning to feel a wholesome dread of consequences, and though he may still haunt unguarded neighbourhoods he gives a very wide berth to those places which he knows to be within the danger zone.

If any members of the shop-lifting fraternity should read this article and realize how thoroughly their methods are understood and how closely they are watched, the highly desirable effect may be to curtail their operations considerably.

I was discussing shop-lifting with the head of a detective agency which occupies itself almost entirely with this branch of crime. This gentleman kindly offered to tell me all he knew about the subject, and I suppose that what he doesn't know isn't worth knowing.

"Sometimes I feel quite nervous of being mistaken for a shop-lifter myself," I confessed to him. "Often at sale-time, when I have been turning over a heap of silks or laces, I have caught the steely eye of a shop-walker fixed inquiringly on me, which has really for a second or two made me feel almost like a suspicious character myself. Don't you think they might some time make a mistake and render it very unpleasant for an entirely innocent person? I know many people who are terrified of fingering a sale bargain for fear of misunderstandings."

"Please put that idea *entirely* out of your head," he assured me. "It is just where the detective system is most in force that such mistakes are quite impossible. Now at Messrs. X.'s, where I organize this department, no one is ever molested who has not given the fullest grounds for suspicion. Even then she is never arrested on the premises. As long as a person remains in the shop we always take for granted that she is intending sooner or later to go to a desk and pay. But when she actually leaves the place with the article secreted about her person, then a member of my staff follows her, raises his hat politely, and says quietly, so as not to attract attention:—

"'I think you have something in your possession that does not belong to you. Will you kindly follow me to the manager's office?'

"Now, if anyone said that to you or any other innocent person your behaviour would be quite different to the shop-lifter's. You would probably say, 'You must be making a mistake!' 'What on earth can you mean?' or something of the kind.

"But usually we find that the lady laden with spoils turns on us and says, 'How *dare* you! How *dare* you!' and sometimes refuses to go with us. Then, of course, if we can't manage without him we have to call a policeman to the rescue and conduct her to

the manager by main force. You can't think how careful we have to be. We simply daren't risk making a false accusation, for the consequences to us would be disastrous. I believe there was a case of a mistake some time ago, but the damages were so heavy that no one will venture to tempt Providence again unless the evidence is absolutely irrefutable.

"But once we are convinced that it is a case of genuine shop-lifting, then we don't let the culprit off, whatever the inducement. If we did, it would be simply compounding a felony. She is taken by the policeman round to the nearest police-station, and formally charged with the offence.

"There is a very ingenious arrangement to call me up whenever trouble of this kind occurs and I happen to be in a remote part of the shop. An assistant at the telephone switches on a certain combination of coloured lights which appear all over the building round the clocks. Directly I see the colours I know that I am wanted, and forthwith hurry off to the manager's office.

"When Messrs. X.'s was first opened most of the professional shop-lifters in London flocked there, but we soon altered all that. The men on my staff know many of them by sight, and they know my men too. Rather an amusing little episode happened one day. Just as a notoriously clever lady was about to exercise her undeniable talents she caught sight of one of my people.

"'Oh, Mr. ——,' she exclaimed, naively, quite taken aback, 'if I had only known you were on the premises I shouldn't have come here.'"

In the East-end of London and in New York there are regular schools for shop-lifters. In these places they are taught the newest and most approved methods, and learn to be so dexterous and light-fingered that detection is very difficult. Counters are arranged and spread with things just as in the big stores, and the art of pilfering is thoroughly explained. In London, I am told, children do not do much shop-lifting, but their thieving consists chiefly in stealing food when really hungry. In New York, on the contrary, they are often as clever as their elders. It is said that well-dressed women are sent out every day from these schools, to make a tour of the chief shops and bring back their plunder at night.

"A girl passing through a deserted department snatched up a boa and, without pausing an instant, flung it round her neck."

"So quickly was it done that the girl passed on unperceived by the assistants."

A cousin of mine was making her way through a fashionable shop a few weeks ago. The department was rather deserted, but a little way ahead of her was a pretty, smartly-dressed girl walking rather fast. She saw her pass a counter of chiffon boas where there was no assistant for the moment. Without pausing an instant she picked one up, flung it round her neck, and was in the next shop before my cousin had entirely realized what had happened. Nobody else had noticed it, and the girl got away safely with her booty.

Most of the shop-lifting seems to go on at sale-time, when women, although they have the chance of getting things far cheaper, become greedy and unprincipled. If I were one of the fraternity, I think my ambitions and higher instincts would prompt me to exercise my talents earlier in the season, when I could get articles of the *dernier cri* instead of waiting till the novelty and often the freshness had worn off. However, I suppose

they know their own business best, and no doubt the crowds that collect at big sales render detection difficult.

The manager of a famous London firm, which holds the most attractive sales in town, judging from the dense mobs that flock to them, told me some amusing tales of the attempts to plunder them. "But never mind," he said, "we are catching them by degrees, and the number of professionals who come here has decreased very much. You read so much about shop-lifting now in the papers, which really means that the offenders are being found out, and that they get severe enough punishment to frighten away others who were at one time encouraged by the easiness of the job. Summer and winter clearances are on a vaster scale every year, and the great crowds that collect here shield their operations. Half London and the suburbs are at our doors long before they open in the morning, and special trains are run from far-off provincial towns to enable them to swell the throng.

"Blouses are always first favourites with shop-lifters. The boot and shoe department suffers a good deal from depredations, and it is rather difficult to keep an eye on everyone at a very busy time. These ladies come in a miserable old pair of boots and then pick up a smart pair to try on. Presently, when the assistants are all engaged, they seize their opportunity and slip round a convenient corner, leaving their discarded foot-gear behind them. This can so easily be done since many people when trying on a pair of boots like to walk about a little to see if they are quite comfortable when the foot sinks into them.

"Hats, too, are sometimes tried on, and in the same way an old one is left behind in exchange for a ten-guinea plumed Gainsborough.

"Some of the devices for hiding things are really very clever. One day an assistant's attention was drawn to two fat Jewish women who were very busy in the underskirt department, helping each other to choose silk petticoats. There was a great mob in the shop, but they were most kind in measuring the size and making sure that the petticoats were just right. The assistant drew the attention of a foreman to their little manœuvres, and he found on closer investigation that the two ladies had the most ingenious arrangement for taking home any amount of plunder. Under their skirts was attached a kind of crinoline, and hooks were fastened to this. Although they were really quite thin, they managed thus to hang up petticoats galore and all sorts of things on their improvised wardrobe without attracting attention to their rapidly-increasing figures. We found on them not only our own goods, but things from other shops in the neighbourhood, showing that they had been having a hard day's work.

"One old German woman on being caught red-handed begged and implored to be let off, protesting that she was really as innocent as a new-born lamb, and that if she had made some little mistake it was at any rate the first one. On inquiry we found out that she was one of the most hardened old sinners in London. Her career of crime had begun twenty-nine years ago, and had been pursued merrily till the present day. When she found sobbing and protesting of no avail she made a wild dash for a side door and violently kicked and bit a pursuing policeman.

"Although these tales may sound like comedy, sometimes the shop-lifting mania may end in something very like tragedy. Only the other day a well-dressed person was arrested at some well-known stores near Sloane Street. She had been detected taking an expensive blouse and hiding it beneath her jacket. That night in the police-cells the poor creature was so overcome by horror at the terrible position her mad conduct had led her into that she tried to strangle herself with her stay-lace.

"Sometimes the offender is a person of good position, and I have had most distressing scenes in my office. Naturally, if it is a genuine case of aberration, one feels sorry for the offender. A little while ago a lady was brought in crying and absolutely broken down. Some impulse had prompted her to appropriate our goods. 'I implore you to spare me,' she pleaded. 'I am perfectly able to pay for the things. If you expose me I shall never be able to hold up my head again. My daughter has just made a very good match, and I cannot bear to think of the disgrace this will bring upon her too.'"

It is difficult to account for the temptation that assails people to steal things in shops. No doubt in many cases it is kleptomania pure and simple. A popular paper some time ago, in discussing the subject, suggested that it was an impulse such as prompts birds at nesting-time to annex every useful and portable thing they come across to help them to build their nests.

A strange case happened only a short time ago in one of the principal London stores which is difficult to explain satisfactorily. A good-looking, well-dressed woman was noticed

"The woman picked up odds and ends of jewellery, dropping some into her umbrella."

wandering about the shop in a rather desultory way. She picked up odds and ends of jewellery and small things at the various counters, dropping some into her umbrella, secreting others in her muff, and even helping herself to a bag to hold the rest of her spoils.

When she was requested to go to the manager's office to explain the reason of her strange proceedings she completely gave way. She confessed that something had driven her to steal the things, although she had plenty of money with her, and she could have paid for them over and over again. Her husband had given her a large cheque only a few days before, telling her to go up to town and spend it. The poor man was in a profession in which he would have suffered very severely from a disclosure of this kind. He implored the manager to overlook the wretched business, and finally the matter was hushed up, in view of the disastrous consequences it would bring down on him. Probably people do not realize in obeying these strange impulses what suffering and disgrace they may bring on their innocent relations.

The huge muffs in vogue lately have been a great asset to the thief, but they do not contain as many things as that astute person hopes to carry home, so she has big pockets fixed in her petticoats and all round the hem of her skirt. She then manages to push or drop the things she covets on the floor and stands over them. When attention is diverted elsewhere she bends down and proceeds to pack them deftly into the convenient pockets. A three-quarter cape, too, she finds useful, for deep pockets can be arranged all round it. Wearing this she spreads herself over a counter in a graceful attitude, and when an opportune moment arrives she transfers the things she has managed to cover into the pockets and presently saunters away.

Some women have actually been found with quite a collection of things in their stockings, and others have secreted jewels in their hair, for the voluminous turban dressing of the last few months has been very helpful to them. Sometimes, when they have excited suspicion, they find it difficult to dispose of their ill-gotten gains. In this case they usually make for the ladies' reading and dressing rooms, hoping there to find an opportunity for hiding them more securely about their persons if they are left alone for a moment.

One day, in the dressing-room of a smart Knightsbridge shop, I complained to the attendant that I could not find a scrap of soap with which to wash my hands. She apologized and produced a piece from the dark recesses of a cupboard, assuring me that it was absolutely necessary to hide it, for, however sticky its condition, it was bound to disappear before long if it were left about. Combs, brushes, button-hooks, all had to be constantly renewed, and nothing seemed safe from the raids of the shop-lifter.

My detective friend tells me that some of the light-fingered gentry are wonderfully clever at substitution. They will come to shops armed with exact copies of a piece of jewellery, and quietly change the false for the real when they get an opportunity. This was done on an occasion some little time ago, when a wonderfully-made imitation necklace was substituted for a famous rope of pearls.

"The huge muffs that have been lately so much in vogue are one of the thief's greatest assets."

Jewellers now have a very ingenious plan for checking their rings, so as to make sure that none are missing when an unknown customer leaves the shop. They will bring out a tray of them for inspection, and if you notice you will see that each little groove is filled and not a space remains. Supposing a thief tried to take one the vacant place would be noticed in an instant.

Every firm, however, has not the same views about shop-lifting, and some large shops employ no detectives on their premises. The manager of a well-known drapery firm near Piccadilly Circus told me he made practically no attempts to catch people beyond instructing the assistants to be on their guard, and that he did not consider that very much thieving went on there. "What does happen, sometimes," he said, "is that ladies have their property taken if they are careless enough to leave it about on the counter and a dishonest person happens to be near. Valuable muffs and bags often change owners, and in the hat department we have to warn the assistants to be careful. Sometimes a lady will try on a hat and then walk away to a looking-glass at a distance, where she thinks she can get a better light, leaving her purse behind her on a chair or counter. The wily thief will first move a hat so as to cover the purse. Then a second or two later she will slip her hand under the hat and neatly extract the purse."

"Another plan is to drop things on to the floor and quickly stand over them."

In Paris, at great establishments like the Louvre, the Printemps, and the Galeries Lafayette, there is no doubt that the shop-lifter does a roaring trade. I had heard tales of how, when offenders were caught, they were taken to the manager's office and given the choice of being whipped by a burly woman or handed over to the police. So when I was there the other day I amused myself by making a few inquiries. I arrived at the Galeries Lafayette in the afternoon, and found a huge crowd downstairs such as I have never yet had to face at a London sale even on the first day. People were wedged so tightly together that it was practically impossible to get along, and almost difficult to breathe. After one desperate attempt I gave up all idea of making purchases. Buyers were trying to force their way along, holding their parcels high above their heads to prevent their

"When the assistant's attention is diverted elsewhere the shop-lifter bends down and stows the articles away into pockets arranged in the hem of her skirts. Here an accomplice is often necessary to stand in front and screen operations."

being squashed flat, and an unlucky hound that had wandered in with his master was having a very poor time. I said to one of the shop-walkers who struggled by, "I suppose I have been unlucky enough to hit on a very special sale day?" But he smiled sadly and replied, "Mon Dieu, non, madame. Every day is the same!"

By devious ways and almost by hanging on to the coat-tails of my guide I at length reached the manager's office. He kindly gave me his view of the matter.

"It is the custom in Paris to spread out all our goods on counters, so that the public may examine them. There is no doubt that a great amount of shop-lifting must go on, but when you see the immense crowds of people who flock here daily can you tell me how we are to prevent it, short of having a regular army of detectives? Of course, our assistants and shop-walkers are trained to a certain extent to watch the goods, but we have no organization such as I see some of your London firms have started. I think I am right in saying that no Paris firms have. When we do catch a thief, though, he is handed over at once to the police and the offence is punished far more heavily than it is in London. But we haven't begun to whip them yet!"

When I left the manager's office, passing out of the building by a side door, it was rather amusing to find that here at last I was viewed with distinct suspicion. I passed a porter's lodge and a great rapping was heard and the window was thrown up. "Where do you come from?" asked the porter. I answered that I had been to see the manager. "Humph! Well, I must see what you have got in that parcel." I unrolled it and displayed something of the value of a couple of francs, explaining meekly that it really was honestly come by. As they give one no receipted bills it might have been a little difficult to prove my probity, but after a few more expostulatory grunts he shut down his window, telling me I was at liberty to depart.

"A three-quarter cape is also useful. Deep pockets line it, and the shop-lifter manages to spread it conveniently over the counter. At an opportune moment she transfers things she has managed to cover into the pockets."

Portraits of Reigning Sovereigns

— by —

Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

SEEING that he is still but a little over thirty, the reputation of Mr. Joseph Simpson, the well-known artist, is indeed an enviable one, and what the future may hold in store for him it would be idle to prophesy. Even though his work may still, perhaps, find greater appreciation among his fellow-artists than in the eyes of the larger public, he would probably not wish it otherwise. His path to fame has been by no means an easy one, and the obstacles encountered and overcome before his distinctive and vigorous style at last compelled recognition might well have dismayed the most sanguine temperament.

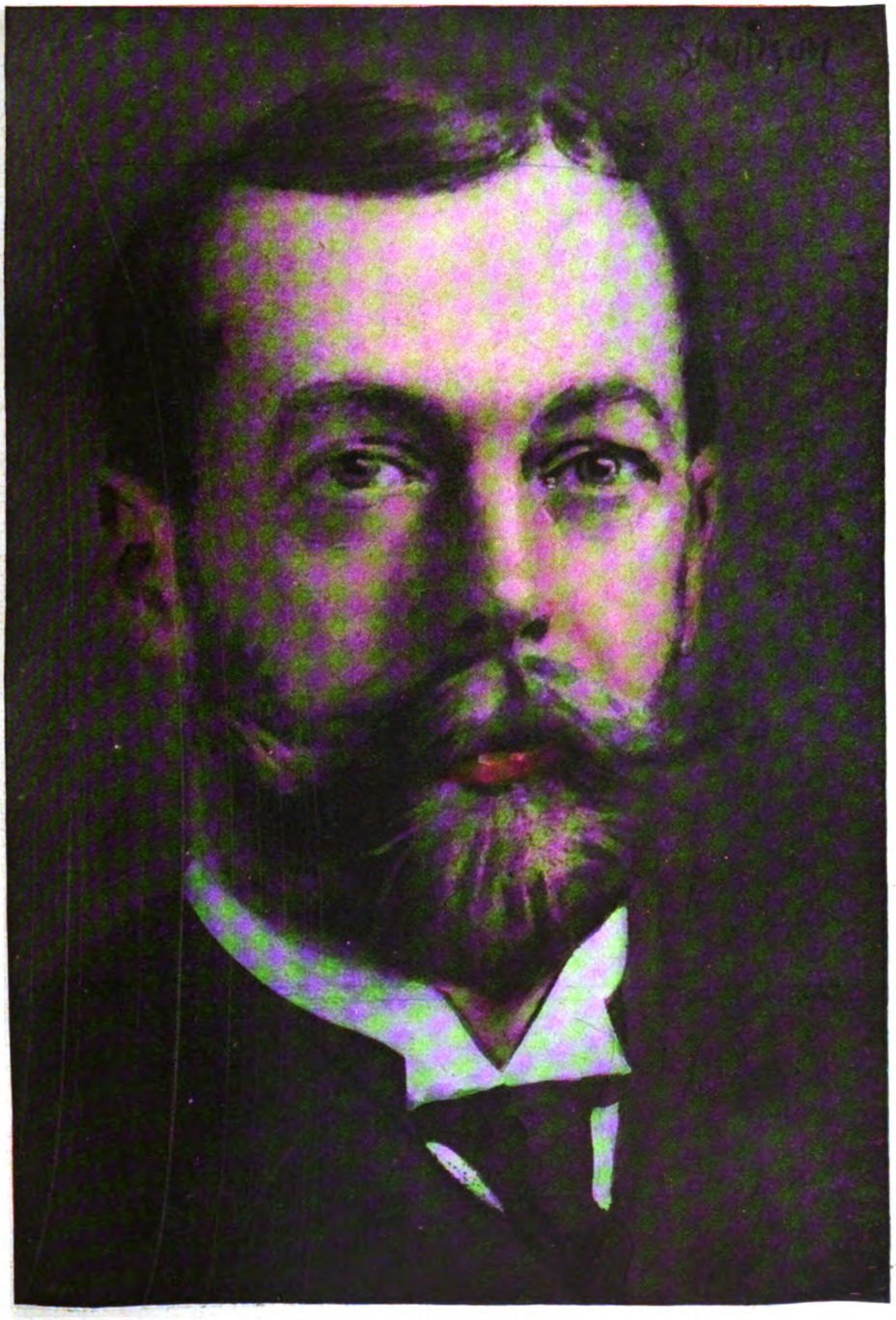
His bent towards caricature showed itself even in his schooldays; caricature, he has confessed, occupied no small portion of the time which should have been the Government's when he joined the Ordnance Survey after leaving school; and it was his now famous series of portraits and caricatures which at last brought his name prominently before the public. As one well-known critic has written of this side of his work: "The rich, rhythmic sense of line, the resounding effect of his deep blacks, the informing and suggestive pose, the almost Holbeinesque balance of the portrait, the technical fitness of the line employed to state the peculiarities of the personality portrayed — these qualities are not to be surpassed by any living caricaturist."

His portrait of the late King Edward, one of the most characteristic, as it was one of the best known, portraits of His Majesty, brought him still wider recognition, even to the extent of making his name familiar to the man in the street. This portrait found favour in the eyes of King Edward, who purchased the original for his private collection, while a signed proof of it was bought for the Scottish National Portrait Gallery and added to the permanent collection.

At the exhibitions of the Royal Society of British Artists his fine series of portraits have been something of a sensation, and among those who have been purchasers of his work are Sir Alfred East, R.A., the President of the Society, and Mr. Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A.

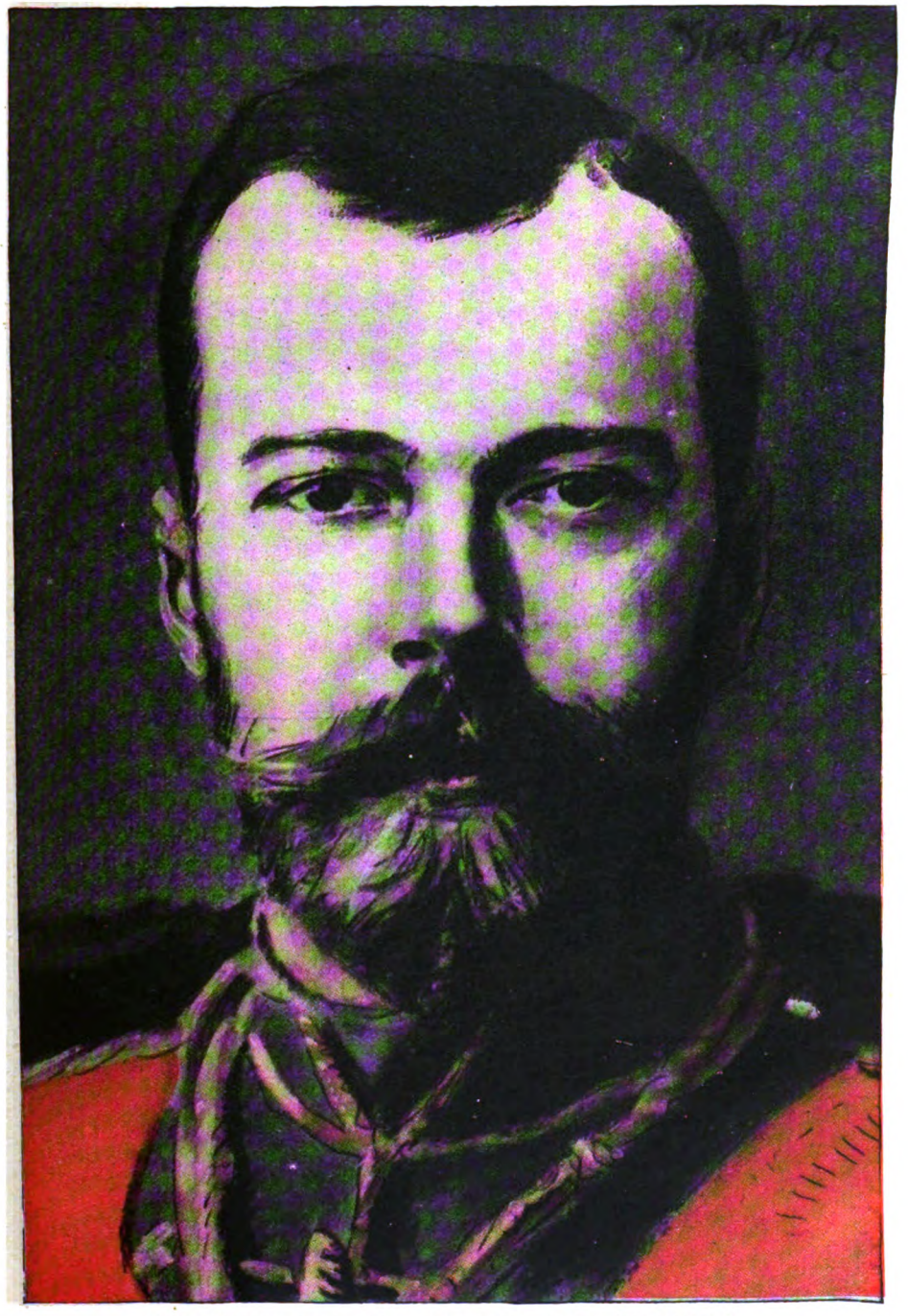
The remarkable series of portraits of eight of the reigning Sovereigns of Europe reproduced in the following pages are thoroughly characteristic examples of Mr. Simpson's work. Executed with all his well-known breadth of treatment, these powerful presentments convey a most vivid impression of the living subjects, with just sufficient insistence on the salient features of each to accentuate the likeness. The native dignity of the monarchs has never been more successfully presented.

NOTE:—Those readers who would like to possess these portraits in more permanent form will be glad to know that we are having a limited number of special art proofs printed upon superfine art paper. These will be mounted upon toned paper and enclosed in a wrapper, the price for the series of eight being 1s., or 1s. 6d. post free, packed flat. Orders should be sent to "The Strand Magazine," George Newnes, Limited, 3-13, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C. A number of copies bearing Mr. Simpson's autograph will also be on sale for 2s. 6d., or 3s. 0d. post free.



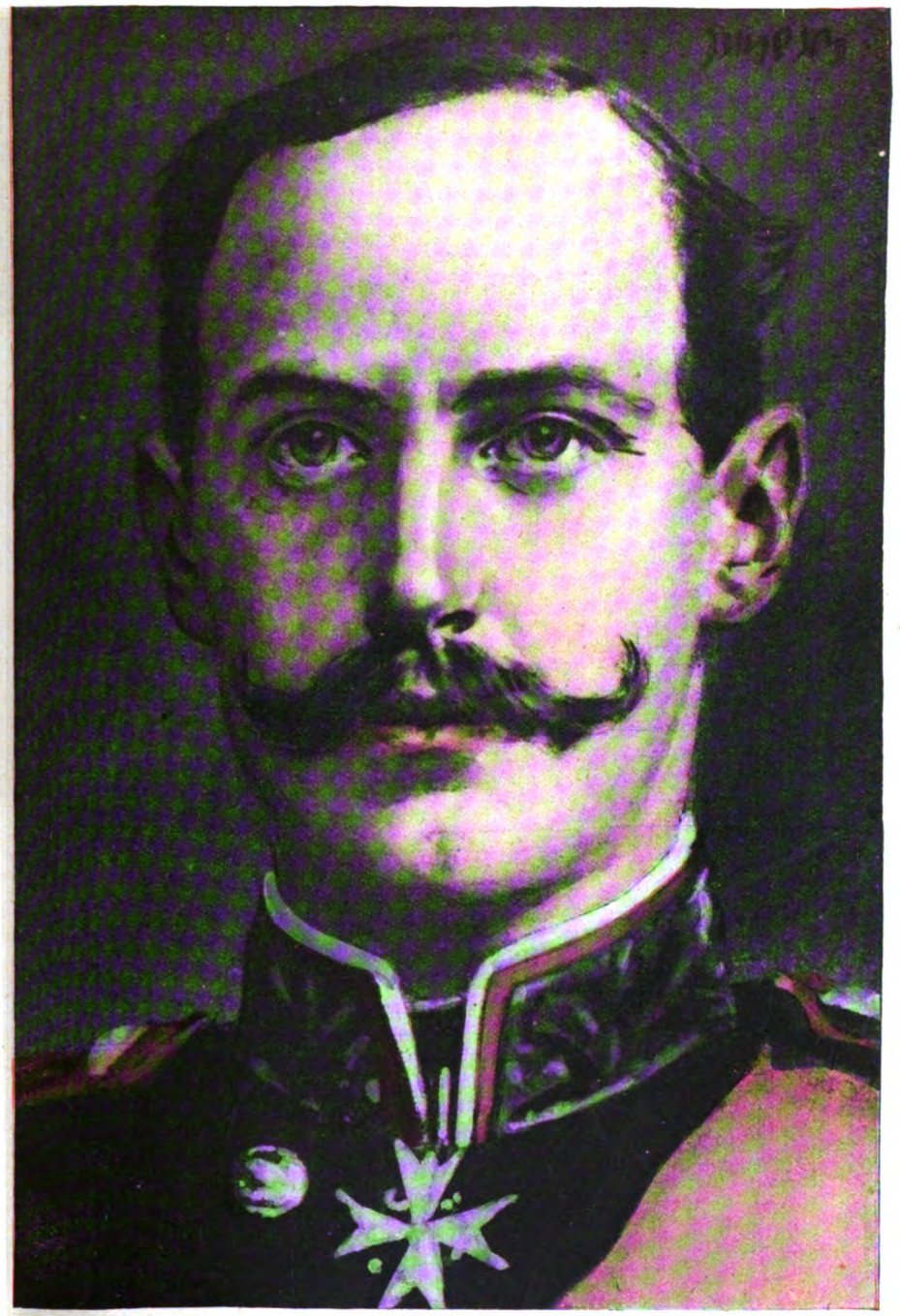
GEORGE V., KING OF ENGLAND.

WILLIAM II.. GERMAN EMPEROR.

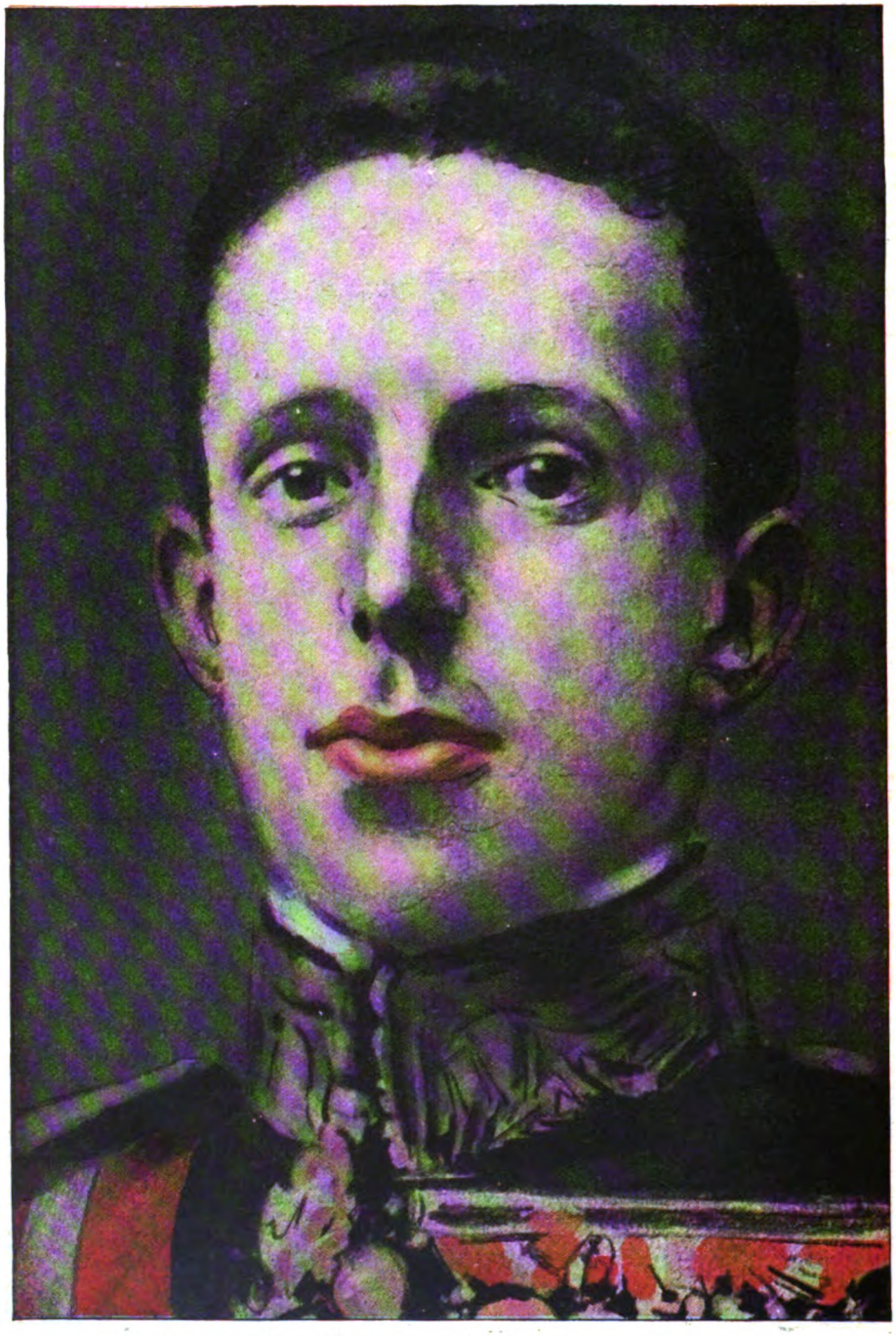


NICHOLAS II., CZAR OF RUSSIA.

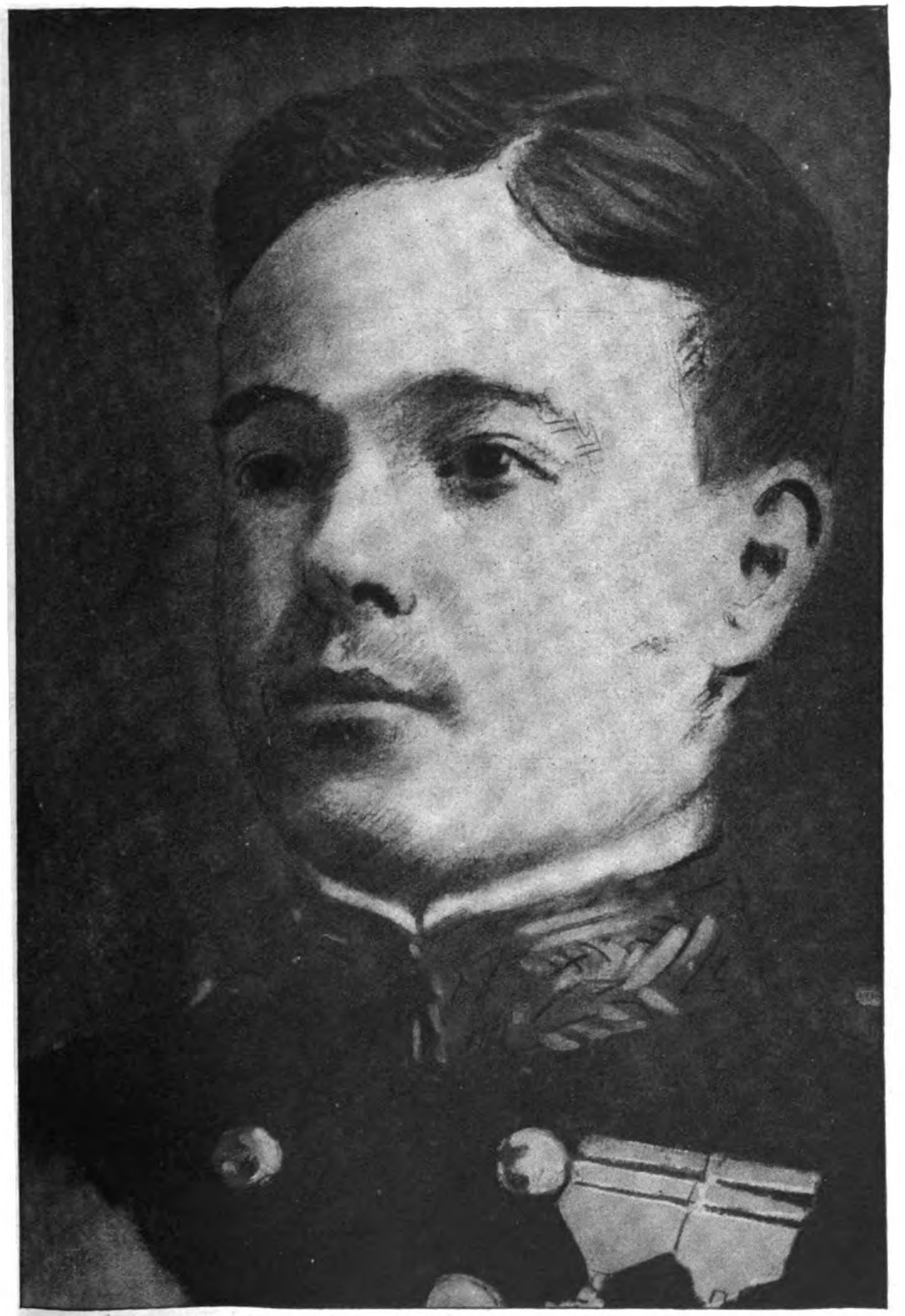
FRANCIS JOSEPH I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.



HAAKON VII., KING OF NORWAY.



ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN.



MANUEL II., KING OF PORTUGAL.

WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

A Voyage to Nowhere.

By JOHN WORNE.

Illustrated by S. Davis.

"WHAT is this?" she said.

He pushed it gently with his foot. "It looks," he said, "as if it were a punt."

"It *is* a punt," she said.

"There is practically no doubt about it," he replied. "It is."

"Is it a safe punt, do you think?"

"It has all the appearance of being a remarkably safe punt. If it were not I should ask you to get into it."

"If it were *not?*" she said.

"You would sink. I am a fair swimmer. I have learned the elementary rules for saving life at sea. We should both get wet, but——"

He paused.

"But what?" she asked.

"But we could easily get dry again."

"Oh!"

A shade of disappointment in that "Oh!"

"Would you not want to get dry again?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; I should like to, very much."

They stood and looked at the punt.

"As it seems such a safe punt I think I shall get in without your asking me to."

"Do," he said.

"I don't think it will hold two," she said.

"No?"

He pressed the side of it down with his foot.

"I think it might hold two," he said.

"There's no harm in trying," she said.

"You will take the risk?"

"I don't see how I am to keep you out."

"'I DON'T THINK IT WILL HOLD TWO,' SHE SAID."

"Neither do I," he said, and stepped in.

"I wonder whose punt it is?" she said, dreamily.

"So do I; I like wondering."

He unfastened the chain and pushed out.

"As it isn't our punt," he said, "we must get into the middle of the stream, where the owner of it can't reach us."

She put her hands behind her head and gazed up into the clear blue sky. He paddled gently in silence for a while. It was very hot.

"Sweet little duck!" he murmured.

She brought her eyes down quickly from the heavens.

"The bird," he said, in haste. "The bird; over there by those water-lilies."

"Oh, the bird!"

She returned to heaven.

"You don't like ducks?"

"Oh, yes; they are all right," she said.

The trees drooped over the glassy water, which rippled as they floated past. The ducks looked round coyly, and then turned tail upwards, in search of worms, or fish, or anything to eat.

The tails waggled. It was inexpressibly peaceful.

He stopped paddling. For a long time neither spoke.

Then she sighed.

"Was it wise of us to come out like this?" she asked.

"Most unwise."

"What if the owner of the punt——"

"I was not thinking of *him*. He does not interest me. I do not even know his name."

"But that is no excuse for taking his punt."

"None whatever. I never want excuses."

"Then what will you say when we get back?"

"I don't suppose we ever shall get back. Do you want to get back?"

"Not particularly."

"Then let us not bother about it."

She lay back again, content. He dug the paddle into the water fiercely three times, and frightened a rat upon the bank. The timid creature winked at them and fled.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"Nowhere. And I think"—this with an earnest air—"I think we shall soon be there—I think we shall soon be there."

"That sounds like Maeterlinck," she murmured.

"Only because I said it twice."

"What happens when we get there?"

"All sorts of preposterous things, which, if they happened anywhere, would be stopped at once by the police and others."

"Such as taking voyages in other people's punts?"

"That and other more delightful things."

"Is it safe to go there?"

"No; that's why we're going."

"You frighten me. What kind of things am I to expect?"

"You want to know the things that happen nowhere?"

He drew in the paddle and once more let the vessel float. On they went with the stream, and on and on.

A couple of fluffy birds on a bough looked at them and then at each other and smiled.

He lay down in the bottom of the punt and looked across at her with half-closed eyes.

"You want to know the things that happen nowhere?"

"You may tell me," she replied, her gaze still upon the heavens.

"It is a place where everything happens exactly as you want it to happen. If you write a book, the first publisher you meet snaps it up and it goes into its fiftieth thousand in a month."

"I didn't come out here to write a book."

"No; but it would if you did."

"Are you suggesting that it wouldn't be the case if I wrote a book anywhere?"

"No; I wasn't thinking of *you*."

"Not thinking of me!" She opened wide her eyes.

"Not in that connection. I—I wish you wouldn't look at me like that."

She turned away suddenly.

"I didn't know I was looking at you in any particular way."

"You weren't. It was only my imagination. Besides, I like it—but we mustn't."

"I don't understand. I think you had better go on describing the things that happen."

"Yes." He pulled himself together. "Yes, I had better. It is a place where people say and do things which have no relation to the world of reality; where men with no money to support themselves speak to girls as if they had enough to support two; where everything that is sensible and discreet and rational and worldly and common sense and proper and allowable and thinkable and possible and—and——"

He paused for more words. They would not come.

She bent low over the side of the punt

and studied her reflection in the water. She seemed to find satisfaction in the sight.

"Where everything that any man not a fool ought to remember is forgotten in the presence of two eyes, two lips, and the sun shining through brown hair."

He kicked a cushion angrily.

"I think you might give me credit for a nose as well," she said.

"I had not forgotten it."

Another pause. This time a large one. The punt caught in a projecting tree and swung round against the bank.

"We have stopped," she said. "We seem to have got there."

He raised his head and studied the landscape.

"Apparently we have," he said.

"I wonder," she said, "if it is as you described it?"

She caught a water-lily and began picking off the petals one by one while he watched. She was counting them. So was he. They were both very thoughtful when the counting was over.

"How could you be so brutal to a flower?" he asked.

"It wasn't hurt. It told me its secret."

"Was it a nice secret?"

She nodded her head.

"May I know it?" he said.

"You probably know it already. At any rate, you ought to."

"Ought I?"

"Yes."

"If I know it, ought I to tell you?"

"I'm not sure."

"But, as the water-lily has told you, I am relieved of the responsibility of deciding."

"I suppose so," she said, trailing the maimed stalk through the water.

"Yes," he said, thoughtfully.

"Yes," she echoed; and it sounded as if what she meant were "No."

He moved suddenly, with impatience.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"I'm struggling; it's nothing serious."

"Is it likely to upset the punt?"

"No; I'm only struggling with a sense of duty."

"Who's winning?"

"The sense of duty has won."

"Wasn't that a little unexpected?"

"The betting was the other way; but the sense of duty has won. Look here, I want to talk to you seriously."

"'WE HAVE STOPPED,' SHE SAID. 'WE SEEM TO HAVE GOT THERE.'"

She sat up, straightened out her skirt, clasped her hands across her knee, and bent forward with an air of portentous solemnity. "Well?" she said.

"Please don't look like that," he moaned; "the struggle is beginning all over again."

"Really, how am I to look? If the sight of me upsets you, hadn't you better turn away?"

"It isn't that it upsets me; but it gives the sense of duty so little chance."

"Well, I'll look quite different."

She tilted her hat at a fascinating angle and smiled a beaming smile.

"That's worse," he said. "Oh, much worse."

"Well, what *am* I to do?" she cried, in despair.

"You can't help it," he groaned, "and I can't help it. But I've *got* to help it."

This fiercely, with a savage attack upon a cushion.

"What is the matter?" she asked, in bewilderment.

"Nothing. Listen! I'm a great friend of your father, and he has been very good to me. Therefore I am under a sort of obligation to give you good advice."

"Do you think I am likely to take it?"

"Oh, I hope not. I have noticed in you lately signs of an inclination to make a horrible mistake."

"Have you?"

"Yes. You will pardon me for my impertinence in meddling in what does not—I mean, ought not to concern me, but for the last few weeks a most undesirable and ineligible young man has been hanging round you, and I have noticed that you have been giving him some encouragement."

"What—what *do* you mean?"

She wondered and was angry.

"Please don't be annoyed. My sense of duty has won—and duty must be done."

"Go on," she said, curtly.

"Thank you. You know I wouldn't do this if it weren't for the respect I have for your father. Very well. I have to warn you that this young man is quite impossible. He has no money, and apparently no power of making any. He picks up a little here and there, but never knows where the next is to come from; and if he became engaged to anybody he would have to borrow from her to buy the ring. I don't think you understand the kind of poverty that his poverty is."

"Whom on earth are you talking about?"

"It would not be fair to mention any names."

"Then what have *I* done to encourage him?"

"More than you ought. I have been watching."

"Then you have been very impertinent."

"Exactly. I have. But duty is duty."

"I don't believe it is. Not in a case like this."

"If I have not done right, I apologize. But I must warn you to avoid this fellow. I won't say he is a mere fortune-hunter; but to the world he has every appearance of being one. And think of the position if you do become engaged to him. How is he to take you anywhere unless you pay for both? How is he to give you all the necessary jewellery, and to present you with extravagant bouquets when you go to dances? Is the bill to be sent to you? 'Wear these for my sake. Terms, cash on delivery.'"

"I really don't understand what you are talking about. When do I encourage people of that class?"

"A gentleman of that class," he replied, slowly, "has been so much encouraged that he has nearly lost his head. His heart went long ago; and if his head were to follow there would be disaster."

"Well, what am I to do?"

"Don't allow him to go for long walks with you alone. Do not be drawn into frivolous and flippant conversation with him, but confine your remarks, when you make any, to the weather and the Academy. Above all, do not on divinely glorious summer afternoons go out with him in a punt——"

He stopped suddenly.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I've been giving too much advice."

"No," she said; "it is doing me good. Go on."

He turned over and lay full length, with his eyes fixed on the bottom of the punt.

"Well, don't go out with him in a punt on divinely glorious summer afternoons and emphasize by every look and every movement the fact that you are most distractingly beautiful. I speak impartially and coldly—as a friend of your father."

She was gazing away from him, and her fingers were nervously picking the stalk of the water-lily to pieces.

"Speaking as a friend of my father," she said, in a voice so low that he could scarcely catch the words, "would you tell me whether his heart is really lost or merely affected by the fineness of the afternoon?"

"Oh, do be more careful!" he groaned. "You are not taking my advice."

"Yes, I am; I'm awfully cautious. Is his heart——"

"Yes, quite gone. Six doctors all fully qualified would take ten years to find it."

"So that, being quite heartless, he is able to give cold-blooded advice."

"Yes, I suppose that is it. Think of it. Suppose during the period of engagement you were in town together, and it were time for lunch. You would make straight for Prince's or the Carlton. Think of him making frantic efforts to steer you in the direction of an A.B.C. shop. How can he take you to a theatre when he has never been in anything higher than the pit? How——"

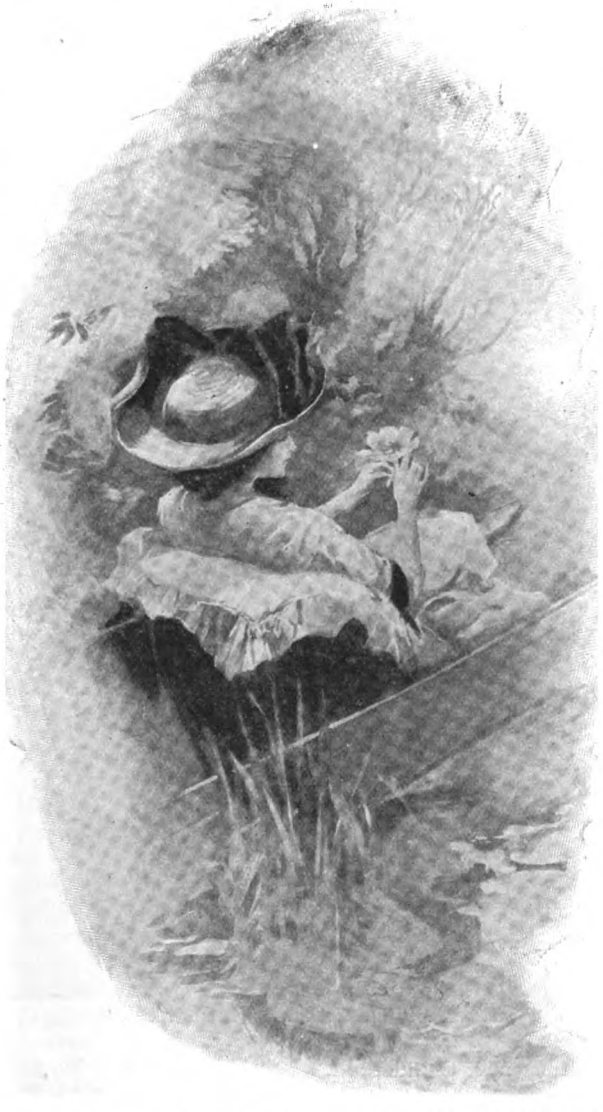
"Yes," she said, thoughtfully, "it would have to be quite a short engagement."

He looked up quickly.

"But how on earth," he said, fiercely, "is he to face your relatives? Can you picture him going to your father and saying, 'I have proposed to your daughter Gladys and I trust you to provide us with enough to live on'?"

"Papa is quite ready to do that. He has often told me not to bother about money."

He seemed to be trying to crush his head in with his fists.



"SHE WAS GAZING AWAY FROM HIM, AND HER FINGERS WERE NERVOUSLY PICKING THE STALK OF THE WATER-LILY TO PIECES."

"What's the good of having money," she asked, "if you can't marry anybody you like? Father was saying the other day that he objected on principle to the concentration of large masses of money in the hands of one family. It leads to over-capitalization, or something. I know he said so, distinctly."

She shook her head at him in reproach. But she did not look seriously annoyed.

His tone was wild and despairing. "Oh, it's all very well talking like that, but the thing is impossible. A fellow who can rely entirely on what his wife brings is a contemptible hound. I've said so often to lots of people. It's impossible. Let's go back; it's getting late."

He jumped up and began pushing the punt vigorously from the bank. He avoided her gaze, in which there was disappointment and alarm. She struggled with a lump in her throat. He sat up and paddled vigorously. At last she found her voice. It was quite successfully cold and unconcerned.

"Thank you very much," she said, "for all the advice; but if Mr. Pinson proposes, in spite of all that there is in the way, I think we shall not find the difficulties insuperable."

"IN A MOMENT SHE WAS IN HIS ARMS."

He stopped, as if struck by a thunderbolt.

"Pinson!" he gasped.

"Yes. I have often suspected Frank——"

"Frank Pinson! Gladys, you don't mean to say—— Great Scot! you don't suppose——"

He flung the paddle down with a clatter and came towards her.

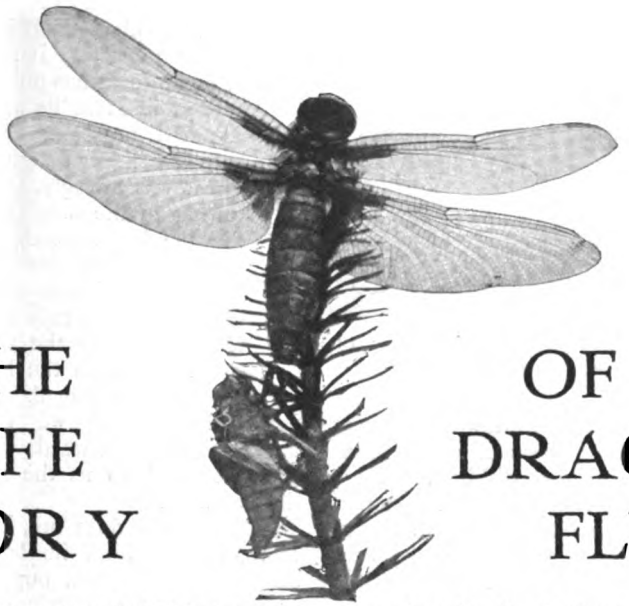
"Gladys, do you seriously think I've been talking all this time about Pinson?"

She looked away.

"Why, whom else could you be referring to? And you've no right to call me Gladys."

"No right! No." Trembling with passion, he buried his face in a cushion by her side. "No, I've no right. But Pinson—that fellow! Heavens, you can't mean it! My darling, my darling, you don't mean it—say you don't mean it!"

The doubt and fear had passed, leaving her face radiant and happy. With a timid movement she touched his hair. It was the lightest of touches, but he felt it, and in a moment she was in his arms.



THE LIFE STORY OF A DRAGON-FLY.

Fig. 1.—A handsome dragon-fly which has just evolved into the winged state from the ugly object seen beneath it.

By JOHN J. WARD, F.E.S.

Author of "Minute Marvels of Nature," etc. Illustrated from Original Photographs by the Author.

THROUGHOUT the warm and sunny months of the year dragon-flies vie in splendour with the butterflies with which they are contemporaneous, and on which they occasionally prey. The colours of both the larger and the smaller species, when seen flashing in the sunlight, are frequently of jewel-like splendour, and their graceful and skilful evolutions in the air, often combined with extraordinary rapidity of movement, excite our wonder and admiration, and bring envy to the mind of every human aviator.

Dragon-flies, indeed, are really charming insects—charming in grace of form, in colour, and in movement. Frail though they are, their appetites are enormous. They are perpetually sweeping through the air on their powerful wings during the hours when their small prey is flying. When one of these insects is seen continually gliding up and down a stretch of lane or over a pool, we may know that it is hawking its quarry. In every one of its rapid flights the lives of numberless gnats, midge-flies, and similar small insects are briefly terminated in the enormous jaws of this aerial dragon. Should a moth or butterfly cross its path it is captured in mid-air, and a moment or two later its wings may be seen tumbling earthwards, but the body has found its way into the dragon-fly's capacious mouth. A butterfly is, of course, a big capture, but if a dragon-fly is captured while hawking, and its mouth is opened, it may be found to contain a still larger quantity of small prey.

Since, then, the dragon-flies may be classed with the swallows, bats, etc., in the work of clearing the atmosphere of many troublesome insects, we may add to their other good qualities that they are extremely useful insects. Nevertheless, with all their charms and usefulness, they have an evil reputation of long standing. In the rustic mind they have ever been associated with superstitious dread. In Scotland they are known as "flying adders"; in many parts of England as "horse-stingers," or as "devil's darning-needles" (whence comes the rustic suggestion that they sew up the lips and ears of bad boys); while in the Midlands they are erroneously called "hornets." In America they are "snake-doctors," being supposed to act as physicians to water-snakes. Even the name "dragon-fly" savours of superstition.

It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that country people and children (who are always

Fig. 2.—Two dragon-fly nymphs below water, one burrowing in the mud and sand, while the other is hurrying to get under cover.

more ready to accept an irrational statement than use their own powers of observation) should have developed a dislike for these insects. Besides, it is not difficult to understand how, in the dark ages, these superstitions arose; for if the rustic eye ever watched a dragon-fly emerging into atmospheric life, it witnessed a scene more wonderful than any of the marvels performed by the greatest witch or magician ever heard of—an event which the prevailing ignorance of that time could magnify and exaggerate into something very sinister and terrible.

Dragon-flies are perfectly harmless insects, and even the largest species may, when captured, be handled fearlessly; for in spite of the fact that they assume threatening attitudes with the tip of the abdomen, yet they are totally destitute of stinging organs. Neither can they bite with sufficient force to penetrate the human skin, although their jaws are most formidable weapons to the insects on which they prey.

In strolling by a pool on a sunny day we may observe resting on the stem of a water-plant a dragon-fly such as that shown in Fig. 1. Its wings glisten in the sunlight as though they had been newly varnished, and its flattened and angled body is adorned with velvety hues of yellow and tawny browns,

Fig. 3.—One of the nymphs captures a worm that has worked its way between the stones.

while with every movement of its head the light plays upon its large eyes with beautiful effects. It makes no attempt at flight, for it has only just attained its winged life, and its wings have not yet acquired muscular activity. But perhaps an hour before, this handsome insect was an ugly, creeping thing burrowing in the mud at the bottom of the pond. Indeed, we have but to glance beneath the insect as it rests to see the image of its former self (Fig. 1). The ugly object seen apparently climbing the stem is an empty skin from which the handsome dragon-fly has just emerged. The thing seems incredible, but if we watch for awhile amongst the water-weeds we shall probably have revealed to us the whole process of development.

A dragon-fly does not, like a butterfly or moth, change from its larval or caterpillar stage into a quiescent pupa or chrysalis, but as it moults its successive skins it gradually becomes more like the adult form, its wings

Fig. 4.—The nymphs hiding in the mud and awaiting the approach of their prey.

appearing as short, scale-like appendages. Its final transformation, however, corresponds more nearly to that of butterflies, moths, and beetles, when they assume the winged state from the chrysalis stage. In other words, the caterpillar and the chrysalis stages are, in the case of dragon-flies, merged into one, and the product is termed a *nymph*.

From May until the middle of October a peep amongst the reeds and rushes by the pond or by the river-side may reveal these dragon-fly nymphs leaving the watery depths to change their forms and become denizens of the air. They may be slender or broad-bodied forms, according to whether they are to produce a slender-bodied dragon-fly or a broad-bodied one such as that shown in Fig. 1; but, whether they are slender or broad-bodied species, their method of transformation into the winged state is almost identical.

Fig. 5.—The skin of the nymph suddenly cracks, and through the opening the head and thorax of the dragon-fly appear, and—

In Fig. 2 two nymphs of the broad-bodied species seen in Fig. 1 are shown in their aquatic surroundings. One is hiding in the manner characteristic of the species by burrowing into the flat surface mud, while the other (which has been disturbed) is hurrying to get under cover. The body is covered with brown hairs, and in colour the nymph closely resembles the mud, and when it rests buried near the surface its protection is perfect, for, from above, it becomes quite invisible.

Although itself invisible, it keeps a sharp look-out for approaching prey, for it possesses a most voracious appetite. Worms, water-spiders, and the larvæ of almost all aquatic insects constitute its regular food, but even smaller individuals of its own and other dragon-fly species frequently provide a special dish.

The nymph is provided with a *mask*, or singularly developed lower lip, which folds up in front of its mouth, and can be rapidly projected when its prey approaches. This food-catching apparatus is provided at its end with jaw-like appendages that readily grasp the unfortunate victims.

In Fig. 4 the two nymphs appearing in Fig. 2 are again shown, hiding and awaiting a meal, while in Fig. 3 one of them is seen to have seized a worm which has worked its way between the stones.

It will be observed that in Figs. 2, 3, and 4 the nymphs may be recognized by the projecting points at the end of the abdomen. These points consist of five tiny valves which open into a tube that penetrates the body, and into which water is sucked. From this water the respiratory apparatus extracts the oxygen, and then the vitiated water is expelled. When the nymph is suddenly alarmed this water is forcibly ejected, and the nymph is then driven forward with considerable speed, after the manner of the flight of a rocket.

After feeding for eleven months at the bottom of the pond, the sluggish and ugly nymph prepares to change its mode of life. It slowly climbs the stem of a water-weed until it reaches the surface of the water. There it rests, and pokes out its nose into the atmosphere like a miniature crocodile, as if afraid to make the final plunge. It may rest there for an hour, or even several hours; then, as if decided to act, it again resumes its journey up the stem. Sometimes the ascent is only for an inch or two above the surface of the water, while other nymphs will travel several feet before coming to rest.

Fig. 6.—Gradually press backwards until the fly's first two pairs of legs are released.

Extraordinary internal changes then take place within the skin of the nymph while it holds tightly to the stem by means of its legs. Perhaps after only ten minutes' exposure to the atmosphere these changes become visible. The back of the thorax, or middle division of the nymph, is seen to swell up and crack, and through the opening the thorax of the dragon-fly is seen protruding. Slowly it bulges outwards until, at the end of a minute, the head and thorax are completely released (Fig. 5).

Fig. 7.—The third pair of legs then follow, and—

Almost immediately one is struck by the size of the fly that is emerging from the nymph skin, for it is at once obvious that the head and thorax of the fly are much larger than those of the nymph from which they developed. More marvels then quickly follow, and in less than half a minute the first two pairs of legs are withdrawn from their sheaths (Fig. 6).

Half a minute later still the fly is seen to have extended its body still farther back, and its third and

Fig. 8.—At the end of three minutes the fly is free all but the tip of its abdomen.

Fig. 9.—It suddenly raises its head and foreparts and grasps the upper part of the empty nymph skin. Then comes a mighty pull, and—

largest pair of legs are almost released (Fig. 7). The body then still farther protrudes, and at the end of another minute the third pair of legs are free (Fig. 8), and the fly is suspended head downwards, held only by the tip of the abdomen, which has yet to be detached from the nymph skin. In this apparently uncomfortable position the fly rests while it gains strength for its final emergence, for the next effort is a stupendous one that requires all its strength.

Fig. 10.—The dragon-fly is free.

For eighteen minutes the fly hung suspended as seen in Fig. 8, its tiny scale-like wings being plainly visible. At the end of that time, without the slightest warning, it suddenly raised its head and foreparts and, with a muscular effort worthy of an expert gymnast, reached forward and grasped the upper part of the empty nymph skin, when for an instant its body formed a curve (Fig. 9), and its short wings were seen projecting like the coat-tails of a man who is stooping. Then came a mighty pull, and the dragon-fly was free (Fig. 10).

Fig. 11.—The wings begin to shake out their folds.

Although the fly had safely emerged, yet, as it then appeared, it was very disappointing — indeed, it looked quite deformed. Almost immediately, however, it commenced to grow in a wonderful manner. The wings began to shake out their folds and expand (Fig. 11), the body being curved so as to avoid touching them while they developed. Two minutes after its release from the nymph skin it became obvious that the strange shape was not owing to any deformity, for the insect was developing in all its beauty of form and colour (Fig. 12).

Fig. 12.—Two minutes after its release from the nymph skin the fly commences to develop in all its beauty of form and colour.

Five minutes after its emergence its wings were fully extended (Fig. 13), although by no means fit for flight, for they hung like sheets of wet tissue paper. For a little over an hour and a half the fly rested as shown in Fig. 13, and during that time green blood coursed rapidly through the veins of the wings, strengthening and expanding every nervure. So the insect was prepared for another great muscular effort. It was to use the muscles of its wings and new legs for the first time.

Suddenly it raised itself on its legs away from the stem (Fig. 14), straightened out its body, and lifted its wings. Instantly thereafter the wings separated and assumed the positions of the normal resting attitude of the species (Fig. 15).

Fig. 13.—Five minutes after its emergence its wings appear fully extended.

So the dragon-fly concluded its marvellous development. Its wings reflected the light with a glassy sheen, and its body appeared to be clothed in a rich and delicate suit of golden brown-shaded velvet, some of the same hues being also

extended to the bases of the wings, while, at the slightest movement of its head, its huge eyes glistened with the fire of life.

In the manner I have here described with pen and camera there came into being this individual of one of the commonest species of broad-bodied dragon-flies. The insect has no common name unless it is that of "horse-stinger," which, for reasons already stated, I prefer not to use, but is familiar to entomologists under the title of *Libellula depressa*.

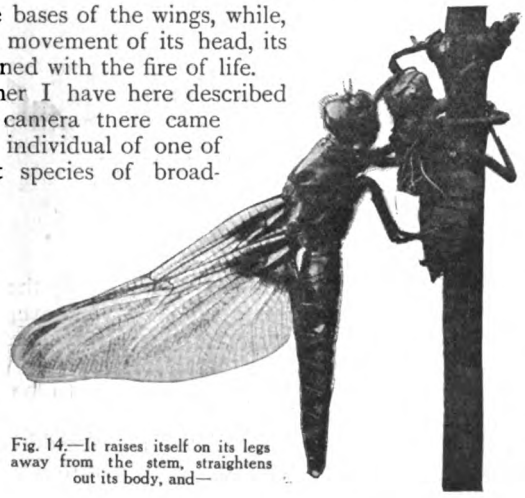


Fig. 14.—It raises itself on its legs away from the stem, straightens out its body, and—

After resting until the wings have become thoroughly dried, the insect makes its flight, which at first is not particularly strong. When, however, it commences hawking its prey its flight becomes very swift, and its species may often be seen at considerable distances from water gliding up and down over a particular part of a lane enclosed with trees, or along a woodland glade. A curious habit of this insect is that of selecting a particular twig on which to rest after making its hawking expeditions. Time after time these insects will return to the same twig; probably that twig constitutes the insect's dining apartments, where it masticates its mouthfuls of insects captured during its hunting forays.

When hawking this insect is not easy to capture, and it has a tantalizing way of continually approaching its pursuer to within striking distance and then rapidly retreating, just as if it enjoyed the chase. When, however, it darts amongst trees with prey in sight, it is then more easily captured; so intent on the pursuit is it that it frequently fails to observe its would-be captor.

Sometimes an individual may be captured whose abdomen is dusted over with a pale blue bloom which rubs off on handling. The blue insect is the mature male, and often a male and female insect will be found hawking in company over a particular area, which they seem to monopolize. Also, if one is captured it seems a comparatively easy matter to take the other later. Probably this is owing to the remaining insect searching so closely for its lost mate that it eventually approaches too near its captor's net.

The female insect deposits a large number of eggs while poised upon the wing near the surface of the water, the eggs sinking and eventually hatching into the young nymphs, whose development we have previously considered.

Such, in brief, is the life story of an insect that has for ages past been associated with dread and superstition, and even to-day in many country places it is looked upon with awe. The village children, who hunt butterflies with hat and coat, use those same weapons for protection when a dragon-fly approaches, and shout to their fellows, "Mind it don't sting yer!" and so the younger children are instructed in natural history. Fortunately the spread of Nature knowledge is daily dealing a death-blow to such superstitions, and if this article assists in this direction the aim of its writer is achieved.

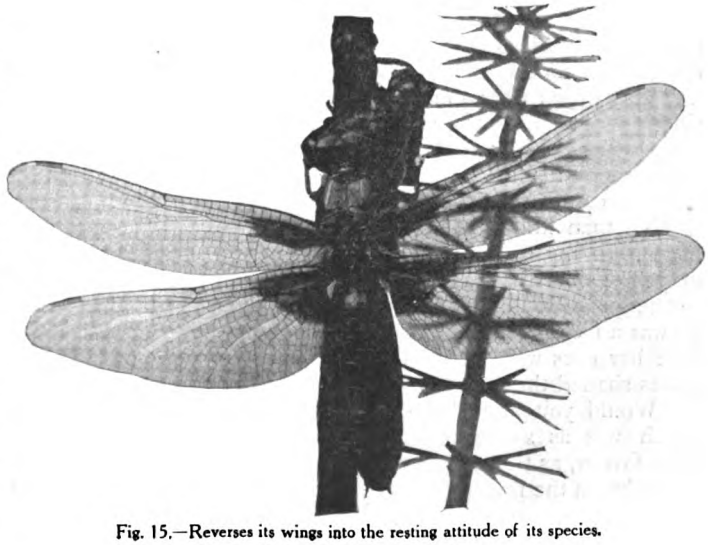


Fig. 15.—Reverses its wings into the resting attitude of its species.

THE BISHOP'S RIDE.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Illustrated by Frank Gillett, R.I.

THE BISHOP OF MIDHURST was strolling along a lane when he came upon a motor-car which was drawn up close to the hedge. In it was a lady—a young one. She was alone. She seemed to be doing something to what he would have described as the "mechanism" of the car; she was kneeling down by the driver's seat, apparently doing something to a handle. He felt it his duty to stop and observe the courtesies which are usual among motorists.

"Is there anything wrong?"

She looked up. She was decidedly young—in fact, little more than a girl—and though, of course, that mattered nothing to a bishop, from a layman's point of view she was uncommonly pretty. At sight of him she smiled, as though she thought there was something comical in his appearance, but that there could be anything comical about a bishop's appearance seems doubtful.

"I am rather delicately placed; perhaps there is something wrong with the lubrication. Would you mind pulling this handle?"

He pulled it quite easily. There seemed to be nothing amiss with it. He said so.

"Perhaps there isn't; perhaps there's trouble somewhere else. Do you know anything about motor-cars?"

"Very little; not so much as I ought, considering that I have one of my own."

"Do you drive yourself?"

He shook his head.

"You can drive?"

"No man knows what he can do till he tries. In my case the trial has still to be made. I never have driven."

She looked at him very steadily. Although he was a bishop he could not but notice how blue her eyes were and how charmingly her lashes shaded them.

"Would you mind," she asked, in a voice which was as sweet as her smile, "doing me a favour, as there is no one else about?"

"What is the favour?"

"I am going to start the engine. I want you to sit on that seat by the driver—I'm the driver—and keep your eye upon the gauge and tell me what the pressure is; perhaps there's trouble there."

"It doesn't seem to be a very difficult thing to do."

"It isn't; nothing could be simpler."

She went to the front of the car and started the engine.

"Now you get in on your side and I'll get in on mine, and then, when I put the clutch in, you keep your eye upon the gauge and tell me what the pressure is."

A little doubtfully he got on to one seat, whereupon she got on to the other, inserting her person under the driving-wheel.

"Where," he asked, "is the gauge to which you refer?"

She pointed to what seemed to him to be a glass tube in which was a quantity of what appeared to be muddy oil.

"You keep your eye on that, and then when I've got the clutch in tell me how high the oil rises. Wait till I give you the word."

She did something to a handle with rather a jerk, and the car began to move.

"You've started the car!" he said.

"I told you I was going to put the clutch in. Now keep both of your eyes fixed on the gauge."

The pace of the car was quickening; he showed signs of concern.

"The car is going faster."

"That's all right. You keep both your eyes fixed on the gauge, as I told you."

"But, pardon me, it is not all right. I have a meeting of the G.F.S. to address in a very few minutes. I merely came out to collect my thoughts and to take the air."

"What is the G.F.S.?"

The Bishop's tone as he replied was more than a trifle dry.

"I am afraid I have not much time to tell you about the G.F.S. just now; but if you will attend the meeting which is to be held presently I shall be happy to give you all the information you require. Be so good as to stop the car at once. There is Rutter, the

vicar, standing at his gate with his family and some friends. I expect they have come out to look for me. Please put me down at the Vicarage."

Instead of showing signs of slowing, the car seemed to be going quicker. Certainly the party outside the Vicarage gate saw them coming, apparently with some symptoms of surprise. The vicar took out his watch and shouted something. What it was was not quite clear; probably he was calling the Bishop's attention to the hour. The young woman at the driving-wheel shouted back:—

"The Bishop is taking me for a spin."

"WOULD YOU MIND DOING ME A FAVOUR?"

That the statement was palpably untrue did not seem to lessen the surprise of the party at the gate as the car, flying by, enveloped them in a cloud of dust.

"How dare you say such a thing," exclaimed the Bishop, "even in jest? Why did you not stop when I told you? Stop the car this instant!"

All that the young woman said was, "Keep your eyes on the gauge."

Instead of keeping them on the gauge her companion fixed his eyes on her. His tone was righteously stern.

"What is the meaning of this scandalous behaviour? Have I been mistaken in you? I bid you again to stop."

All she said was, "How about the pressure?"

"I warn you that if you don't stop the car at once of your own free will, I shall make you. I don't intend to allow you to play any tricks with me. Do you hear what I say? Are you going to stop or am I to make you?"

"I suppose," she observed, "we are going nearly fifty miles an hour; is that fast enough for you? If it isn't I'll get her going when she's warm." Turning half round in his seat he made a movement as if to grip her hand. "Take care!" she exclaimed. "If you start to monkey with the driver there will be a spill; and, at this pace, that will mean sudden death for both of us."

"Are you going to stop the car?"

"How about that pressure?"

"I don't believe there was ever anything wrong with it."

"I never said there was."

"You led me to suppose it."

"Don't be silly."

Never had he been addressed in such fashion before—and by a young person who he was rapidly coming to the conclusion was little better than a minx. All bishops are famed for their dignity; the Bishop of Midhurst especially prided himself on his—he had to keep tight hold of it just then to prevent it from becoming a minus quantity. He appreciated the truth of what she said, that to play tricks with a motor-car going at that pace would involve serious risks to both of them. He was a nervous man, which was one reason why he had never tried to drive his own car; the idea of what might happen if there was an accident made him go cold all over. Taking it for granted that every human being has a better side, he

proceeded to appeal to that portion of this young woman.

"I cannot think that you realize of what outrageous conduct you are being guilty."

"Did you say faster? I suppose we are going at nearly three times the limit now; goodness only knows what will happen to us if we are trapped."

That cold feeling became more pronounced; probably it was accentuated by the rush of the air through which they were tearing. He had difficulty in keeping his hat on—he was not attired for motoring.

"Slower, please—slower!"

This appeal did seem to reach her ears; she moderated the pace considerably; perhaps that was because they were going round a corner; as it was they took it much faster than they ought to have done.

"I never care," she explained, "to go round a corner on less than two wheels. Some people do it on one, but I think that's wrong—don't you? Does this pace suit you better?"

"We are still going far too fast. I always instruct my own chauffeur never to exceed the legal limit, and, if possible, not to average more than fifteen miles an hour."

"Do you ever ask him to get out and push?"

"May I ask your name?"

"You may, but I don't see why I should tell it you; you're a stranger to me. Is it usual in the circles in which you move for men to ask women to whom they are unknown what their names are? Personally, I prefer to be properly introduced; it seems to me that you are much too thrusting."

That such an accusation should be hurled at the Bishop of Midhurst was, it seemed to him, almost more than he could bear; he who was famous for his almost strait-laced observance of the most rigid proprieties. He sat back in his seat with what was very like a gasp.

"I can only suppose, young woman, that you don't know what you say. I appeal to all your better instincts—stop this car and let me alight. I cannot conceive that you can realize even in the faintest degree the heinousness of the conduct of which you are being guilty."

"Have you any friends in the Church? You speak as if you were a parson."

"Is it possible that you don't realize that I am the Bishop of Midhurst?"

"Yes; and I'm the Queen of Sheba. If I let her whizz it might clear the air; it seems to want it."

The speed of the car increased so suddenly that he had to hold on to the brim of his hat with both hands.

"There will be an accident," he said.

"Think so? I wonder! Let's calm her down." The speed of the car decreased.

"I should have thought," observed the Bishop, "that your own instincts of self-preservation would have caused you to be more cautious. If there were an accident while we are moving at such a pace, to say nothing of ourselves, the probabilities are that your car would be irretrievably damaged."

"It's not my car."

"Not your car?"

"Not hardly—you've stolen it."

"I have stolen it!" The Bishop seemed to be reduced to the verge of gasping. "Do you seriously mean to say that this motor-car is not your own property?"

"I should think I do. I was coming along and I saw a motor-car, and I stopped to look at it, as I always do, and then you came along and put it into my head that it was just the sort of car to steal—and here you are bolting off with it."

"Have you," gasped the Bishop—he had come to gasping—"no idea to whom it belongs?"

"I rather fancy that it belongs to one of the people at the Vicarage. As we went past I saw an elderly party tearing down the path, with a chauffeur at his heels, and both of them seemed to be anxious about something."

"Sir John Basingstoke! I remember Rutter saying that because there was no garage at the Vicarage Sir John had left his motor-car in the lane. It seems incredible! You audacious young woman!"

"You elderly old dear! I say, are you married?"

"I have been married nearly thirty years. My wife was among the party of ladies who were standing at the Vicarage gate."

"No! I thought that one of them seemed to be a trifle flurried. Won't she talk to you about cutting the G.F.S. to take me out for an airing?"

"I had not dreamed that such things could be, nor that there could be such depravity in one so young."

"There you are—at it again. Here's a village; we'll let her whizz."

"Abandoned girl!"

The words were lost in the rush of air caused by the sudden quickening of the car. In another moment they were rushing through a village street at a pace which, in the

circumstances, was distinctly monstrous. There was the usual dog in the centre of the road; to avoid it the car swerved to one side. The Bishop's hat flew off.

"My hat!" he screamed. But no one heeded; the car tore on. Had he been a judge of that kind of thing, and in a fit state of mind to play the critic, he would have been aware that, though the pace was wicked, the driving was first-rate. Had there been a bad, or even a poor, driver at the wheel there would soon have been trouble, but this girl drove with a coolness, knowledge, and skill which reduced the risk of danger to vanishing-point. The car might not be hers, but the trained hand would have been quick to see that in her time she had driven cars of all sorts and sizes, under all kinds of conditions.

"You ought to be thankful," declared the Bishop, when the village street was left behind, "that you have come through that street without doing injury to yourself or to others."

"Why, bless you, that's nothing! I've brought much bigger cars through larger places at a much higher speed than that. I'd back myself to take the biggest car that's on the road from London to Manchester at fifty miles an hour and never do worse than graze a chicken. My good man, it's the driving does it. You could crawl and lay out every living thing you met. You seem to have lost your hat."

"It blew off while we were going through the village; I called out to you, but you would not stop."

"That's all right—it was no loss; where you got the thing from I can't think. Are you a foreigner?"

"A foreigner! What makes you ask me such a thing?"

"I'm judging from your clothes."

"Judging from my clothes! Are you so ignorant as not to know what it is right and proper that a bishop should wear?"

"I only thought they might be a foreign make. Halloa!—here's larks! We're in to it!"

They were rolling along an open country road. About a hundred yards ahead were three or four cottages. From one of them two men came hurrying—constables—who placed themselves in the middle of the road. As they appeared, what was probably the entire population of the other cottages came out to see the fun.

"What's the matter?" asked the Bishop.

The answer was succinct. "Trapped."

"You don't mean to say that——" The Bishop stopped short, possibly because he realized that to ask if they had been exceeding the legal limit would be too absurd. She replied to his question as if it had been finished.

"We have never been inside the limit, except, perhaps, once or twice by accident when I couldn't help it; most of the time we have been going at a pace which will probably mean penal servitude for you, if they catch us. I shall have to run over those policemen if they don't look out."

"For goodness' sake take care what you're doing!"

"It's for them to take care. Look out!"

She sounded a blast on the Gabriel whistle which seemed to rend the air for miles; she hooted with the horn; she increased the speed, bearing down on the men in blue who were standing right in the middle of the road as if she had resolved to make an end of them. For a second they continued to hold up hands of warning and to stand their ground; then prudence prevailed. Each of them leaped to one side; the car whizzed between them, right over the spot on which they had just been standing.

"I thought you were going to kill them!" cried the Bishop, holding on to his seat with both hands.

"It would have been a case of suicide if anything had happened. They saw me coming."

"But aren't you going to stop? I implore you, young woman, with all the force that is in me, to cease behaving in this horrible fashion and to stop."

"Not much, while we are within reach of those two members of the constabulary—who, I expect, have lost some of the wool off the top of their heads. Hold on; I'm going to take this next corner rather sharply."

She did—at what seemed to the Bishop to be a criminal pace; only the most skilful driving could have brought them safely round it at all. He sat still, apparently realizing that expostulation was vain—the destinies of this demon ride were in other hands than his. He was covered with dust; his eyes, unprotected by glasses or goggles, were so much affected by the pace at which they had been going that he could scarcely see out of them; his attire was disordered; although the day was warm he was chilled to the bone. If only this dreadful young woman, who was playing him such a trick, would take pity on his hapless case! But not she. On and on and on she sped, through lanes, round corners,

avoiding human habitations, traversing what seemed to him to be a network of country with which, he could only hope, she was familiar. East, west, south, and north had become all the same to him; he had not a notion where they were or in what direction they were speeding. Now and then they passed a vehicle—generally a farmer's cart; a bicyclist, a stray pedestrian; once some children with bunches of wild flowers in their hands. For the first time for some distance the young woman made a remark.

"There's another car coming; let's hope that they're driving carefully—there's only just room for two to pass."

Looking ahead he saw a cloud of dust in front of them, which he presumed indicated the car which was coming.

"I suppose it is no use my asking you to slacken your speed or to take the most ordinary precautions?"

"Have you ever passed, at top speed, another car in a narrow lane? If you haven't you shall feel what it's like."

He said nothing, recognizing the futility of speech. He held on to his seat and hoped for the best; to be candid, he had begun to realize that this young woman, who had him in her power, could drive, and that it would not be her fault if anything went wrong. The cloud of dust came nearer. There was a straight stretch of road in front of them. The other car came in sight. His companion broke into exclamation.

"Halloa! Of all the comfortable coincidences! In the very nick of time!"

She sounded the whistle, decreased the speed, and brought the car to a standstill.

"THE CAR WHIZZED BETWEEN THEM."

"What-ho!" she shouted. The other driver, who was also feminine, seemed to recognize in the stentorian shout a familiar sound. The approaching car slowed, went slowly past, stopping, perhaps, a dozen yards beyond. The Bishop's companion slipped from her seat and ran back to the other car, clambering into it; it began to move off as, kneeling on the seat, she shouted back at him:—

"If you take her back to the G.F.S., look out for the police at the end of the lane."

The car, quickening its pace, bore her

with it, leaving the Bishop of Midhurst in the other car, alone. He stood up and looked behind him. He would have shouted if he had thought it would be the slightest use; he knew it would be but to waste his breath. The car passed round a corner out of sight. He followed with his eyes the cloud of dust which marked its track; the way in which it twisted and turned showed the devious road the car was taking. At last that also passed from sight; he was indeed alone. He sank on to his seat with a sound which was half sigh, half gasp; taking out his handkerchief he tried to wipe some of the dust from off his brow.

He had supposed, only an instant or two ago, in view of the treatment to which he had been subjected, that outrage could go no farther; he had erred—this went a great deal farther. To have been fooled, kidnapped, borne off against his will in this mad, and even criminal, fashion—that was bad enough; to be left, miles away from anywhere, in a country of which he knew nothing, stranded in a motor-car which belonged to someone else, and for which, probably, all the police of the country were by this time looking out—surely that was worse.

But the relief of ceasing to feel himself at the mercy of that wild young woman was so great that for the first few seconds he was positively content with his position. It was only by degrees that its true inwardness forced itself upon him. He scanned with his eyes so much of the surrounding country as he could see. Afar off, on the side of a hill perhaps two miles away, was a roof; no other human habitation was in sight. He was not a young man; he was portly, not much of a pedestrian; he realized that the strain of that mad rush through the air had tired him out physically and mentally. What was he to do? Wait there until someone came? In that case, what was he to say to the someone who did come? If he was not careful, a pretty story would go the round of the place concerning the Bishop of Midhurst. It might be up against him all the rest of his life—how, instead of attending a meeting of the G.F.S., he had been borne off by a wild young woman in a borrowed motor-car. If he started off to walk he would have to leave the motor-car by the roadside. He cared not a row of pins for the car or what became of it; still, a certain amount of responsibility might be laid at his door if he left it wholly unattended in that lonely lane. Driving it was out of the question. Although he had been the owner of a car now for several years, he had no more notion how to drive one than the ordinary passenger in an express train has of how to drive the engine.

While he was revolving in his mind the various alternatives there came from the field through the gate in front of him an ancient man. The Bishop hailed him.

"Where am I?" he inquired.

The ancient eyed him with weak and watery eyes, as if he found the question not an easy one to answer. Momentary reflection showed the Bishop that the man might not be so stupid as he seemed. He amended the form of his inquiry. "In what parish am I?"

"This is Horsebridge parish, this be."

"And where is Horsebridge parish?"

Again the ancient stared. The Bishop had honesty enough to perceive that, from his point of view, he might again have cause to. Another emendation. "How far am I from the nearest house?"

"Couldn't rightly say." An interval. "Whose house?"

"Anybody's house."

"Peter Wilkins—his be the nearest house, over on the hillside yonder."

The ancient pointed a trembling finger to the roof which the Bishop could see for himself.

"How far is that?"

"Maybe a mile across the fields, maybe four by the road. Peter's ill in bed; there's only his sister when you get there. What might you be wanting?"

"I want to get away from here."

It really was excusable if once more the ancient stared, since the Bishop might have gone away at any speed he liked by merely touching a handle.

"Anything wrong with the thing?" the ancient asked.

"So far as I know, nothing; only I can't drive it."

"But you're in it."

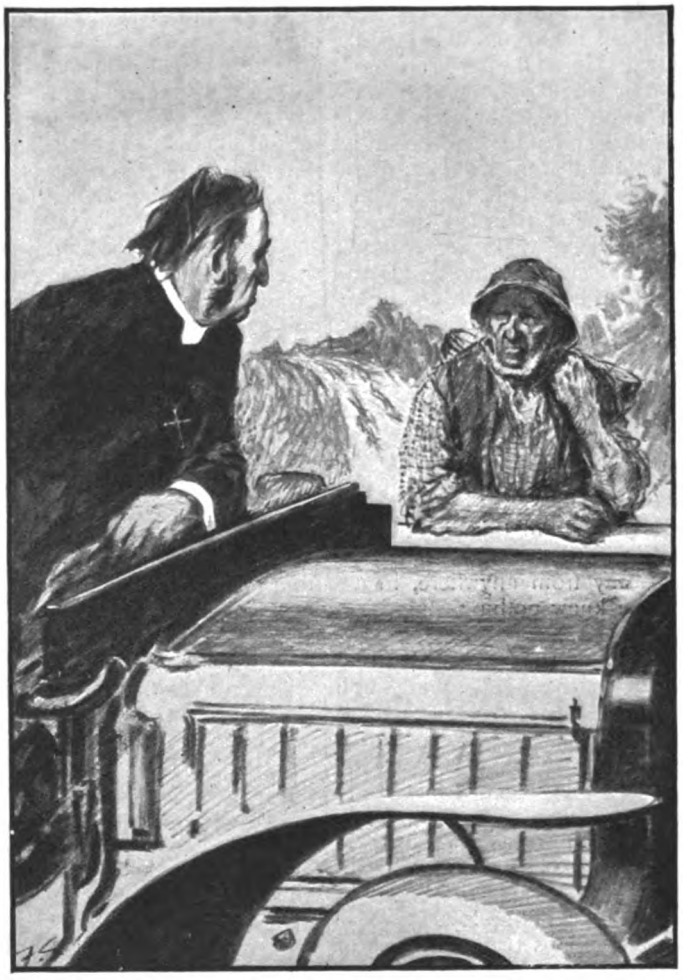
"Yes, I certainly am in it."

"Came here in it, didn't you?"

"Unfortunately; and the person who brought me has gone and left me stranded. I suppose you can't drive a motor-car?"

"Drive? No, that I can't. I can't drive nothing but a plough." Then, after momentary reflection, "You're beyond me, you are, asking me if I can drive a motor-car; it ain't likely. I've got to get home, I have."

And he started off to do it. It seemed to the Bishop that it would be no use asking him to stay. Even if he consented, very



"DRIVE? NO, THAT I CAN'T. I CAN'T DRIVE NOTHING BUT A PLOUGH."

little would be gained. His conversational powers did not seem great; he did not seem to be disposed to impart information even if he had it; he emphatically did not seem to be the kind of person who would be likely to be of practical service to a bishop in a delicate position. So the Bishop let him go; and he continued to be his own company for five-and-twenty minutes. He knew it was five-and-twenty minutes because every fifty seconds or so he referred to his watch. How slowly those five-and-twenty minutes went! He began by sitting still in the car; then he stood up to look around him, climbing on to the seat to increase his horizon; then he descended on to the road, walking a hundred yards or so in this direction and in that, if only to stretch his legs, which were stiff and cramped; then he peered at the mechanism of the car. If he had only been even moderately sure which were the proper handles to touch! If ever there was a case in which ignorance was not bliss, this was one. It did seem ridiculous that he should have such a magnificent means of locomotion at his command and yet be rooted to the ground. So conscious did he become of this that at length he brought himself to the sticking-point of attempting to turn the handle which started the engine. The result was a lamentable failure; he had had no idea that it was so hard to turn. He gave it what he meant to be a good pull; the only consequence being that, though nothing happened to the engine, every muscle in his body was jarred. He had positively to sit down in the centre of the road to get over the shock to his system. If only one of the

numerous photographers who were wont to request him for the honour of a sitting had come along just then!

That jar finished him. When he ascended from the road he got into the car; not on to the front, but on to the back seat. There were several rugs in the bottom of the car, among them a huge one of pony skins. Settling himself as comfortably as possible, with his legs up on the seat, he wrapped this about him. To judge from appearances, if no one came along in the shape of a rescue party, his intention was to stay there for the rest of the night. Already the sun was sinking, through banks of thin clouds, into the west. It was nearly dinner-time. He had had only a scanty lunch; practically no tea. The meeting of the G.F.S. had been fixed at an hour which would ensure its being over in time for a rather postponed dinner. He had reason to believe that Rutter had arranged to have a banquet in his honour; if the banquet took place at the appointed time he certainly would not be there. He closed his eyes, as if to shut out the picture which his imagination conjured up.

Presently he looked again at his watch. About five minutes had passed since he got into the car. How the time did drag! If nothing else happened he would have to go somewhere in search of food. One of the chief ends and aims of his wife's existence was to see that he had proper and regular meals; what must she be feeling if she even guessed that he was actually faint with hunger! He would stay where he was, say, another quarter of an hour; then, somehow, somewhere, food must be sought.

The fifteen minutes went by—how slowly. He continued still another five. The moment had arrived at which something must be done. Although he had to be most careful of his digestion, with which so many kinds of food disagreed, just then he would have eaten anything that could be eaten, indifferent to what might follow. Allowing the pony-skin rug to slip back upon the floor, he began to get off the seat. No matter what happened to the car he would have to leave it; since no one ever seemed to come along that lane, the presumption was that it ran no risk of being stolen. He would have to start in one direction or the other in search of sustenance; if he delayed, exhausted nature might render him incapable of movement.

As he was stooping to open the door a sound fell on his ear. It came from behind him; a cloud of dust was floating towards him through the air; some sort of motor was approaching; not a large one, because the cloud was so small. He recognized the sound—it was a motor-bicycle. His spirits rose, his pulse quickened; after that weary period of lonely waiting something was about to happen, help might be at hand. The bicycle came into sight—it was travelling at an illegal speed. The Bishop, getting on to the seat, waved his handkerchief, after the fashion of the shipwrecked mariner who, stories tell us, when a ship hoves in sight, waves a flag from the highest point of the desert island on which he has been stranded. It was plain that the bicyclist perceived the signal, as, unless he was purblind, he could hardly help doing. He slowed and, as he drew alongside, stopped.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Can you drive a motor-car?"

"Rather!"

"Then——" The Bishop hesitated. He scanned the bicyclist with dubious eyes. After what had occurred he was suspicious of everyone; but this was a case of any port in a storm — the motor-bicyclist represented the only port in sight. "Could you drive this one?"

"Like a bird! Where to?"

The celerity with which the fellow seemed to accede to his suggestion moved the Bishop to further hesitation.

"What will you do with your machine?"

"Put it on the other side of this hedge and send for it to-morrow. It will be all right there; no one will sneak it, I bet a pound."

There was a quality about the man's speech which the Bishop did not like; he showed such curious willingness to desert and risk the safety of his own machine for the sake of assisting an utter stranger. The Bishop felt sure that, looking as he did then, no one could have known him at sight to be the personage he was; why, then, did this stranger show such eagerness to render him this really considerable service? He was already wheeling his machine to the gate through which that ancient man had come. Presently he returned without it.

"You are quite sure you can drive?" demanded the Bishop.

"I was born on a motor-car, or as good as."

This was obviously untrue. The man's age, if nothing else, made that impossible; he must have been born a good many years before motor-cars were invented. But he certainly manipulated the sparking-handle as one to whom such a thing was familiar; the engine was started, he climbed on to the driver's seat, and the car was off.

"Where are you taking me?" said the Bishop.

"You didn't say where you wanted to go to," said the man at the wheel.

"You never gave me a chance. You ought not to have started as you did without giving me the opportunity of coming to an understanding."

"That's all right. I'll take you somewhere."

"It's not all right!"

The Bishop felt it was very far from being all right. The pace quickened; he had to sit down. It was a long-bodied car; from the back seat, when the car was moving fast, it was not easy to get the voice to travel to the driver in front.

"I insist upon knowing where you are taking me!" he shouted. The man drove on; perhaps he did not hear. The Bishop raised his voice still higher. "Do you hear what I say, sir? I insist upon knowing——"

He had to leave his sentence unfinished. He was sitting well forward, right on the edge of the seat, so as to give himself the best possible chance of being heard. Suddenly the car was taken round a corner, so unexpectedly that the Bishop, whose adherence to the seat was precarious, was swung off it on to the floor. The driver, in apparent ignorance of what had happened—it could scarcely be said to be his business to look behind—went gaily on. It seemed incredible to the Bishop that such a thing could have occurred to him and be entirely ignored; but he had got into the regions of the incredible that evening, in which only the unexpected seemed to happen. With some difficulty, the jolting being more obvious at the back of the car than in the front, he regained his seat. He was breathless, bumped, and shaken; for the time he was quite content to keep still and let things slide. After all, he could hardly have got out of the frying-pan into the fire. This fellow must be taking him somewhere, and anywhere was better than nowhere at all.

When they had covered another ten or fifteen miles—at the best of times the Bishop was not much of a judge of distance; he was not at all just then—the car began to slow. All at once, without the slightest warning, it turned another corner—not into another road, but through a pair of great, wide-open iron gates into what seemed a gentleman's park. They were proceeding along what seemed to be an avenue bordered on either side by magnificent forest trees.

"Where are you taking me?" demanded the Bishop, who had regained his breath and was able to make himself more audible now that the pace had become more moderate.

The driver said nothing, but went steadily on. Presently, sweeping round a bend, on the other side of a wide stretch of Italian garden a great house appeared in view.

"I insist," cried the irate and anxious passenger, "on your telling me, if you know, what place this is you are taking me to."

Nothing came of his insistence; the driver remained still. The car, continuing past what seemed to be endless pergolas, radiant with great masses of climbing and clustering flowers, drew up at the foot of a glorious flight of steps.

"What," demanded the Bishop, holding on to the back of the driver's seat and speaking almost into his ear, "do you mean by this, sir? What is the name of this place? How dare you bring me here?"

Not a word from the driver. Two footmen in resplendent livery came hurrying down the steps. One held the door of the motor-car open, the other stood respectfully by.

"I'm not going to get out," the Bishop endeavoured to explain. "I did not intend to come here; I've been brought here against my will. I don't even know what this place is."

"The Bishop of Midhurst?" said one of the footmen, in tones of bland inquiry.

"I am the Bishop of Midhurst."

"Your lordship is expected."

"Expected? By whom? What is this place?"

"If your lordship will alight." Before he quite realized it the Bishop was alighting, with the aid of the footman's outstretched arm. When he reached terra firma he attempted to remonstrate.

"I cannot but think that there is some mistake; indeed, I feel sure of it. Please tell me what place this is?"

"This is St. Leonard's Castle, the seat of the Duke of Ashburnham. His Grace expects your lordship."

"His Grace expects me?" He looked at the footman as if he suspected him of still another practical joke. "But I don't know the Duke of Ashburnham."

"If your lordship will come into the house."

With what were almost faltering feet the Bishop ascended the steps, a footman in front, another behind. A great door was thrown wide open at the top. A personage, whom he took to be the major-domo, ushered him into the house by way of one of the finest halls he had ever seen in all the great

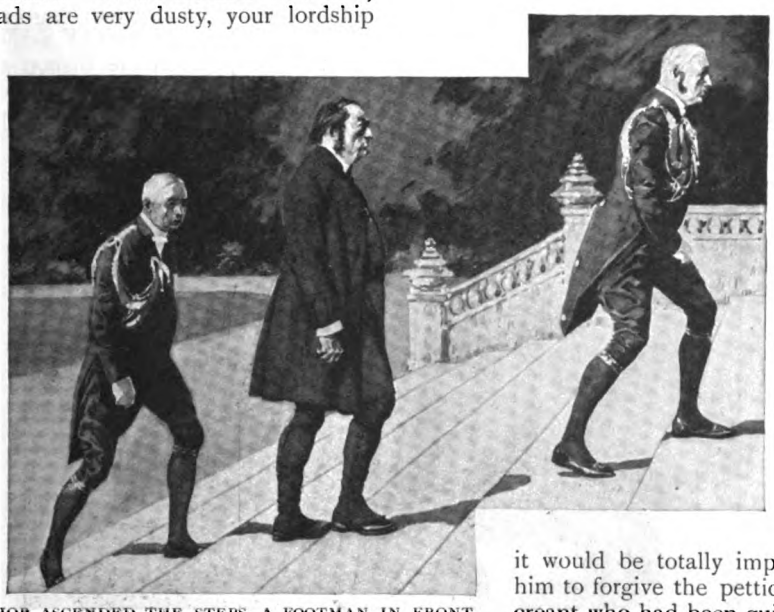
houses he had entered. He presently found himself in a delightful bedroom.

"Your lordship would like a bath? Dinner is in half an hour."

His guide was holding open the door of a most inviting bathroom. The Bishop looked at him fixedly. This did not look like a practical joker.

"Do I understand you to tell me seriously that I'm expected in this house?"

"I was instructed that your lordship was coming by motor-car and would join the family at dinner. I was informed also that, as the roads are very dusty, your lordship would probably like a bath on your arrival. Your lordship's clothes shall be ready for you by the time you have bathed. Holmes, here, will attend to your lordship's clothing."



"THE BISHOP ASCENDED THE STEPS, A FOOTMAN IN FRONT, ANOTHER BEHIND."

The speaker made a gesture with his hand towards a person whose functions were probably those of a *valet de chambre*. In a very few minutes his lordship was enjoying one of the pleasantest baths he had ever had.

"This may be," he told himself, as he revelled in the refreshing water, "a waking dream, or it may even be a page out of the Arabian Nights, but—a good deal seems to have happened since I saw that motor-car in the Vicarage lane."

He found his clothes all ready when his bath was done; and shortly he was being shown into a large room in which were several persons. A lady advanced to meet him, young, fair-haired, blue-eyed, exquisitely dressed. She greeted him with outstretched hand and delicious smile.

"I do hope you enjoyed your spin!"

Then he knew her for that young woman who had haled him off in that wild motor-car, though to look at her then one would never have supposed her to be capable of conduct so utterly outrageous. The Bishop, though he prided himself upon his ready wit and presence of mind, was taken wholly aback. A very few moments ago he would have asserted that, Christian though he was, it would be totally impossible for him to forgive the petticoated miscreant who had been guilty of such astounding misconduct — misconduct, indeed, which almost approached to sacrilege. But in the presence of this fair maiden those few minutes seemed to have become years; to be almost forgotten. He hardly knew what attitude to assume — what words to use. For almost the first time in his life he stammered.

"I—I'm afraid you—you took serious advantage of my innocence. I—I scarcely know what to say."

A grey-haired man was standing by his side, addressing him:—

"Say nothing to her now, but rub it well into her after dinner. I shall take it as a particular favour if, when you have dined, you will teach her a lesson which she will never forget; she is sadly in need of one." The Bishop was aware that the speaker was his host. "By the way," continued his Grace, "I have taken the liberty to ask some other guests to meet you."

To his amazement—his faculty of surprise was not yet exhausted—his lordship saw his wife advancing towards him across the room. With her were the Rutters, the vicar and his wife, from whom he had been so unexpectedly borne away. Sir John Basingstoke was close at their heels; he put the matter on a footing of its own.

"So you and Adela stole my car?"

He had by the hand the young woman who had been the cause of all the mischief; she said to him with an air which was extremely demure:—

"Will you please introduce me to the Bishop of Midhurst?"

"This," said Sir John, "is Lady Adela Childerick, our host's youngest daughter. As she's engaged to me, and we are shortly to be married, I suppose she considers herself entitled to play tricks with my private property. I knew what had happened directly I saw you flying past with her in the car."

"I do hope," said that young woman, with an expression on her face which made her look a perfect angel, "that you will marry us. I know I sha'n't feel really and properly married unless you do. Will you please take me in to dinner?"

He took her in. When they were seated at table, and the *hors d'œuvres* had been handed round, she said to him with a smile which, while it became her, might have meant anything: "What is the G.F.S.?"

What explanation the Bishop gave is not recorded. The Lady Adela proved to be that most excellent society's local president.

"'I DO HOPE,' SAID THAT YOUNG WOMAN, 'THAT YOU WILL MARRY US.'"

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A Compendium of Short Articles.

"MOTHERED" BY A MONKEY.

By John Watson.

A FEW months ago my son brought home from Zanzibar a small monkey with a very pleasant face and the bonniest brown eyes imaginable. Of course, Jennie, as she is called, is sharp as a needle, and, being full of funny ways and mischievous to a fault, provides us with no end of amusement. My object in writing this short article is to give some account of what seems to me an unusually interesting instance of animal friendship.

At the time Jennie arrived we had a little Irish terrier pup, about ten days old, being suckled by its mother, and from the moment she first saw it Jennie took complete possession of the pup. She guarded it with the greatest care, showed herself ready to fight in its defence, and nursed, petted, and actually kissed it. When moving it about, she would do so, not as a dog or cat would carry their young, but with her arms clasped round it, in the affectionate way a mother would carry her baby.

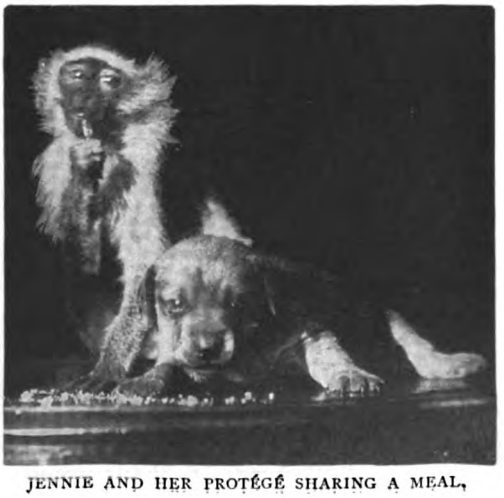
JENNIE AND THE PUP WHICH SHE HAS MOTHERED.

To such an extent was this strange "mothering" carried that the pup's own parent seemed puzzled as to whom the child really belonged; for, immediately after suckling it, she had to relinquish it to Jennie, who was quite restless and unhappy if kept away long.

THE TWO ARE INSEPARABLE, AND ARE NEVER HAPPY UNLESS TOGETHER.

And though the monkey had the free run of the garden for hours at a time, she never went far away, but at the least sign of danger to the child of her adoption—either human approach, or that of its own mother, or the house-cat—she would instantly leave her gambols on the trees and fiercely resent any interference.

Now that the pup is growing bigger every day we are naturally wondering how he will like being rolled over and pulled about by his foster-mother—and a monkey at that; but we are hoping they will long continue to be the greatest of chums.



JENNIE AND HER PROTÉGÉ SHARING A MEAL.

SKATING THROUGH LONDON.

Photographs by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

IN the following photographs, which have been especially taken for this article, a man is seen roller-skating through the streets of London. The genesis of these photographs is as follows. To every intelligent roller-skater there has come, at one time or other, the idea of road-skates. "If we skate on ice or on rinks, why not on roads? If we ride that larger wheel, the bicycle, why should we not try some sort of wheeled skate that would likewise suit the open road?" The desire to take the roller out into the open air is certainly very strong, as witness the out-of-door rinks lately erected and the prevalence of street roller-skating in England and also in certain parts of the Continent, particularly Germany.

DODGING IN AND OUT AMONG THE OMNIBUSES.

The first pair of road-skates were made some forty years ago. They were, of course, much larger than ordinary rollers, in order to negotiate with fair safety the rougher road. The skate was two-wheeled, the wheels being at the side. Road-skates did not "catch on," it being found that too much energy was expended in the skating. Many plans were tried to popularize them, in one case a porter going the rounds on wheels. Since that time every decade or so sees a new road-skate patented. They are usually invented north of the Tweed and in America, and they have been seen on the roads in and about Lincolnshire, where the Fenlands offer specially flat roads for their trial.

A Southwark manufacturer showed the writer a pair of road-skates that are or have been in use in America. They are longer than the foot, and, unlike the first invented skate, have the wheels back and front instead of at each side. He states that he found them go very well, but the difficulty was to stop. His little boy, who is a roller-skater, puts them on occasionally, however, and finds that he can manage them very well. At the end of this year, the writer is informed, a new road-skate is to be put on the market, and already enthusiasts are picturing themselves skating up and down the roads of England from John o' Groat's house to the Land's End.

Meanwhile, certain of the roller-skates are very suitable for city roads, and are used out

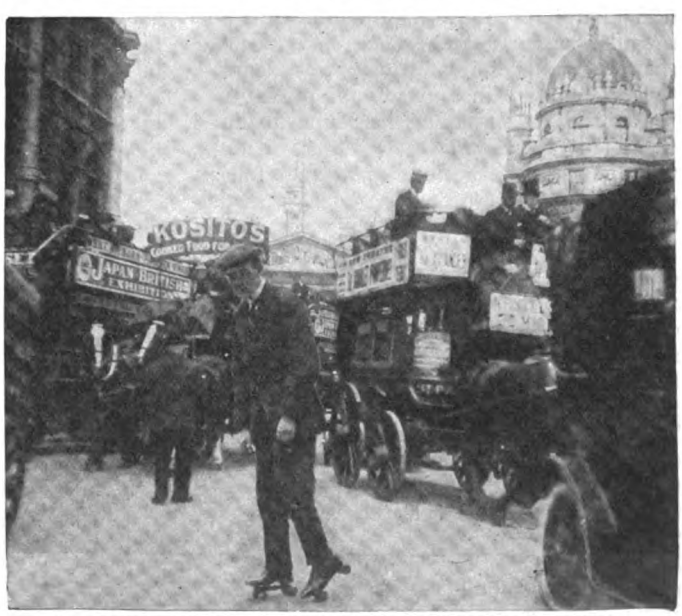
GOING UP SAVOY STREET, THE STEEPEST ROAD IN LONDON.

PASSING THE BANK OF ENGLAND, ONE OF THE BUSIEST CENTRES OF TRAFFIC.

of doors much more than people imagine. One skater informs us that he often roller-skates from the City to his suburban home when it is late enough for him to do so without meeting many persons. Given a good macadam road, the pastime is easy and pleasant, but he who ventures on a Metropolitan tour must be prepared for all sorts of roads, such as the cobble-stones at one side of Piccadilly Circus, for instance. Necessarily he cannot venture on the rough ground, over which the larger wheel of the cycle can fly with ease.

Nevertheless, in some respects even the ordinary roller-skate can do good work. It can mount quite steep hills, such as that stiff ascent near Finchley Road, for instance. In one photograph the skater is shown negotiating Savoy Street, which is the steepest road in London (excluding suburbs). Later, he speeds along among the traffic from Hyde Park Corner to Piccadilly Circus and then onwards, *viâ* Queen Victoria Street to the Mansion House. Unhindered by traffic the skater calculates to cover pavement at the rate of one mile in four minutes, and five miles in thirty-five minutes. From Hyde Park Corner to Dover Street (about half a mile) occupied four minutes. In the open road a bicyclist would soon leave him behind, but in the street the advantage in some respects is with the skater. He can stop without dismounting, and need not depend on passing vehicles as a means of temporary support.

It is difficult to prophesy whether or no road-skating will ever become a recognized pastime. It seems impossible to invent a skate that will give the requisite speed without over-exertion, unless some motor force is added as in the case of the motor-bicycle. Given a good skate, the novelty of the pastime may atone for the lesser speed, and next summer may see excursionists doing their thirty or forty miles a day on flying feet, as now they do them on the easier but less picturesque wheel of the bicycle.



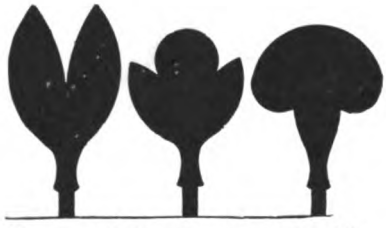
IN THE THICK OF THE TRAFFIC BY THE MANSION HOUSE.

"WATER-SHADOWS."

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCOTT.

SO far as I can gather, the present subject has escaped attention, scientific or otherwise. An actual mystery surrounds the phenomena of "water-shadows"—things which everybody has seen a thousand times, perhaps without realizing that there is anything remarkable about them or requiring explanation. As to explanation, indeed, it is not the purpose of the following paper to go into erudite details as to the laws of optics which cause the effects in question, but to present some actual illustrations of these "water-shadows," and to direct the reader's attention to a new and very interesting subject of study.

Land-shadows (*i.e.*, shadows cast by rays passing through air) correspond in some degree with the form of the objects which project them. In certain circumstances they may be elongated or contracted, and present some amount of difficulty to reconcile with their sources. Speaking generally, however, there is some connection between the outlines of an object and its shadow. I leave out of consideration all reference to shadows thrown upon irregular surfaces, and so cast into peculiar shapes, and confine myself to examples thrown upon plain and smooth planes.



NO. 1.—SUCCESSIVE SHADOWS OF SPOON-BOWL IN WATER.

Let the reader ask a friend unacquainted with the peculiar facts whether shadows thrown upon the bottom of vessels full of clear water conform to the objects casting them, or how far they are unrecognizable. Most people will express the opinion that the shadows more or less represent their originals. We shall shortly see that such an idea would be totally wrong.

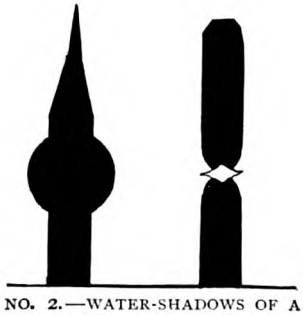
Now for experiments. The reader need only procure a washhand-basin or pan with a broad, flat, white bottom, filled with clean water, and *standing in the direct sunlight.* This last requisite is absolutely necessary; the sun must shine without obstruction through the water, which should be kept quite steady.

Suppose we commence with a teaspoon. We gently hold this suspended upright, with its concave portion towards us, and slowly lower it to the surface of the water, not allowing it to touch the liquid. Its shadow will be boldly and sharply defined upon the bottom of the pan. Now bring the spoon-bowl into contact with the water, when immediately the oval part of the shadow will split into two sections, and the shape will resemble, if the object be held quite still, a peculiar tulip-like flower. By rapidly moving the spoon up and down the "valves" can be made to reclose and separate like the jaws of a snake. Indeed, all manner of grotesque alterations are possible.

When the spoon is pushed farther down the "valves" gape very widely, and a "ball" emerges from them. This becomes larger and larger, until the whole shadow changes to a mushroom-like figure. A puzzling feature of the matter is that if the spoon be held with its hollow side *away* from the operator, none of these phenomena occur. All these forms are shown in No. 1.

A penny, or other coin, placed edgeways in the water will behave in a very similar manner, producing shadows of the strangest and quaintest forms imaginable.

I lower my hexagonal black-lead pencil, point downwards, into the pan and find that a black disc is added to its shadow. On plunging the pencil deeper the shadow becomes split into distinct round-ended sections, which seem to be united by a faint, diamond-shaped segment (No. 2). The latter design is very characteristic of these experiments, because it can be produced in many ways. If the pencil-tip is allowed just to touch the surface of the water

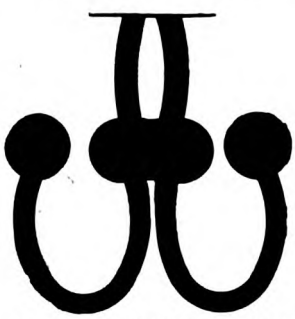


NO. 2.—WATER-SHADOWS OF A BLACK-LEAD PENCIL.

NO. 3.—THE SHADOWS OF CONCENTRIC WATER RIPPLES CHASE ONE ANOTHER, AND THERE APPEARS A CENTRAL BRIGHT FIGURE.

there will appear an isolated, bright, sparkling "diamond."

We can produce the same effect in a still more striking manner by causing ring-currents of water to travel outwards from the centre of the pan, as they do when a stone is thrown into a pond. Carefully tap the middle of the water time after time with a finger-tip, a smooth piece of wood, or some other suitable object, so that a continuous flow of ripples is set up. If properly accomplished there will be seen temporary black concentric rings surrounding, in their exact centre, a brilliant diamond point of light (No. 3). It requires a quick eye to note these effects, as they



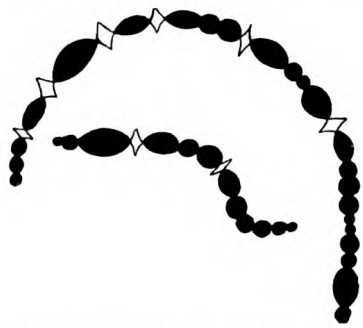
NO. 4.—WATER-SHADOW OF SCISSORS.

so rapidly repeat themselves, but anyone can produce them with the utmost certainty.

The handles of a pair of scissors will, if dealt with in a similar way, resemble a double-arched object with balls attached thereto, portions of the substance having, *apparently*, completely vanished (No. 4). If the scissors are carefully lifted, so that a thin film of water exists in the handles, fantastic gyrating shadows of miniature currents will be cast among the more substantial ones.

By dropping a hair, a piece of thread, or some other fibre on to the surface of the water extremely remarkable results are obtained. Odd-looking necklaces, in which black beads alternate with light diamonds, occur, and alter as the liquid soaks into and relaxes the substance of the thread (No. 5).

A postage-stamp may be made to play all sorts of pranks if cast upon the water. A conglomerated figure will appear, and undergo all manner of changes as it slowly becomes saturated, when it assumes its



NO. 5.—WATER-SHADOWS OF A COUPLE OF HAIRS.

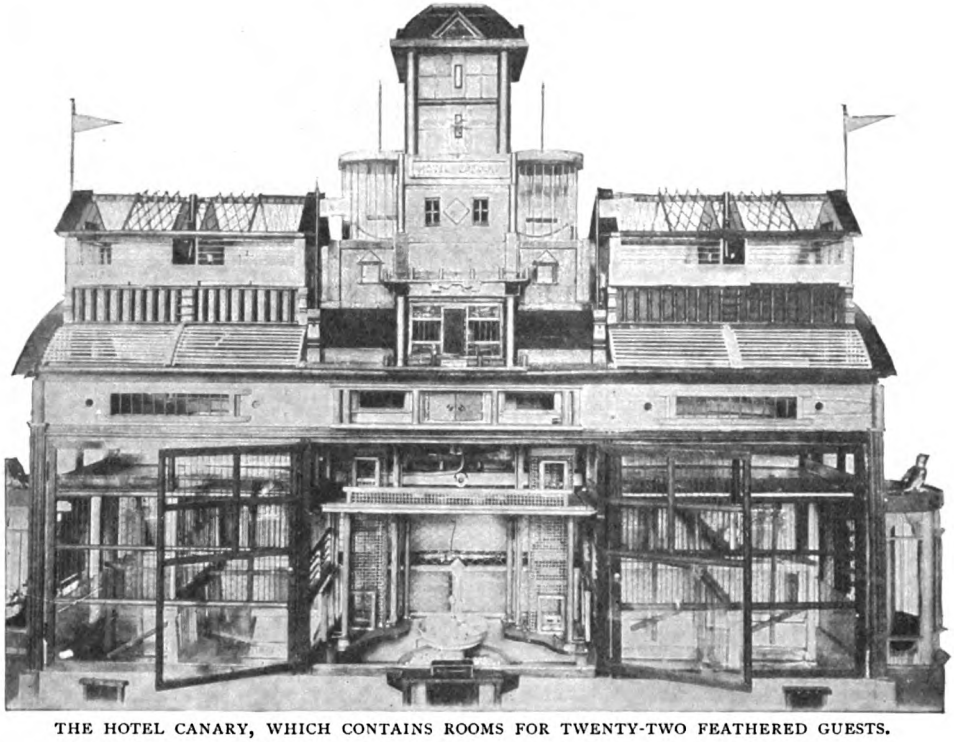
rightful aspect (No. 6). The matter can be easily tested, and is worth a trial.

As a rule a white line surrounds all the shadows described.

These facts prove plainly that things are not always what they seem. If we could imagine ourselves as inhabitants of clear water, we should obtain quite an erroneous idea of the real shapes of objects during sunshine, if we judged them solely by their shadows.

NO. 6.—WATER-SHADOWS OF A POSTAGE-STAMP. ALL THREE WERE OBTAINED WITHIN FIVE MINUTES FROM THE SAME STAMP.

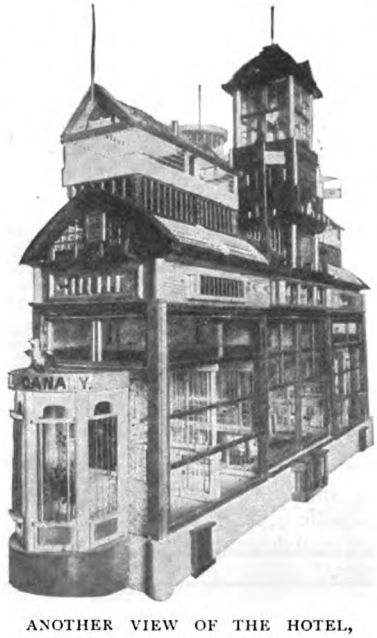
A BIRDS' HOTEL.



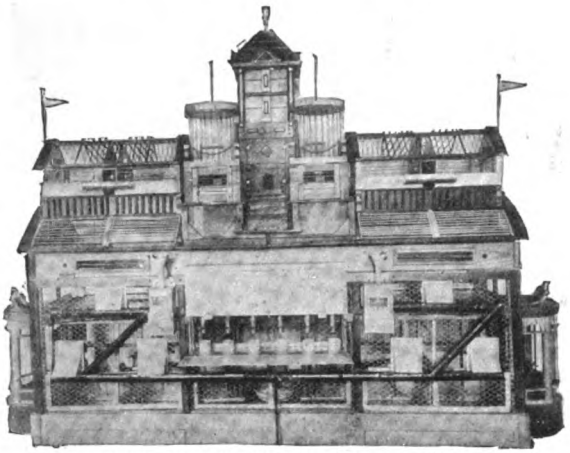
THE HOTEL CANARY, WHICH CONTAINS ROOMS FOR TWENTY-TWO FEATHERED GUESTS.

ALTHOUGH there is, perhaps, a tendency nowadays to house our pets in more comfortable quarters than was once thought necessary, the limit of luxury in bird-cages has surely been reached in the unique structure known as the "Hotel Canary." It has been built in his spare time by Mr. Arthur E. Dunning, of the clerical staff of the American Embassy in Berlin, and, though commenced as long ago as 1906, has only just been completed, which fact in itself says much for the elaborate character of this palace for birds.

In size the Hotel Canary is seventy-five inches long by fifteen inches wide, and it has a height, including the tower, of fifty-one inches. It contains rooms for twenty-two feathered guests, and boasts in addition a window garden with a fountain and two flower-rooms—one at each end, as will be seen in the photograph. The rooms are fitted with all modern improvements, such as electric light, running water, and so forth; while they are also provided with automatic feeding-dishes. In the winter-garden will be found two lifts, running to the second floor, and four sliding doors giving access to the surrounding rooms. Batteries for the electric light are contained in the machine-room, as also are the apparatus for working the lifts, a reservoir for water with a capacity of one



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HOTEL, SHOWING ITS GRACEFUL DESIGN.



BACK VIEW OF THE HOTEL CANARY.

gallon, and a switch-board for the lights on the third floor. The tower-room, which is not occupied by guests, is fitted with an electric chandelier and bell, and is reached by means of a spiral staircase from the third storey. It also contains the means of controlling the water in the reservoir.

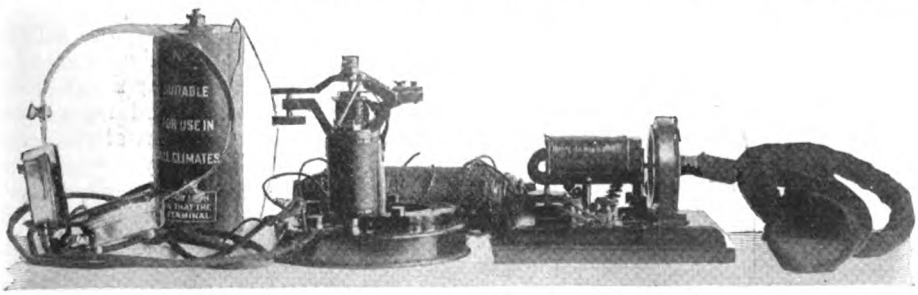
In the photograph showing the back of the structure may be seen the food-supply box from which different mixtures of seeds are distributed to the fortunate inmates of this birds' hotel, while immediately to the right and left are the places into which the seed is poured for the rooms. It may be added that some of the rooms are provided with balconies and that the flags bear the initials "H. C." The whole building is certainly a marvel of ingenuity and constructive skill, and it seems a pity that we are unable to learn what the birds themselves think of it.

HEART-BEATS BY TELEPHONE.

By Arthur J. Ireland.

A PARAGRAPH which created considerable astonishment recently appeared in the London papers stating that the heart of a patient in the Isle of Wight had been examined by means of the telephone by some doctors stationed in London, and that a minute examination was made over one hundred miles of telephone wire. This astonishing feat was made possible by means of Mr. Sidney G. Brown's invention of the telephone relay and the electrical stethoscope. We have pleasure in giving here a description of this wonderful invention and its powers, together with photographs especially taken for this article.

First, it may be briefly explained that a telegraph or telephone relay plays the part of a refresher of the tired electric current on a long journey. The current carrying the messages arrives at the relay tired and feeble; but after it has passed through the wonderful little instrument it is strengthened to



THE TELEPHONE RELAY AND THE ELECTRICAL STETHOSCOPE, BY MEANS OF WHICH DOCTORS CAN EXAMINE THE HEART OF A PATIENT WHO IS MANY MILES AWAY.

MR. AND MRS. BROWN USING THE ELECTRICAL STETHOSCOPE.

continue its journey. In this way, by means of a series of relays, all distances can be bridged.

Though the telephone relay is independent of the stethoscope, the electrical stethoscope is absolutely dependent for its utility—indeed, for its very existence—upon the relay. Extensive experiments upon heart cases were recently made with the electrical stethoscope at the London Hospital in the presence of Mr. Brown, and the results obtained were most convincing. Sounds never before heard were clearly audible, not only to the examining physician, who was wearing the receiving head-piece, but also to the patients themselves and to the others who were in the room, though far away from the instrument.

I will now state, in a few words, what I heard with my own ears through the electrical stethoscope, when Mr. Brown, with the assistance of his wife, was good enough to give a demonstration for my benefit.

Very quietly Mr. Brown began the demonstration. I placed the ear-piece receiver on my head and heard the ticking of a watch so magnified that it sounded like the deep beats of a big clock; and yet the pitch of the watch-tick was perfectly maintained—the sound was simply magnified. I heard Mr. and Mrs. Brown's hearts beating. Then I listened to the beating of my own heart, which seemed to be thumping against the bars of its cage, as though it would break through them, while the sound of the sharp closing of the valves was clearly audible. And there was another sound, like the noise of water driven under high pressure through a pipe, which amazed me. Even medical men are not quite sure what that sound is; it has never before been heard. But they assume that it is caused by the rush of the blood being pumped through the body from the heart.

Probably the most extraordinary, and the severest, test to which the electrical stethoscope has so far been submitted was the trial which was made between London and Shide, in the Isle of Wight. At nine o'clock Professor Milne, the famous earthquake expert, who lives at Shide, waited to hear heart-beats that were to be transmitted from London by means of the electrical stethoscope and telephone relay working in combination. With the professor were four well-known Isle of Wight medical men, who came to listen—well, to hear what was to be heard, for they regarded the thing as an impossibility; but punctually at the appointed time the telephone-bell rang and the test began.

The four doctors were instantly converted; for the heart-beats were clearly audible, and the condition of the organ could be examined, although they had been transmitted over one hundred miles of telephone wire. It is no exaggeration to say that the listeners were bewildered and almost appalled—for the examination was conducted most satisfactorily, the slightest variations of the action of the heart being more clearly recorded than is frequently the case when doctor and patient are face to face, and when the instrument employed for the purpose of examination is an ordinary stethoscope.

Clarice Fair, Stowaway.

By JAMES BARR.

Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.

DURING the night the *Grey Bat* had run the blockade out of Wilmington, North Carolina, and was now clear of pursuit and well on her way to Nassau. When morning broke I, Captain Pilbeam, blockade-runner, discovered myself feeling strangely satisfied with myself for having so cleverly escaped detection in the run-out, so satisfied, indeed, that I decided to give myself a treat. This treat was nothing less than breakfast in the cabin, instead of on the bridge, as was my custom. Resigning the command to M'Graw, my first mate, I descended to the cotton-laden deck, but before stepping down into the cabin I paused a moment to gaze out upon the wonderful ocean which had helped me to build up a bank account in London such as I had never dreamt of possessing. The outbreak of that blood-feud of brothers—the Civil War in America—fattened many a banking account in distant lands, and my own balance was not the leanest, I assure you.

"Captain Pilbeam, a lady to speak with you."

Second Mate Kirby's words gave me as sore a start as if a Federal bomb had exploded upon my deck. A lady! A lady aboard the *Grey Bat!* A lady! I whisked about, and found indeed a lady.

She had both her hands raised to her rebellious hair, and the uplifting of her arms allowed the contour of her to strike upon my sailor eye with startling effect. Indeed, I saw at a glance that she was most handsomely built on telling, generous lines. Her face was slightly flushed, and the gingham gown she wore was sadly crumpled; and no wonder either, for all the night, and how much longer I could not guess, she must have lain stowed below among the cotton. As I took off my hat to her with a sweep she abandoned her deep brown hair, and taking her skirt between thumb and finger she dropped me a genuflexion with all the grace of a maid of honour. "Real Southern stock," I said to myself, as she slowly sank and as slowly arose.

"The morning has called you early, mademoiselle," I said in my best manner. "I hope the sea has given you an appetite, for the steward is laying a place for you at my table."

I had noticed the steward's head thrust through the companion-hatch, and on my words striking upon his ear the head snapped back like a turtle's.

"Captain Pilbeam, I do not deserve this kind reception," she faltered, her eyes grave and her voice tremulous.

"Mademoiselle, you deserve the best Captain Pilbeam has to give, and you shall have the best." Then, before she could utter a word, I added, "Perhaps a looking-glass would be of service to you. Fresh winds tousle hair, more especially glorious hair such as crowns you."

She laughed in very relief at this unexpectedly pleasant reception.

"Indeed, I should be thankful for one peep into a glass," she said.

"Allow me, mademoiselle."

I took her finger-tips and led her below.

I fear that by this time I was getting something of a reputation for succouring distressed and handsome girls, and—yes, I fear I rather prided myself on that reputation. But this came as a new experience. A lady stowaway! Whoever heard of such a thing? How in the world had she managed to get aboard, and, more wonderful still, how had she survived the smoking the boat had been subjected to before we sailed from Wilmington? At this stage of the Civil War blockade-runners were pestered by applicants for passage out of Dixie Land, and by stowaways, neither class being paying commodities to carry. To the pleadings of the first we turned a stone-deaf ear; the second class we relentlessly smoked out by burning chemicals in the hold. Well, here was a girl who had eluded the search and withstood the fumes. After turning the matter over I felt sure that one of the crew had much to do with her success—Hagan, most likely. Hagan, my chief fireman, was an Irishman through and through, and I could not find it in my heart to blame him if he had lent a hand. And she? Well, she was entitled to her breakfast.

What a mighty difference a sluice of cold

water and a brisk brushing make to even a handsome girl! After an absence of but a few minutes my stowaway came forth with cheeks aglow, hair in subjugation, and gown unruffled. First she glanced brightly about the cabin, then exclaimed:—

"How delightfully roomy and airy! One might imagine oneself aboard a mail steamer instead of a blockade-runner." Then with a roguish glance she added: "Your quarters make me rather ashamed of mine, Captain Pilbeam."

"Your own fault, mademoiselle," I spoke up. "My cabin runs empty at sea, for I seldom quit the bridge—never at night. For the rest of the trip you shall have all the comforts. Now I hope you are ready for a good breakfast."

"I am gloriously hungry," she admitted, taking the chair I offered her.

There was bound to be a little stiffness in our conversation until such time as the girl was given an opportunity to explain her presence aboard the *Grey Bat*. As the breakfast proceeded I noticed that her diffidence increased rather than diminished, therefore I seized the earliest seemly occasion to say:—

"You might tell me by what lucky chance I enjoy your company this morning?"

At my words she laid down her knife and fork and buried her face in her hands—I feared weeping, yet when she uncovered her face I saw no sign of tears. I guessed, however, that her face had been drawn in anguish. She plunged into her story—a story not out of the ordinary.

"Captain Pilbeam, I found myself in Wilmington without money and obliged to get to Nassau. I chose your boat before all others. You wish I had made other choice?"

"Not a bit of it," I exclaimed, enthusiastically. "I should have been annoyed with you had you chosen any other boat than the *Grey Bat*. I consider your choice of the *Grey Bat* as a great honour."

"Thank you, Captain Pilbeam," she said from her heart, her eyes swimming in tears. "My name is Clarice Fair; my home, if it still stands, is in Virginia. My father died with Johnston at Shiloh; one brother was killed by Kearney's cavalry at Chantilly, and another brother, badly wounded, is in a Northern prison—if he still lives. That leaves to mother her youngest son, Alan, and me, her only daughter. When news reached mother of the capture of the last fighting member of our family she desired Alan back at once. I made up my mind to send him home and myself to earn what I can. I am on my way to a country where services win gold, not useless paper; to England, your country, Captain Pilbeam. If need be I shall don cap and apron and serve."

"I can understand how your mother longs for her last son to be by her side," I said, sympathetically.

"By her side? He will not be allowed to remain by her side for a single hour. Lee calls for men—he shall have our last."

"Your brother, where is he?"

"Alan sailed for Nassau in the blockade-runner *Nellie Bligh*. Do you know her?"

"A small sloop. I saw her put out four days ago," I replied.

"Mother scraped together what money she could, and Alan bought a quarter interest in the *Nellie Bligh*. Do you think we shall beat him into Nassau, Captain Pilbeam?"

"Undoubtedly," I answered. "We should make Nassau some days ahead of the *Nellie Bligh*."

I did not tell the brave girl that the chances were against the little sloop ever fetching Nassau, for many vigilant cruisers intervened. She was a poor little thing, this *Nellie Bligh*, little more than a yacht; and a quarter share of her represented but a lean purse. However, I kept my lips shut. Presently we fell to chatting again, and as the time passed I did not fail to observe that Clarice Fair drew her hand across her forehead every now and again as if she hoped to smooth away pain.

"Your head aches after an uncomfortable night?" I said.

"It does not ache, but I cannot cease to hear the tick-tick, tick-tick of the clock, as it sounded in my ear all through the dark, long night."

"The clock?" I barked.

"Yes, the clock, somewhere beneath where I lay——"

Before she could utter another word I seized her by the wrist and, almost dragging her off her feet, sprang for the deck. Before my head reached the open air I was bawling for M'Graw.

"Call all hands. Heave the cotton off the fore hatch and unbatten for your life," I bawled.

Still retaining hold of the girl, I plunged below to the engine-room.

"Stop the engines!" I barked to Wylie, the engineer, and my tones so astonished him that he absent-mindedly wiped his forehead with a great handful of greasy cotton-waste.

"Show me where you crawled out," I demanded of the girl. As she pointed I flung myself flat upon the cotton and wriggled my way among the bales. Instinctively I found her hiding-place, and, clapping my ear to the cotton, listened. For a time I could hear nothing but M'Graw hustling bales. Presently, however, tick-tick, tick-tick struck upon my hearing. Shifting my ear until I came directly over the sound, I jabbed in my penknife to mark the bale, then quickly wriggled out.

"Every soul on deck!" I ordered, sending engineers and firemen scurrying before me. Bidding Wylie lower the boats, I ran forward to M'Graw, who already had the hatch off.

For once in his life M'Graw failed in his duty. When I ordered him out of the hold that I might take the place of danger, he answered, stubbornly, "I'll do naething o' the kind, Captain Pilbeam," and digging his fingers under a five-hundred-pound bale of cotton heaved like a Hercules. Twenty minutes later, the perspiration streaming down his freckled face, he sang out, "Stan' clear, every mither's son o' ye." This order I, in turn, disobeyed, but peering into the hold beheld him gingerly lift an infernal machine from a chink in the cargo. He took the box under his left "oxter," and with his right arm hoisted himself on deck. "Whish noo, whish noo. Dinna say a word, not a word. Whish noo-o-o," he sibilated, stroking the box gently with the tips of his fingers as though soothing a baby instead of addressing an engine meant to send

"BEFORE SHE COULD UTTER ANOTHER WORD I SEIZED HER BY THE WRIST."

us all to destruction. As he passed Wylie on his way aft he growled, "Get full steam on her away from this," then resumed his soothing "Whish noo."

Half a minute later the twin screws were thrashing the water into a smother of foam. M'Graw waited patiently until there was way on the *Grey Bat;* then, with a mighty push rather than a heave, he sent the infernal machine into the air. For a time we saw it swirling and tipping to the jigger of the screws; then it disappeared. But while our eyes were still focused upon the spot where the thing sank, with a mighty roar the water heaved into the sky, and as it descended in splashes weighing tons, a little cloud of yellow smoke trailed across the surface of the riven sea.

"Is that no' deevlish?" growled M'Graw; and for a moment his lower jaw hung down.

A few paces distant from me stood Clarice Fair. The crew gathered round her and gazed upon her as though she were a goddess. Stepping up to her I took off my hat.

"Miss Fair, you have saved the ship; you have saved every life aboard the ship. To thank you is not enough. Half the cotton aboard the *Grey Bat* is from this moment yours."

At this the men raised a mighty cheer, under cover of which I said to her, "No need for cap and apron now, my lass." While the men were still cheering and shaking her hand I slipped away to the bridge.

That evening M'Graw said to me, "Who would ha' thought the mighty North would descend so low as to place an infernal machine aboard a blockade-runner?"

"The North had no hand in it, that I know," I answered, sharply. "It was some dastardly rival's trick; the North had nothing to do with it. It is blockade-runners' risk, and we have had blockade-runners' luck in escaping danger. That is good enough for me, and I hope good enough for you, Mr. M'Graw."

What a fair face suddenly-won riches wears! How riches metamorphize dreams into actualities of delight! How riches dispel clouds and leave a sky of crimson and gold! Clarice Fair's delight was so whole-hearted that it brightened every soul aboard the *Grey Bat.* She went everywhere and saw everything, officers and crew competing in showing her civility. It was a great day aboard the *Grey Bat.*

The *Grey Bat* made a fast run of it, and at length we were drawing near to the Great Abaco. A light breeze tickled the face of the Atlantic; there was a smell of thunder in the air. It lacked an hour of sunset when the look-out reported a sail on the starboard bow, and as we raised her I made her out to be the *Zack Chandler*, a Federal cruiser, which this year displayed great activity in picking up sailing blockade-runners. On many occasions I had met and run away from her, she being a sailer and the *Grey Bat* a twin screw; and this evening I held my course, resolved to pass just out of reach of her guns. As we drew near I became aware that she was in chase of something, and, searching the waters with my glass, I made out the pursued. My heart sank within me when I beheld a tiny sloop—the *Nellie Bligh*, and, barring accident, a certain capture! The *Nellie Bligh* was such a little thing that I doubt whether she carried more than thirty bales of cotton. Just as well, perhaps, for I saw that whatever cotton she carried looked like going to enrich the North for a certainty. As I watched I beheld a puff of black smoke dusk the white sails of the cruiser. The sloop, however, held gallantly on, hoping against hope.

"Captain Pilbeam, something is happening out yonder."

I turned and found Clarice Fair by my side. The colour had gone from her cheeks; her eyes were great as they had been when she first presented herself to me.

"A blockade-runner in a tight corner," I admitted.

"Can you make her out?"

"A small sloop, cotton-laden."

"Sloop? You said the *Nellie Bligh* is a sloop, did you not?"

"Yes, Miss Fair."

She spoke without a tremor in her tones.

"Is she the *Nellie Bligh*, Captain Pilbeam?"

"Miss Fair, I am not sure, but you may as well know that I fear she is the *Nellie Bligh.*"

The girl stood in silence the while I scanned the scene through my glass. Then she said:—

"You, Captain Pilbeam, know whether anything can be done to save my brother. That I may influence you in no way I shall go below."

Well, there I was. I realized my obligations to the girl in full, and I also realized the terrible dangers of interfering. M'Graw stood glowering at me; I stood glowering at M'Graw, and the girl descended into the cabin. After a while M'Graw turned his back upon me, betaking himself to the deck, and as he made his way aft I saw him slip

his arm through a coil of three-inch rope, heave it on his shoulder, and dump it down at the stern of the *Grey Bat*. His idea flashed across my mind. We might dash in and attempt to snatch the little sloop out of the clutches of the cruiser. Dangerous, for to do so we must come under effective fire from the cruiser. But then, did we not owe our very lives to the girl? M'Graw looked up at me and I nodded my head. That was all M'Graw needed. My plans were made in a moment. I would run at full speed for the *Nellie Bligh*, checking down just enough to give the sloop a fair chance to take my line. That done, all would depend upon whether the line and bollard stood the strain of the initial jerk. If both survived, I could have the sloop out of harm's way in a few minutes, for the wind was too light for the cruiser. If either went, then good-bye *Nellie Bligh!*

Quicker about than the *Zack Chandler*, the sloop was tacking as often as she could force the cruiser to follow suit, but I now signalled her to hold on the starboard tack to enable me to range alongside and jerk her in the direction in which she already would have good way. I held on out of harm's way until nearly abreast of her, and then made a dash for it. Three minutes later I was undergoing such a hammering from the cruiser's guns as few blockade-runners had ever experienced. Through the din, dust, and splinters I called to M'Graw that I would lay the sloop aboard on my starboard side.

At length we came abreast, and I was appalled to see the speed at which we were travelling even in spite of my having checked down. Surely that rope could not stand the strain, even though our tow was such a little thing! Leaving Kirby at the wheel, I ran to the fly of the bridge to get an uninterrupted view of happenings aft, and, as I live, there saw I Clarice Fair, standing bolt upright on cotton level with our bulwarks, waving a delicate lace handkerchief encouragingly to her brother. The nonsense of it! A lace handkerchief and sisterly sentiment in this crashing chaos of clashing boats and pounding cannon! Through my speaking-trumpet I bellowed to her to go below, but I might as well have asked the Sphinx to protect her head with a parasol.

From her and her foolishness I shifted my eyes to my mate.

I saw the great right arm of M'Graw sweep a semicircle. I saw the rope kick out in the air like a thing alive. I saw the end of it fall with a crash just forward of the mast. I saw an athletic young man pounce upon it like a cat on a mouse and slip the noose of it over a bollard. I saw him plant his foot firmly on the rope to prevent it slipping off when the jerk came, and I said to myself, "My lad, you're a landsman. You do not know the devastating recoil of a stranded line or you would remove that foot while yet it belongs to your body." I saw M'Graw take two turns of the rope round our starboard bollard, skip clear, and deftly "render" about three fathoms of rope to ease the initial strain. The rope smoked through his horny palms, and at the precise instant he deftly made fast, at the same time flinging himself face down on the deck in case anything gave way. For the space of three seconds the *Grey Bat* seemed to stand stark still, while the sloop's prow heaved into the air like the head of a hooked monster. At the end of the seconds the *Nellie Bligh* gave one mighty yaw which hurled the man at the helm with a crash to the deck, and on she came racing until she lay almost abreast of us, the line taut as an "E" string, and the dampness squeezed and vibrated out of it until it looked like a strand of vapour. How that rope held the gods alone know. Had it failed this is certain: the worldly cares of Clarice Fair would have troubled her no more, for in all innocence she stood in the direct line of recoil. It held, and soon the sloop fell into proper position and off we went like stampeded elephants, while the cruiser set about us like a flail upon corn. I flattered myself that in a few minutes I should be out of my difficulties. Instead, I was deeper in than ever.

For a time M'Graw lay close; then he cautiously raised his head. The first sight that struck upon him was Clarice Fair on the cotton, her head bare and hair tossing to the breeze. Slowly M'Graw got upon his hands and knees and girned at the girl, misbelieving his very eyes. Next, as if propelled by the sudden uncoiling of a gigantic spring within him, he shot into the air and landed by her side. Flinging his arms round her waist, he lifted her off her feet and turned to make for the shelter of the cabin. At that moment an undreamt-of disaster happened. A shot from the *Zack Chandler*, ranging alongside the sloop, sliced the tow-line in two as clean as a whistle. With the swiftness of a javelin flung by a god the rope whipped through the air straight for the heads of the mate and the girl. Death never launched a

bolt that appeared more certain of its mark. My heart ceased to beat.

But Death and I counted without our M'Graw. In the splinter of a second granted him to act, M'Graw managed to fling himself just so far back that the rope cracked like an exploding bomb fairly in front of his eyes, not close enough to smash in his skull, yet so close as to blind him for the moment and more than half stun him. I saw him struggle to keep his footing, all the time holding tightly to the girl. I beheld his foot catch between two bales, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, mate and stowaway pitched headlong into the sea.

"*Grey Bat*," I gasped, "*Grey Bat*, there goes our backbone!"

My first impulse was to stop the *Grey Bat*, but second thought told me that to do so could benefit M'Graw not in the least, and must make my capture certain. There was nothing for me to do but to run for it, so muttering, "Good-bye, M'Graw," I ran. I saw a boat lowered from the *Zack Chandler* to take possession of the sloop, and the sloop's dinghy put out to rescue M'Graw and the girl. Soon M'Graw appeared on the sloop's deck. He shook the water out of his hair like a twirled swab, then raised his great right arm in the air and waved me a good-bye. Ten minutes later sudden darkness fell upon the world.

"MATE AND STOWAWAY PITCHED HEADLONG INTO THE SEA."

As soon as I felt sure the cruiser had lost sight of me I swept a wide half-circle. Telescoping the funnel, and with not a light showing, I crept cautiously back until I picked up the cruiser again. Hour after hour I kept her in sight, for my mind was set upon making some sort of attempt to save M'Graw. Close upon six bells in the middle watch (3 a.m.) I ordered Kirby to lower a boat, muffle the oars, and have four men stand by, including Hagan and Samson, the Yorkshireman. This done, I called Kirby to the bridge.

"Mr. Kirby," I said, "I am about to do what I should not do. I do it for M'Graw. I am going to quit the ship for a time and see if I can rescue M'Graw. When I shove off fall astern, keeping the cruiser in sure sight. If I show a steady light, creep up cautiously to me. If I swing the light, come on full steam and keep your eyes peeled to pick me up. When daylight comes, if you have good reason to believe me captured, fetch Nassau at best speed and tell Jellicoe that I recommend you for the position of captain of the *Grey Bat*. Good-bye."

Intense darkness brooded upon the sea. The sky was boat-hook-reach overhead; the air threatened thunder. We pushed off into the blackness, the men needing no caution. They bent to their oars without sound or splash. We crept through the night,

When I put off the *Grey Bat* and *Zack Chandler* were abreast of one another, for I wished to drop down upon the sloop as if I were a boat from the cruiser. For a long time my men pulled before I was able to locate the exact position of the Federal, but when at length she did loom up before me, a darker shade in the universal gloom, I held up my hand warningly and we drifted in dead silence close under her stern. Then Hagan reached out and lay hold of the tow-line, allowing it to swing us silently until we headed in unison with cruiser and tow. At my nod Hagan let go the rope, and slowly the sloop began to overtake us.

Eagerly I peered over my shoulder at the approaching craft, and my heart leapt to my throat when my eyes made out a figure leaning against the cotton which shut us out from view of the steersman. Was this figure a sentinel posted aboard by Captain Bissell, or was it one of the crew of the *Nellie Bligh?* Everything depended on the answer to that question, yet answer there could be none except from the party in question. Speculation was useless. A bold policy was my only policy. Signalling to my men to be ready to bend to the oars at a moment's warning, I kept my eyes upon that figure. As the sloop came sluggishly through the water, astonishment seized upon me. Clarice Fair!

The start she gave when I whispered the words "Captain Pilbeam!" was ever such a little one, and at the same instant she stretched forth her hand. Thus delightfully assisted, I stepped on board and stood beside her. She continued to hold my hand as though she feared I should fade into the darkness.

"M'Graw?" I whispered.

She pointed to the *Zack Chandler.* This was a sore blow to me. M'Graw was clearly out of my reach.

"Who is in charge here?" I asked, cocking my thumb aft.

"My brother steers. Two marines are aboard."

"Where are they stationed?"

"They sit in the shelter of the cotton, keeping watch on my brother."

"Strict watch?"

She shook her head and, shutting her eyes, nodded. Aha, they were weary watchers.

"Have the marines had drink?" I asked.

"No; there is no liquor aboard."

"There soon will be," said I to myself, motioning Hagan to hand up the bottle.

"Smuggle this into the cabin. Manage somehow to warn your brother so that he will not ask unnecessary questions; then invite the men below to a glass of rum to cheer their watch. You do your part by getting them below, and I promise you, Miss Fair, that I shall have you, your brother, the sloop, and the cotton out of the clutch of Captain Bissell in short order. There must be no noise, understand—not a sound."

She opened the bosom of her dress and slipped the bottle in so that it rested parallel with her left arm. Then she went aft.

My men came aboard like monkeys and crouched behind the bales. We heard Clarice Fair make a pretty speech inviting the men below to take a glass to fortify them. Now, a marine is enough of a sailor to strike to a pretty face and enough of a soldier to long for a nip of good liquor. Peering over the top of the cargo, I beheld the men cast one half-dubious look about them, then below they went, one leaving his rifle behind him. I grinned in glee.

Not the fraction of a moment we lost. Quiet as a cat I scurried forward, secured the abandoned firearm, and stationed Hagan at the companion-hatch to await eventualities. Another man I bade drift our small boat aft and make fast the painter, in case we were obliged to quit the sloop faster than we had come aboard. Next, directing young Fair to keep the sloop heading direct for the cruiser, I stole forward, and with the help of Samson managed to cast off the tow-line without splash or sound.

My chief anxiety now was to get possession of the rifle the marine had taken below. The fellow might do damage with it when he discovered things. In my anxiety I acted too quickly. The girl must obtain the weapon for me, no one of us daring to show face in the cabin. I whispered a request to Fair, and he spoke quietly yet distinctly down the companion-way:—

"I say, Clarice, you are not going to leave the man at the wheel out of this, I hope?"

"Certainly not," cried back one of the marines. "You've earned a drink, and I'm the man to see that you get it. Allow me, Miss Fair!"

With the quick wit of woman Clarice Fair guessed that she was wanted on deck. Clearly her brother's request was strategical, for she knew he did not drink.

"Permit me, sir!" we heard her implore.

"Not on your life!" exclaimed the man, with true American gallantry. "I'm not the man to sit at ease while a lady runs her pretty feet off. Allow me!"

I could have stood off and hit myself a running kick for suggesting a ruse so likely to bring disaster on my head. The *Zack Chandler* was but a little way off. By lowering a boat the Yankees could have us in a few full strokes of their oars. I dared not bring the *Grey Bat* up; it would lay her too immediately under the guns. When we heard the man get upon his feet we scurried for cover like frightened rabbits, and I found myself crouching behind the companion-hatch, with Hagan by my side. The others had disappeared as if by magic among the cotton.

The marine stepped upon deck and, handing a stiff glass of grog to Fair, said, "Drink hearty." Fair immolated himself like a gentleman, swallowed the contents at two gulps, and handed the empty glass back to the marine, hoping the fellow would at once go below. But no; the marine wished to do the sociable.

"Longish trick at the helm, youngster," he said, gazing vaguely about him, for the cabin light still blinked his eye. "Ominous sort of a night, ain't it?"

"Very," acknowledged Fair, with a meaning the fellow did not understand.

"Tricky sort of plank this to sail on in rough weather, I should reckon."

"QUICK AS THE FLASH OF A TROUT FAIR HAD HIM THROTTLED."

His shoulders went back with a snap.

"What's this?" he exclaimed, peering into the darkness astern. "What's this? There's a second rowboat out there."

He had detected our boat.

"Where's the *Zack?*" he demanded, peering forward.

"Straight ahead of us," said Fair, quietly.

"Where? I can't see her."

He turned to bawl down to his companion. The cat was out of the bag. The jig was up. Quick as the flash of a trout Fair had him throttled, and as they came to the deck Samson, my Yorkshireman, landed upon the two, and peeling off his coat had the marine's head muffled as effectively as an Arctic traveller's. I dashed for the man in the cabin. A couple of seconds later there befell me a mischance which was as mortifying as it was humorous. I had taken two steps down the companion-way, when Hagan came after me in a blind rush, and, missing his footing in his mad haste, shot down, jamming in between me and the wall with the force of a maul-driven wedge. Instantly we were fixed in that narrow passage as though driven in by a pile-driver. Each of us heaved in mighty contortions, the only noticeable effect being that we seemed to become more inseparably squeezed together. My chin was against the wall, and my head so far thrust back that I feared for the safety of my neck. "Confound you, Hagan!" I gurgled, but the irresponsible Irishman barked, "Begorra, the captain's place is on deck," and gave another giant wriggle that well-nigh cracked my ribs. I thought it was all up with me now, for I saw the marine snatch his gun and stand shouting to know what was happening.

One moment the fellow stood in indecision, and that moment settled his chances. Clarice Fair acted on impulse, and did the right thing. In the corner of the tiny cabin stood

a bag of flour, the top of the sack turned down like a coat-collar. Into this the girl plunged her hand and delivered a full fistful fairly in the face of the marine, who stood with eyes and mouth wide open. The fellow dropped his rifle as his hands flew to his eyes, and the girl never ceased to pelt him with flour until the two of them disappeared from my sight in a cabin full of flying flour. A more effective attack by the weak upon the strong I had never seen. Forgetting entirely that one object of our mission was silence, the Irishman burst into a most uncontrollable roar of laughter.

"Bedad, thot's the foinest snowballing Oi ever clapt oyes on," he roared, wriggling most outrageously.

"What's the matter?" barked one of my men down the companion-way.

"Brain this wild Irishman with a belaying-pin," I answered, savagely, beside myself with mortification. At this Hagan's ribs seemed wholly to contract in mirth, and all on a sudden he fell into the cabin. I sprang on deck and heard shouted through the blackness, "Sloop ahoy!" Snatching up the lantern which I had kept ready, I carefully guarded the light from the cruiser, dropped my arm over the stern of the sloop, and swung the light to and fro.

While we waited for the coming of the *Grey Bat* the cruiser kept feeling for us with her guns, shooting, apparently, at every extra black patch her gunners imagined they saw on sea or sky; but never a shot came near us, and at length the *Grey Bat* lay alongside. By tooth and nail I scrambled up her side, like a parrot up the side of its cage, and ten minutes later the sloop was in tow.

Three miles away from the cruiser I stopped the *Grey Bat*, resolved to wait for daylight. Did I hope to rescue M'Graw? No, not I. The time was past. Had I expectation of effecting an exchange, sloop and marines for M'Graw? No. Captain Bissell would not barter with a blockade-runner. Nevertheless, to utterly turn my back on M'Graw was out of my power. I would wait till daylight and offer the exchange.

Would you like to know the name of the luckiest man who ever trod a steamer's bridge? I'll tell you. *Captain Pilbeam!*

As I lay there, well knowing the fatuousness of waiting, yet unable to summon up the moral courage to go, there burst over us a thunderstorm of tropical violence. It was heralded by one scream of wind, this followed by stillness as of a vacuum, during which the heavens opened and flooded the world with rain and bewildering, blinding lightning. It was an awful sight. The very universe appeared to be in danger of being licked up by the tongues of lightning that smashed upon the sea. Across there the *Zack Chandler*, all snug aloft, sailed in a sea of fire. I had my eyes upon her, when on a sudden the firmament rent in twain, and a shaft of lightning descended in one blinding bar direct upon her mainmast. For a perceptible measure of time that mast stood forth an incandescent shaft of dazzling radiance; then, as if exhausted by this supreme effort, out went the lightning, leaving the world in inky blackness, in the heart of which the cruiser burned.

I fired my orders like the crack of a pistol. The sloop was cast off, and as the *Grey Bat* ran her fastest all hands lugged great lengths of hose on deck, while the engineers made certain of the pumps.

I ran the *Grey Bat* alongside the cruiser, and so intent was every soul aboard the stricken vessel in fighting the flames that our coming was wholly unnoticed. I leaped upon the cruiser's deck and, taking up a position immediately behind Captain Bissell, raised my speaking-trumpet and bawled the two words:—

"Mr. M'Graw!"

At the strident tones paralysis seemed to fall upon all hands, and out of the core of the silence came the answer:—

"Aye, aye, Captain Pilbeam."

"If you please, lay for'ard and bear a hand with the *Grey Bat's* hose!"

"Aye, aye, Captain Pilbeam."

Captain Bissell turned slowly round and gazed at me astounded. I paid no attention to him at the moment, but stepped aft to superintend the working of the hose, which Hagan was hauling at as though it were a refractory constrictor. Then blockaders and blockade-runners, captives and captors, toiled side by side, fighting the fire like fiends. It was the *Grey Bat's* hose that did the trick, blotting out the flames as easily as the Sahara would swallow a summer shower.

When once I saw everything going well I returned to the *Grey Bat's* bridge. At length the fire was wiped out. Captain Bissell came abreast of me.

"Good morning, Captain Pilbeam."

Dawn was breaking. I touched my hat to the Federal captain.

"Good morning, Captain Bissell."

He returned my salute.

"Captain Pilbeam, will you do me the

honour to step into my cabin? This is an occasion."

"Captain Bissell, I can refuse no request of yours, but the truth is I am in a most unfortunate position. Last evening I had the great misfortune to lose overboard my first mate, and as the boat is short of officers in consequence I do not care to quit the bridge. You cannot recommend me anyone to take his place, I suppose?"

"Chief officer overboard?" he exclaimed, keeping a straight face. "A mermaid must have bewitched him, else he would never have deserted such a gallant boat as the *Grey Bat*."

M'Graw stood grimly by.

"Sailor-like, he did depart in the arms of a lady," I answered.

"I have a man aboard the *Zack Chandler* whom I recommend with the greatest confidence."

Captain Bissell stepped up to M'Graw and gave his hand. Without a word they shook; then the Scotsman swung himself upon the bridge, and as I walked aft with the Yankee skipper I saw out of the corner of my eye the mate execute a grim double-shuffle on the bridge—no doubt his way of returning thanks for preservation.

"A SHAFT OF LIGHTNING DESCENDED IN ONE BLINDING BAR DIRECT ON HER MAINMAST."

In the cabin of the *Zack Chandler* we two captains shook hands.

"Captain Pilbeam," said Captain Bissell, wistfully — "Captain Pilbeam, if I could not be captain of the *Zack Chandler*, and had my choice, I would be — would be — well, say, second mate of the *Grey Bat*."

On my next run into Wilmington the *Grey Bat* carried two passengers whose hearts overflowed with gratitude and joy. Alan Fair, relieved of mercenary cares, listened for the beat of martial music, and grudged the miles which separated him from the marching hosts, while the sale of her half share in the cotton lifted from poverty to a competency the girl who had so bravely set her face to the world. It was with a full heart that I bade good-bye to Clarice Fair, stowaway.

Art in the Prison Cell.

By FREDERIC A. FELTON.

From Photographs by Percy Ive, Kingston-on-Thames.

THERE is something delightfully refreshing in the suggestion that a prison cell is often conducive to the cultivation of the artistic temperament. But such indeed is the case. It is not the finger-blistering ordeal of coya-picking or the soul-crushing tyranny of the warders that worries the prisoner. It is the horrible, indescribable monotony which casts its black mantle over him when he is in the small, bare apartment which for the time being is his home.

And if he can in some way lighten this heart-breaking depression he is a different being. Indeed, after the first shock of being a prisoner has worn off, the confined man makes opportunities for occupying his mind.

The average time which prisoners sentenced to hard labour have to spend in the cell is twenty-one hours a day.

It is during these hours of solitude that fresh crimes are planned, revenges decided upon, plots perfected—and wonderful articles made.

FIG. I.—PHOTOGRAPH-FRAME MADE OUT OF BREAD, PORRIDGE, AND PAPER BY PRISONER, TO CONTAIN HIS WIFE'S PICTURE.

The amazing photographs which accompany this article prove beyond doubt that, in some cases at any rate, prison cells are veritable seminaries of art. Each article reproduced represents an infinite display of patience apart from its artistic conception.

Take, for instance, the photograph-frame (Fig. 1). This is composed entirely of bread, porridge, and paper. The prisoner who made it stored in a cavity in his cell—which he made by scraping hollow the interior of a brick he had removed—small portions of his allowance of porridge, bits of his "toke" or loaf of bread, and scraps of paper which he picked up in the tailor's shop. No miser ever hoarded his gold more assiduously than this caged bird—sentenced, by the way, for a murderous attack on his wife—stored up his curious possessions.

The original of the photograph, which was lent to me by an ex-warder of many years' service, is coloured red, and this effect was produced in a strikingly ingenious manner. When the man had collected sufficient bread and porridge for his purpose, he procured from the tailor's shop pieces of red paper which one invariably finds covered over reels of cotton in a box. By wetting them he extracted the colour, and then dyed the frame of bread and porridge which he had already made. He utilized the paper by rolling it up into little balls and fixing them on the sticky substance, giving it the appearance of being artistically beaded.

Weeks and weeks passed until the masterpiece was nearing completion, when, owing to the difficulties of concealing so large an article, the warder discovered what had been going on. But, fortunately for the indefatigable artist, he proved a decent fellow, or, in prison parlance, a "straight screw." The man was allowed to retain it, and to his custodian's surprise he produced a torn and tattered photograph of the wife he had nearly done to death. This he had managed to keep concealed, despite frequent visits by officials expert in searching, and now placed in the frame. The photograph, by the way, was not the one reproduced here.

For months this man enjoyed the unique privilege of gazing at his wife's likeness in a prison cell. When there was any danger of

a visit from the searchers the friendly warder gave him the tip and he concealed the cherished frame and photograph or gave them into the warder's custody — a proceeding he followed when another man was on duty or when he was absent from his cell.

As a small recognition of the officer's kindness the prisoner made and presented to him the casket here shown (Fig. 2) and the American-looking shoes, in which every detail appears perfect (Fig. 3). Yet not a single ingredient was used in any of the articles except bread, porridge, and paper. It should be mentioned, however, that the warder himself provided the materials for the casket and the shoes. The originals are before me as I write, and although they were made over two years

FIG. 2.—CASKET OF BREAD, PORRIDGE, AND PAPER.

FIG. 3.—AMERICAN-LOOKING SHOES OF SAME MATERIALS.

ago they are still in an excellent state of preservation—a striking testimonial to the durability of the porridge supplied to British prisoners.

Wax and soap are largely used in the manufacture of these curious articles. Even prisoners are allowed soap, and by treasuring up small pieces another inventive genius in durance vile was enabled to make the jockey's cap appearing in Fig. 4. He also made the dainty little pair of shoes reproduced. In both cases the soap is yellow, but the seams in the cap and the ornamentation on the shoes are red. They were obtained by the maker patiently drawing out from his prison towel the pieces of red cotton and welding them into the soap; not the fractional part of an inch was wasted.

Wax, stolen from the shoe-making shop and blackened, is the sole ingredient in the formidable-looking revolver (Fig. 5), the statue of Johnson, the black pugilist (Fig. 6), the pair of firemen's boots (Fig. 7), and the representation of Napoleon backing on to King Edward VII. (Fig. 8).

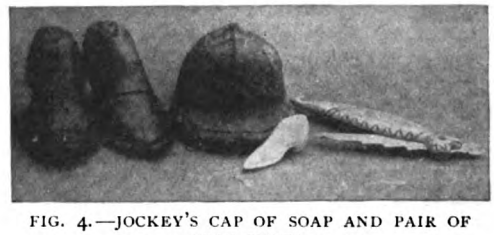


FIG. 4.—JOCKEY'S CAP OF SOAP AND PAIR OF SOAP SHOES.

NOTE.—The white articles are a lady's shoe of putty and the ivory knife used to carve the work shown.

A distinguished Oxford scholar in Wormwood Scrubs Prison was allowed the inestimable privilege of writing stories at regular stated intervals. His friends paid for the pens, ink, and paper, and the man did not have to resort to the subterfuge employed by another prisoner with literary aspirations. This individual stole a thimble from the tailor's shop and used it as an ink-well. He concealed it in his cake of soap and obtained the ink by constantly inditing petitions to the Home Secretary. His pen consisted of a morsel of steel ground down to a fine point. The paper he obtained from the supply which was given to him when he drafted his petitions. He had, in this way,

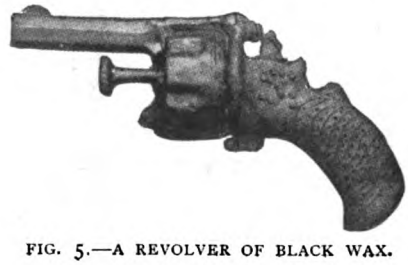


FIG. 5.—A REVOLVER OF BLACK WAX.

written quite a long story, when a warder discovered it, confiscated it, and got the industrious author severely punished.

Whilst in prison another man, a very capable artist, particularly in Biblical subjects, painted a striking picture of the twelve Apostles, which an expert subsequently valued at thirty guineas. The artist received a special gratuity of eight pounds, and as the painting was executed with the full sanction of the authorities — who, in fact, found the materials—it was placed in the prison chapel.

But of the many wondrous things which go on in prison—things never dreamed of by the outside public — few are more astonishing than the risks men will run to get a shave more often than the regulations permit. The burning desire to appear shaven leads to the construction of implements such as those shown in the photograph (Fig. 9). One of these is an ordinary sack-needle ground down to a very fine point, and with this one vain fellow managed to remove his superfluous growth of beard pretty regularly. The other two are ordinary bits of tin ground down and inserted in small pieces of wood. On the same plate will be seen the master-key to the cells of one of our greatest prisons and the model of a ship's fender made in the cell out of coya—now largely picked as a substitute for oakum—by an old sailor. The "cigar" is made out of a potato and wrapped round with paper, and similar ones are used by humorous prisoners to deceive a green warder, who thinks he has stumbled on a "find."

FIG. 6. — WAX STATUE OF JOHNSON, BLACK PUGILIST.

When a prisoner accidentally comes across a piece of tin or steel he conveys it in his mouth, under his arm, or between his toes to his cell, where he grinds it to a keen edge, until with a liberal application of force a painful shave can be obtained. The difficulty now is to find a suitable and safe hiding-place for the treasure; and here again that ingenuity which solitary confinement seems to develop comes in. In this case the ordinary hiding-place—between the leaves of the Bible, in the hair-brush, over the door, or on one of the ledges running round the cell—will not do. For the warders are not slow to notice when a man has been roughly shaved, and, the obvious inference being that he has a shaving implement concealed somewhere, it becomes a duel of wits between the warder and the suspected prisoner. For the sake of form surprise-searches are made, but, as a general rule, warders do not take special pains to deprive a favourite prisoner of an

FIG. 7.—PAIR OF FIREMEN'S BOOTS MADE OF WAX.

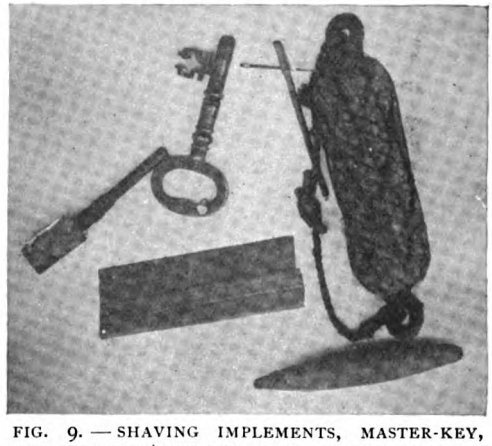


FIG. 9. — SHAVING IMPLEMENTS, MASTER-KEY, MODEL OF SHIP'S FENDER, CIGAR MADE OF POTATO.

FIG. 8. — WAX STATUE OP KING EDWARD BACKING ON TO NAPOLEON.

FIG. 10.—STATUETTE OF SOAP AND WAX.

improvised razor. Personally, they do not mind him having an occasional surreptitious shave; but what they live in deadly fear of is that in a fit of depression or frenzy the hapless man may sever an artery, or make a ferocious attack on a fellow-prisoner, or even upon the warder himself. In the case of a suicide or such an attack it would go very hard with the officer under whose charge the prisoner was at the time he was possessed of a weapon.

I have the authority of my warder friend for stating that the men who were allowed the little privileges of using the remarkable instruments shown in our illustrations, and the makers of the bread, porridge, and paper articles, were a great deal better behaved than those to whom they were not extended. Still, he adds, one never knows how far one can trust a prisoner.

Once the confined man has secured his improvised razor he knows very well that any moment a chance discovery may lead to its confiscation; so he loses no time in getting his coveted shave. The "lather" he obtains by rubbing his cake of soap vigorously round his chin, and the mirror is composed of his meal-tin, rubbed to a fine brightness with his towel or on his garments. It is shaving under difficulties, and the man knows he dare not appear too clean shaven. But the mere act of soaping the chin and passing a blunt instrument over it is a wonderful comfort to some men. The razor is usually hidden by displacing a hollow brick.

My warder informant has had experience in both male and female prisons—in the latter, of course, to a limited extent only—and he assures me that some of the men he has had under his charge have been almost as vain as a woman. They have skimmed the grease off their cocoa, and treasured the greasy sweepings of their plates, in order to make a kind of pomade for the hair and to wax their moustaches. One pretty little pair of French shoes made of soap were the gift of one prisoner to another in return for about half an inch of solid fat, which he used for his hair.

Women prisoners carry their vanity to amazing lengths. They value the concession which allows them to retain their hairpins as

FIG. 11.—CASKET OF BREAD, PORRIDGE, AND PAPER.

they value few other privileges, and, as they are allowed to do their hair in pretty nearly any fashion they like, it is not surprising that some of the coiffures are fantastically wonderful creations.

It is quite common for them to scrape the whitewash off the cell walls and use it as face powder; and another favourite dodge is to draw the coloured cotton from the men's shirts they are engaged in making, soak it, and thus extract the dye and make a rouge to lavishly adorn their cheeks.

One genius actually made herself a pair of corsets, which aroused the envy of the whole prison, out of the wire she stole bit by bit from the grille which ran round one of the galleries.

Soap constitutes the bottom and wax the upper part of the statuette shown (Fig. 10). It was made by a woman undergoing five years' penal servitude, and the same artist was responsible for the casket of bread, porridge, and paper (Fig. 11) and the vase (Fig. 12), the last-named being made of soap and coloured wool and cotton.

FIG. 12.—VASE OF SOAP, COLOURED WOOL, AND COTTON.

The Cask Ashore.

By "Q." (A. T. QUILLER-COUCH).

Illustrated by H. M. Brock, R.I.

"O Soft, Embalmer!"
—*Keats* (slightly altered).

AT the head of a diminutive creek of the Tamar River, a little above Saltash on the Cornish shore, stands the village of Botusfleming, or Blo-flemy, and in early summer, when the cherry-orchards come into bloom, you will search far before finding a prettier.

The years have dealt gently with Botusfleming. As it is to-day, so—or nearly so—it was on a certain sunny afternoon in the year 1807 when the Rev. Edward Spettigew, curate in charge, sat in the garden before his cottage and smoked his pipe while he meditated a sermon. That is to say, he intended to meditate a sermon. But the afternoon was warm; bumble-bees hummed drowsily among his wall-flowers and tulips. From his bench the eye followed the vale's descent between overlapping billows of cherry-blossom to a gap wherein shone the silver Tamar — not, be it understood, the part called Hamoaze, where lay the warships and the hulks containing the French prisoners, but an upper reach seldom troubled by shipping.

Parson Spettigew laid the book face downwards on his knee while his lips murmured a part of the text he had chosen: "*A Place of broad rivers and streams . . . wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby. . . .*" His pipe went out. The book slipped from his knee to the ground. He slumbered. . . .

"THE REV. EDWARD SPETTIGEW SAT IN THE GARDEN BEFORE HIS COTTAGE AND SMOKED HIS PIPE WHILE HE MEDITATED A SERMON."

The garden-gate rattled, and he awoke with a start. In the pathway below him stood a sailor; a middle-sized, middle-aged man, rigged out in best shore-going clothes—shiny tarpaulin hat, blue coat and waistcoat, shirt open at the throat, and white duck trousers with broad-buckled waistbelt.

"Beggin' your reverence's pardon," began the visitor, touching the brim of his hat, and then upon second thoughts uncovering, "but my name's Jope—Ben Jope."

"Eh? What can I do for you?" asked Parson Spettigew, a trifle flustered at being caught napping.

"——of the *Vesoovius* bomb, bos'n," pursued Mr. Jope, with a smile that disarmed annoyance—so ingenuous it was, so friendly, and withal so respectful; "but paid off at eight this morning. Maybe your reverence can tell me whereabouts to find an embalmer in these parts?"

"A—a what?"

"Embalmer." Mr. Jope chewed for a moment or two upon a quid of tobacco, and began a thoughtful explanation. "Sort of party you'd go to supposin' your reverence had a corpse by you and wanted to keep it for a permanency. You take a lot of gums and spices, and first of all you lays out the deceased, and next——"

"Yes, yes," the parson interrupted, hurriedly; "I know the process, of course."

"What—to practise it?" Hope illumined Mr. Jope's countenance.

"No, most certainly not. . . . But, my good man, an embalmer!—and at Botus-fleming, of all places!"

The sailor's face fell. He sighed patiently. "That's what they said at Saltash, more or less. I got a sister living there — Sarah Treleaven her name is—a widow-woman, and sells fish. When I called on her this morning, 'Embalmer?' she said; 'go and embalm your grandmother!' Those were her words, and the rest of the population wasn't scarcely more helpful. But as luck would have it, while I was searchin', Bill Adams went for a shave, and inside o' the barber's shop what should he see but a fair-sized otter in a glass case? Bill began to admire it, careless like, and it turned out the barber had stuffed the thing. Maybe your reverence knows the man?—'A. Grigg and Son' he calls hisself."

"Grigg? Yes, to be sure; he stuffed a trout for me last summer."

"What weight?—makin' so bold."

"Seven pounds."

Mr. Jope's face fell again. "Well-a-well," he suggested, recovering himself, "I daresay the size don't matter, once you've got the knack. We've brought him along, anyway; an' what's more, *we've made him bring all his tools*. By his talk, he reckons it to be a shavin' job, and we agreed to wait before we undeceived him."

"But—you'll excuse me—I don't quite follow——"

Mr. Jope pressed a forefinger mysteriously to his lip, then jerked a thumb in the direction of the river. "If your reverence wouldn' mind steppin' down to the creek with me?" he suggested, respectfully.

Parson Spettigew fetched his hat, and together the pair descended the vale beneath the dropping petals of the cherry. At the foot of it they came to a creek, which the tide at this hour had flooded and almost overbrimmed. Hard by the water's edge, backed by tall elms, stood a dilapidated fish-store, and below it lay a boat with nose aground on a beach of flat stones. Two men were in the boat. The barber—a slip of a fellow in rusty top-hat and suit of rusty black—sat in the stern-sheets face to face with a large cask; a cask so ample that, to find room for his knees, he was forced to crook them at a high, uncomfortable angle. In the bows, boathook in hand, stood a tall sailor, arrayed in shore-going clothes, similar to Mr. Jope's. His face was long, sallow, and expressive of taciturnity, and he wore a beard, not where beards are usually worn, but as a fringe beneath his clean-shaven chin and lantern jaw.

"Well, here we are!" asserted Mr. Jope, cheerfully. "Your reverence knows A. Grigg and Son, and the others you can trust in all weathers, bein' William Adams, otherwise Bill, and Eli Tonkin—friends o' mine an' shipmates both."

The parson, perplexed, stared at the tall seaman, who touched his hat by way of acknowledging the introduction. "But—but I only see *one!*" he protested.

"This here's Bill Adams," said Mr. Jope, and again the tall seaman touched his hat. "Is it Eli you're missin'? Eli's in the cask."

"Oh!"

"We'll hoick him up to the store, Bill, if you're ready. It looks a nice cool place. And while you're prizin' him open, I'd best explain to his reverence and the barber. Here, ship out the shore plank; and you, A. Grigg and Son, lend a hand to heave. . . . Aye, you're right; it weighs more'n a trifle—bein' a quarter-puncheon, an' the best

proof-sperrits. Tilt her *this* way. . . . Ready? . . . Then w'y-ho! and away she goes!"

With a heave and a lurch that canted the boat until the water poured over her gunwale, the huge tub was rolled over-side into shallow water. The recoil, as the boat righted herself, cast the small barber off his balance, and he fell back over a thwart with heels in air. But before he picked himself up, the two seamen, encouraging one another with strange cries, had leapt out and were trundling the cask up the beach, using the flat of their hands. With a run and a tremendous lift they hoisted it up to the turfy plat, whence Bill Adams steered it with ease through the ruinated doorway of the store while Mr. Jope returned, smiling and mopping his brow.

"It's this-a-way," he said, addressing the parson. "Eli Tonkin his name is, or was; and, as he said, of this parish."

Here Mr. Jope paused, apparently for confirmation.

"Tonkin?" queried the parson. "There are no Tonkins surviving in Botusfleming parish. The last of them was a poor old widow I laid to rest the week after Christmas."

"Belay there! . . . Dead, is she?" Mr. Jope's face exhibited the liveliest disappointment. "And after the surprise we'd planned for her!" he murmured, ruefully. "Hi! Bill!" he called to his shipmate, who, having stored the cask, was returning to the boat.

"'THIS HERE'S BILL ADAMS,' SAID MR. JOPE."

"Wot is it?" asked Bill Adams, inattentively. "Look 'ere, where did we stow the hammer an' chisel?"

"Take your head out o' the boat an' listen. The old woman's dead!"

The tall man absorbed the news slowly. "That's a facer," he said at length. "But maybe we can fix *her* up too? I'll stand my share."

"She was buried the week after Christmas."

"Oh!" Bill scratched his head. "Then we can't—not very well."

"Times an' again I've heard Eli talk of his poor old mother," said Mr. Jope, turning to the parson. "W'ich you'll hardly believe it, but though I knowed him for a West-country man, 'twas not till the last I larned what

parish he hailed from. It happened very curiously—Bill, rout up A. Grigg and Son, an' fetch him forra'd here to listen; you'll find the tools underneath him in the stern-sheets."

Bill obeyed, and, possessing himself of a hammer and chisel, returned to the shore. The little barber drew near and stood at Mr. Jope's elbow; his face wore an unhealthy pallor and he smelt potently of strong drink.

"Brandy it is," apologized Mr. Jope, observing a slight contraction of the parson's nostril. "I reckoned 'twould tauten him a bit for what's ahead. . . . Well, as I was sayin', it happened very curiously. This day make up for it, with all this stability—as they call it—an' bein' shortmasted, she can carry all sail in a breeze that would surprise you. Well, sir, for two days she'd been carryin' canvas that fairly smothered us, an' Cap'n Crang not a man to care how we fared forra'd, so long's the water didn' reach aft to his own quarters. But at last the first mate, Mr. Wapshott, took pity on us an'—the cap'n bein' below, a-takin' a nap after dinner—sends the crew o' the maintop aloft to take a reef in the tops'l. Poor Eli was one. Whereby the men had scarcely reached the top afore Cap'n Crang comes up from his cabin an' along the deck, not

"'HULLO!' SAYS THE CAP'N, 'AN' WHERE THE DEUCE MIGHT YOU COME FROM?'"

fortnight we were beatin' up an' across the Bay o' Biscay, after a four months' to-an'-fro game in front of Toolon Harbour. Blowin' fresh it was, an' we makin' pretty poor weather of it—the *Vesoovius* bein' a powerful wet tub in anything of a sea, an' a slug at the best o' times. 'Tisn' her fault, you understand. Aboard a bombship everything's got to be heavy—timbers, scantling, everything about her—to stand the concussion. What with this an' her mortars, she sits pretty low; but to troublin' to cast an eye aloft. Whereby he missed what was happenin'. Whereby he had just come abreast o' the mainmast, when—sock at his very feet there drops a man! 'Twas Eli, that had missed his hold an' dropped clean on his skull. 'Hullo!' says the cap'n, 'an' where the deuce might *you* come from?' Eli heard it—poor fellow—an' says he, as I lifted him, answerin' very respectful, 'If you please, sir, from Botus-fleming, three miles t'other side of Saltash.'

'Then you've had a mighty quick passage, that's all I can say,' answers Cap'n Crang, an' turns on his heel.

"Well, sir, we all agreed the cap'n might ha' showed more feelin', specially as poor Eli'd broke the base of his skull an' by eight bells handed in the number of his mess. Five or six of us talked it over, agreein' as how 'twasn' hardly human, an' Eli such a good fellow, too, let alone bein' a decent seaman. Whereby the notion came to me that as he'd come from Botusfleming—those bein' his last words—back to Botusfleming he should go; an' on that we cooked up a plot. Bill Adams bein' on duty in the sick bay, there wasn' no difficulty in sewin' up a dummy in Eli's place; an' the dummy, sir, nex' day we dooly committed to the deep—as the sayin' goes — Cap'n Crang hisself readin' the service. The real question was, what to do with Eli? Whereby, the purser an' me bein' friends, I goes to him an' says, 'Look here,' I says, 'we'll be paid off in ten days or so, an' there's a trifle o' prize-money, too. What price'll you sell us a cask o' the ship's rum?—say a quarter-puncheon for choice?' 'What for?' says he. 'For shore-going purposes,' says I; 'Bill Adams an' me got a use for it.' 'Well,' says the purser—a decent chap, an' by name Wilkin—'I'm an honest man,' says he, 'an' to oblige a friend you shall have it at store valuation rate. An' what's more,' says he, 'I got the wind o' your little game, an'll do what I can to help it along, for I al'ays liked the deceased, an' in my opinion Cap'n Crang behaved most unfeelin'. You tell Bill to bring the body to me, an' there'll be no more trouble about it till I hands you over the cask at Plymouth.' Well, sir, the man was as good as his word. We smuggled the cask ashore last evenin', an' hid it in the woods this side o' Mount Edgcumbe. This mornin' we re-shipped it, as you see. First along we intended no more than just to break the news to Eli's mother an' hand him over to her; but Bill reckoned that to hand him over, cask an' all, would look careless; for, as he said, ''Twasn't as if you could *bury* 'im in a cask.' We allowed your reverence would draw the line at that, though we hadn' the pleasure o' knowin' you then."

"Yes," agreed the parson, as Mr. Jope paused; "I fear it could not be done without scandal."

"That's just how Bill put it. 'Well, then,' says I, thinkin' it over, 'why not do the handsome while we're about it? You an' me ain't the sort of men,' I says, 'to spoil the ship for a ha'porth o' tar.' 'Certainly we ain't,' says Bill. 'And we've done a lot for Eli,' says I. 'We have,' says Bill. 'Well, then,' says I, 'let's put a coat o' paint on the whole business an' have him embalmed!' Bill was enchanted."

"I—I beg your pardon?" put in the barber, edging away a pace.

"Bill was enchanted. Hark to him in the store, there — knockin' away at the chisel."

"But there's some misunderstanding," the little man protested, earnestly. "I understood it was to be a shave."

"You can shave him, too, if you like."

"If I th—thought you were s—serious——"

"Have some more brandy." Mr. Jope pulled out and proffered a flask. "Only don't overdo it, or it'll make your head shaky. Serious? You may lay to it that Bill's serious. He's that set on the idea, it don't make no difference to him—as you may have noticed—Eli's mother not bein' alive to take pleasure in it. Why, he wanted to embalm *her*, too! He's doin' this now for his own gratification, is Bill; an' you may take it from me when Bill sets his heart on a thing he sees it through. Don't you cross him—that's my advice."

"But, but——"

"No, you don't!"—as the little man made a wild spring to flee up the beach Mr. Jope shot out a hand and gripped him by the coat-collar. "Now, look here," he said very quietly, as the poor wretch would have grovelled at the parson's feet, "you was boastin' to Bill, not an hour agone, as you could stuff *anything*."

"Don't hurt him," Parson Spettigew interposed, touching Mr. Jope's arm.

"I'm not hurtin' him, your reverence, only—— Eh? What's that?"

All turned their faces towards the store.

"Your friend is calling to you," said the parson.

"Bad language, too?—that's not like Bill, as a rule. Ahoy, there! Bill!"

"Ahoy!" answered the voice of Mr. Adams.

"What's up?" Without waiting for an answer, Mr. Jope ran the barber before him up the beach to the doorway, the parson following. "What's up?" he demanded again, as he drew breath.

"Take an' see for yourself," answered Mr. Adams, darkly, pointing with his chisel. A fine fragrance of rum permeated the air of the store.

Mr. Jope advanced and peered into the staved cask. "Gone?" he exclaimed, and gazed around blankly.

Bill Adams nodded.

"But *where?* . . . You don't say he's *dissolved?*"

"An' Eli?—oh Lord! Eh?" gasped Mr. Jope.

"They'll have returned Eli to the Victuallin' Yard before this," said Bill, gloomily.

"I overheard Wilkins sayin' as he was to

"MR. JOPE SHOT OUT A HAND AND GRIPPED HIM BY THE COAT-COLLAR."

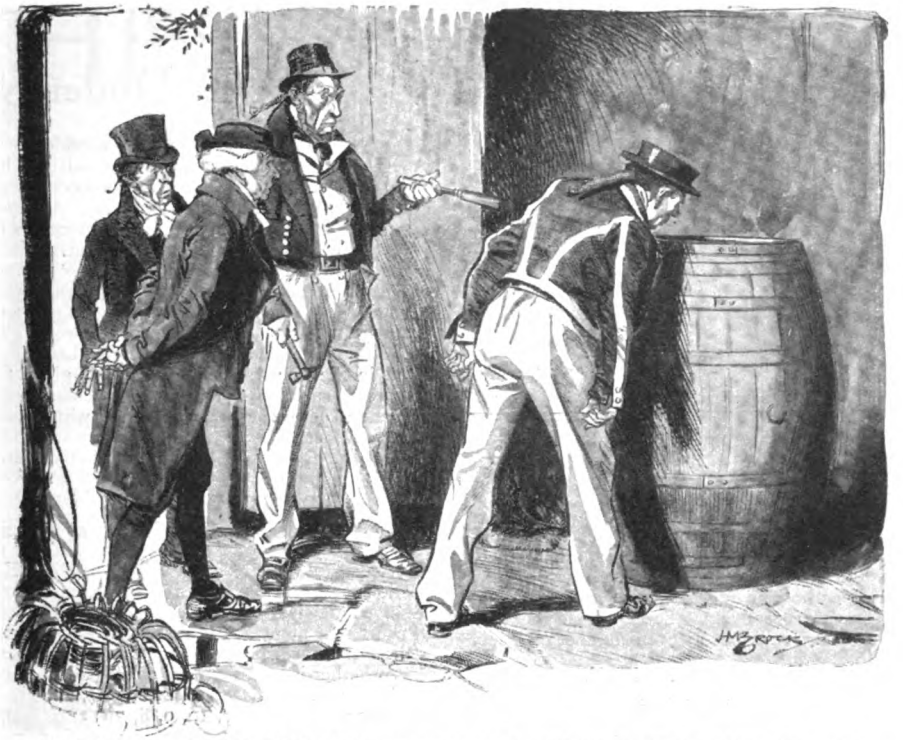
"It ain't the usual way o' rum. An' it *is* rum?" Bill appealed to the parson.

"By the smell, undoubtedly."

"I tell you what's happened. That fool of a Wilkins has made a mistake in the cask. . . ."

pass over all stores an' accounts at nine-thirty this mornin'."

"An' once there, who knows where he's got mixed? He'll go the round of the Fleet, maybe. Oh, my word! an' the ship that broaches him!"



"'TAKE AN' SEE FOR YOURSELF,' ANSWERED MR. ADAMS, DARKLY, POINTING WITH HIS CHISEL."

Bill Adams opened his mouth and shut it, finding no speech; opened it again, and—"They'll reckon they got a lucky bag," he said, weakly.

"An' Wilkins paid off with the rest, an' no address. Even if he could help, which I doubt."

"Eh? I got a note from Wilkins, as it happens." Bill Adams took off his tarpaulin hat and extracted a paper from the lining of the crown. "He passed it down to me this mornin' as I pushed off from the ship. Said I was to keep it, an' maybe I'd find it useful. I wondered what he meant at the time, me takin' no particular truck with pursers ashore. . . . It crossed my mind, as I'd heard he meant to get married, that maybe he wanted me to stand best man at the weddin'. W'ich I didn' open the note at the time, not likin' to refuse him after he'd behaved so well to us."

"Pass it over," commanded Mr. Jope. He took the paper and unfolded it, but either the light was dim within the store or the handwriting hard to decipher. "Would your reverence read it out for us?"

Parson Spettigew carried the paper to the doorway. He read its contents aloud and slowly:—

To Mr. Bill Adams,
Capt. of the Fore-top H.M.S. *Vesuvius*.

Sir,—It was a dummy Capt. Crang buried. We cast the late E. Tonkin overboard the second night in lat. 46/30, long. 7/15, or thereabouts. By which time the feeling aboard had cooled down and it seemed such a waste of good spirit. The rum you paid for is good rum. Hoping that you and Mr. Jope will find a use for it. Your obedient servant,

S. WILKINS.

There was a long pause, through which Mr. Adams could be heard "breathing" hard.

"But what are we to do with it?" asked Mr. Jope, scratching his head in perplexity.

"Drink it. Wot else?"

"But where?"

"Oh," said Mr. Adams, "anywhere!"

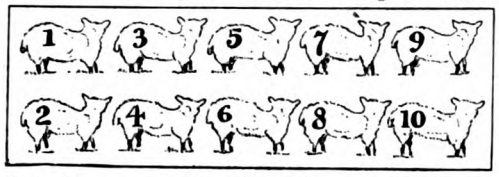
"That's all very well," replied his friend. "You never had no property, an' don't know its burdens. We'll have to hire a house for this, an' live there till it's finished."

PERPLEXITIES.

A Page of Puzzles. By Henry E. Dudeney.

13.—THE TEN SHEEP.

THE illustration shows ten sheep with numbers chalked on their backs. In how many different ways could you arrange them in two rows of five so that no sheep shall ever bear a higher number



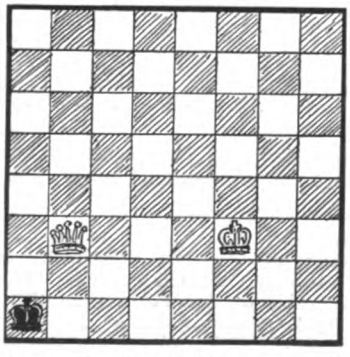
than the one on the right of it or than the one immediately beneath it? The illustration shows one way of doing it, and here is another :—

1 2 3 6 8
4 5 7 9 10

You will easily find that if there had been but four sheep there are only two possible ways, and if there had been six sheep there are only five ways. Now, try to discover how many ways there are with eight and ten sheep respectively. Perhaps you can then hit on the general rule for any even number of sheep.

14.—A CHESS PUZZLE.

All you have to do in the case of this puzzle is to checkmate the Black king without ever moving the White king. It is a tantalizing problem for the novice, because the Black king has a most annoying way of slipping back into that corner square or else escaping right up the board. But I will say at once that the mate may be given in as few as ten moves. It is particularly simple and pretty when you know how to do it, but I have seen young players struggle with it for hours without success.



15.—DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Young Mrs. Perkins, of Paradise Villa, Paradise Row, corner of Paradise Place, Putney, writes to me as follows: "I should be very glad if you could give me the answer to a little sum that has been worrying me a good deal lately. Here it is: We have only been married a short time, and now, at the end of two years from the time when we set up housekeeping, my husband tells me that he finds we have spent a third of his yearly income in rent, rates, and taxes, one-half in travelling and pleasures, and one-ninth in other ways. He has a balance of one hundred and ninety pounds remaining in the bank. I know this last, because he accidentally left out his pass-book the other day, and I peeped into it. Don't you think that a husband ought to give his wife his entire confidence in his money matters? Well, I do; and—will you believe it?—he has never told me what his income really is, and I want, very naturally, to find out. Can you tell me what it is from the figures I have given you?"

Yes; the answer can certainly be given from the figures contained in Mrs. Perkins's letter. And if I said no more my readers would be practically unanimous in declaring the income to be—something absurdly in excess of the correct answer! But it makes all the difference when I say that there is a pitfall in the question. The puzzle is given for the purpose of showing how absolutely necessary it is, in all manner of puzzle-solving, to read with great care the conditions. If we do not understand correctly what we are asked to do, we are not likely to arrive at the right answer.

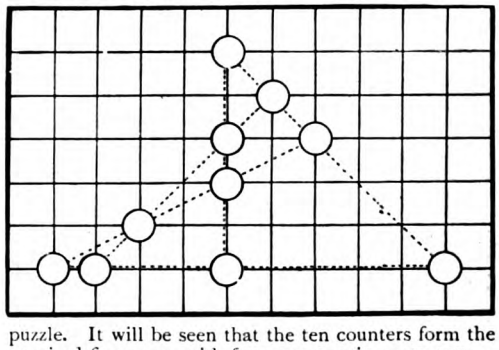
Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

10.—THE GRASSHOPPER PUZZLE.

The fewest possible moves in which this puzzle can be solved are sixty-two. Here is one way of doing it. Of course the numbers are those of the counters, and, as there can never be more than one vacant disc, each play, whether it be a simple move or a leap, explains itself. 12, 1, 2, 12, 11, 10, 1, 2, 3, 4, 12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 12, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 12, 6, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 1, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 12, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 1, 10, 9, 8, 7, 12, 4, 5, 6, 1, 8, 7, 12, 6, 1, 12. Whatever may be the number of grasshoppers going each way, the square of that number, added to four times that number, added to 2, will always be the number of moves required. Thus, in the above case, $36 + 24 + 2 = 62$.

11.—FOUR-IN-LINE PUZZLE.

The illustration shows the second solution to this



puzzle. It will be seen that the ten counters form the required five rows, with four counters in every row.

12.—A WORD SQUARE.

The letters should be arranged as follows :—

P A S T O R
A T T I R E
S T U P I D
T I P T O E
O R I O L E
R E D E E M

THE MAGIC CITY.

A Story for Children. By E. NESBIT.

Illustrated by Spencer Pryse.

CHAPTER VIII. *(continued).*

'M sorry this chapter is cut up into bits, but it is difficult to avoid it when you have to tell about a lot of different things happening all at once. That is why it is much better always to keep your party together if you can. And I have allowed mine to get separated, so that Philip, the parrot, and the rest of the company are going through three sets of adventures all at the same time. This is most trying for me, but I hope you'll excuse me, however.

We now come back to Philip wrong-way-up in the clutches of the Pretenderette. She had breathed the magic word in the hippogriff's ear, but she had not added any special order, so the hippogriff was entirely its own master so far as the choice of where it was to go was concerned. It tossed its white mane, after circling three times between air and sky, and made straight for the Island-where-you-mayn't-go. The Pretenderette didn't know that it was the Island-where-you-mayn't-go, and as they got nearer and she could see plainly its rainbow-coloured sands, its palms and its waterfalls, its cool green thickets and many-tinted flowers and glowing fruits, it seemed to her that she might do worse than land there and rest for a little while. For even the most disagreeable people get tired sometimes, and the Pretenderette had had a hard day of it. So she made no attempt to check the hippogriff or alter its course. And when the hippogriff was hovering but a few inches from the grass of the most beautiful of the island glades she jerked Philip roughly off her knee and he fell all in a heap on the ground. With great presence of mind our hero—if he isn't a hero by now he never will be—picked himself up and bolted into the bushes. No rabbit could have bolted more instantly and fleetly.

"I'll teach you," said the furious Pretenderette, preparing to alight. She looked down to find a soft place to jump on. And then she saw that every blade of grass was a tiny spear of steel and every spear was pointed at her. She made the hippogriff take her to another glade—more little steel spears; to the rainbow sands, but on looking at them she saw that they were quivering quicksands. Wherever green grass had grown the spears now grew; and wherever the sand was it was a terrible trap of quicksand. She tried to dismount in a little pool, but fortunately for her she noticed in time that what shone in it so silvery was not water but white-hot molten metal.

"What a nasty place!" said the Pretenderette. "I don't know that I could have chosen a nastier place to leave that naughty child in. He'll know who's master by the time I send to fetch him back to prison. Here, you, get back to Polistopolis as fast as you can. See? Please, I mean," she added, and then she spoke the magic word.

Philip was peeping through the bushes close by, and he heard that magic word (I dare not tell you what it is), and he saw for the first time the face of the Pretenderette. And he trembled and shivered in his bushy lurking-place. For the Pretenderette was the only really unpleasant person Philip had ever met in the world. It was Lucy's nurse, the nurse with the grey dress and the big fat feet, who had been so cross to him and had pulled down his city.

"How on earth," Philip wondered to himself, "did she get *here?* And how on earth shall I get away from her?" He had not seen the spears, and the quicksands, and the molten metal, and he was waiting unhappily for her to alight, and for a game of hide-and-seek to begin, which he was not at all anxious to play.

Even as he wondered, the hippogriff spread wings and flew away. And Philip was left alone on the island. But what did that matter? It was much better to be alone than with that Pretenderette. And for Philip there were no white-hot pools, and spears, and snares of quicksand, only dewy grass, and sweet flowers, and trees, and safety, and delight.

"If only Lucy were here," he said.

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"SHE LOOKED DOWN TO FIND A SOFT PLACE TO JUMP ON."

When he was quite sure that the Pretenderette was really gone, he came out and explored the island. It had on it every kind of flower and fruit that you can think of, all growing together. There were gold oranges and white orange-flowers, pink apple-blossom and red apples, cherries and cherry-blossom, strawberry-flowers and strawberries, all growing together, wild and sweet.

At the back of his mind Philip remembered that he had at some time or other heard of an island where fruit and blossoms grew together at the same time, but that was all he could remember. He passed through the lovely orchards and came to a lake. It was frozen. And he remembered that, in the island he had heard of, there was a lake always ready for skating, even when the flowers and fruit were on the trees. Then he came to a little summer-house built all of porcupine-quills, like Helen's pen-box.

And then he knew. All these wonders were on the island that he and Helen had invented long ago—the island that she used to draw maps of.

"It's our very own island," he said, and a glorious feeling of being at home glowed through him warm and delightful. "We said no one else might come here! That's why the Pretenderette couldn't land, and why they call it the Island-where-you - mayn't - go. I'll find the bun-tree and have something to eat, and then I'll go to the boat-house and get out the *Lightning Loose* and go back for Lucy. I do wish I could bring her here, but I can't without asking Helen."

The *Lightning Loose* was the magic yacht Helen had invented for the island.

He soon found a bush whose fruit was buns, and a jam-tart tree grew near it. You have no idea how nice jam-tarts can taste till you have gathered them yourself, fresh and sticky, from the tree. They are as sticky as horse-chestnut buds, and much nicer to eat.

As he went towards the boat-house he grew happier and happier, recognizing, one after the other, all the places he and Helen had planned and marked on the map. He passed by the marble and gold house with *King's Palace* painted on the door. He longed to explore it, but the thought of Lucy drove him on. As he went down a narrow leafy woodland path towards the boat-house, he passed the door of the dear little thatched cottage (labelled *Queen's Palace*) which was the house Helen had insisted that she liked best for her very own.

"How pretty it is! I wish Helen was here," he said; "she helped to make it. I should never have thought of it without her. She ought to be here," he said. With that he felt very lonely, all of a sudden, and very sad. And as he went on, wondering whether in all this magic world there might not somehow be some magic strong enough to bring Helen there to see the island that was their very own, and to give her consent to his bringing Lucy to it, he turned a corner in the woodland path and walked straight into the arms of—Helen!

CHAPTER IX.

"BUT how did you get here?" said Philip, in Helen's arms on the island.

"I just walked out at the other side of a dream," she said. "How could I not come, when the door was open and you wanted me so?"

And Philip just said, "Oh, Helen!" He could not find any other words, but Helen understood. She always did.

"Come," she said, "shall we go to your palace or mine? I want my supper, and we'll have our own little blue and white tea-set. Yes, I know you've had your supper, but it'll be fun getting mine, and perhaps you'll be hungry again before we've got it."

They went to the thatched cottage that was Helen's palace, because Philip had had almost as much of large buildings as he wanted for a little while. The cottage had a wide chimney and an open hearth; and they sat on the hearth and made toast, and Philip almost forgot that he had ever had any adventures, and that the toast was being made on a hearth whose blue wood-smoke curled up among the enchanting tree-tops of a magic island.

And before they went to bed he had told her all about everything.

"Oh, I am so glad you came!" he said over and over again. "It is so easy to tell you *here*, with all the magic going on. I don't think I ever *could* have told you at the Grange with the servants all about, and the—I mean Mr. Graham—and all the things as not magic as they could possibly be. Oh, Helen, where *is* Mr. Graham? Won't he hate your having come away from him?"

"He's gone through a dream-door too," she said, "to see Lucy. Only he doesn't know he's really gone. He'll think it's a dream, and he'll tell me about it when we both wake up."

"HE WALKED STRAIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF—HELEN!"

"When did you go to sleep?" said Philip.

"At Brussels. That telegram hasn't come yet."

"I don't understand about Time," said Philip, firmly, "and I never shall. I say, Helen, I was just looking for the *Lightning Loose*, to go off in her on a voyage of discovery and find Lucy."

"I don't think you need," she said; "I met a parrot on the island just before I saw you, and it was saying poetry to itself."

"It would be," said Philip, "if it was alive. I'm glad it *is* alive, though. What was it saying?"

"It was something like this," she said, putting a log of wood on the fire:—

"Philip and Helen
Have the Island to dwell in.
Hooray!
They said of the island
It's your land and my land!
Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!
And till the Ark
Comes out of the dark
There those two may stay
For a happy while, and
Enjoy their Island
Until the Giving Day.
Hooray!
And then they will hear the giving voice,
They will hear and obey;
And when people come
Who need a home,
They'll give the Island away.
Hooray!
The Island with flower,
And fruit and bower,
Forest and river and bay;
Their very own Island,
They'll sigh and smile, and
They'll give their Island away."

"What nonsense!" said Philip. "I never will."

"All right, my pipkin," said Helen, cheerfully. "I only told you just to show that you're expected to stay here. Philip and Helen have the island to dwell in. And now what about bed?"

They spent a whole week on the island. It was all exactly what they could wish an island to be, because, of course, they had made it themselves, and, naturally, they knew exactly what they wanted. I can't describe that week. I only know that Philip will never forget it. Just think of all the things you could do on a magic island if you were there with your dearest dear, and you'll know how Philip spent his time.

He enjoyed every minute of every hour of every day, and, best thing of all, that week made him understand, as nothing else could have done, that Helen still belonged to him, and that her marriage to Mr. Graham had not made her any the less Philip's very own Helen.

And then came a day when Philip, swinging in a magnolia tree, looked out to sea and cried out, "A sail! A sail! Oh, Helen, here's the Ark! Now it's all over. Let's have Lucy to stay with us, and send the other people away," he added, sliding down the tree-trunk with his face very serious.

"But we can't, dear," Helen reminded him. "The island's ours, you know; and as long as it's ours no one else can land on it. We made it like that, you know."

"Then they can't land?"

"No," said Helen.

"Can't we change the rule and let them land?"

"No," said Helen.

"Oh, it *is* a pity," Philip said; "because the island is the place for islanders, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Helen, "and there's no fear of the sea here; you remember we made it like that when we made the island?"

"Yes," said Philip. "Oh, Helen, I *don't* want to."

"Then don't," said Helen.

"Ah, but I *do* want to, too."

"Then do," said she.

"But, don't you see, when you want to and don't want to at the same time, what *are* you to do? There are so many things to think of."

"When it's like that, there's one thing you mustn't think of," she said.

"What?" Philip asked.

"Yourself," she said, softly.

There was a silence, and then Philip suddenly hugged his sister and she hugged him.

"I'll give it to them," he said; "it's no use. I know I ought to. I shall only be uncomfortable if I don't."

Helen laughed. "My boy of boys!" she said. And then she looked sad. "Boy of my heart," she said, "you know it's not only giving up our island. If we give it away I must go. It's the only place that there's a door into out of my dreams."

"I can't let you go," he said.

"But you've got your deeds to do," she said; "and I can't help you in those. Lucy can help you, but I can't. You like Lucy now, don't you?"

"Oh, I don't mind her," said Philip; "but it's *you* I want, Helen."

"Don't think about that," she urged. "Think what the islanders want. Think what it'll be to them to have the island—to live here always, safe from the Fear!"

"There are three more deeds," said Philip, dismally. "I don't think I shall ever want any more adventures as long as I live."

"You'll always want them," she said, laughing at him gently—"always. And now let's do the thing handsomely and give them a splendid welcome. Give me a kiss, and then we'll gather heaps of roses."

"I JUST WALKED OUT AT THE OTHER SIDE OF A DREAM."

So they kissed each other. But Philip was very unhappy indeed, though he felt that he was being rather noble and that Helen thought so too, which was naturally a great comfort.

There had been a good deal more of this talk than I have set down. Philip and Helen had hardly had time to hang garlands of pink roses along the quayside where the *Lightning Loose*, that perfect yacht, lay at anchor, before the blunt prow of the Ark bumped heavily against the quayside—and the two, dropping the rest of the roses, waved and smiled to the group on the Ark's terrace.

The first person to speak was Mr. Perrin, who shouted, "Here we are again!" like a clown.

Then Lucy said, "We know we can't land, but the oracle said come, and we came." She leaned over the bulwark to whisper "Who's that perfect duck you've got with you?"

Philip answered aloud:—

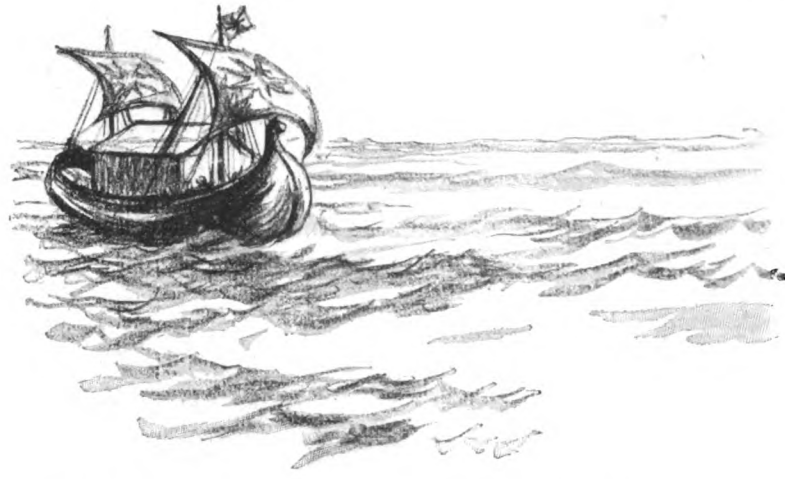
"This is my sister Helen. Helen, this is Lucy."

The two looked at each other, and then Helen held out her hands and she and Lucy kissed each other.

"I knew I should like you," Lucy whispered; "but I didn't know I should like you quite so much."

Mr. Noah and Mr. Perrin were both bowing to Helen, a little stiffly but very cordially all the same, and quite surprisingly without surprise. And the Lord High Islander was looking at her with his own friendly, jolly schoolboy grin.

"If you will embark," said Mr. Noah, politely, "we can return to the mainland, and I will explain to you your remaining deeds."



"Tell them, Pip," said Helen.

"We don't want to embark—at present," said Philip, shyly. "We want you to land."

"No one may land on the island save two," said Mr. Noah. "I am glad you are the two. I feared one of the two might be the Pretenderette."

"Not much," said Philip. "It's Helen's and mine. We made it. And we want to give it to the islanders to keep. For their very own," he added, feeling that it would be difficult for anyone to believe that such a glorious present was really being made just like that, without speeches, as if it had been a little present of a pencil-sharpener or a peg-top.

He was right.

"To keep?" said the Lord High Islander. "For our very own? Always?"

"Yes," said Philip. "And there's no fear here. You'll *really* be 'happy troops' now."

For a moment nobody said anything, though all the faces were expressive. Then the Lord High Islander spoke.

"Well," he said, "of all the brickish bricks——" and could say no more.

"There are lots of houses," said Philip, "and room for all the animals, and the island is thirty miles round; so there's lots of room for the animals and everything." He felt happier than he had ever done in his life. Giving presents is always enjoyable, and this was such a big and beautiful present, and he loved it so.

"I always did say Master Pip was a gentleman, and I always shall," Mr. Perrin remarked.

"I congratulate you," said Mr. Noah, "and I am happy to announce that your fifth deed is now accomplished. You remember our empty silver fruit-dishes? Your fifth deed was to be the supplying of Polistarchia with fruit. This island is the only place in the kingdom where fruit grows. The Ark will serve to convey the fruit to the mainland, and the performance of this deed raises you to the rank of Duke."

"Philip, you're a dear," said Lucy, in a whisper.

"Shut up!" said Philip, fiercely.

"Three cheers," said a familiar voice, "for the Duke of Donors."

"Three cheers," repeated the Lord High Islander, "for the Duke of Donors."

What a cheer! All the islanders cheered, and the M.A.'s and Lucy and Mr. Perrin and Mr. Noah, and from the inside of the Ark came enthusiastic barkings and gruntings and roarings and squeakings—as the animals, of course, joined in as well as they

could. Thousands of gulls, circling on white wings in the sun above, added their screams to the general chorus. And when the sound of the last cheer died away a little, near, familiar voice said:—

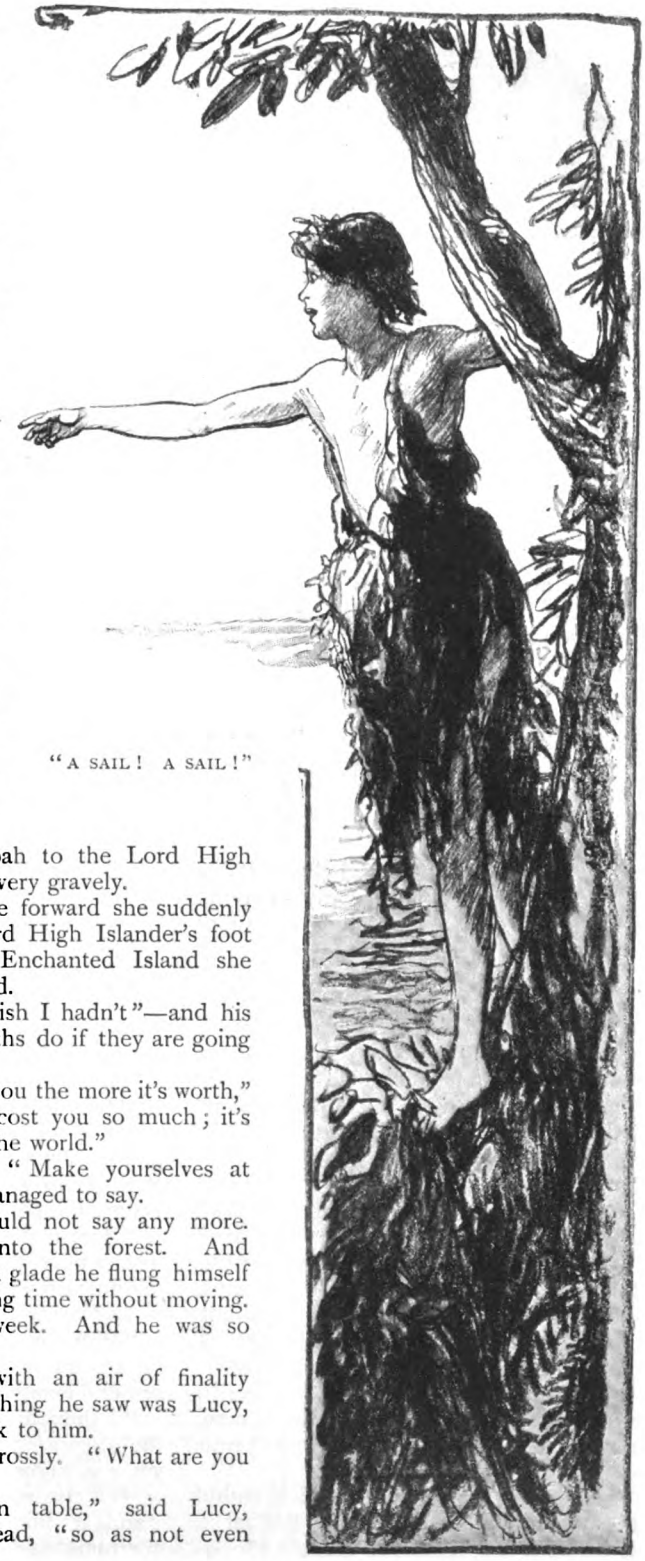
"Well done, Philip! I'm proud of you."

It was the parrot, who, perched on the rigging of the *Lightning Loose*, had started the cheering.

"So that's all right," it said, fluttered on to Philip's shoulder, and added, "I've heard you calling for me on the island all the week. But I felt I needed a rest. I've been talking too much. And that Pretenderette—and that cage. I assure you I needed a little time to get over my adventures."

"We have all had our adventures," said Mr. Noah, gently; and Helen said:—

"Won't you land and take possession of the island? I'm sure we are longing to hear each other's adventures."



"A SAIL! A SAIL!"

"You first," said Mr. Noah to the Lord High Islander, who stepped ashore very gravely.

When Helen saw him come forward she suddenly kissed Philip, and as the Lord High Islander's foot touched the shore of that Enchanted Island she simply and suddenly vanished.

"Oh!" cried Philip, "I wish I hadn't"—and his mouth trembled as girls' mouths do if they are going to cry.

"The more a present costs you the more it's worth," said Mr. Noah. "This has cost you so much; it's the most splendid present in the world."

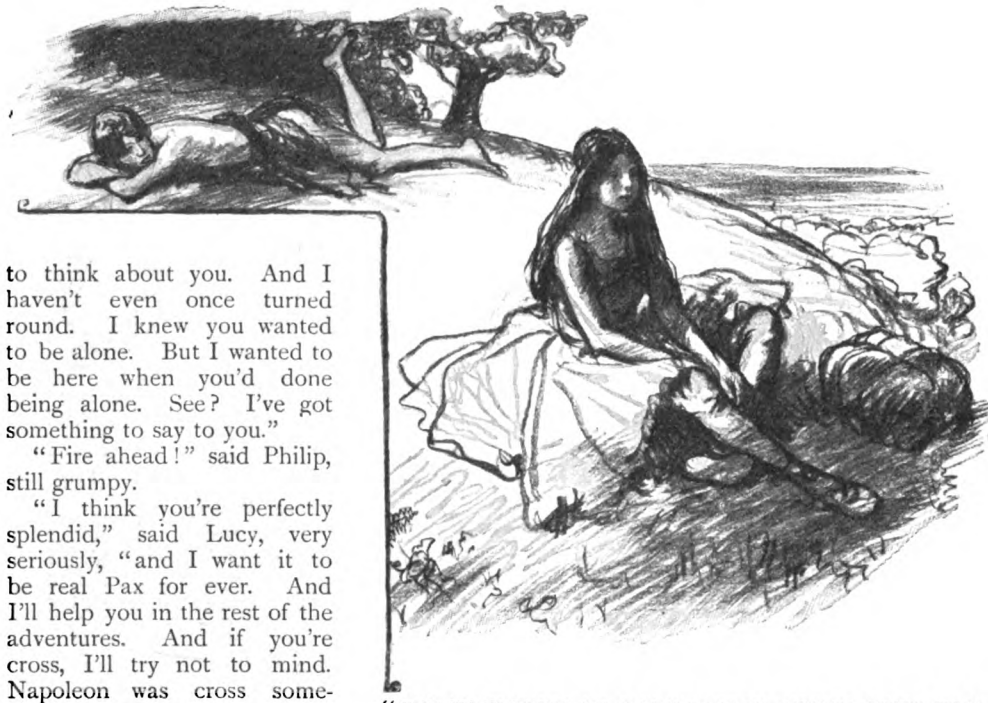
"I know," said Philip. "Make yourselves at home, won't you?" he just managed to say.

And then he found he could not say any more. He just turned and went into the forest. And when he was alone in a green glade he flung himself down on his face and lay a long time without moving. It had been such a happy week. And he was so tired of adventures.

When at last he sniffed with an air of finality and raised his head, the first thing he saw was Lucy, sitting quite still, with her back to him.

"Halloa!" he said, rather crossly. "What are you doing here?"

"Saying the multiplication table," said Lucy, promptly, and turned her head, "so as not even



"THE FIRST THING HE SAW WAS LUCY, SITTING QUITE STILL, WITH HER BACK TO HIM."

to think about you. And I haven't even once turned round. I knew you wanted to be alone. But I wanted to be here when you'd done being alone. See? I've got something to say to you."

"Fire ahead!" said Philip, still grumpy.

"I think you're perfectly splendid," said Lucy, very seriously, "and I want it to be real Pax for ever. And I'll help you in the rest of the adventures. And if you're cross, I'll try not to mind. Napoleon was cross sometimes, I believe," she added, pensively, "and Julius Cæsar."

"Oh, that's all right," said Philip, very awkwardly.

"Then we're going to be real chums?"

"Oh, yes, if you like. Only—I don't mind just this once; and it was decent of you to come and sit there with your back to me. Only I hate gas."

"Yes," said Lucy, obediently, "I know. Only sometimes you feel you must gas a little or expire of admiration. And I've got your proper clothes in a bundle. I've been carrying them about ever since the islanders' castle was washed away. Here they are."

She produced the bundle. And this time Philip was really touched.

"Now I *do* call that something like," he said. "The seaweed dress is all right here, but you never know what you may have to go through when you're doing adventures. There might be thorns or snakes or anything. I'm jolly glad to get my boots back too. I say, come on. Let's go to Helen's palace and get a banquet ready. I know there'll have to be a banquet. There always is here. I know a first-rate bun-tree quite near here."

"The cocoanut-ice plants looked beautiful as I came along," said Lucy. "What a lovely island it is! And you made it!"

"No gas," said Philip, warningly. "Helen and I made it."

"She's the dearest darling," said Lucy.

"Oh, well," said Philip, with resignation; "if you must gas, gas about her."

The banquet was all that you can imagine of interesting and magnificent. And Philip was, of course, the hero of the hour. And when the banquet was finished and the last guest had departed to its own house—for the houses on the island were, of course, all ready to be occupied, furnished to the last point of comfort, with pin-cushions full of pins in every room—Mr. Noah and Lucy and Philip sat down on the terrace steps among the pink roses for a last little talk.

"Because," said Philip, "we shall start the first thing in the morning. So please will you tell me now what the next deed is that I have to do?"

"Will you go by Ark?" Mr. Noah asked, rolling up his yellow mat to make an elbow rest and leaning on it. "I shall be delighted."

"I thought," said Philip, "we might go in the *Lightning Loose*. I've never sailed her yet, you know. Do you think I *could?*"

"Of course you can," said Mr. Noah; "and if not, Lucy can show you. Your charming yacht is steered on precisely the

same principle as the Ark. And in this land all the winds are favourable. You will find the yacht suitably provisioned. And I may add that you can go most of the way to your next deed by water—first the sea and then the river.

"And what," asked Philip, "is the next deed?"

"In the extreme north of Polistarchia," said Mr. Noah, instructively, "lies a town called Somnolentia. It used to be called Briskford in happier days. A river then ran through the town—a rapid river that brought much gold from the mountains. The people used to work very hard to keep the channel clear of the lumps of gold which continually threatened to choke it. Their fields were then well-watered and fruitful, and the inhabitants were cheerful and happy. But when the hippogriff was let out of the book a great sloth got out too. Evading all efforts to secure him, the great sloth journeyed northward. He is a very large and striking animal, and by some means, either fear or admiration, he obtained a complete ascendency over the inhabitants of Briskford. He induced them to build him a temple of solid gold, and while they were doing this the river-bed became choked up and the stream was diverted into another channel far from the town. Since then the place has fallen into decay. The fields are parched aud untilled. Such water as the people need for drinking is drawn by great labour from a well. Washing has become shockingly infrequent."

"Are we to teach the dirty chaps to wash?" asked Philip, in disgust.

"Do not interrupt," said Mr. Noah. "You destroy the thread of my narrative. Where was I?"

"Washing infrequent," said Lucy. "But if the fields are dried up, what do they live on?"

"Pineapples," replied Mr. Noah, "which grow freely and do not need much water. Gathering these is the sole industry of this degraded people. Pineapples are not considered a fruit but a vegetable," he added, hastily, seeing another question trembling on Philip's lips. "Whatever of their waking time can be spared from the gathering and eating of the pineapples is spent in singing choric songs in honour of the great sloth. And even this time is short, for such is his influence on the Somnolentians that when he sleeps they sleep too; and," added Mr. Noah, impressively, "he sleeps almost all the time. Your deed is to devise some means of keeping the great sloth awake and busy. And I think you've got your work cut out. When you've disposed of the great sloth you can report yourself to me here. I shall remain here for some little time. I need a holiday. The parrot will accompany you. It knows its way about as well as any bird in the land. Good night, and good luck! You will excuse my not being down to breakfast."

And the next morning, dewy-early, Philip and Lucy and the parrot went aboard the yacht and loosed her from her moorings, and Lucy showed Philip how to steer, and the parrot sat on the mast and called out instructions.

They made for the mouth of a river. "I never built a river," said Philip. "No," said the parrot; "it came out of the poetry book." And when they were hungry they let down the anchor and went into the cabin for breakfast. And two people sprang to meet them, almost knocking Lucy down with the violence of their welcome. The two people were Max and Brenda.

"Oh, you dear dogs," Lucy cried, and Philip patted them, one with each hand; "how did you get here?"

"It was a little surprise of Mr. Noah's," said the parrot. Max and Brenda whined and barked and gushed.

"I wish we could understand what they're saying," said Lucy.

"If you only knew the magic word that the hippogriff obeys," said the parrot, "you could say it, and then you'd understand all animal talk. Only, of course, I mustn't tell it you. It's one of the eleven mysteries."

"But I know it," said Philip, and at once breathed the word in the tiny, silky ear of Brenda, and then in the longer, silkier ear of Max, and instantly—

"Oh, my dears!" they heard Brenda say, in a softly shrill, excited voice. "Oh, my dearie dears! We *are* so pleased to see you! I'm only a poor little faithful doggy; I'm not clever, you know, but my affectionate nature makes me almost mad with joy to see my dear master and mistress again."

"Very glad to see you, sir," said Max, with heavy politeness. "I hope you'll be comfortable here. There's no comfort for a dog like being with his master."

And with that he sat down and went to sleep, and the others had breakfast.

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

NOT SO EASY AS IT LOOKS.

THESE three gentlemen were out for a stroll, when one of them suggested that they should try the feat illustrated in the accompanying photo-

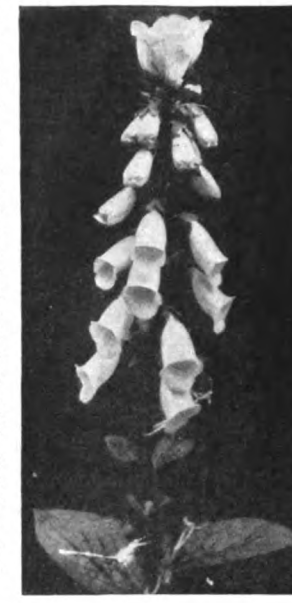
graph. It was some time before they could get the correct position, as the feat is not by any means an easy one when attempted simultaneously by three persons.—Mr. A. Francis, 28, Bridge Street, Rugby.

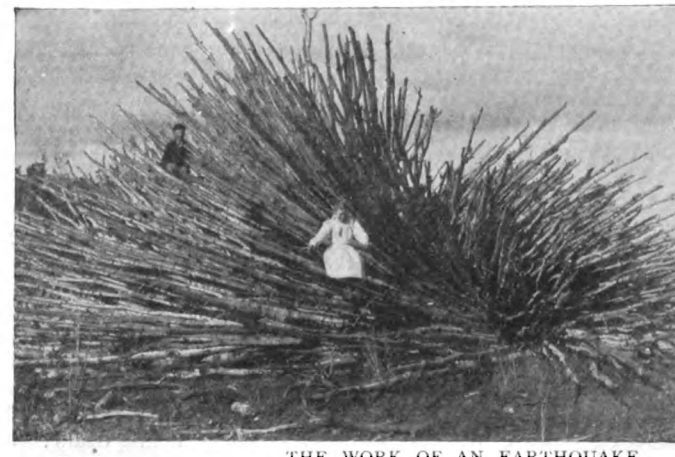
A HINT TO POULTRY-KEEPERS.

A RATHER novel method employed by us for curing our hens of broodiness is here illustrated. A stick about two feet in length is fastened on the back of the bird by means of two pieces of string, which are tied round the shoulders. This effectually prevents the hen from entering the fowlhouse and sitting on the nest, and in a few days generally stops a hen from "wanting to sit," as people say.—Mr. W. Watmough, *Pigeons* Office, Idle, Bradford, Yorks.

A FREAK OF NATURE.

A STRANGE plant combination at present flowering in our garden here is shown in the photograph reproduced. It will be seen that it is a foxglove in bloom, with one Canterbury bell in perfect growth at the top of the stem. The flowers of the foxglove are cream, while the Canterbury bell is deep mauve. The botanist of the local Technical Institute says that "it is a freak of Nature, and worth taking special note of." It is the more strange as the flowers belong to different families. —Mr. R. C. Curtis, 95, Barrack Street, Waterford.



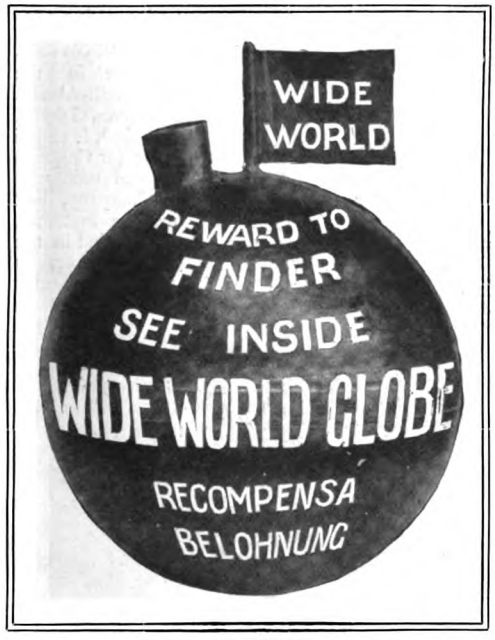


THE WORK OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

THIS is a pile of fuel, or firewood, as it is called here, which was originally stacked in the shape of a tent around the tree that can just be seen at the top of the photograph. Its present shape is owing to the earthquake of May 15th, 1909. The shock must have had a circular motion, for its base was twisted round the tree growing in the centre, causing the pile to assume the shape of a gigantic bristle brush, such as are used in cleaning gun-barrels. It is impossible to pull any of the poles out, and no matter from what point the pile is approached one sees nothing but pole ends.—Mr. John Howard, Forest Farm P.O., Sask., Canada.

"WIDE WORLD" GLOBES.

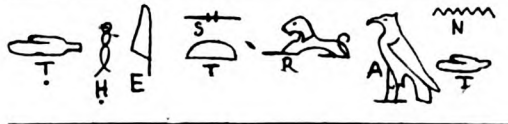
WITH the twofold object of charting ocean currents and providing a source of interest and profit for its seafaring and coast-dwelling readers all over the world, THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE has initiated a novel project, unique in the annals of



magazine enterprise. Twelve of the curious-looking spheres seen in the above photograph have been set adrift in mid-Atlantic, a reward of six guineas being offered to the lucky finder of each of the globes. It is safe to say that a keen look-out will be maintained from ship and shore for the drifting messengers and their valuable contents.

A FAMILIAR NAME IN UNFAMILIAR FORM.

PERHAPS the readers of THE STRAND would like to see the name of their favourite magazine written in Egyptian hieroglyphics. Here it is. There being no G, Z, or D in the Egyptian alphabet, the phonetic equivalents—K, S, and T—are used instead. The signs—T, A, H—over and under the letters are disregarded, in order to introduce a variety of ideographs.—An Admirer of THE STRAND.



COCOA-NUT CURIOSITIES.

THE above shows the latest thing in cocoa-nut novelties. The heads are exceedingly realistic and are the work of a certain Mr. Rane, a Brahmin gentleman, who has his artistic workshops at Andheri, a few miles out of Bombay. With the exception of Sita's nose-ring and Rama's caste mark, the carvings are done entirely from the cocoa-nut. The whites of the eyes and the teeth are cut from the shell of the nut, and the eyelashes, eyebrows, hair, and moustaches are carefully picked and separated from the fibre. The curios are sold at five rupees each, which, considering they take a month in the making, is reasonable enough. If the artist's idea was that of a prosperous "chuprassee" and his contented consort, he has certainly succeeded in carrying it out. — Mr. H. R. Hildreth, 16, Green Street, Fort, Bombay, India.

THE LONGEST-HAIRED GUINEA-PIG.

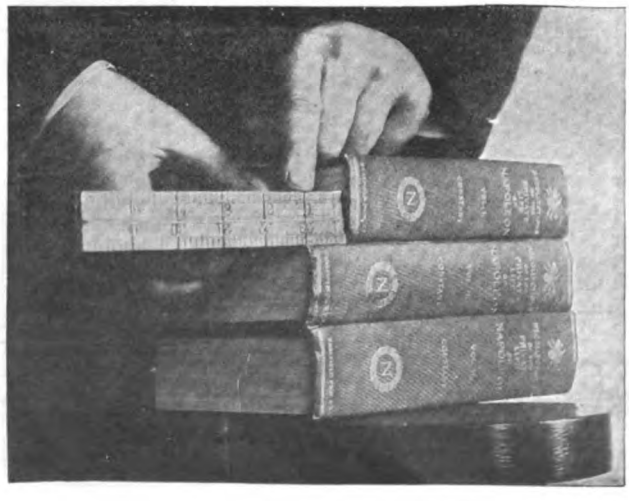
THE many readers of THE STRAND who are also pet-lovers will no doubt be interested in this photograph of my prize-winning Peruvian guinea-pig, which is believed to be the longest-haired guinea-pig in the world. It is here seen with the Welburn Memorial Bowl and National Cavy Club Peruvian Challenge Cup. — Mrs. Hubert Grogan, Slaney Park, Baltinglass, co. Wicklow, Ireland.

A NOVEL METHOD OF COLLECTING FOR A HOSPITAL.

ONE might look at this striking photograph for some time before guessing what it represents. But if the picture be turned upside down, its meaning becomes a little more obvious. It shows my method of collecting for a local hospital, each of the twists of paper attached to the ceiling containing a halfpenny or a penny. In order to make them adhere to the ceiling each of the papers contains a piece of cork of about the same size and thickness as the coin, with a tin-tack run through the centre. As I make my own sweets, I am often asked if these pieces of paper contain sweets to attract the flies, while other people remark that I appear to be well provided with electric lights and that the shop must look bright when all are lit.—Mr. G. B. Luff, 125, Montague Street, Worthing.

A NEW OPTICAL ILLUSION.

THE three volumes shown in the accompanying photograph belong to the same set, and are of exactly the same size, yet in the picture the upper one appears to be—as proved by actual measurement—a full inch shorter than the other two. I wonder how many readers of THE STRAND will be able to discover the method by which this apparent discrepancy in length was produced? Although the effect is certainly quite remarkable, its explanation is very simple indeed. While the scheme of the illusion originated with myself, much credit is due to my esteemed friend, Mr. A. Walker Reid, for the clever manner in which he has carried out my idea with his camera.—Prof. Milo Deyo, 103, Quincy St., Brooklyn, N.Y.



A TREE WITH MAGIC POWERS.

THIS curious tree in the cemetery of Tanah-Abang, at Weltevreden, Batavia, Isle of Java (Dutch East Indies), is called the tree of "Father (or Captain) Jas." Father Jas, an officer of the old East India Company, died in 1795, and was the first man whose remains were buried in the above-named cemetery; or, as people in Batavia used to say, he was the first inhabitant of

Tanah-Abang. In the course of time a wild fig tree commenced to grow on the grave, and is at the present time a large tree with a heavy trunk, that embraces in its roots the original tombstone. Only a few portions of this stone are now visible. There is a strange superstition about this tree; people saying that when a lady makes a wish at the grave beneath it the wish is fulfilled, but the wisher ought to hang a garland on the tree. It seems, indeed, that many wishes are fulfilled, as a large number of garlands adorn the tree. At Christmas-time especially the tree is decorated with many fresh garlands. In Batavia it is often said that a man "has gone to Father Jas," which means that he died and was buried at the Tanah-Abang cemetery. — Mr. H. L. F. Vanger, Kebon Sajoer C 28, Weltevreden, Batavia, Java.

British Columbia's Treasure-House.

By AGNES DEANS CAMERON.

And she is no common Earth,
Water or Wood or Air,
But Merlin's Isle of Gramarye
Where you and I will fare.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

WITH her 9,000 miles of fiord coast-line, her majestic rivers, sea-like lakes, and her miles of mighty mountain-peaks—seventy Switzerlands in one—British Columbia is a potential Empire in herself—The Empire of the Larger Hope.

Comparisons are odious, and illuminating. British Columbia is large enough to enable us to place within its boundaries side by side at the same time two Englands, three Irelands, and four Scotlands, and still leave 5,000 square miles uncovered. Expressed in terms of Canada, the huge Pacific Province is as large as Ontario, Manitoba, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island combined.

While not in any way impugning their loyalty to Canadian ideals, we note that British Columbians in a degree are a people apart, more English than they are Canadian. "In the beginning" the pioneers of this Province came from Britain in sailing ships "round the Horn," before there was a Canada. The children born of these parents learned from their wistful mothers to call Old England "home"; they dubbed themselves "British colonists." The early love is strong; and hence it is that visiting Englishman and Scot, crossing Canada by the easy line of least resistance, finds British Columbia to-day "more English than the English."

In early days Victoria, on Vancouver Island, was the outfitting station for the whalers whose shadowy ships worked the off-shore waters of Russian America; clumsy

THE MAIN STREET AT VICTORIA CITY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

craft plied regularly from the Thames mouth to Esquimalt, crowded with colonists. A sustained intercourse was maintained between Vancouver Island and the Sandwich group by the fruit sloops from Honolulu. The Rocky Mountains had not yet been pierced by the ambitious Canadian Pacific ; the sea was the great highway which joined British Columbia to the countries beyond. And still our outlook is seawise. Northward to the gold-mines of the Portland Canal, southward to the tropic trade of Mexico, and due west to that ultimate West which becomes East, to Australia and India and the Isles of the Sea, does the trade of the Pacific Province extend.

Except for the educational facilities afforded by the Eastern Provinces, the imagination and desires of young British Columbians are not drawn eastward over the Rockies. British Columbia boys playing barefooted among the kelp of their own beaches look out across the sea and dream their visions splendid; the stories they get from those who go down to the sea in ships fan into flame that slumbering go-fever and grow-fever of the Saxon which is their birthright.

A FEW SALMON AT A BRITISH COLUMBIA CANNERY DOCK—EACH FISH WEIGHS FROM SIX TO SIXTY POUNDS.

The sea is but one temptress. British Columbia's leading industries in relative order of importance are mining, lumbering, farming, fishing. As seductive side-lines there are seal-shooting, whaling, surveying, prospecting, the growing of holly-berries and Dutch bulbs for export, the breeding of prize dogs! It is given to each individual Robinson Crusoe to break new ground, to graft the romance of his own desire on the solid stem of an established industry.

The coast of British Columbia embraces all the sea-front which lies between the 49th and 55th parallels of north latitude, the deep indented configuration giving a total of over 7,000 miles of shore-line on the mainland alone. This vast maze of water swarms with every food-fish known to science, from the smallest sardine to the cachalot or true sperm whale ; as yet, though, the salmon is the only fish that here has been taken seriously. Last year British Columbia's fisheries represented a total wealth gathered from the sea of 10,000,000dols., some 9,000,000dols. of which was derived from salmon, the halibut contributing half a million dollars and the herring a quarter of a million.

The total forest area of Canada is 1,657,600,000 acres (exceeding that of the United States and Europe combined) ; of this British Columbia boasts 182,750,000 acres. The type tree is the Douglas fir. With its base circumference of 50ft., a bole towering to a height of 300ft. and straight as the mast of a ship, the Douglas fir is a magnificent tree, much prized for its durability and strength.

Over 200 saw-mills and a number of shingle-mills, planing-mills, and sash and door factories are grinding up the forests of fir for man's use. These with logging-camps, logging-railways, lumber tug-boats, etc., and exclusive of the value of lands purchased and leased as timber-limits, represent an invested capital of over 20,000,000dols. The allied industry of pulp and paper-making is receiving due attention on the part of the Government. A few years ago a Provincial law was passed which provides for the granting of special leases to individuals or companies astute enough to wish to embark in this enterprise.

To form a half-adequate estimate of the extent and importance of the agricultural areas of this big Province one must travel far

BIG TREES IN THE GORGE PARK AT VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

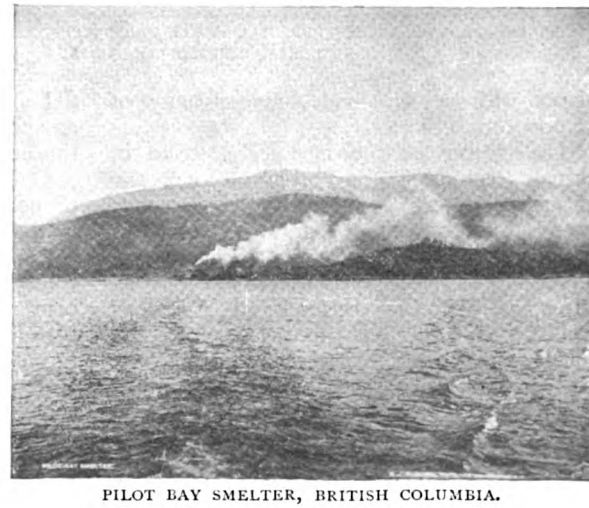
beyond the ordinary arteries. The whole of British Columbia east of the coast range and south of the parallel of 52deg. is a grazing country up to the altitude of 3,500ft., and a farming country up to the altitude of 2,500ft. (with available irrigation). Within the boundaries thus roughly defined the capabilities of the soil are practically unlimited. As far north as the 55th degree apples flourish—the best apples grown in this world; while in the southern belt the more delicate fruits—peaches, grapes, apricots—are an assured crop. Speaking broadly, the extent of the fertile lands may be fairly set down at over 1,000,000 acres.

For the last five years British Columbia fruit has obtained the highest awards in the Royal Horticultural Exhibitions in London. It is significant to note that this prize fruit, before it could be placed in open competition with the fruits of the world, had to traverse a continent and an ocean.

Surely the profits are a tempting enough lure! Okanagan fruit-ranches have shown gross gains of 500dols. to the acre. At Kelowna nine tons of pears and ten tons of prunes per acre are not uncommon. Four acres of strawberries on Vancouver Island produced 28,126lb. of fruit, which sold for 2,598dols. net, or 650dols. per acre. At Lytton, Tokay grapes averaging 4lb. to the bunch are grown in the open. On the Coldstream Ranch, near Vernon, twenty acres produced 10,000dols. worth of Northern Spy apples. Tomatoes to the value of 1,500dols. per acre were grown on Okanagan Lake. A cherry tree at Penticton produced 800lb. of fruit, another at Agassiz 1,000lb. Fruit-packing has been brought to a fine art in British Columbia, the methods used being considered perfect by experts. Careless or dishonest packing is not tolerated, offenders being severely punished.

It is as a mineral province that British Columbia is best known. The mines of British Columbia have produced over 300,000,000dols., and there are still within her borders 300,000 square miles of unprospected mineral-bearing country. The importance of the mining industry cannot be better illustrated than by pointing out that the value of the mineral output last year was 25,000,000dols., or an average of 150dols. from mining alone for every white man, woman, and child of the whole Province—considerably more than the old-age pension which England allows to her honourable derelicts!

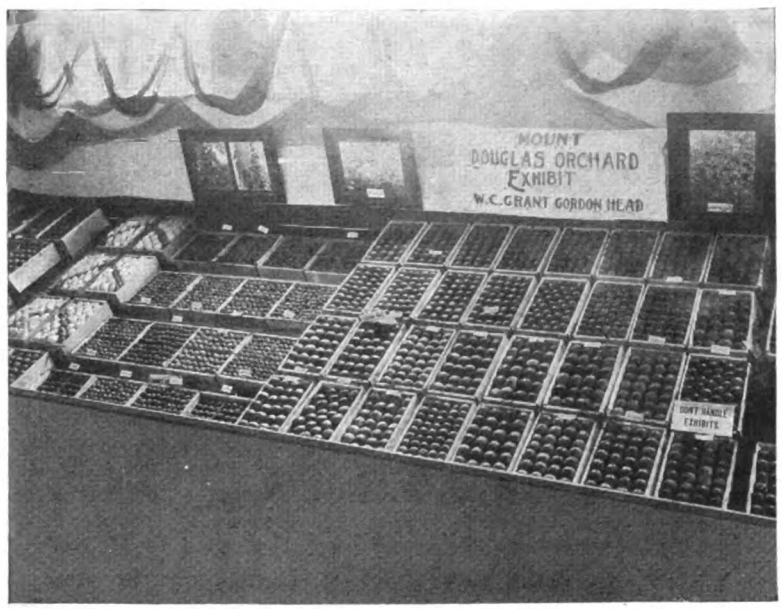
British Columbia contributes annually more than 75 per cent. of the total mineral output of Canada, and up to date has produced in gold values over 115,000,000dols., and in other minerals 185,000,000dols. It was the rich placer reaches of the Fraser which in 1858-59 brought this Province into the world's ken and redeemed it from the limbo of a fur-preserve. It is the rich gold-strike of the Stewart camps on Portland



PILOT BAY SMELTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Canal which in the present summer is attracting eager gold-seekers from the world's four corners. The placer miners of the early 'sixties wrested from the creeks and river-benches 50,000,000dols. worth of free nuggets. What the harvest of 1910 will be yet remains to be written.

The mining industry is now firmly established on legitimate business lines, mining on paper and on the Stock Exchange having given place to sane, hard-headed work, with resultant bullion and company dividends. The Granby Company distributed 1,620,000dols. to its stockholders in 1906. To-day British Columbia has eleven smelters and three or four refining plants with a combined daily capacity of 10,000 tons of ore.



AN INDIVIDUAL EXHIBIT FROM A FRUIT FARM AT GORDON HEAD, NEAR VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The scene of the latest gold-strike in British Columbia is Portland Canal, the natural fiord which separates the Province from Alaska. At the head of the canal is the City of Stewart, and into the harbour at this point flows the Bear River, whose tributaries are Glacier, Bitter, and American Creeks. For the last three years Portland Canal has been a producing camp, the Government Mineralogist for British Columbia issuing a special report in 1909 dealing with the present and the future of this gold-bearing region. The development has been done quietly and sanely, owners working their properties without desiring or asking outside capital.

So important had the producing camps of the Portland Canal District become early in the present summer that a special Stock Exchange was opened in Victoria and another in Vancouver to handle exclusively Portland Canal mining stock. Stewart City, hemmed in in front by the sea, backed by the mines to the rear, and flanked on either side by precipitous hills and the waters of the Bear River, is Nature's *entrepôt* to the rich region beyond. Last winter not a dozen houses constituted the town. To-day there are probably 9,000 people in Stewart. Three banks have opened up in the town. Hotels of 100 and 150 rooms are turning guests away daily. Huge warehouses are arising; docks and ore-bunkers are being constructed along the foreshore. The buildings are of the substantial nature which indicates a permanent faith in the future of the city; every house is fitted with city water and electric-light attachments. Already Stewart is electric-lighted, and a wireless telegraph connection is being made between the new town and Prince Rupert. The Government of British Columbia has built a substantial bridge across the Bear River, and is co-operating with the citizens to instal a thorough sewerage system for the town.

One of the earliest investors to acquire property and identify himself with the Portland Canal district was D. D. Mann, Vice-President of the Canadian Northern Railway, Canada's new trans-continental line. At his own cost he is personally rushing to completion his short line of railway from the producing camps to tide-water at Stewart City and promises to have the line running before snow flies. A man of few words, Canada's greatest railroad-builder months ago summed up his interest in the district by succinctly stating, "Portland Canal is good enough for me."

FASHIONS OF THE MOMENT.

By "EVE."

ALTHOUGH the early autumn models of the *costume tailleur* are now with us, these are, for the most part, relegated to morning wear.

They are fashioned of thin woollen materials and mixtures of silk and wool, the fine makes of navy serge being for the moment quite ousted from favour.

A SMART PARISIAN CONFECTION

Fig. 1.—This latest of Parisian creations is fashioned of white cloth, the buttons being covered with black corded silk, the stitching also being of black.

The woman who prides herself on her trimly-tailored appearance, however, need feel no uneasiness at this verdict, since her favourite material will inevitably return to its own again with the late autumn.

Meanwhile these late summer cloth suits are a welcome change and an easy bridge-over from the diaphanous materials of the summer, since they are invariably fashioned

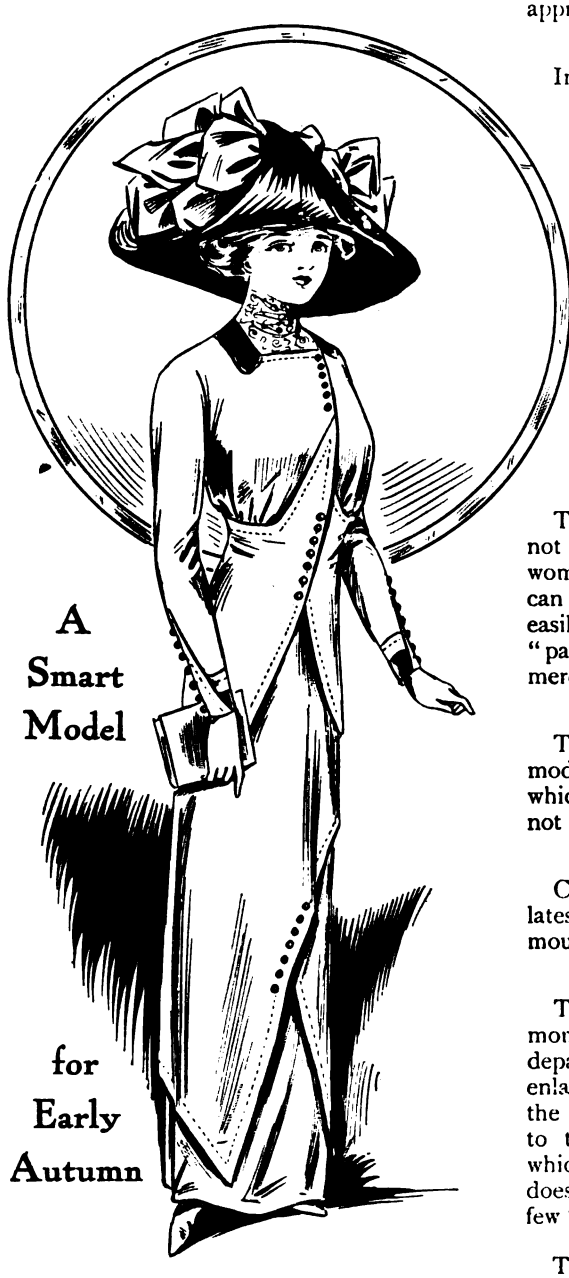


Fig. 2.—One of the newest modes in tabac-brown cloth, black satin forming the collar and the covering for the small buttons. The stitching is also of black silk.

in light colours, white cloth, biscuit, and tan holding preference, though there is a marked appreciation being shown for stripes.

In construction the strained tightness of the skirts at the knees has entirely disappeared, and pleats inserted at the sides now give even more fullness to these *jupes* than their appearance indicates.

As is usual with the modes where the tailor steps in, much stitching is again in evidence, but the severe effect of the machine needle is discounted by the elaborate button adornments, which is the latest decree from Paris for the early autumn.

These desirable adjuncts are fortunately not confined to any prescribed size; the woman with a taste for large decorations can satisfy her predilection for these just as easily as her sister who inclines to the "page-boy" variety, their reduction in size merely being made up in quantity.

The buttons shown on the accompanying models are happy illustrations of this decree, which, be it said, are *covered* examples, and not of ornamental bone or metal.

Corded silk, moire, and plain silk are the latest covering materials for the wooden moulds of which these buttons are made.

The *rever* rightly understood has for the moment become confused in all sorts of departures from the original, from the enlarged cut in cloth which so broadens at the base as to allow of a fold or two, to the little pointed piece of plain silk, which may be also spotted or striped, that does no more than extend the collar a few inches.

The knee length has now receded to the medium and short hip variety, but Parisians aver that a little later will see the becoming and convenient "long three-quarter" back amongst us.

Always extremely becoming is the touch of velvet on a dress, and when the bands of

this material are in pale mauve on a frock of voile de soie the effect is doubly attractive.

At Dinard just now this is a favourite mode for the *après-midi* models.

Very chic, too, are the *toilettes de visite* of soft satin and chiffon.

One of mist grey, with pale grey chiffon and dyed lace, worn by a Parisian, suited her dark beauty to perfection, the softness of the colour being relieved by touches of amethyst, which proved doubly attractive in the glints of these stones which shone from the earrings and the brooch and ring which completed this delightful confection.

The smart Frenchwoman is never so happy as when indulging in a complete change of mode, and the evening coat of the moment affords a decided contrast to the recent little lace and silk models.

Fig. 3. — Of pale ochre cloth, with black satin bands, black satin-covered buttons, and ochre tinted ninon yoke and undersleeves.

She has gone back to the classic, her innate artistic perception enabling her to successfully manipulate the graceful folds of the one-piece Greek idea.

Though outwardly fashioned of Roman satin in a plain colour and simply decorated with long tassels of gold or silk, the lining of this cloak runs riot in a blaze of Oriental colours.

Hats promise an appreciable decrease in size a little later on, but for the present the many who pin their faith to the large variety may take heart of grace and remember "there is many a slip," etc., before they be considered *démodé* in spreading brims.

Coarse basket straws of sulphur shade are trimmed with hollyhocks, mostly of the pink variety, and a swathe for the crown of black satin ribbon. Pink, by the way, is a colour that is noticeably creeping back to favour after a long period of neglect.

Satin straws and high-crowned shapes of stretched silk in a dark shade are being simply trimmed with a double bow of plain and spotted silk, which has a very smart appearance.

Velvet flowers in lovely shades of bronze and golden brown, purple and comet blue, also a lovely red tint reminiscent of autumn

A CHIC TOILETTE for the NEW CLOTHS

For Casino *and* Theatre Wear

Fig. 4.—The latest evening cloak of the smart Parisian woman. A gorgeous Oriental lining is its noticeable feature

virginia creeper, are much worn at the moment, while feathers in many new styles are the last word in millinery. Plumage *fantaisies*, enormous ostrich plumes, and other fancy varieties such as the *pleureuse*, or weeping design, are very smart, but exclusive, on account of their enormous size, which makes them an expensive item on the millinery bill.

Simple blouses of plain silk, soft ninon, and new silk crépons accompany the morning coat and skirt of thin cloth.

The more elaborate variety have a front panel of coarse Irish lace edged with a tiny band of velvet, which, however, is *not* repeated on the collar and sleeves.

A point to remember is that all the newest costume materials are waterproofed, which is one benefit at least from the July rains, which have taught manufacturers a useful lesson.

Fawn, grey, and black silk taffetas is the ideal fabricating medium of the moment for long cover-up coats, which are at once smart and light for travelling.

The early rain and dullness of this summer spelt ruin to the pretty and dainty parasols prepared for the season, and in their place a vogue has sprung up for the coloured umbrella, useful alike for fitful hours of sun or shower. Clear horn handles, in pretty shades to match both the umbrella and the costume worn, are much in demand from Paris houses.

Fichus are coming into vogue again, and the next week or two will see every variety of this drapery to the fore. There is much to be said for the adoption of this picturesque style by the woman with small features.

Another whisper of the early winter styles which reaches us on the eve of going to press is that high-waisted effects are soon likely to be again the *mode*, and Parisian *ateliers* are already occupied on *chic* little designs in the Empire styles.

"HE TOOK THE FINGERS OF THE DEAD MAN'S HAND AND HELD THEM FIRMLY ROUND THE NECK OF THE BOTTLE."

(*See page* 398.)

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The Mystery of J. H. Farrer.

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

Illustrated by W. H. Margetson, R.I.

I.

ALL the people concerned in this affair are dead. I could not write of it otherwise. Even now I must use names that are fictitious, for there are still those whom the relation of this tragedy might affect. When I was a child I heard of it. I was in the garden; in the forest of rhododendrons that grew in a dense clump behind the old garden seat that faced the tennis lawn. My uncle and my father were sitting there, and, with stealthy steps, I was about to play the Red Indian on them just to see them jump, when I heard my uncle say:—

"Purnell murdered him."

"My God!" said my father.

You can imagine that was enough for me. My father was an intensely religious man, and only used the name of God unawares or on Sundays. I stopped dead in the bushes behind them. Such an adept was I at the game of Indians that they had never heard a sound. They thought they were alone, and so I heard the whole story.

Now I can tell it, as I heard it that summer evening, with, I hope, a more generous construction than either my father or my uncle put upon it.

You must know first of all that J. H. Farrer was a dipsomaniac. And not that only—he took drugs. Oh, but he was clever about it. He concealed it so successfully that no one dreamed of the vice that haunted him. They thought he suffered from ill-health.

When he married Amy Stanhard, a quiet, gentle little girl, they never pitied her. They only said: "Married life will make a lot of difference in him. He'll soon be well now."

I shudder when I think of what her life must have been for those first two years of her married existence. The slow and terrible awakening to the fact of what her husband was—the birth of her little girl—the death of that little girl from meningitis. Dr. Purnell

attended it and her. When it died, he told her the truth.

"You must never have another child," he told her. "It might be worse than this. It might live."

After the death of her child Mrs. Farrer pulled herself together in a supreme attempt to make the best of things and an endeavour to reform her husband.

She thought she had succeeded. He made all conditions of promises. He vowed that not one drop of alcohol should ever pass his lips. But he continued just the same, though so cunning was he in concealing it that for some months she really believed him to be cured.

It was one Sunday evening after dinner, in that house of theirs at Hampstead, that she discovered how miserably she had been deceived.

Dr. Purnell was staying over the week-end. There was also a Mr. and Mrs. Guerney and a young man named Lainson. It was an informal party.

After dinner Farrer had hurriedly left the table. As he went out of the room Mrs. Farrer asked where he was going. She received no answer. The door banged. It was as if it had been slammed in her face. She shot a glance at Purnell, but either he did not or he would not see.

For some moments the sound of that door echoed and re-echoed in her mind. At last, unable to bear the doubt of it any longer, she excused herself and rose from the table. Purnell watched her anxiously as she left the room. Perhaps he guessed, I do not know. Possibly he had read the signs in Farrer's face, and realized that all her hopefulness of her husband's recovery was vain. Certain it is that when ten minutes had gone by he went in search of her, and there in the study he found her, lying back in the settee, her whole body shaking with the sobs that were being wrung from her.

All that had happened nobody knows. Over this part of the story my uncle hurried with a few broken and suggestive sentences.

But I can easily surmise now in calmer contemplation of it all the scene that had taken place. The poor little woman had discovered her tragedy afresh. She had caught her husband in the act of taking drugs. In the wild, impetuous rage which seizes these people at times, he had struck her and left her.

And all that followed I can as easily understand as though it were taking place now before my very eyes. I can hear Purnell as he endeavoured to console her. And so, as though the events which followed were actually taking place, I will tell the rest of this strange, terrible, and thrilling story as I heard it from the lips of my uncle on that summer evening—how long?—nearly twenty years ago.

As he entered the room and saw her weeping, with shaking shoulders, Purnell realized the situation. He was a man of few words, but acute perception. A grim humour he had, too, a sense of the weird comedy of life which, instead of making him cynical, gave him a great power of human understanding.

As he closed the door Mrs. Farrer looked up hastily.

"You've learnt the truth?" said he, gently.

She bent her head.

"Give up hope," he said, "and take to courage."

It was a strange thing to say, yet it was so reasonable, so much the best and only thing to do, that she stopped her sobbing.

"You mean it's no good? He'll never change?"

"No; I don't mean that. I mean hope is a heart-sickening thing in these cases. He might change, but it's better to believe he won't—then you can take to courage and out of it may come a great reward."

"You believe that?"

"I believe courage is better than hope. There's no fear in it."

She stood up. She held out one hand and he came across the room to take it.

"Haven't you been good to me?" she said, brokenly. "You say the things one least expects, but they help, really they do."

And there they had stood for a moment with her hand held in his. And in that moment—well—it is greatly possible to understand these things. Love is a flame that may leap out of a fire that seems the blackest. It may lie hidden and smouldering until just such a moment as this. For it was as they stood there that Purnell realized why he had been good to her; that she realized it too. You may hide these things for years, but there comes a time—an odd instant in the eternity for which you would have been willing to hide them—when they light up the whole sky of your existence.

She saw it. He saw it. Each knew the other had felt the light of it in her eyes. And Purnell was about to turn away, to veil the light of it once more for the eternity that was to follow, but she tightened her fingers—imperceptibly almost—but he felt the pressure of them about his hand.

He looked back again into her eyes, and quite simply, as though to answer the implied question in her last words, he said :—

"I love you."

Once that is said, rightly or wrongly, then the whole world has a different light. He might have gone away and those words had never been spoken, but for the faint detaining pressure of her hand.

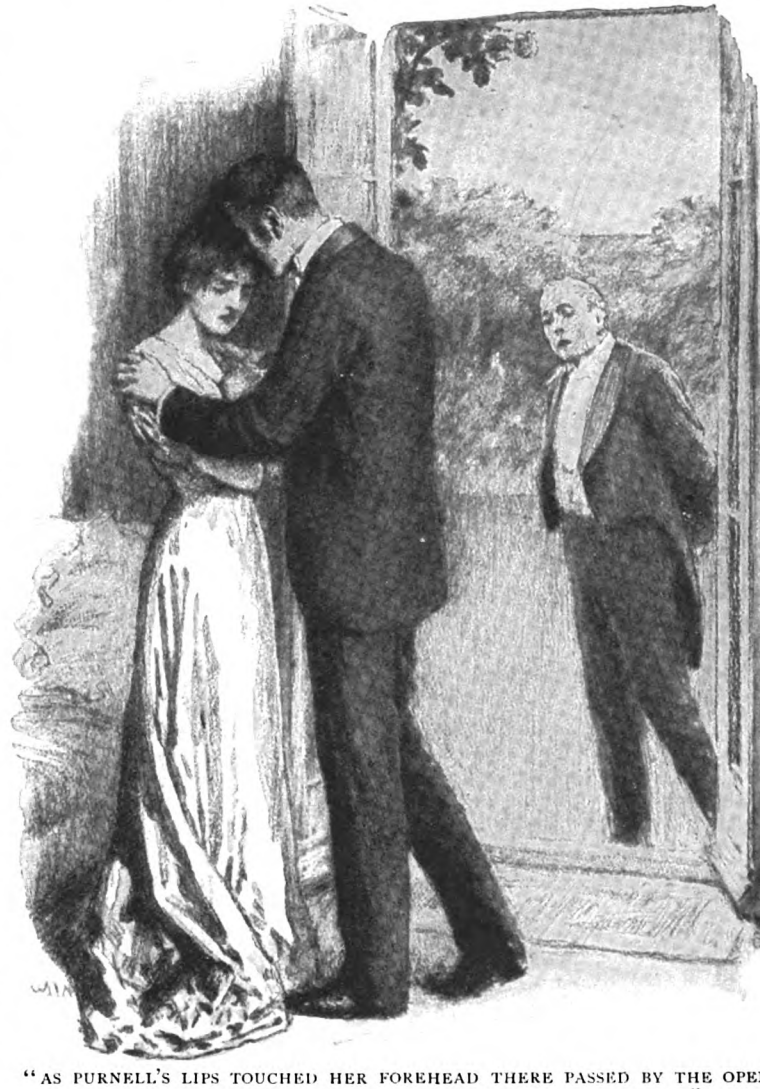
And when for some moments they had stood in silence searching each other's eyes, she whispered :—

"What are we to do?"

"There is nothing to do," said he. "I shouldn't have told you. There's nothing to do. We must wait, that's all."

She said nothing. Only her eyes gazed at him for more help than that. At last he spoke again.

"Honour's a strange thing," he continued. "Respectability's queerer still. A pair of ideas which in their different ways upset the going of the whole world. They've got to upset ours — your world and mine. Love should claim everything, but somehow or other it doesn't. We must wait, that is all."



"AS PURNELL'S LIPS TOUCHED HER FOREHEAD THERE PASSED BY THE OPEN FRENCH WINDOW THE DIMINUTIVE FIGURE OF MR. GUERNEY."

He laid both his hands on her shoulders, and with lips that were chilled he gently kissed her forehead that was cold.

Again, see how strange a hand circumstance plays with moments here and moments there, all building to a greater happiness or a greater tragedy such as this. For at this instant, as Purnell's lips touched her forehead, there passed by the open French window the diminutive figure of Mr. Guerney. His steps became slower as he saw them, and for one second as he stopped, before he passed on again out of sight, he heard Purnell say :—

"Who knows, we may not have long to wait. As things are now, which is simply what things have been, I give him a year to live—if as much. He might die any moment."

Then Gurney disappeared.

"That may sound a strange thing for any one to say of a man to that man's wife. But I have no thought to hide from you the hope that it will be soon, for his sake even, but for

yours most of all, whatever it may mean to us afterwards."

He took his hands from her shoulders.

"We mustn't stay here," he said. "The misconstruction that can be placed upon people's actions is not going to be one of the worries of our existence. I must not see you again for a long time after this visit. I must go away. Waiting—this sort of waiting—is really far easier when one is alone. And I'll have no one saying a word against you."

She left him then and joined her guests, and a few moments later Guerney entered the smoking-room from the open French window.

"Charming garden this," said he, waving a hand to the plot of grass, the line of flower-beds and the garden wall that sheltered it from the heath. "Charming when you come to think that it is actually in town."

Purnell nodded in silence. He took no notice of the little man's nervous movements, his meaningless actions as of one who has something upon his mind which he is hesitating to give words to. But when he began hesitatingly with what he had to say, Purnell sharply looked up.

"I don't want to seem to be prying into your affairs," said the little man, awkwardly.

"What affairs?" said Purnell.

Mr. Guerney cleared his throat.

"I happened to pass the French window just now."

"Well?"

"I saw you kissing Mrs. Farrer."

"Really?"

"Yes—and I was only going to advise you—you see, I am an old friend of the family—if you've fallen in love with Mrs. Farrer and Mrs. Farrer's fallen in love with you——"

"Have you any doubt about it?" asked Purnell.

"Well, I'm sure I hope nothing of the kind has happened."

"You hope that?"

"Most certainly."

"Then how do you explain to yourself what you saw?"

"Oh," he jerked his hands awkwardly in a deprecatory gesture, "just an idle moment, perhaps."

"I see," said Purnell, sharply, "a flirtation—a common flirtation. As a friend of the family that must be so distasteful to you that I will ease your mind. It was not an idle moment."

Guerney endeavoured to assume an attitude of dignity.

"I don't understand you," said he; "do you mean to say you are in love with each other?"

"Yes; but if you think that any harm is coming to her reputation, let me tell you that there is none. I shall say good-bye to her in the ordinary way to-morrow and we shall not see each other again. As a friend of the family you have my word for that, and as a friend of the family—if truly you are a friend—I must ask you to say nothing of what you have seen. You know Farrer's temper—you know his habits. This evening after dinner, in a fit of rage, he struck his wife across the face. Heaven knows she has enough of misery as it is, and I beg of you not to add to it by making public what you have seen. It can do no good to anyone, and will not help me to preserve her honour as I intend to do."

Mr. Guerney folded his hands.

"I shall say nothing," said he. "I shall say nothing unless I am asked. If I am asked, of course—well—it is not my habit to tell lies."

Purnell smiled.

"You'll have no necessity to break your habit," he replied. "Nobody knows of it but yourself. Nobody ever will know. And to-morrow I shall be gone."

"I think that is the wisest course," said Mr. Guerney. "It eases my mind to know that nothing worse has happened."

At ten o'clock that night the ladies retired. For the instant, as Mrs. Farrer's hand held his, Purnell felt the gentle pressure of her fingers. His fingers answered that unspoken appeal, and then, without looking back, she walked out of the room. Some moments later, the men went into the smoking-room.

At half-past ten—for these events, uninteresting as they are, must be chronicled in the order of their happening—the butler entered with the candlesticks and laid them on the table. He locked the French window, and, as he was about to pull the curtains, Mr. Guerney said:—

"Leave the curtains, Greyson; it's such a fine night."

The butler obeyed. At the door he stopped.

"Would one of you gentlemen be so good as to put the lights out when you leave?" said he. "The servants are going to bed."

"I'll see to them," said Mr. Guerney.

The door closed and for a while they sat in silence.

That the conversation of Guerney and young Lainson was going to amuse Purnell at such a time, when all his thoughts were

turning to the tragedy in the life of the woman he loved, is scarcely to be expected. As soon as he had finished a cigarette, he rose and took his candle from the little table where the butler had placed them.

"I've got to be away early to-morrow morning," said he. "I think I shall sheer off to bed."

And with an abrupt good-night he lit his candle and left them.

What they talked about, these two who remained, can have but little bearing upon the murder of J. H. Farrer. Yet there was one incident affecting the issue; it must be recorded. Guerney was true to his word, so far as Lainson was concerned. He told him nothing of what he had seen, but they openly discussed the dissolute habits of their host.

"I pity the little woman from the bottom of my heart," said Lainson. "She has a dog's life of it. I think it cheers her to have other people about the place, or I should never come down here."

He stopped abruptly at the end of his sentence.

"Who's that?" said he.

Guerney followed the direction of his eyes through the French window, and there, across the little stretch of lawn overlooking the garden wall that bordered on the heath, was the face of a man gazing into the lighted room as he leant upon the wall.

"It isn't Farrer, is it?" said Lainson.

Guerney shook his head.

"No, the man's in ordinary clothes. Farrer was dressed. Some fellow, I suppose, crossing the heath, attracted by the light of the window."

"Where's Farrer gone?" asked Lainson, and with the question they both withdrew their eyes from the window.

"He's playing cards, I expect," replied Guerney. And then, as if with common consent, they both looked round again. The man had gone. Over the wall was the deep blue darkness of the summer night which spread its cloak of velvet across the heath. And everything was silent, everything was still.

Lainson poured himself out a last whisky into his glass. He held up the decanter and looked at its contents.

"Well, we don't leave much for our good host when he returns," said he.

"There he is," said Guerney, as a door slammed, and a moment later the door of the smoking-room opened as Farrer entered.

To say that a man is drunk when he is so seldom sober is to describe him in his normal condition. When it comes to such a pass as this, sobriety in a drunkard is a terrible sight. Intoxication is preferable. Such wits as he possesses, he has about him. That is all that can be said in his favour. But the wits are dulled. His conversation is a plethora of repetitions; an amiable wandering over stories that he has told a hundred times before, over sentences that are begun again and again but never finished.

As he sank down into an arm-chair the two men glanced at each other.

"Been playing at cards?" asked Guerney.

"Poker—been playing poker," Farrer replied.

"Win?" Lainson inquired.

"Fifty pounds odd, my boy—fifty pounds—if I ever get paid at all." He brought out a handful of sovereigns and chinked them for his own amusement in the palms of his hands. "Never had such a run of luck—never had such a run of luck," and then, regardless of the fact that the two men had risen from their chairs, that both were lighting their candles preparatory to their departure for the night, he began a weary account of his winnings as they hung upon the door-handle waiting for a momentary pause when they could get away.

The first opportunity that offered itself they seized, and the door closed as Farrer continued with the story of how he had won fifty pounds.

"I was dealt threes—Jacks," said he; "I chucked away the two odd 'uns—chucked 'em away—I'd got threes, and hang it all if I didn't pull in a pair—pair tens—pulled 'em in."

He looked round for approval of his luck. The room was empty. He smiled.

"Full house," he whispered to himself. "Empty room, full house."

Suddenly he pulled himself together and shuddered. His fingers felt for the little bottle in his waistcoat pocket. He pulled it out. Three tabloids rattled into the bottom of an empty glass, and with quivering hands he poured in the whisky, shivering like one who is smitten with ague as he watched the tabloids dissolve.

Directly the liquid had absorbed them he filled the soda in—one draught then, and he leant back in his chair with a sigh of relief. The mere suggestion before the drug had begun its work had calmed him. He even smiled.

And there alone in the smoking-room, the chill silence of the house all round him, sat J. H. Farrer on the last night of his life.

II.

HALF an hour may have passed—perhaps more — with this silent man alone in this empty room, when the door opened and Purnell, bearing a lighted candle in his hand, divested of his coat and waistcoat, entered the room. At the sight of Farrer he stopped. At the sound of his entrance Farrer looked up with the expression of one who is being found out, quickly followed by a frown of annoyance when he perceived who it was.

"I thought everyone had gone to bed," said Purnell.

"Everyone but me," replied Farrer, evenly, sobered by his drug.

"HE BROUGHT OUT A HANDFUL OF SOVEREIGNS AND CLINKED THEM FOR HIS OWN AMUSEMENT."

"I left my cigarette-case behind me," continued Purnell. "Can't sleep a wink, so I thought I'd come and get it."

He moved to the mantlepiece where it lay, and hesitating for a moment as though he had a mind to speak, he took a handkerchief from his cuff and polished the surface of the

case. It was only the briefest moment of hesitation. The next instant he had thought better of it and walked with his lighted candle to the door. As he turned the handle, Farrer sat more upright in his chair.

"Did you send my wife to look for me after dinner?" he asked, abruptly.

Purnell turned quietly.

"No," said he; "she went of her own accord."

There was the silence of a moment, and then the words rapped out of Farrer's lips:—

"I don't believe you!"

Purnell shut the door with the same quietness of movement. He returned to the table beside which his host was sitting and he laid down his candle.

"You're ruining your life," said he, evenly. "You're ruining hers too."

"That's what you've told her!" Farrer ejaculated.

Purnell took no notice. He continued with what he intended to say.

"Why don't you make one colossal effort to have done with it and begin again? I know just how much it is to ask you, what an effort it would mean, but the result would be worth it. Now, I'm going to advise you to get some capable companion and go for a voyage where you won't get the opportunity of touching drink or drugs either. And if you don't do that, I warn you, your life's not worth that!" and he flicked his fingers expressively in the air.

Farrer listened, drawing one breath quickly after another.

"Go for a voyage?" said he.

Purnell nodded.

"And leave my wife here?"

"If you have any respect for her—yes."

"Leave her here to be looked after by you?"

Purnell glanced quickly into Farrer's eyes. There was an ugly light in them. There was an ugly note in his voice. He said nothing, taking up a glass from the table. Calmly and indifferently he examined it to see if it were clean.

"To be looked after by you?" Farrer repeated. "What a fool I am, aren't I? To leave my wife to be looked after by the man who's been making love to her these last two years."

He rose to his feet and swayed slightly in his growing anger as he faced his guest.

Purnell put down his glass and his eyes watched Farrer's face as he felt for the decanter of whisky.

"You don't deny it!" exclaimed Farrer, with a rising voice.

"I think you're talking a lot of rot," said Purnell. "I should go to bed if I were you. I'll take the last of the whisky, if you don't mind. He lifted the decanter slowly and looked back into Farrer's eyes.

"Rot you call it!" said Farrer. "What do you come down to this house for?"

Purnell's fingers tightened on the cut-glass neck of the decanter. With an effort, straining him to the uttermost, he kept himself in check.

"You'd better go to bed," he repeated, thickly. "You're drunk; you don't know what you're saying." And he poured out the last drop of whisky into his glass.

The saliva bubbled at the corner of Farrer's lips. One quick breath after another he took before he could speak.

"Don't I know what I'm saying?" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "You only came down here to see where I was—to see if I was out of the way! You infernal hound! But you've met what you never expected to"—he raised his fist—"you've met what you well deserve," and he struck.

Wildly, blindly, he shot out his fist. The blow fell upon Purnell's chin. It shook right through him. The sting of it set vibrating nerves which he scarcely knew he possessed. In the instant, as he felt the smart of pain and with the foul accusations still ringing in his ears, his eyes saw blood and were blind. It was then in that moment that he struck back. As he bent forward from the recoil of Farrer's blow, his hand holding the decanter shot forth electrically. He just struck straight into the heart of what he saw was blood, and when the red cleared from his eyes, there lay the body of J. H. Farrer at his feet.

As he looked at it, lying there a crumpled mass, he laughed.

"You fool!" he muttered to the body beneath him. "Get up. I sha'n't hit you again."

He laid the decanter back on the table, and with his handkerchief he wiped his face.

"I've stunned him," he said to himself, and then he bent down to the inert mass upon the floor. He turned it over. It was limp. The arms dropped to the side.

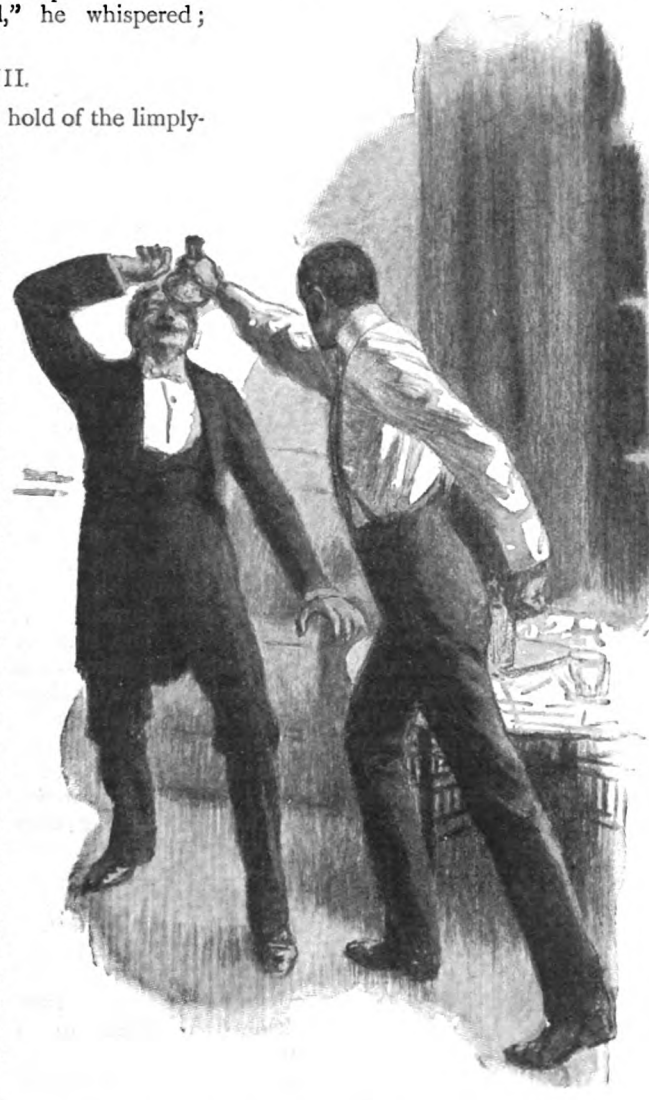
"I've stunned him," he said again, and as he turned round the face he saw the thin, trickling line of red that oozed from a wound upon the forehead. With a swift glance he looked back at the table. It was the decanter! He had struck him with the decanter! Till that moment he had forgotten that the

decanter was in his hand. Then, quickly, he bent over the body once more. He seized the limp and lifeless wrist, feeling the pulse. He laid his head down against the inert body. At last he looked up.

"He's dead," he whispered; "he's dead!"

III.

PURNELL took hold of the limply-hanging wrist once more, and there in the silence for a perceptible length of time he knelt on the floor by the side of the dead man. In reality it was only a moment, but to any spectator of the whole scene it would have felt a lifetime. For there he knelt, staring in front of him as though waiting, but waiting in vain, for a sign of life, while the clock ticked monotonously on the mantelpiece, the only sound to break the heavy stillness that had fallen in the room with the sudden cessation of Farrer's voice.



"HIS HAND HOLDING THE DECANTER SHOT FORTH."

At last he stood up. Farrer was dead. Purnell was not the type of man to lose his wits in a frenzy and refuse to accept circumstances as they were. Farrer was dead—past his aid. What was to be done must be done at once. He took up his glass of whisky and drained it, neat as it was. Then he walked to the bell.

To ring that was to let the world know he had killed J. H. Farrer. It was not murder; it was manslaughter. There was plenty of excuse for his blow and little enough of intent to kill in his mind as he struck it. They would believe that, of course. They would take his word for it. But to ring that bell was to put it all to the hazard. They were bound to believe him. It was a risk, but they were bound to believe.

His finger lingered on the button of the bell. Then he pressed. And away in the silent distance of the house a tinkling whirr seemed to waken every echo into life. He started as he heard it and his finger eased its pressure. The bell stopped. He waited.

In another moment or so the butler would be downstairs. In another five minutes from that the whole house would be wakened. A satirical smile nervously twitched his lips as he thought of them all trooping into the room. Their awed gaze at the body. Then their helpless gaze at him.

He reviewed the servants' faces, one and all as he knew them. Suddenly then, he thought of her, the wife of this man who lay at his feet, the woman whom he loved. This was the first moment she had entered his mind since it had happened. Their conversation

had been of her. Farrer's accusations had been of her. And yet from that moment when he had struck his blow until this instant, the thought of her had not crossed his mind.

What would she think? After what he had said to her that very evening, what would she think?

"My God!" he muttered, as all that he had done grew in reality upon him.

He began to move towards the door. Surely they would be coming by now? By this time the butler would have slipped on the clothes that were necessary to a decent appearance. He ought to be there at the door by now. Perhaps he was, waiting outside, afraid to come in, poor devil.

Purnell smiled at the thought of him shivering outside. He moved straight to the door and opened it. There was a black and empty passage leading into the dark and silent house. Everything was still. He closed the door and looked about him. For some reason which he did not try to analyse, he had no wish to leave the room. Then it was only that the bell must be rung again. He shuddered as he thought of the repetition of that sound, and his fingers delayed once more as they felt the smooth convex ivory of the button.

What would Guerney think? He could imagine the little man fussing about in the room — saying, in a voice that would rise almost to falsetto, "Do you think he's really dead? Do you think he's really dead?" And he could hear himself replying laconically, almost sarcastically, "Oh, yes, Mr. Guerney; you may take my word for it, he's dead."

Then suddenly as he thought these things, and the round, inquisitive face of Mr. Guerney became alive before his eyes, he saw in the vision a look of horror and of doubt leap swiftly into Mr. Guerney's eyes. He had told the little man that evening that he was in love with Mrs. Farrer. The little man had seen him kissing her and he had overheard—what had he overheard? Perhaps he had heard him say that they would not have long to wait; that Farrer might die any day; that he himself acknowledged that he hoped that waiting would not be long.

"God!" he exclaimed aloud, and he took his finger from off the bell with a sudden jerk, as though the thing had burnt him.

For the next few moments his mind worked with a speed that it had never attained before. Guerney would speak. This would be the time when Guerney would feel it his duty to keep to his habit of telling the truth; to save his face, perhaps, from the numberless lies that he had told in his life before. What, then, would a British jury say to that? A man kills another man—he is in love with that man's wife—he has been seen kissing her the very day of the murder—he has been heard saying that he hopes her husband will not live for long, and that they must wait until he is dead! What would a British jury say to that? Murder! Not a doubt of it! Murder! That is what they would say, and say without leaving the box. Murder!

On the instant, as the inevitability of it became real to him, the sweat broke out on his lips, his forehead, the palms of his hands. No one had been there to see how the thing was done. They would only have his word for the blow he had been struck and for the blow without consideration which he had struck in return. They would only have his word for it; and would a British jury believe the word of a man who was in love with another man's wife—a man, moreover, who had said the things which he had said? Never!

Then what was to be done? There was no answer to the ringing of the bell. He went to the door again; but this time he crept across the floor. He opened it silently with the utmost care and listened. No one as yet knew what had happened. Need they ever know? Need they ever know?

He closed the door again and stood looking round the room. Now, with the realization of what the discovery meant, considerations that were desperate leapt into his mind. He had the whole night before him—the whole night in which to conceal all traces of what had happened. They knew he had gone to bed. Guerney and Lainson had seen him take his candle and go. The footman had brought in a can of hot water to his room as he was taking off his coat. Who knew that he had come downstairs? Not a soul! There he was alone—alone with his wits and the whole night before him.

Once the idea had taken hold upon his mind, it was not to be shaken off. He was of no wavering determination. Resolutely, in face of all results, he had rung the bell at first. Now that there had been no answer, his mind was as fully made up to its second decision. From that moment he never thought of ringing the bell again. To ring it then, with the vision that he had had of Guerney in his eyes, would have seemed plain madness to him. He considered it no more, and, gazing around the room as he closed the door, he began to think how he

might conceal all evidence of the part he had played in the death of J. H. Farrer.

Circumstance, a degree of fear, the necessity for immediate action, all sharpen the wits. First, he must not be seen. The curtains were still drawn back from the French window as Guerney had requested the butler to leave them. He walked directly across to close them. As he took them gently in his hands he looked out across the garden, across the little stretch of lawn, to the wall that bounded on the heath; then his eyes travelled on into the now deeper blue of the night.

If it were not to be thought that he had killed Farrer, then who was to be thought the murderer?

Farrer had not killed himself. It would have been impossible for him to do so with such a weapon as the decanter. The wound upon his forehead was inerasable evidence that the blow of some heavy object had been the cause of his death. Then, if he had not done it, and Farrer had not killed himself, who had killed him?

He peered out into the night. At last, with quiet determination, as though some new idea had fixed itself definitely on his mind, he pulled the curtains noiselessly across the window, came back into the room, and, switching off the electric light so that he was left with but the glimmer of his own candle, he sat down and buried his head in his hands.

There were moments in the time that followed when, at the imagination of a sound, he swiftly raised his head and his hand reached out in readiness to extinguish the candle. But when he was satisfied that he was still alone, he buried his face once more in his hands and continued with the scheme that was swiftly evolving itself in his mind.

At last he stood up with a deep breath. It was to be done now, and he had conceived the way to do it.

To the window he went once more and, taking a diamond ring from his finger, he began without a moment's hesitation to cut a square out of the glass near to the latch. With a faint, crisp, biting noise, the diamond made its clear incision on the glass. Silently he opened the door, and with one gentle tap from inside the piece of glass lay in the palm of his hand. He shut the door again, but did not lock it. He put his hand through the open square, satisfying his mind that anyone from outside, by means of the aperture, could have unlocked the door within. Then, taking the piece of glass, he placed it in the folds of a heavy fur rug. A stamp of his foot and it was broken in silence. On the floor beneath the aperture he laid all the pieces, and stood up to look at the effect.

Satisfied with that, he came quickly to Farrer's side. There was no sign of hesitation in all that he did. Every action was made promptly, as though in obedience to a command—the result of those moments of fevered concentration when he had sat with his head buried in his hands. If the thing were to be done at all, it must be done with such precision and accuracy as would leave no thread for them to hold to. To have given himself up had meant a verdict of murder, with the bare, faint hope that his admission might be taken in its true light; but to be found out when he had endeavoured to hide all traces of his guilt, that meant no mercy—none at all. But it was because the chances were so great that he took them. No one need ever know, if he but kept his wits.

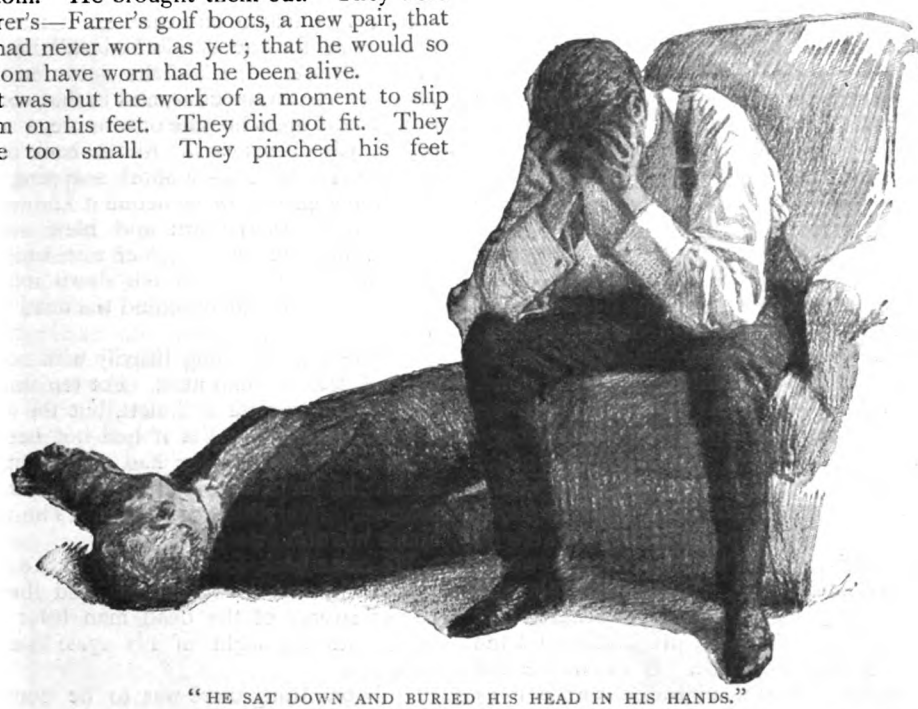
He lifted the body of the dead man back into the chair where first he had been sitting, and then, keeping his face averted from Farrer's lifeless features, he searched in his pockets for all that he could find. There were thirteen sovereigns, some silver, and coppers. He laid them all out on the table. There were a gold watch and chain—he placed them by the side of the money; a gold cigarette-case—he put it with the rest. Then he laid the body back again in the chair, and once more stood upright with a deep-drawn breath.

But here there came a moment when it seemed that he was at a loss to act. For a while he stood motionless, thinking with every power of concentration that he possessed. At last he lifted his foot and examined the sole of the shoe he was wearing. It was no good. He put it down to the ground again in disgust. The next instant he was down on the floor by the side of Farrer's chair, examining the sole of the dead man's boot. It satisfied him no more than his own, and he set his teeth in vexation as he rose once more to his feet.

What was to be done? With almost the instinct of an artist eager to put the finest touches to the finishing of his work, he knew that if someone had entered from the garden there would be footmarks to show his passage. It might be possible that they would not show, and, at a pinch, he must leave them. But it went sorely against his conception of all that he had planned to omit them from his reckoning.

Yet what could he use to give the imprints he desired? He looked about him. Slowly his eyes wandered round the room. In one corner stood a bag of golf clubs. For a moment his eye rested on them. They were of no assistance; yet he stared at them. For there, in the shadow behind the bag, he had caught sight of the point of a golf boot. It was almost with a run that he crept quickly across the room to the corner. A pair of golf boots it was, with nails well studded on the bottom. He brought them out. They were Farrer's—Farrer's golf boots, a new pair, that he had never worn as yet; that he would so seldom have worn had he been alive.

It was but the work of a moment to slip them on his feet. They did not fit. They were too small. They pinched his feet abominably; but what did that matter? And then he nerved himself for the most trying, the most dangerous moment of his ordeal.



"HE SAT DOWN AND BURIED HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS."

Silently he opened the door of the French window once more; for one moment's pause to gather courage and breath, for his heart was now a hammer in his breast, he waited on the step. Then, noiselessly, choosing each footstep as he went, he walked out across the garden, across the lawn, to the bed of flowers beneath the wall.

Had anyone seen him then the game was up. But the thought of that almost thrilled him. He was in for it now, and the breathless excitement of it had driven into his blood. With eyes darting to right and to left of him, with ears pricked to catch the faintest sound, he made his way across the lawn. Once on the flower-bed beneath the shadow of the wall he felt more secure, and there he made the footmarks as of one who has let himself down from the top of the wall. He made scratches on the wall itself where the boots of the man as he descended would have scraped. To do more than that was madness. To climb the wall and show footprints on the heath was risking things too far. No sooner had he completed his work on the flower-bed than he set back to the house.

This time it was with steps that ran. Every moment out there in that garden had seemed an eternity to him, and it was beyond his control to keep his feet from hastening as he hurried back.

In the room once more with the dead man he felt safe, and when he had closed the window behind him he took out his handkerchief and wiped the sweat that was standing out in glittering beads upon his forehead. But it was not finished yet. With the mud of the garden still on his boots, he made marks of footprints behind Farrer's chair. Then he took them off, scraped all the mud from them with the utmost care, and put it in his trousers-pocket. When the last vestige of dirt was gone he placed them on a piece of paper on the table beside the money and the watch.

Was that all? He looked carefully around him. Farrer was still seated in his chair. That was as it should be. But, no! Could he ever have been struck from behind on the part of his forehead where the wound most obviously showed? He could not. He must be laid upon the floor again, just as he had fallen when the blow was struck.

Purnell was just about to lift the body when his eyes fell on the decanter. The marks of blood were on it still. But it was not that which drove a sickness to his throat. As the light of the candle fell upon it he could see the faint lines of one of his finger-marks.

"Heavens!" he muttered, and a great sigh of relief escaped from him—relief that he had noticed it in time. To have done all this and then the irony of being caught by a mere finger-mark! He half laughed with thin lips as he thought how close a thing it had been.

The next moment he had whipped out his pocket-handkerchief, seized the decanter, and begun rubbing all traces of his finger-marks from the polished glass. But then, as he did it, the thought coldly entered his mind. Someone had struck the blow. Nothing was more obvious than that someone's finger-marks would be there. To find none might raise suspicion. Supposing some poor wretch was caught who had been seen lingering near the house that night, and there were no finger-marks to prove his innocence, he would have to admit it then. It was not to the end that some other man should be accused that he was making all these preparations for the detective when he came. It was to the end that the clues should all lead away from any connection with himself or the house. With an absence of finger-marks, anyone accused might be unable to prove his innocence, and then he must admit the truth. The thought of letting another suffer never entered his head. If that happened, he must admit the truth.

He was coming slowly to the conclusion that he must leave his own finger-marks there after all, and, if that were so, was it worth it? Had he not better ring the bell again after all, and take the inevitable risk as it stood?

It was just being borne in upon him that this was the only course to pursue, when his eye rested upon Farrer's hand as it hung loosely, limply, over the chair. The dead man's hand! The finger-marks of the dead man's hand! Would they ever take record of those? No! That was the last thing that they would do. He could not have killed himself. They would never take the impressions of his fingers. How could it serve them? In no way at all!

The idea was barely formed in his mind before he set to work upon it. Wrapping the base of the decanter in his handkerchief, he took the fingers of the dead man's hand and held them firmly round the neck of the bottle. It was done in a moment. The next instant he was examining it against the flickering light of his solitary candle. There were the marks, for the hands had still retained their moisture. He laid the decanter down upon its side on the table, and in that second, as he stood up to breathe once more, a sound fell heavily on his ears. At the back of the house a dog barked—a short, snapping yelp, as at the approach of someone it knows.

Swiftly he bent down and blew out his candle, and the handkerchief with which he had wiped the decanter fell down into the recess of the arm-chair behind the dead man's back.

He waited, breathing heavily with nostrils distended, in the darkness. For ten minutes he stood motionless and alert, but the sound was not repeated. Yet it had not been his imagination, for the dog had noticed it too. At last he crept to the door, opened it, and listened. Everything was silent. The whole house was still asleep.

He came back, feeling his way to the table, and lit the candle once more, and the dim white features of the dead man leapt back again into the sight of his eyes from the darkness.

Only one thing there was to be done—to leave Farrer lying just as he had fallen. He lifted him gently out of the chair; he laid him face downwards upon the floor, then taking the pair of golf boots under his arms, putting the money, the watch, and the gold cigarette-case into his pocket, and picking up his candle, he moved silently to the door.

There, with his hand upon the handle, he turned and surveyed the room again. Was there anything left undone? Was there any trace of his presence there that night? None.

He was just about to depart and close the door, leaving that dead body alone to its night's vigil, when a sudden thought struck him. He came back into the room and on the floor by the dead man's side he laid a sixpence, half concealed by the flap of Farrer's coat.

(To be concluded next month.)

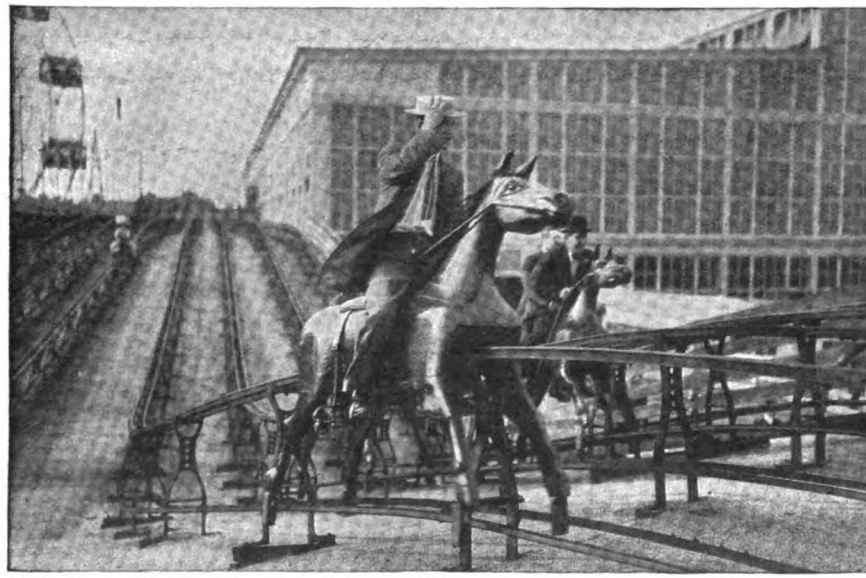
"SIXPENNY THRILLS."

By FREDERIC THOMPSON.

["Thrills by Machinery" might be the title of the following article, which is written by the greatest inventor and producer of such devices in America, the examples chosen for illustration being such as are not yet known in this country. Mr. Thompson is the founder of Luna Park, Coney Island, which corresponds in many respects to our own White City. His description of the psychological principles to which these "Thrillers" owe their success will be found of exceptional interest.]

IN my capacity as the originator and promoter of many of the mechanical devices for providing the public with a thrill, which have in modern days taken the place of the old whirligigs and roundabouts of former times, I have been asked to set before the public the method of inventing and producing such contrivances—attractions which draw millions of people to the places where they are to be found—such places as Coney Island in America or the White City in London—these are the chief. Picture many white steeples and numerous minarets, and innumerable highly-decorated buildings of every conceivable architecture, from the prototype of a Turkish mosque to the styles obtaining among the more imaginative of the Japanese, with a strain of the architectural fashions which are creditably supposed to obtain in fairyland; imagine swirling things, and tortuous things, and very quickly moving things, and gentlemen with rather bright clothes and (unfortunately) somewhat hoarse voices who make vigorous announcements of activities within; imagine countless crowds strolling, waiting, peering, laughing; being borne off in curious contrivances that rush and dash; being carried again by other curious contrivances that jump and dance—imagine the sounds of distant bands and present chatter; above all, imagine movement, movement, movement everywhere—and you have a tolerable idea of "summer" amusement to-day, as people understand "summer amusement."

Some methodical gentleman, with a nicely-balanced head for figures, recently computed that ten millions sterling are invested to-day in those white and shining places which I have spoken about and in the whirling things that they contain. He calculated very nicely, also, the exact number—in millions—of people who visit them in the summer season; also the sum-total of the season's takings in such institutions. I have forgotten how much it was just now, but whatever it



The "Steeplechase"—Nothing more nor less than the hobby-horse of childhood sublimated by speed and an element of chance. If you win, you get another ride for nothing.

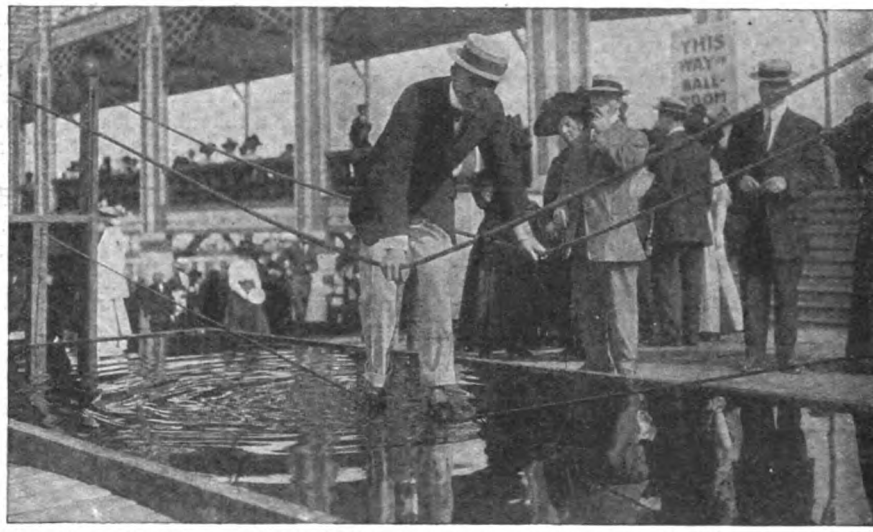
was, it would quite justify the question as to how it all came about. And I am going to try to answer the question.

Think, then, of the cellar door—the cellar door of childhood. For that door was the first step in the evolutionary process of that white house, or all those white houses, of minarets and towers and elaborate ornateness which I've been telling you about. Because that little door had within it the mystery, the thrill, the glamorous uncertainty which is the foundation of all success in the corridors of summer amusements.

You remember—they opened that little door and there was blackness there. They closed it on you and you trembled, trembled deliciously. You wondered what would happen if they forgot about you. You shivered for a little while there in the black, and then you issued forth again with a strange exultancy. Your little nerves had cried to be thrilled—and they *were* thrilled. Henceforth you regarded that little cellar door with a strange reverence, a joyous fear. And it was a versatile thing, too, because when the thrill of the dark wore off you could slide down its slippery surface, and that was another thrill—a thrill that never ceases.

It was not until you grew up and got beyond it that you craved the thrill of something else. And that craving to thrill—that undeniable, universal craving to thrill which possesses every man or woman, boy or girl—is the objective point at which all "summer amusement" providers aim. We develop many amplifications of the little door all over the country. At times we spend twelve or fifteen thousand pounds for one little door. And if you shiver and exult, as you shivered and exulted in those other days, we get the money back, and then some more over. We win in that case, and you don't lose. We both get what we started for.

But the thrill is the thing. It has been so throughout the evolution of "summer amusement." When the fat ladies and the tall ladies and the bearded ladies and the thin ladies and the abnormally strong men and the sword-swallowing persons appeared before you, it was with the simple idea that you should be thrilled. It was the little cellar door again—vulgarized—but that same little cellar door.



Here, if you do not use your hands skilfully, you may get your feet wet, to the delight of all beholders.

That was what might be termed the middle evolutionary period. The amusement park at that time was an unorganized waste. Coney Island was a desert of sand-dunes. There were dingy painted shows there—and confidence men. But in those days the American summer amusement idea was not universal in its appeal. It was then that I conceived the idea that summer amusement could be made universal in its scope by being made legitimate.

Later sprang up the white palaces, first at Coney Island, and afterward throughout the country. That was but nine years ago. Now the Luna Parks and the Dreamlands and the Wonderlands and the various extraordinary lands of amusement parks represent this investment of the ten millions. Having

explained which I may now properly come to the psychology of summer amusement.

And the first thing which the summer amusement provider has to recognize is that men and women are not really men and women at all, but only children grown up. He comes to recognize that the average mature human is not the complex thing which he had previously imagined. He comes to learn that all people are primitive in their tastes and pleasures. He comes more directly to his point, it is true, than the exponent of the high-class drama; but the governing principles are essentially the same. Suspense, thrill, and — grateful satisfaction; this is the body and the spirit of all amusement, high, low, and middle-class. Even in the most refined of dramas there must be a thrilling moment. The summer amusement provider learns that he must make his thrilling moments more frequent, more personal than any which have gone before.

You would scorn the idea of chopping wood, but here you pay to go through the same motions.

Study the little girl with her doll, and you will have discovered the basic rule of all amusement, winter or summer, high-class or low. When the little golden head of that doll has been almost knocked off, the little girl is in despair. But when some kind uncle comes and patches it up, the little girl is much more joyous than before. She has had her moment of anxiety.

This instinct is the one unalterable fact to be remembered in summer amusement production. So far, it all sounds very easy, doesn't it? You learn that instinct, and you succeed, eh? There are, unfortunately, other things to be taken into consideration.

This child-nature is the first thing which you must sedulously follow and study and refuse to be parted from if you would be a successful promoter of summer amusement. You must learn, for instance, that no truly great success can be other than simply arrived at—provided, of course, that the necessary amount of thrill is there. You will find that the most popular appeals are those which are the most starkly primal, and blood-related to some children's game. Taking a ride, for instance. Only this must be a longer ride, a steeper ride, a more thrilling ride than that which the other children—the children not grown up—demand. The cellar door must be enlarged.

And now begin the problems to be solved when you cater to these children long since grown. Their nature, it is true, undergoes no change; but their tendencies do. And their tendencies make up for their nature. Their tendencies are constantly changing. They are even working overtime in the matter of change. "A newer one, a newer one," is continually being borne to you. "Another thrill, a different thrill," batters eternally at the walls of your consciousness. These grown up children want new toys all the time. Each season they become more insatiable. They are thrill-hungry. They ask a new thought; they demand a new laugh; they clamour for a new sensation. The devices of yesterday have become older than the pyramids. It is part of the psychology of summer amusements that you must unite to-day and to-morrow.

It is only necessary to look back a few

The Falling Statue—A startling nerve-tester. When the visitor sits down the statue and pedestal fall forward as if to crush him, but stop a few inches short.

years for illustrations. The humble old merry-go-round which fascinated our fathers and beguiled our mothers to joy—the old merry-go-round with its wooden horses, drawn through the country village by a horse—is gone into the limbo of things. New desires have created the devices which cause you to plunge down steep inclines into water, and turn somersaults in the air, and jump over abysses, and make lightning dashes through gorges and caverns and multifarious other things which must get quicker and steeper and more joyously terrifying all the time if they are to succeed. The cyclorama, not so very long ago, too, was looked upon as a desirable and uplifting thing. Viewing the anxieties of others was found to be wholesome and gratifying. You used to watch a shipwreck and be perfectly satisfied. You viewed the fragments of the train wreck with active pleasure. The appeal to the eye then wholly satisfied. All that you desired in those early days was optical satisfaction. Now, however, you must hear the boat crash or the train fall apart; or you must have the sensation of going down some dizzy incline. You are the victim of the snowball of sensation which promoters must follow. It gets greater all the time.

And following it takes all the skill, experience, and intuition which you can give it. You watch your successful devices as a cat watches a mouse. You are open to any suggestion or complexity of variation which could possibly grow out of it.

You become a hunter for ideas, a stalker for suggestions. You become a sort of humanized sponge for ideas, ideas, ideas for those millions of insatiable ones.

And in the matter of ideas——?

The best ideas, like the best in all things, are the most naturally come by. They are those which "just come." They are mostly the result of accident or develop out of the necessities of something else. Thus the helter-skelter became devised in order that some midgets who were playing on an "up-level" could meet the audience at the end of the performance. In order to do this we built a groove slide out of rattan. Then we saw the possibilities and made a bigger one. And there was your helter-skelter!

You find, too, that ideas come through the development and discussion of other subjects. You are planning a very elaborate effect, perhaps, including a subterranean trip in which you reach a chasm of fire. It is necessary to cross the chasm. But how?

The Crazy Stairs—The adventurous try to walk down, in which case the steps turn over and let them through. The proper way is to sit down and slide.

An airship, say. An airship inevitably suggests itself; and the airship once firmly embedded in your mind, you immediately commence to speculate as to what other things you could do with it. Where could you send your airship? How can mystery —that universal parent of all thrill—be blended with it? Then the moon suggests itself, and "A Trip to the Moon" becomes formulated. And then the moon in its turn suggests something else. This is the usual process in the evolution of ideas. All the subjects may be incalculably varied; but deep-set within the bosom of each must be the same potentiality of exaggerated child's play blended with apparent physical hazard. These absolutely must be present or your device will be a failure.

Neither, in this relation, does the child-nature of men and women ever outgrow that other element which is so much a part of child-nature—vanity.

These, indeed, are the only two appeals which you can make to people in the matter of amusement—thrill and vanity. I have spoken of the average person's inborn hungering for terror, that most overpowering of all human delights. An understanding of the psychology of vanity is almost as important to the summer amusement provider. The promoter of summer devices for amusement comes to understand as no other man does the overpowering ambition of those grown-up children called the human race to be seen "doing things."

Your average citizen, for instance, will go through inconceivable effort to indicate of what fine material he is made. At the very idea of chopping wood for Mrs. Fenderson on a hot day, Mr. Fenderson will frown. But get him with a heavy hammer at any amusement resort in the country, put him up against an indicator which will indicate to his fellow-humans the vast physical possibilities of Mr. Fenderson—and Mr. Fenderson will pay for the privilege of working three times as hard as he would in the infinitely more useful and domestic avocation of chopping wood.

But in the last case Mrs. Fenderson is the only looker-on. If it were possible to gather an audience while Mr. Fenderson chopped wood, and that audience could be induced to think what a wonderful woodchopper Mr. Fenderson was, that amiable gentleman would probably chop it with great industry. This is another phase in the psychology of summer amusements. Knowing that mankind and womankind like to be seen doing things, it becomes the immediate aim and object in life of every amusement-promoter to allow mankind and womankind to be seen—doing things.

Here you can pretend you are a flying man without worrying about where you are going to land.

It is largely for this reason that young ladies and young men are provided—publicly—with opportunities of shooting down sliding stairways. So the girl gets into the twirling tub or the rushing helter-skelter to show everybody how gracefully she can do it. She tucks in her skirts and comes down with the overpowering unconsciousness which you might expect in

Walking the Plank—The contrivance is guaranteed to throw the victim off his feet, but the sensation is considered by many to be worth the price of admission.

the restful environment of hammocks and river-banks. She will whisk round in whirligigs to indicate how statuesque and contained she is under all conditions. She will whiz about aerial railways to show how brave she is; while your man will grasp the hammer and knock the block up to show them "how strong I am."

So an amusement-promoter comes to learn that the average man wants to prove that he can do things better than anybody else. And the amusement-promoter advances—as an amusement-promoter—because he knows this, and gives that average man every opportunity in the world to do it. It is for this reason that most of the devices which you see and which can appeal to vanity are placed where every opportunity for observation exists. This, too, has a double effect. A certain opportunity to view things, or the portions of things, exercises an influence in inducing other people to "do" them too. You make provision in this way also to draw people who take pleasure in watching other people "do it." And it is really to general admission that I look for profit.

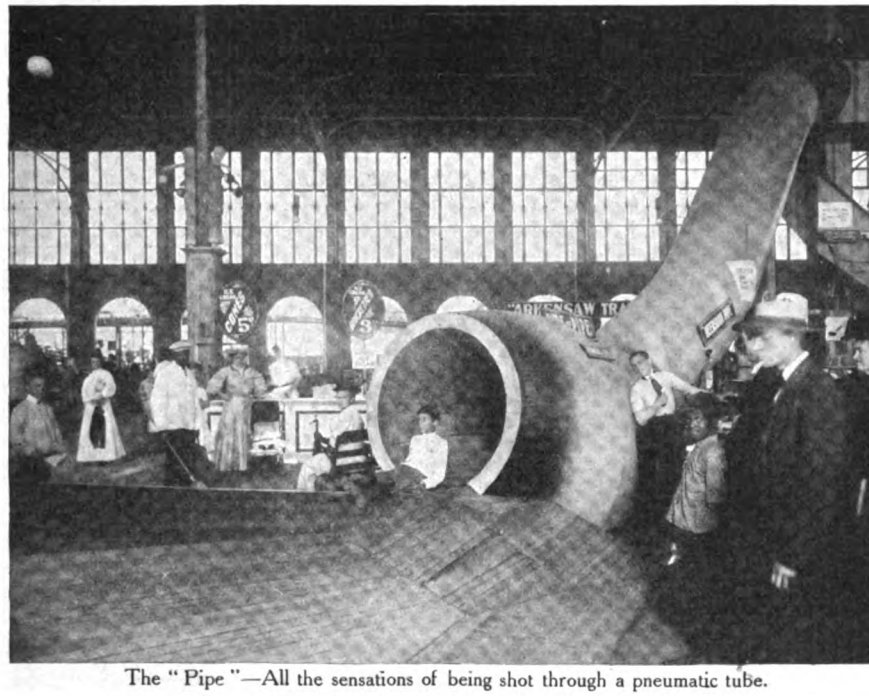
A promoter comes to learn, too, that it is futile to make any appeal to class in the matter of amusement. The human race is a great democracy in the matter of amusement. The summer promoter comes to know that all his attractions must appeal to primitive desires, because all people are primitive.

He knows that the man of the world is just a grown-up child as is his less sophisticated brother, and that he only appears to live in a rarefied atmosphere; and that under his decorative exterior the same earthly impulses exist. The society woman is no longer a society woman under the province of the somersault. She is just a nicely-groomed child, as are the rest.

Another thing which one learns is the commercial unproductiveness of exaggerated statement in the matter of attraction. Not to allow a single statement to appear upon a poster is now an accepted condition in the matter of the first grade of summer entertainments. It has been found that it does not pay to claim a better entertainment than you have. It has been discovered, too, that it is bad policy to make a personal appeal. In the modern places of amusement the "spielers" are instructed to look over the heads of the people while making their announcements, and are particularly warned against extravagance of statement. It may not be that this moderation indicates virtue. It merely suggests that exaggeration in claim does not pay.

Having got, then, your foundation of thrill and vanity, and your knowledge of the child-nature of man and woman, the aim is, as far as possible, to scientifically cover the whole broad ground of the human senses. Tasting and smelling are outside your province. Of the sensation of touch, of course, I have already referred to. If you want to be shocked—electrically shocked — you can become shocked. The sensations of speed, or the rushing of cool air, of falling, of bumping, of twisting, of turning—all are provided in

innumerable variety. But the psychology of entertainment demands that the eyes likewise shall be pleased by some little suggestion of mystery or wonderment, for which the human race is ever hungry. And here is explained the fantastic suggestiveness of the architecture. The aim is, as far as possible, to duplicate the cities of fairy stories, in the material—to appeal to the child-imagination in sight as well as feeling. So when you see the imitation mosques and the minarets next time, think of this and follow the mental process of its creation. Notice the classical form and the fantastic shape and know the reason for each of these things, which is an attempt to make the universal appeal to that which exists in varying proportions to varying people.



The "Pipe"—All the sensations of being shot through a pneumatic tube.

And in the matter of hearing—bands, bands, bands, for the reason that they exhilarate, and unconsciously excite and prepare the mind for the rushing things about them. They help along what people are pleased to term "the carnival spirit." This is the reason for the band. It has instructions to move about every hour playing, for the reason that it stirs up people and keeps them moving, which means, of course, potential success and money. For the first idea, the very basic idea of summer entertainment, is to get people in good humour—and keep them there. When you can do that success is an almost calculable proposition. Therefore must you create movement, which is a thing which reacts on admissions. The man who smiles wants to see things, and you are there for the purpose of showing him things; so you've got to make him smile, and to do that you've got to keep him moving about. And if you can start ten men laughing naturally they make ten more men laugh. The twenty start the rest. But you cannot create an artificial laugh or thrill. The thing must be natural, and the mysterious quality of the natural cannot be duplicated. It is for this reason that it is of no commercial use to hire people to move about and applaud. The spirit of movement is lacking.

Of course, all these things sound exceedingly foolish. They are. But it is their very foolishness which makes their chief success. Because these, our grown children, like to be foolish at the bottom of their hearts. They must be amused and thrilled. They will admit it is all foolishness themselves afterward.

They laugh at themselves with perfect charity—and come again.

But the great secret which the caterer in public amusement has learned, and must learn well, is that mankind never loses the heritage of its great mystery—the mystery of childhood.

The Emperor and the Baby.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Illustrated by S. H. Vedder.

THE baby was so feverish, so restless, crying with such a feeble wail, the little head, "sunning over with curls," so hot! And he had always been so well and happy. All the others had gone, only having a few breaths of happy life, and the mother had hoped she might save him. But the doctor had said that nothing but the sea air would do him any good. And there was no money with which to take him to the seashore. They could stay at Cousin Sabrina's at Sand Beach, if they could only get there. And here they were in this inland village, in the hot, death-dealing August days and nights; and there was the cool soft wind blowing, full of life and strength, down there at Sand Beach!

Everything that could be sold in the little village, where there was not much sale for anything, had been sold during the illness of the other children; and the young widow, whose dependence was her needle, made the needle rusty with her tears, in the intervals in which she could sew at all, while the baby slept, tossing in his brief slumbers. There was a small sum, to be sure, due to her from Mrs. Spencer; it seemed to the troubled mother like a fortune. If she could put her hand on it to-day!

But Mrs. Spencer was always slow about paying; and to ask her was perhaps to offend her, and possibly to lose her work altogether. But that must not be thought of. That was the future, and the present was her sole concern. What was that text? Take no thought for the morrow. To-day was just as far as her sight had been able to reach. But now the morrow meant more suffering for the little child; meant death to him; meant loss and loneliness and desolation to her. Oh, baby! baby! How could she bear it! And she fell on her knees beside the crib and implored Heaven to help her, to strengthen her, to bear her suffering with her.

Poor Mrs. Spencer, whose delay in paying the little mother occasioned so much trouble! It seemed to the outside world that she was a person infinitely better off than the little mother was in much that makes life pleasant. But, in truth, she seldom had a shilling to spend or to spare without accounting for it to Mr. Spencer, whose purse-strings never hung loosely. Whenever she had any money of her own she made it herself, and surreptitiously, by selling jams and jellies of the wild fruits she picked on pleasant afternoons, giving Mr. Spencer also largess of them at his suppers and lunches, and she had been able to have a good deal of sewing done for her by that means.

"You expect so much of me, Mr. Spencer," she said, fretfully, one day.

"I expect what every other man expects of his wife," he replied, shortly.

"You ought to have married a stronger woman, then," she sighed. "I can't keep house the way you want it kept, and——"

"I want it kept just the way you keep it," he said, without, however, comforting Mrs. Spencer by his remark.

"And my fingers are so lame and sore with my rheumatism," she went on, holding out her hand for him to look at the swollen joints. "I can't sew at all as I used to do."

"You can sew well enough," he said. "I don't care about fancy stitches."

"Why, it took me an hour to darn your socks yesterday."

"Then I guess there's no holes in them to-day," he said, jocosely. "Well, when you were doing that you weren't doing anything else."

And Mrs. Spencer understood that she was to have no money to pay for any sewing, whether or no. And already she was in debt to the little widow for work done and brought home. And the woman must need the pay bitterly, with that baby in such a state, for she had asked the doctor, stopping him as he went by. It vexed her, too, that her husband should be so indifferent to her wish, to her difficulty, to her pain. She felt

as if she would like to throw her work-basket at him. Just as he went out of the door, however, Miss Blake came in. Mr. Spencer always thought well of Miss Blake; she paid the largest rent of anyone in town.

Miss Blake had been in more or less anxiety herself that morning about some money. She had a very comfortable income, but to her amazement—she was usually amazed in the same way as the end of every quarter approached—she had slightly overdrawn her account.

"My goodness!" she said to the cashier. "I ought not to be trusted with a cheque-book."

"The bank," said the affable cashier, "would be glad to discount your note for a good many hundreds." But Miss Blake laughed and shook her head as she paid the deficit that left her purse empty.

"It is perfectly ridiculous," she said to Mary Balston, as she came out of the little bank. "Here I am, with my dividends coming in next week, and to-day without a bit of silver to cross my palm!"

"You poor thing!" said Mary. "That I should live to see the day! Well, perhaps someone with no bank account at all can help you over this bad place in the road."

"THE YOUNG WIDOW MADE THE NEEDLE RUSTY WITH HER TEARS."

"Well, then, do!" said Miss Blake.

"You see," said Mary, "it is my birthday to-day, and I really thought I was to have no present at all. For mother usually brings me something—gloves, and handkerchiefs, and trinkets of one sort or another; but she didn't go into town; and I found out afterwards she was in just your condition—she hadn't any money. Mrs. Macy had borrowed all she had on hand a week or so before. And mother didn't know whether she'd for-

gotten about it, or what. But she didn't like to say anything, and was just waiting. And half an hour ago Mrs. Macy came in and paid up. And mother gave it to me for my birthday. Well, here it is, for as long as you want it."

"Gracious sakes, Mary, I've a hundred times as much as you have, and I never see the time I don't want more!"

"That's because you're always doing something kind."

"I don't know anything very kind in paying Mrs. Spencer for the preserves she made for me——"

"I don't believe you wanted her jams, Laura, any more than the fifth wheel of a coach. You just like to help her out with that skinflint of——"

"Oh, now, Mr. Spencer is always so pleasant to me."

"Very pleasant. But a shilling looks as big as a dinner-plate to him. And if he knew you were going to pay that money to Mrs. Spencer he'd take it himself! Well, good-bye; you don't know what a hurry I'm in," and she went off laughing.

You may imagine that Mrs. Macy that morning had been at her wits' end. She knew she ought to pay Mrs. Balston the money she had borrowed, and she had confidently expected to be able to do so, and would have been able, if the provision-man had come to take her chickens, as he had promised. For her husband allowed her to have for herself whatever profit there was on the chickens and the eggs. She was just putting on her things to go over to Mrs. Balston's and explain about it when her husband came in.

"Here, Nell," he said, his face beaming. "Here's something for you!" and he tossed her a sovereign.

"For me?" she said, joyously.

"Yes," he answered. "I've had such a piece of good luck as never fell to me before. Picked up a pocket-book in the road. It had twenty pounds in it by my countin'. And while I stood gapin' that lady that's lately bought the Hill place come along, another one behind her, lookin' in the road from right to left. 'Lost anything, ma'am?' says I. 'Yes, indeed,' she says. 'I've lost my pocket-book!' 'Much in it?' ses I. 'Twenty pounds,' ses she. 'Was yer name in it?' ses I. 'My visitin' card was,' ses she. 'Sure enough,' ses I. 'Then here it is!' ses I. And with that she opens it, and hung a minute with her fingers there and her eyes way off. And then she ses, 'This is a business transaction, and in business anyone who handles money is entitled to a commission. Here's yours,' and she handed me two pounds. 'Nonsense!' ses I, and I give 'em back to her. 'That's highway robbery,' ses I. 'I don't want nothin' for givin' you back what's yourn.' And she ses, 'Yes, sir, I insist upon it,' she ses. 'Insist away, then,' ses I. 'I sha'n't touch it!' And with that she just tucks 'em into my hands and takes to her heels, and the other woman after her."

"It does look as if Providence had interfered, Jo. What a good man you are! Now I'll pay Mrs. Balston what I borrowed to buy them fowls with."

But the lady who had dropped her pocket-book had no thought of playing the part of Providence when she tucked that money into Mr. Macy's hand. She had really hesitated, both because he seemed not quite the one to whom to offer money, and because it was a good deal of money for her to spare. But it appeared to her that it was, as she said, a plain business commission to which he had a right; and although the thought flashed through her brain of a dozen delightful things she might do with the money, she thrust it into his hands as if she had cried, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and ran away as fast as her common-sense shoes would let her.

"It seems to me you are very extravagant," said her companion, catching up with her when she had stopped for breath.

"Well, I can afford it," she said. "I didn't expect Laurella Jay to pay me any rent this month, for I knew she'd had expenses, and I knew she would if she could, and I had left off thinking about it. Charged it to profit and loss, you know, and let it go. And this morning she came running across the field with it, so that was clear gain."

"You absurd girl!"

"And you can't think how she got it! She had sold her beautiful Angora Kitty!"

"You don't mean it!" In this small village everyone's concerns belonged to everyone else.

"I felt quite upset. I told her I wouldn't take the rent. But it was no use; I had to. I told her to go and get the kitten back; we didn't care about the rent. But she said she had the mother-cat still, and she hadn't grown very fond of the Kitty, and the lady wanted it so much she knew it would be taken good care of; and, besides, the lady drove straight on, and she couldn't find her if she tried. The lady said she was some sort of a writer, and she'd been paid just that much more than she had expected for some

verses, and she felt a right to be luxurious and buy a Persian kitten for less than it was worth! And she's going to send it to the editor, she said. She said it would look so lovely—a great yellow Persian cat by and by, waving a plume of a tail over the papers on his desk, lying down on the manuscript of the last new serial and lending it a grace it didn't possess before."

"Well, we've had quite an adventure. Where did you leave the trap? We must get to the post-office as soon as we can."

It had been rather a lucky chance for the lady who sold her poem and bought the cat that the editor owned as well as managed his magazine, and that, paying out of his own pocket, he felt free to make the cheque a trifle larger for the sake of the grace of nature in the verses that had touched his heart—and his pocket too. But he would not have done so if, in paying for a foreign contribution, he had not found the rate of exchange just by that much in his favour.

It made the editor smile a little, sitting back in his chair and putting out his hand, through long habit, to caress his old cat which was no longer there, to think of the way foreign exchange was putting this penny into the purse of the poet, to think of the golden chain everywhere from people to people and from man to man.

"'THEN HERE IT IS!' SES I."

For not many days before, far away in his vast dominion over the seas, the Emperor sat with his counsellors in a room of one of his palaces, listening to the proposals of his Minister of Finance. From a panel of one of the walls of lapis lazuli and of precious marbles the portrait of the great ancestor who had virtually created the great empire looked down upon him in his effort now to save it. Beneath the windows he could hear the soldiers pacing to and fro on their weary round, and then the sun streamed in and made the red roses in their huge vases burn like the jewels in the crown he had put on as a bitter burden. He would have been so

glad to lay down that burden! But it would have been like fleeing from the front of battle. It would have been a betrayal of the trust that had placed in his hand the fate of many peoples and their untold millions—his fate perhaps as hard as theirs, he given the ghost of despotic power and held responsible by the world for the absolute and real thing! Great enterprises had been afoot. Tremendous sums of money had been spent; tremendous debts had been incurred; and now was the day of reckoning.

The Emperor and his counsellors arranged that day the terms of the mighty loan that it would tax the resources of many nations to meet, and that would bring a stream of gold pouring from this Western land with its vast fortunes and its boundless wealth, and for whose pouring the markets of Europe must pay the percentage of exchange. It was one drop of this stream of gold that gave the happy writer of verses an increase to her cheque which filtered all the way along, paying its path, till it reached the little widowed mother and her child.

If you had seen a rosy baby tumbling in the sands of Sand Beach, the salt wind blowing his yellow curls, his laugh ringing like the tinkle of the foam-bells, his mother plying her needle as she watched him, happy in his health and in the glorious weather when sky soared blue to the zenith, it might not have crossed your mind that a great Emperor sent them there. But you see how it was.

"HIS MOTHER PLYING HER NEEDLE AS SHE WATCHED HIM."

Facial Expression in Animals.

With an Invitation to our Readers to Contribute Photographs.

By RICHARD PERRIN.

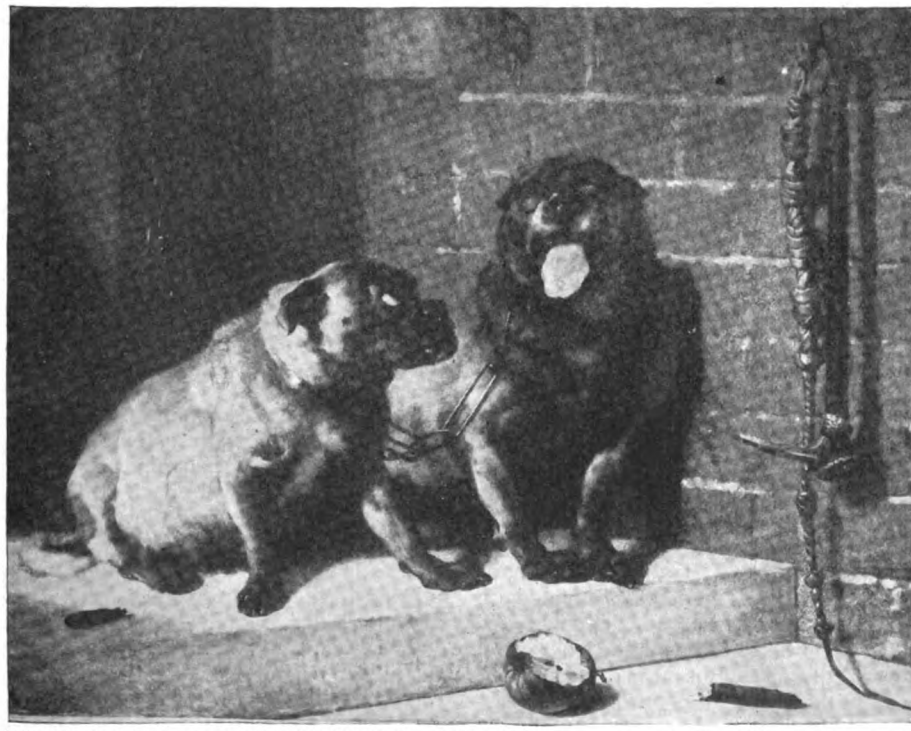
"HAVE you ever noticed," remarked a friend to Sir Edwin Landseer, "how much our dog Bowser's smile is like your cook's?"

"Yes," replied the great animal painter. "I have noticed it, but I didn't think anyone else had. And if I dared to put that dog's smile in a picture the critics would declare I was guilty of an absurdity."

Not only was the charge frequently brought against Landseer, but it has been brought against numerous animal painters that they endow their horses, dogs, and cats with human expressions.

"A dog expresses joy by wagging his tail," wrote a critic in the *Examiner*, "and not by the play of his facial muscles. Where Mr. Landseer commits a blunder is by seeking to portray emotion in brutes by the same signs that serve for the human animal."

Is this true? Has your dog or cat no power to express delight, sorrow, dejection, contentment, amusement, disappointment on its countenance in the same way, if not to the same degree, as its master and mistress can? Scientific observers seem to disagree on this question. Sir Charles Bell's statement that "the faces of animals seem chiefly capable of expressing rage and fear" has been flatly denied by Darwin, who says: "He who will look at a dog preparing to attack another dog or a man, and at the same animal when caressing its master, or will watch the countenance of a monkey when insulted and when fondled by its keeper, will be forced to admit that the movements of



"UNCLE TOM AND HIS WIFE FOR SALE." By Sir Edwin Landseer.

From a Photograph by F. Hanfstaengl.

their features and their gestures are almost as expressive as those of man." That this is indeed the case is forcibly exemplified by the photographs which accompany this article.

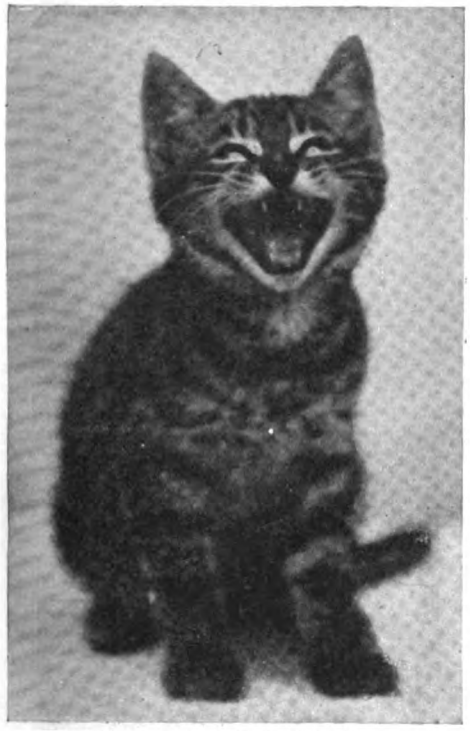
But, as another great naturalist points out, there will always be unobservant people who from lack of application will remain sceptical. They see the purely canine or feline expressions without noticing those which resemble the human. When, for instance, a dog is about to spring on his antagonist he utters a savage growl; the ears are pressed closely backwards and the upper lip is retracted out of the way of his teeth. These movements may be observed with dogs and puppies at play. But if a dog gets really savage in his play his expression immediately changes. This, however, is simply due to the lips and ears being drawn back with much greater energy. If a dog only snarls at another, the lip is generally retracted on one side alone—*i.e.*, towards his enemy. All this is easily understood, as is the expression of fear and disgust. But how many persons understand that, through centuries of association with man, dogs and cats have gradually assimilated, and are still further assimilating, to man's expressions? Wider and wider grows the interval between the domestic and highly-bred dog and his ancestors, the wolf and the jackal. Somerville long ago noticed that very canine smile or grin of pleasure which Landseer's critics denied:—

> And with a courtly grin the fawning hound
> Salutes thee cow'ring, his wide op'ning nose
> Upward he curls, and his large, sloe-black eyes
> Melt in soft blandishments and humble joy.

We read in Sir Walter Scott's "Life" that his famous greyhound had this grin, which has been studied carefully by Mr. Briton Rivière, R.A., in Spitz and sheep dogs. The upper lip during the act of grinning is retracted, as in snarling, so that the canines are exposed, and the ears are drawn backwards; but the general appearance of the animal clearly shows that anger is not felt. Sir C. Bell, in his "The Anatomy of Expression," remarks: "Dogs, in their expression of fondness, have a slight eversion of the lips, and grin and sniff amidst their gambols in a way that resembles laughter. Some persons speak of the grin as a smile, but if it had been really a smile we should see a similar, though more pronounced, movement of the lips and ears

"ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES." BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

From a Photograph by F. Hanfstaengl.



"HA, HA, A GOOD JOKE!"
From a Photograph.

when dogs utter their bark of joy; but this is not the case, although a bark of joy often follows a grin. On the other hand, dogs, when playing with their comrades or masters, almost always pretend to bite each other, and they then retract—though not energetically—their lips and ears. Hence I suspect that there is a tendency in some dogs, whenever they feel lively pleasure combined with affection, to act through habit and association on the same muscles, as in playfully biting each other or their masters' hands."

"I have a fox-terrier," writes Mr. W. W. Beard, of Darlington, "who always grins when he is amused, and in a startlingly human manner. On one occasion I placed a lump of sugar on my little boy's nose, he pretending that he was to 'beg' for it. It rolled off on to the carpet. I turned, and it gave me somewhat of a start to see Pasha observing the ridiculous performance with a broad grin on his face. It only needed the sound of a chuckle to make it positively human."

"OH, DEAR, MUST I HEAR THAT SYMPHONY AGAIN?"
From a Photograph by Wynford Swinburne.

A STUDY IN LAUGHTER! "LISTENING TO LAUDER."
From a Photograph by Topical Press.

The fame of the grinning "Cheshire cat" is universal, but Mrs. Watts-Neath has a tabby which smiles in a most natural manner. "It is not," she writes, "as if he were merely showing his teeth, because if that were the case it would occur at unwarranted times and seasons. But Budge only smiles when he is pleased—that is, when I take particular pains to please him, and then in a manner absurdly suggestive of Tenniel's drawings in "Alice in Wonderland."

What could be more irresistible than the photographs of a laughing dog and laughing kitten herewith? Certes, the expression is unmistakable. Yet, if Mr. J. A. Shepherd or Mr. Louis Wain had depicted the same, what incredulity would be mingled with the reader's laughter! We would be told that

the expression was unnatural and the artist would be accused, as Landseer was, of drawing on his imagination.

The same criticism would doubtless be applied to any painter who should attempt to show such grief as is shown on the face of the bulldog on the previous page, even as Landseer was severely handled by Ruskin for the "human" expressions on the faces of "Alexander and Diogenes" or "Uncle Tom and His Wife for Sale."

But there are other expressions to be seen on the faces of some dogs and cats equally striking. Frowning is one of the most important of all the expressions in man, and is due to the contraction of the corrugators by which the eyebrows are lowered and brought together, so that vertical furrows are formed on the forehead. A bulldog, of course, wears a perpetual frown. Other dogs, however, frown heavily when displeased. Pouting animals are frequently met with. The late Mr. Bartlett at the Zoo offered a chimpanzee an orange and then immediately took it away. The attendant expression was a pronounced pout of sulkiness. Monkeys often laugh, especially when tickled in the armpits.

Is there any mistaking the languishing expression of the chimpanzee seated in the lady's lap?

"DO YOU REALLY, REALLY LOVE ME?"
From a Photograph by Wynford Swinburne.

"GOT CAUGHT THAT TIME, DID YOU?"
From a Photograph by W. S. Berridge, F.Z.S.

Could any infatuated human of equal physical and physiognomical shortcomings do more to express in silence his regard? If this is not a human expression in an animal's face, what is? Nor need this same human expression be confined to quadrupeds. Here we have a member of the parrot tribe looking as insolently droll or humorously malicious as if he were a stage comedian cast for such a part, and fulfilling it to perfection. Certainly the collection of instances of human expression in animals will be voted both interesting and valuable. In conclusion, if any STRAND readers possess any other such photographs—snapshots or others—of human expression in their own dogs, cats, or other animals, the Editor would be glad if they would forward them to him. Contributions found suitable and published will be paid for at our usual rates.

The Fetish Flag.

By FRANK SAVILE.

Illustrated by W. B. Wollen, R.I.

THE little earth and timber fort had been built in a dip between the higher and the lower hills. It was faced on the south and east by impenetrable jungle, which dwindled towards the north and west into patchy scrub. From this point bare boulders covered the slope that climbed to the ridge top. From the thickets the trade-guns were banging, sending bullets by the dozen into the timbers of the stockade. Behind a low parapet of stone and sand-bags that encircled the flagstaff a dozen sailors in dirty drill tunics and a few Hausas in khaki replied to the fusillade with single shots at long intervals. Ammunition was not too plentiful. The men only fired when a mark was plainly visible, and the besiegers, for the most part, kept to their ambush in the scrub. Now and again, though, an excited negro would dart from bush to bush, and then a rifle would crack. Sometimes there was no following yell, but as often as not a dark figure would leap convulsively into the air as the bullet found his heart or his brain. But these tragedies never diminished the fierceness of the attack. The trade-guns roared on, tom-toms and drums throbbed, and safe in the outer fringe of forest trumpets and native oboes shrilled triumphantly. The besiegers could afford to squander a life or two—their force was to be reckoned in hundreds; but inside the fort there were only forty souls to man a hundred yards of timber battlement.

In the centre of the courtyard two men stood beside a small field-gun, the seven-pounder which the sailors had dragged through jungle, swamp, and river, to find it well-nigh useless in their need. They had used all but a dozen rounds of the ammunition before they had reached and captured the stockade. Now, in their turn, they were being besieged by the late garrison reinforced by all the fighting men within a score of miles. Water was getting short, provisions were decaying, and fever was with them all. Their only hope lay in cutting their way through the mountain pass to the north. Beyond it the river ran, where the gunboat that had landed them patrolled the sluggish stream.

"Well, we have proved one thing," said the taller and older of the two—a man in a ragged uniform of the West Coast Levies. "The sacred flag exists, though we haven't captured it."

He pointed, as he spoke, to a narrow glade that cut deeply into the fringing forest. At the far end a green banner was being flaunted, appearing and disappearing in jerks as it was waved excitedly from side to side. Its sudden advent was heralded by a renewed outburst of trumpeting and yells.

"I wonder if these heathen really set such store by it as that old renegade Bimbi made out?" meditated Farmer, the naval sub-lieutenant. "One would hardly expect them to put it in the forefront of the battle, if they do. A round or two from this"—he patted the breech-block of the seven-pounder—"followed by a sudden sally, and I rather think that banner might change hands."

The soldier smiled grimly.

"If they are so keen on besieging us when we haven't got it, what would they be if we had?" he suggested.

The sailor was silent for a minute. Then he spoke with sudden earnestness.

"Look here, Jackson," he said. "If we *did* put our hands upon it we might make terms. Let us make a dash for it, and when we have got it in here threaten to burn it unless we are allowed to leave unmolested."

Jackson shook his head. "We should squander half a score of lives," he demurred.

"Unless we do something decisive pretty soon we look like squandering forty," replied the other. "What is the alternative?"

Jackson turned and pointed towards the ridge behind them.

"Make a dash for the pass," said he. "If we can only beat them off till we reach the narrows of the gut, we could hold them with a good chance of being rescued. They would hear the firing from the river."

Farmer grunted.

"Have you any idea what the crown of the pass is like?" he inquired.

"No; have you?"

"An uncommonly good one. At dawn I was up there behind the sand-bags, sweeping the country with my glass. Those narrows between the cliffs are a bare four yards wide for the last few hundred yards. No six men could walk abreast."

"All the better; it would be so much the easier to defend our rear."

"Perhaps. Only the unfortunate part about it is that the front would need defending also. Bimbi Assolah is no fool. He has got half a hundred savages up there already, hugging their guns, and only too ready for a visit from us. No, my friend, that door is very tightly shut."

The ghost of a groan escaped Jackson.

"God help us!" he said. "I see no way out of it!"

"Then try my plan," said Farmer, persuasively. "After all, the very thing we came here for was to capture the sacred flag."

Jackson tore at his moustache as if he would uproot it. Then he dropped his hand with a sigh.

"Very well," he agreed. "We'll have a try for it. As you say, it seems the only chance. Vyvyan shall take command while we head the rush."

Farmer stopped.

"*We?*" he queried. "It was *my* proposal."

"And *I* happen to be commanding officer," said the other, dryly.

The lieutenant hesitated, then shrugged his shoulders and made off to collect his men. The twelve tars assembled, by no means displeased to learn that they were to exchange rifle practice for a little brisk hand-to-hand fighting. While they and the selected Hausas were getting their instructions Jackson returned with Vyvyan, the surgeon attached to the little force.

"I have aligned the sights," he said, pointing to the gun. "All you have to do is to fire it over our heads directly we get fifty yards down the clearing. That should drop the shell neatly beside the flag. Don't waste more than two cartridges. Ten minutes will see the business made or marred."

Vyvyan, though he complained loudly at not being included in the adventure, nodded assent. He sat down behind the gun and laid his hand upon the lever, while the men piled wood behind the stockade, crouched upon it, and awaited with eager eyes their officer's signal.

Jackson looked keenly round, raised his hand, and cleared the parapet at a bound. Following hard at his heels, the sailors and Hausas were well into the open before the besiegers realized what had occurred.

Then mighty uproar ensued. The jungle seemed alive with frantic negroes, who yelled, fired, crashed from bush to bush, and ran with gaping mouths and starting eyeballs for the safety of the deeper forest. Their excitement made them the poorest of shots. Out of the succession of confused volleys that greeted the rush, no bullet found a human target. From behind the stockade the shell screamed down among the trees and burst at the end of the glade.

Farmer and Jackson saw the green banner rock unsteadily into the shadows of a palm grove. The wavering bodyguard that surrounded it had every appearance of desiring the safety of their own skins before everything, save in one case. This was Bimbi Assolah himself, the renegade from the West India Regiment, who had deserted his comrades only three days before, boasting of his fetish powers, and apparently seeking a wider scope for them than was to be found under the discipline of the British camp. It was due to him that the attack on the stockade had become known and traitorously prepared for.

Banner and bearer vanished behind the palm trunks, but the pursuers were too near to be denied. They dashed suddenly out into another clearing to see the flag disappear round a group of rude huts not fifty yards away. With a thunderous cheer they raced after it.

Farmer was leading, and as he rounded the corner of the nearest hut his cry of amazement brought the whole force to a standstill.

"The beggars have dropped it!" he shouted.

True enough, the cravens had flung down their burden in the haste of their flight. The green folds were stretched upon the earth at their feet. The famous fetish flag was won!

Farmer stooped, seized the pole, tossed it across his shoulder, and turned. At the top

of their speed the men followed their officers in the retreat to the stockade.

But this was not the easy matter the outset had been. The negroes were recovering their courage. Bullets sang from the thickets, arrows twanged from tree and bush, and here and there a daring half-dozen of the warriors would leap out to hew at the passing sailors with their axes. A couple of Hausas dropped. They were whirled up by their comrades and dragged along. A bullet scored Jackson's shoulder and sent the blood streaming down his chest. He never winced. Farmer's revolver barked continuously, and the rifles kept up a perpetual fusillade. But it was a furious, desperate five minutes, filled with uproar, wounds, and death, before the party staggered up to the stockade and climbed the ladders their comrades sloped out to them. But of those who set out all returned. No wounded man was left to suffer the unspeakable tortures of the savages, no body deserted to vile disfigurements. And, above all, the fetish flag was their own!

Vyvyan's hands were full. Few of the party had escaped altogether, but with one exception, a Hausa, whose life was dwindling from him as they watched, none had more than flesh wounds. The first attention was given to the dying man. A hammered iron slug had shattered his chest, and he gasped out his last breath before he could be moved. After that the doctor set himself, with carbolic lint and dressings, to stanch a dozen gaping wounds.

"FARMER'S REVOLVER BARKED CONTINUOUSLY."

Jackson returned from the hospital tent, with his arm in a sling, to hang the green flag up beside the Union Jack on the flagstaff, and then to order every sound man to his post. With that emblem of defiance before their eyes the besiegers might be expected to make desperate efforts. The men waited on the tiptoe of expectancy.

Yet a strange thing happened. The desultory fire which had succeeded the fierce volleys of a few minutes before died down, and finally ceased. A shrill chorus from the rude wind instruments brayed out

of the distance, a few yells, tinged with laughter rather than defiance, accompanied it, and then the stillness was unbroken. For all evidence to the contrary, the defeat seemed accepted as final.

Vyvyan busied himself with a flesh wound on Farmer's arm. As he bound the lint about it he dilated his nostrils and sniffed curiously.

"And where can you have picked up cherry-blossom scent in these abandoned wilds?" he asked his patient.

The lieutenant looked surprised.

"Scent?" he protested. "Why, I hate it!"

"But you reek of it," retorted the doctor.

Farmer sniffed in his turn.

"There is a heavy, sweetish sort of smell," he allowed. "I thought it was one of your antiseptics."

Vyvyan shook his head.

"There is nothing but pure carbolic or boracic acid here," said he.

"Then I must have crushed some strongly smelling flower in the rough-and-tumble," said Farmer, and, as Vyvyan finished tying the bandage, hurried off to join the defence.

The next hour passed uneventfully. The jungle was silent. Jackson relaxed the tension of the defence and let some of the men take a needful rest. The others kept a wary eye upon the scrub, but not a twig rustled. For the time being, at any rate, the siege was most evidently shelved.

And then came a most unwelcome break in the monotony. Farmer started, took a few halting steps towards Vyvyan, gasped, and clutched at his own tunic. As he staggered the doctor caught him in his arms.

"What is it? What is the matter?" he demanded.

Farmer's lips were blue and twitching. He tore at his tunic as if hot coals lay between it and his skin.

"It's like a fire!" he cried—"like a fire eating me up!"

They ripped his clothing and bared his chest. A dull crimson stain showed up against his skin, spreading as they watched from a tiny blotch upon his chest to envelop his arms, his neck, his whole body! In five minutes he was lying upon the ground, writhing, screaming, tearing at his flesh like a rabid dog!

Bewildered though he was, Vyvyan did not lose his head. With Jackson's help he seized the frantic sailor, bound his wrists and ankles, and carried him off to the tent. Utterly in the dark what treatment to apply, he could only rub the irritated skin with grease from their scanty dinner scraps. The spasms and the sufferer's screams grew less, but this was only due to the patient's growing weakness. Within a very short space of time Farmer sank into unconsciousness, and lay still upon the little trestle cot, breathing in slow, laboured gasps.

The doctor stood over him, staring at the dull red mark, feeling his pulse, taking his temperature, and utterly at a loss. The patient was in a high fever; his tongue was swollen between his jaws; his breath hissed between set and rigid lips. Rack his brains, though, as he would, Vyvyan found no explanation in his professional experience. And he was not left much time for meditation. Jackson was hailing him excitedly from the flagstaff parapet.

He climbed cautiously up behind the frail fortification and reached his friend's side. A cry of amazement broke from him.

The six sailors and their half-dozen Hausa comrades lay motionless behind the sandbags, prone upon their faces, one and all unconscious and breathing in stertorous gasps. The mysterious swoon was upon them too.

He bent and unbuttoned the tunic of the nearest, expecting to be confronted by the angry crimson stain. But the man's chest was white and natural. He examined the others. Not one bore an uncommon mark. And then Jackson suddenly staggered and rocked down upon his knees.

"It's got me!" he cried, fearfully. "It's got me, too!"

Vyvyan felt as if he had been flung into a new world of nightmare. The thing was awful, mysterious, incomprehensible. He caught wildly at Jackson, expecting every instant to hear a cry of agony burst from his lips. But Farmer's terrible experience was not repeated. The soldier sank dully to earth, made a feeble effort to rise, and rolled over unconscious in his turn.

And then, of a sudden, by instinct rather than reason, the explanation came home to Vyvyan. A gust filtered sluggishly down from the hills, stirred the flags, and bore a wave of sickly air to the doctor's nostrils. He realized in an instant that the heavy, sweetish odour that he had detected in Farmer's clothes was pouring from the folds of the green banner behind him.

He did not hesitate. He shouted to the men behind the stockade, goaded them to haste with every word of Hausa at his command, and had the thirteen unconscious bodies dragged down into the cleaner air

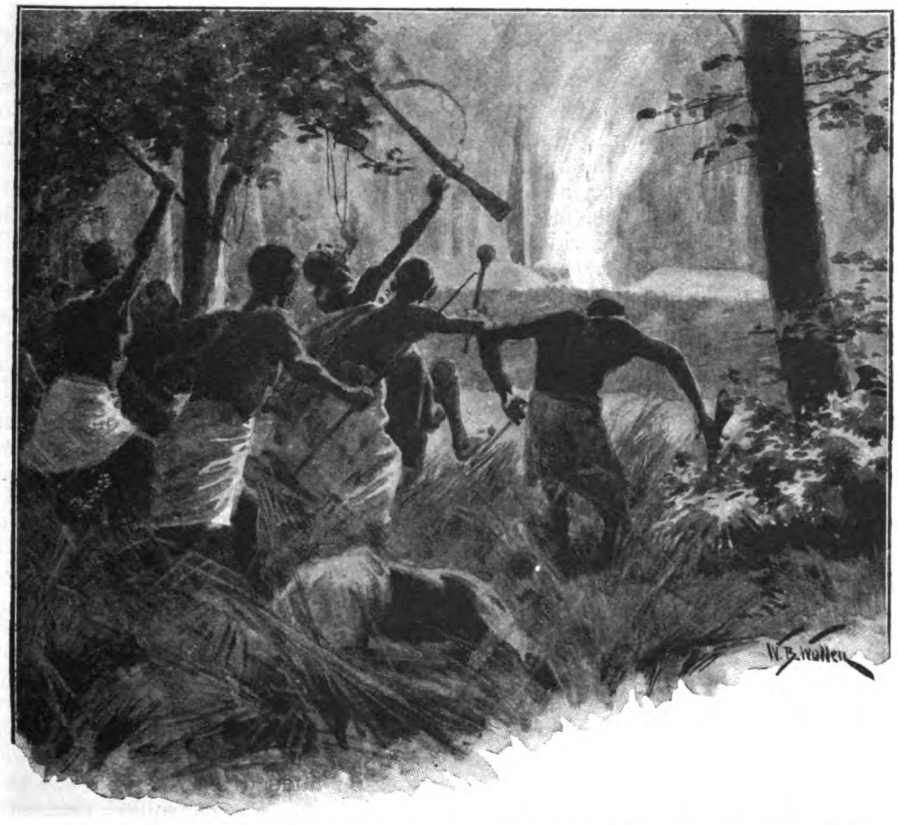
of the courtyard. And not a moment too soon. As he himself strode down with Jackson's body in his arms he felt a sudden throb of pain pass between his temples. There followed instantly a dull sensation of drowsiness. So powerful was it that he, in his turn, staggered and fell upon his motionless burden.

Fortunately the effect was but passing. He had not been long enough in the zone of poisoned air. But as he came back to full consciousness he realized the danger that threatened them. A flood of pestilential fumes was drowning the fort, oozing from the banner like water from a leaky cistern.

flagstaff again. Pressing his hand across his mouth and nostrils, he tossed the oil upon the green fabric, struck a match, and thrust it into the dripping folds.

A blaze shot up. As Vyvyan crouched behind the parapet and crept down into the courtyard the fetish flag became a pillar of roaring flame. For a couple of minutes it hissed and flared, lit up the gathering dusk, and died as quickly as it rose. A few glowing embers floated out across the stockade and all was over. One frightful danger at least was destroyed.

Yet at first it seemed as if it was only exchanged for another. A yell rose from the



"THE BESIEGERS ROSE FROM THEIR AMBUSH AND CHARGED UP TO THE ENFEEBLED DEFENCES OF THE FORT."

And then Vyvyan did a brave thing—one that deserves the Victoria Cross as much as any reckless deed done in the heat of battle. He dashed into the tent, ransacked among the slender stores, and found the half-gallon of naphtha that supplied their two lanterns for the night. He plucked his matchbox from his pocket and mounted beside the

jungle. Hot with rage at the foiling of their device, the besiegers rose from their ambush and charged up to the enfeebled defences of the fort. Wounded and unwounded hurried to the loopholes.

But as the glare faded from the flagstaff it broke out anew in the thickets. One of the burning rags had floated into a patch of sun-

dried grass. The blaze grew, sprang to the overhanging branches, and sent a column of flame crackling through the night. The tide of fire went devouringly through the scrub, licking up herbage, bush, and tree.

The cries of rage became screams of terror. Before this new and terrible onset the negroes fled desperately. Their black bodies were stark against the glare, and the rifles found many an easy aim. A score of the besiegers had fallen before Vyvyan could bring his revengeful men to a halt. Apart from all question of the cruelty involved, where, he argued, was the good in anticipating the relentless work of their new ally?

Fortunately, what little wind there was blew directly from the fort. The stockade was charred in places. Here and there the soldiers took off their tunics and beat out tiny flames that licked the woodwork, or tossed flaming branches back into the open. But no serious danger threatened. An hour later the fort stood out alone in the midst of an empty, smoke-blackened space, and the fire had eaten its way nearly a mile into the forest, to be stayed at last on one side by a stream, on another by a quagmire. Save for one or two isolated patches on the northern slope the besiegers had no cover from rifle fire left to them. A great gain had been made to the defence.

Secure for the time being in his zone of cinders, Vyvyan had a little time to devote to his patients. Of these Jackson was the first to recover. An hour later he stirred, groaned, and sat up to stare round him bewilderedly.

"I only remember a dart of pain that seemed to split my very brain," he said, in answer to the doctor's questions. "Then irresistible sleep took hold of me. I couldn't have kept awake if I had been on fire!"

"No pains in your body?" asked the other.

Jackson shook his head.

"None."

Vyvyan nodded.

"Farmer carried the flag, you see," he explained. "No doubt it brushed his very flesh. That would account for the agony of irritation in his symptoms."

Jackson scrambled to his feet.

"What?" he cried, peering about him amazedly. Between his vehement interjections Vyvyan enlightened him as to what had happened.

"The flag was drenched in some ethereal and poisonous fluid," he concluded, "and Mr. Bimbi Assolah has quite justified his reputation. Fetish or no fetish, he has proved himself the master of secrets unknown to European science—or certainly unknown, so far, to me."

"Then he let us capture the flag purposely?" cried Jackson.

"Of course. He had specially prepared it."

Jackson grinned ruefully.

"By Jove! though, it was a smart trick."

Vyvyan nodded.

"So smart that I think it worth imitating—to a certain extent," he said.

"What?" asked Jackson.

"This," said Vyvyan, laying his hand upon the breech of the little field-gun.

"Surrender our gun!"

Vyvyan winked complacently.

"Something like it," he said. "It is what the old scoundrel is principally besieging us for. One piece of artillery would amply confirm his sovereignty over the surrounding tribes, with their bows and arrows and their gas-pipe guns."

"You mean you would bargain for our safety with it?" cried Jackson, in blank astonishment.

The doctor looked carefully round. They had already been once betrayed by a deserter overhearing too much, and he did not mean to take the risk again. He brought his lips to Jackson's ear, and spoke in a low murmur.

The captain's face underwent wonderful changes as Vyvyan whispered on. Irritation was followed by astonishment, astonishment by incredulity, and the last finally gave place to humour. He lay back on the rude bench and laughed grimly.

"Anyway, it's Hobson's choice," he said at last. "If we stay here we must be overwhelmed sooner or later. Even if the gunboat got to know of our position I don't see how they could force the gut. It's as impregnable from the other side of the hills as it is from this."

"Just so," agreed Vyvyan. "Shall I show you where I mean?"

Jackson nodded and led the way to the flagstaff again. Vyvyan sniffed, decided that the poisoned fumes had passed away, and produced Farmer's telescope. He lay beside his companion, pointing eagerly to the defile through the northern ridge and calling his particular attention to a spur of rock that stood out of the slope a couple of furlongs short of the crown of the hill. It stood close to the point at which the cliffs closed in upon the pass, narrowing it to a width of less than half-a-dozen yards.

"That is the spot," he said, curtly.

Jackson took the glass and examined the crag. He gave a nod of assent.

"Very well," he said. "I follow your plan. That fire has been the saving of the situation. It gives us a mile start. Those fellows won't stray out on to the burnt patch in the daylight. Bimbi has a very precise knowledge of the range of modern rifles. We shall be well on our way before the pursuit begins."

The two descended to find the situation a trifle improved. The men who had been overcome were regaining consciousness by ones and twos. All, with the exception of Farmer, had struggled back to wakefulness; and about midnight the naval lieutenant opened his eyes, groaned, and called drowsily to Vyvyan by name.

The doctor bent over him.

"The pains gone?" he asked, anxiously.

The sailor stared stupidly. Then he suddenly began to tear at his bosom as if all the mosquitoes in Africa were nesting there.

"Pain?" he echoed. "No pains, but the most confounded itching that ever I felt!"

Vyvyan daubed him with grease, bade him lie back again, and then in a low whisper began to confide to him the plans for the morrow. Farmer presently grew sufficiently interested to almost forget his irritation, and he, too, concluded the conversation with a grim chuckle.

"You should have been a general instead of a sawbones, Vyvyan," said he.

It was in the full light of the next day's noon that the great gate of the stockade was suddenly opened, and the little force set out towards the ridge at the double. The one or two wounded that could not walk were carried by their comrades. The sailors led; the Hausas covered the rear. The seven-pounder was rolled along jerkily at the head of the procession.

It was two or three minutes before they were observed. The stockade itself screened them from observation from the south, and they were far out upon the boulders before a chorus of yells announced that the negroes were in hot pursuit.

With their long start they were well up the slope before the bullets began to splutter round them. Then at a word from Jackson the Hausas wheeled in turns, halted, and sent intermittent volleys among the pursuers that damped their ardour considerably. Seven or eight were seen to fall. Their fellows took cover with great alacrity. They still followed on, skipping from rock to rock, but the ardour of the pursuit slackened.

Jackson paid little attention to dangers that menaced the rear. His telescope was constantly at his eye as he swept the crown of the ridge. He brought it down with a snap at last, and there was satisfaction in his eye as he turned to his companions.

"Bimbi Assolah has joined them in the night," he announced.

The others put up their binoculars. The camp upon the ridge could be seen humming with excitement.

Farmer nodded. "I fully expected it," he said. "The old scoundrel guessed our last rush must be in this direction, and so made up his mind to be in at the death."

Vyvyan smiled.

"His aspirations are likely to be gratified in a way he little thinks of," said he. "Halloa! here come their bullets!"

The sound of a volley from the head of the defile followed the thud of lead upon the boulders round them. The negroes on the height began to swarm down towards the advancing force, imitating their friends below in the way they took cover. They bobbed and gesticulated, rising now and again to take a nervous aim and fire.

Fortunately for Jackson's men the West African negro is the worst shot in existence. Though the stones were splashed with grey patches, not a bullet met its mark. The sailors were ordered to spread out in open formation, and take what cover they could as they neared the entrance to the gut. The bearers of the wounded were sent to sidle unobtrusively off in the direction of the crag that Vyvyan had pointed out the previous evening. The Hausas and the two officers clustered near the gun under shelter of a few outlying rocks.

As the first report from the seven-pounder rang out and the ball went spinning up the gorge, every black head bobbed. The shot ploughed up the earth in the negroes' camp, but without doing any particular damage. Half-a-dozen other shells burst more or less harmlessly. Bullets rained round the gun as the attackers began to grow bolder, and the sailors and Hausas had to take cover in earnest. One or two of them, at the whispered command of their officer, leaped mightily into the air, and fell prone behind the boulders, where they enacted the part of the desperately wounded to perfection, groaning with a fine sense of melodrama.

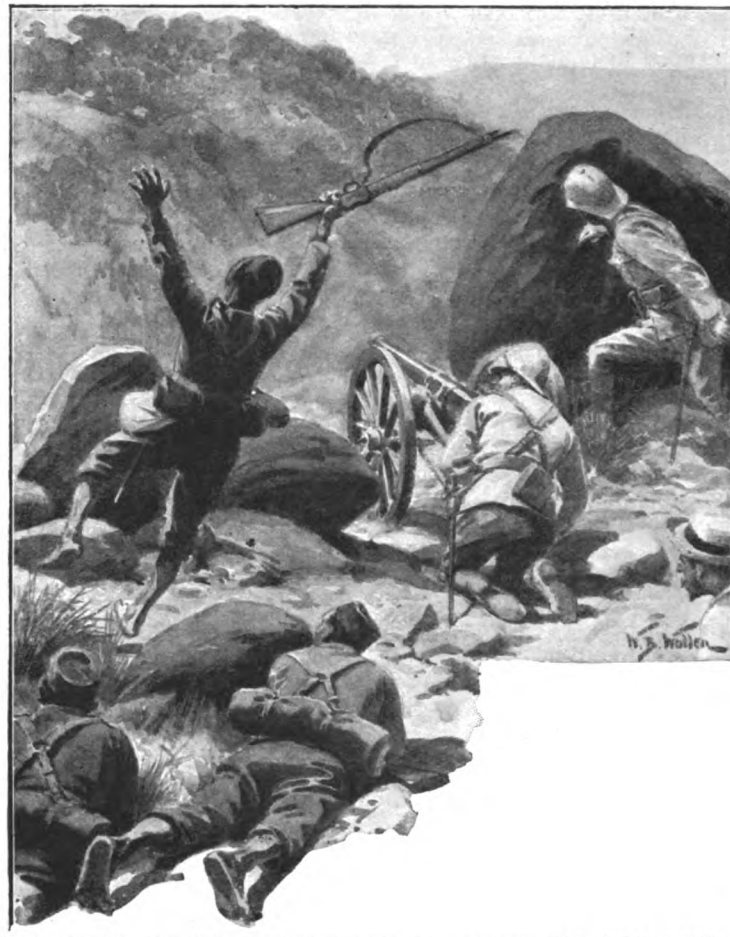
These evidences of the precision of their aim encouraged the black musketeers. They swarmed nearer and nearer, firing wildly and yelling insults. By now every one of the

British had crept out of the rain of bullets, and the seven-pounder was left desolate and alone on the hillside.

Finally, after a tornado of yells, and preceded by a thunderous volley, half a hundred savages sprang into the open and charged upon the gun!

of their hand, they clamoured to each other! The way below was stopped by shouting hundreds; the way above not only now with muskets, but by the captured piece. They danced and gesticulated like maniacs round their prize.

When the first excitement had cooled a



"ONE OR TWO OF THEM, AT THE WHISPERED COMMAND OF THEIR OFFICER, LEAPED MIGHTILY INTO THE AIR, AND FELL PRONE BEHIND THE BOULDERS."

And then—oh, shame unutterable!—was to be seen a British force in full flight, leaving their artillery to the unresisted capture of their foes. Headed by their officers, the men scurried like conies to the crag where the wounded were already ensconced, darted up it, and sank breathless among the pebbles. Scarcely believing in their luck, the valiant warriors from the ridge swooped down upon the gun, fell upon it with eager hands, and whirled it back with them to crown the heights. They had the English in the hollow

man was seen to align the gun exactly upon the narrow passage up the defile. Watching through his glass, Jackson saw the renegade aim carefully, load, squint again along the breech, and then quell his followers' raptures with an imperious gesture. The negroes settled down till such time as heat, hunger, and thirst should drive the prey into the waiting trap.

The savages below signalled wild congratulations to their friends above; but seeing the completeness of their arrangements, and

understanding that to join them they would have to pass within thirty yards of the rifle muzzles on the crag, they too called a halt to await developments.

They had not long to wait.

"Having now recovered from our panic, we have no course open to us but to recapture our gun or perish in the attempt," said Jackson, with a solemn wink at his command. "Gently till you reach the open. Directly you get into the gut, charge up it for your lives!"

The Hausas grunted fatalistically, the sailors grinned, and the whole force descended the crag on the side away from the watchers on the ridge. For the time being the wounded and their bearers were left under cover.

As the little band appeared in the path below, running desperately for the pass-head, the negroes could scarcely believe their eyes. Then a frantic yell broke out. Half-a-dozen flung themselves upon the gun, to be swept indignantly aside by their leader. He, and he alone, claimed the right to send the sons of perdition to their appointed place. He bent and dwelt lovingly upon his aim. With staring eyes and mouths agape, his underlings awaited the report.

It came, but with no following scream of a flying shell. A rending, splitting crash thundered into the mountain echoes, roaring down the ravine like the infernal clamours of an avalanche. It came with the bursting of barrel, breech, and muzzle, with the smash of jagged metal on the rocks, with the thud of countless fragments through living bodies.

Following the discharge was to be seen no gun, while no man showed standing upon his feet. The defenders had been blown into tatters!

With a cheer and a rush the sailors and their dark comrades stormed up the gorge and stood on what had been the negro camp. The rocks were sprinkled as with a bloody rain. Everywhere was the shattered confusion of smashed weapons, rent cooking pots, and ragged blankets. On every side were the torn bodies of the dead. Of five score men not one but was slain or so hideously wounded that death was but a matter of minutes! The men turned away shuddering.

There were sights more welcome to distract them. Five miles away below them they could see a gunboat anchored in mid-stream, while from its deck a heliograph winked, bearing them the welcome news that already a landing party was toiling up the slope to their rescue. They sat down to defend the narrow gut in their turn, their minds easy in the knowledge that their rifles could hold it till their comrades from the river should reach them. But they need have had no fears. The negroes below were flying to their jungle, spreading frantic tales of the grim tragedy enacted on the heights.

"Your men could never have stormed that pass to our rescue," explained Jackson to the captain of the gunboat that same evening, as he luxuriated in cooling drinks on deck. "The gut is as narrow one side as the other. They would have mown you down. No—if it hadn't been for Vyvyan's great mind, and the pound or two of dynamite we took on the chance of blowing in the stockade, we shouldn't be here."

Captain Evans lit a cigar meditatively.

"Even now I don't understand how you made them explode it," he said.

"Too simple for words!" rejoined Jackson. "We loaded up the cartridges with it and blocked the muzzle. When Bimbi fired—well, it was stupendous!"

"Quite too stupendous," agreed a new voice, as Vyvyan emerged from the companion-way, flourishing a book, "and so was that old villain's device with the flag. Have you ever heard of 'devil's leaf,' my friend?"

"No," said Jackson.

"No more had I till a minute ago. I have been looking up authorities. It seems that it is a deadly and irritant poison—the deadliest, in fact, known to the medicine-men of this infernal coast, which is saying a good deal. How Bimbi made it volatile is best known to himself. Let us hope he has taken his secret with him. Farmer, though, got a touch of the real article. His symptoms entirely agree with those specified here."

Jackson spared a sigh, but not for Farmer's agonies.

"We never captured the real fetish flag after all," he grumbled.

Evans eyed him caustically.

"Don't you forget," said he, "that if it hadn't been for Vyvyan the fetish flag would have captured *you!*"

THE CHARLES DICKENS TESTIMONIAL

"Where it is possible to express her obligation in the right way, shall England fail?"
—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

READERS of THE STRAND MAGAZINE and Dickens-lovers throughout the world will be glad to hear that the Dickens Testimonial Stamp will, shortly after this issue appears, be on sale at all booksellers'. The success of the scheme, which has been greeted with a unanimous chorus of approval, now rests with the public.

For a summary of what the scheme is we cannot do better than quote the language of the *Daily Telegraph*.

"Within a short time," says that journal, "those who venerate the memory of the immortal author of 'Pickwick' will be celebrating the centenary of his birth. . . . . England may well be proud of the great writer whose genius is thus universally recognized and ask how the centenary of his birth could be most fittingly marked. Dickens worked hard all his life, but he left a large family and he died before copyright laws had secured to an author and those who came after him even the limited ownership of the creations of his mind which they now give. To celebrate the approaching anniversary, THE STRAND MAGAZINE makes a proposal that a Dickens Testimonial Stamp should be printed and sold for a penny through booksellers everywhere during the next year. If even a fraction of the owners of the twenty-four million copies of the author's works extant bought and affixed one of these stamps to each volume they possess the total sum received would be considerable, and this sum the Dickens Fellowship would hand to the representatives of the family as a world-wide tribute to the memory of the great novelist."

A committee has been formed of influential persons, whose names and whose example should be a guarantee to the world that what it is desired to do out of gratitude to Dickens's memory will duly be carried out. This Dickens Testimonial Committee, under whose auspices the stamp will be issued, comprises the following acceptances up to date of going to press: Lord Rosebery, the Lord Chief Justice (Lord Alverstone), Lord Burnham; Sir John Duncan, Sir John Hare, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, Sir George Riddell, Sir Adolph Tuck; Messrs. Harold Begbie, Hilaire Belloc, M.P., Hall Caine, G. K. Chesterton, W. L. Courtney, Walter Crane, William Davies, Frank Dicksee, R.A., Robert Donald, Percy Fitzgerald, Tom Gallon, Edmund Gosse, H. Rider Haggard, Hildebrand Harmsworth, W. W. Jacobs, Andrew Lang, the Hon. H. W. Lawson, J. M. Le Sage, Arthur Morrison, Briton Rivière, R.A., Clement K. Shorter, Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., J. A. Spender, St. Loe Strachey, Theodore Watts-Dunton, Arthur Waugh, and Sir Frank Newnes, Bart.

As for the stamp itself, its production has been entrusted to Messrs. Raphael Tuck, Ltd., who will produce it at little more than the actual cost of the materials, and it will be distributed by the Proprietors of THE STRAND MAGAZINE without other profit than the consciousness of having assisted in a sterling cause.

For evidence of the cordiality, even enthusiasm, with which the scheme has been welcomed by the Press and public, we will let the following extracts speak.

"It can hardly be doubted," says the *Times*, in a lengthy leading article, "that all lovers of Dickens—who are, perhaps, all but a very small percentage of those who ever read at all—would be willing and even eager to show their gratitude in some such form as this to the writer who has so deeply moved them with the variety, the pathos, and the humour of his inimitable portraiture. 'Give a penny to Dickens' should at least be as moving an appeal as 'Give an obol to Belisarius'; and certainly there is a grim resemblance to the fate of Dickens and his works in what Gibbon tells us of Belisarius. 'The name of Belisarius can never die; but instead of the funeral, the monuments, the statues so justly due to his memory, I only read that his treasures, the spoils of the Goths and the Vandals, were immediately confiscated by the Emperor. Some decent portion, however, was reserved for the use of his widow.' In like manner, the name of Dickens can never die; he has raised to himself a monument more lasting than bronze. Yet, although the royalties and other just rewards of his genius were never confiscated by anyone—unless it were in due course of law by the publishers of his countless editions—yet the portion of them which he was able to reserve for his

descendants has been but a puny and insignificant fraction of what it might have been. Shall we not all be willing, then, now that the opportunity offers, to pay what we have called conscience money, or what the author of the scheme calls 'deferred royalties,' by purchasing the proposed stamps, and thereby make our modest contribution to a fund for the benefit of the great novelist's descendants? We may not all of us care to affix the stamps to our copies of his works, for, as Mr. Gosse suggests, the bibliophile is apt to be a little fastidious in these matters. But the purchase of the stamp is the essential thing, not its particular application when purchased. Every stamp purchased will be a penny given to the memory of Dickens and an amelioration of the lot of his descendants, 'a small token that the name and fame of Dickens are still potent to evoke gratitude and to redress a manifest injustice towards those he loved and who bear his name.' It certainly does seem an injustice — or, at any rate, a strange anomaly if exception be taken to the word 'injustice'—that a hesitate to invite all who love their Dickens to buy as many 'Dickens stamps' as their love, their gratitude, or their conscience may suggest."

"It is impossible," writes Mr. Andrew Lang in the *Morning Post*, "to benefit Charles Dickens personally by a testimonial for the benefit of his descendants such as the conductors of THE STRAND MAGAZINE propose. But who bears so hard a heart that he would not be overjoyed to help, as far as he can, in a scheme which would have the approval of Dickens if he were conscious of it? Dickens needs no memorial, no statue in a public place, and no public place needs a work of the sculptor's art representing a gentleman in the civil costume of the middle of the nineteenth century. . . . . Nobody of the millions who feel the deepest and liveliest gratitude to Dickens can hear this news without a desire to subscribe something at once. To the descendants of a man who has made us so happy for so long we cannot be niggardly. . . . . Money would leap from their

TWO SUGGESTED DESIGNS FOR THE DICKENS STAMP SUBMITTED TO THE DICKENS TESTIMONIAL COMMITTEE.

writer of whose works twenty-four millions of copies are now in existence, while their sale in thousands and ten thousands of copies annually is still continuing, should have derived so little profit from the labour of his incomparable genius that out of a score of his living and direct descendants more than one should be in straitened circumstances. . . . . We in this country," continues the *Times*, "have long ago discharged all our legal obligations to the great dispenser of those inexhaustible delights which we still derive from the works of Dickens, and the only ground on which we can be asked to discharge them over again is that our conscience still pricks us, that we feel in our heart of hearts that the limit of our legal obligation really falls far short of that of our moral obligation in the matter. We shall not attempt to solve the very thorny and intricate problem thus propounded by the proposed Dickens Testimonial. It must suffice to have called attention to it, and in the meanwhile we need not

pockets, as swords did *not* leap from their scabbards in defence of Marie Antoinette. . . . . It is easy to see how the scheme might be made to work well; people can buy as many stamps as they can afford; to buy them is the most innocent and gratifying of luxuries. The Americans, we may feel sure, will not be backward. This is a singular case, and can seldom recur. Dickens in his popularity and his genius has no parallel among novelists, except perhaps Sir Walter, and in certain respects the case of the laird of Abbotsford and Kneside is not analogous to that of Dickens and his descendants."

"If only," remarks the *Spectator*, "a quarter of the copies in circulation bore such a stamp, a handsome sum would be raised for the benefit of the descendants of one of the greatest of benefactors, who, owing to the state of the law of copyright during his lifetime, was prevented from securing to his

heirs more than an infinitesimal share of the profits earned by the sale of his books. We are glad," adds the *Spectator*, "to assist in giving publicity to a scheme which has already met with influential support."

"Next year," says the *Pall Mall Gazette* in an impressive leading article, "we shall enter the centenary year of the birth of this great benefactor of humanity, and on the 7th of February, 1912, the actual anniversary will be celebrated. Naturally, there is a desire that the celebration should be adequate, and already a variety of proposals have been made public. A grand sculptured memorial, a Dickens Museum in London, and a rich endowment for the charitable institutions in which he took a personal interest are a few of these schemes. THE STRAND MAGAZINE, however, has hit upon something infinitely better and more desirable. . . . . England owed and owes much to Marlborough, Nelson, and Wellington, and admits the debt in a manner worthy of a great people. But does she owe less to Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Dickens? And, where it is possible to express that obligation in the right way, shall she fail in the one case where she has acted and still acts so worthily in the other? THE STRAND MAGAZINE'S scheme is simplicity itself, and can be adopted by rich and poor alike with perfect ease. . . . . Had the law of copyright been, in Dickens's time, even as comparatively fair to the author as it is to-day, he would have been able to amass an immense fortune. For instance, from America, that land where, as the writer of the article says, his works were acclaimed with such enthusiasm, he received no royalties whatever. Think of that, and then think of what the 'popular' English novelists of to-day receive in American royalties. A successful English dramatist of the present time makes as much money in three years as Charles Dickens, with his wonderful gifts and his equally wonderful energy, did in thirty. He made mankind happy, and he is doing so to this hour—and yet it is deliberately stated that there are descendants of his who are glad at this moment to be in the receipt of a Civil List Pension of twenty-five pounds a year! Who will deny that such a condition of things as that is a stain upon us as a nation, and a deep stain, which it is the duty of us all to wipe away? Neither do we want to see it removed by the State. It is a duty and a privilege incumbent, in the first place and in the last, not upon the State, but upon the people."

"The ingenious proposal made by THE STRAND MAGAZINE that posterity shall discharge a part of its debt to Charles Dickens raises problems of very real importance," remarks the *Westminster Gazette*. "The proposal is that all owners of Dickens's works shall buy specially-designed stamps for a penny and affix them in each of their volumes. In this way, if only one-fourth of the twenty-four million books in circulation were stamped, a large sum would be available for the descendants of the novelist, some of whom are in poor circumstances. Dickens lived in a time when the law of copyright was much less favourable to the author than it now is. He fought a memorable battle on behalf of the writers, but the results of his labour came too late to benefit his own descendants. Immense sums have been made by the publication of his writings, but only a small proportion ever found its way to his purse. The debt of conscience is perhaps less one for his readers than for those who printed his books, but the public may well feel that it owes a certain 'conscience money' for its delay in changing the laws."

Under the title of "Honouring a Literary Debt," the *Manchester Guardian* says: "A very ingenious proposal for honouring the memory of Dickens and paying some part of the heavy debt which the world owes to him is made in THE STRAND MAGAZINE this month. There are hundreds of thousands, perhaps we can safely say millions, of readers of Dickens to-day who in their hearts believe that he was the greatest English writer that ever lived, who certainly find him far the most absorbing, moving, and elevating writer, and who would say without hesitation that too high a price could hardly be put on the treasure he gave the world. In fact, Dickens in his lifetime worked hard for a poor reward. Now, forty years after his death, the public conscience is awakening on the question of the property rights of authors. It is too late to think of paying our debt—our money debt — to the creditor himself. . . . What is expected is that every lover of Dickens will be ashamed to have a volume which does not bear the stamp that shows that he has paid his share of the debt. If anything like that is accomplished, a good enough sum will be raised. Libraries might sell stamps over the counter to willing readers. Bibliophiles need not spoil rare editions, if they think it spoiling to paste the stamp in, but that is an exception of very limited application. It need not be felt that this is an acknowledgment of the hereditary principle. A man thinks of the good of his children, and to a less degree of that of his grandchildren, as of his own; they are an extension of his personality, as the ancient philosopher put it, and anyone who has an affection for a man in a great degree shares this feeling with him. If we wanted to do something for a dead friend which we had neglected or been unable to do while he was living, we should naturally turn to his children and seek to pay the debt to them. The same spirit justifies this proposal to pay what we owe to Dickens to those of his children and grandchildren who are in need of it."

"It is hard," declares the *Evening Standard*, "to hit on any new means of celebrating a centenary, but a writer in THE STRAND MAGAZINE seems to have done so. His proposal has reference to the centenary of the birth of Charles Dickens, which falls next year. Let a commemorative stamp be designed and printed, he says; let it be sold for a penny; let all who possess copies of Dickens's works buy one for each volume. . . . . And how should this sum of money be expended? In the raising of a statue? In the endowment of a library? In the foundation of a chair of Dickens learning? We are glad to say none of these objects is proposed. The money would be devoted to an act of justice. It would be handed over to descendants of Dickens—three of his children, seventeen grandchildren are living—who have been deprived of a fair share of the profits of his work. Some of these descendants are said to be in comparatively poor circumstances. They have been deprived of what should be theirs by the unsatisfactory law of copyright, which was worse in Dickens's day than it is now."

"THE STRAND MAGAZINE," says the *World*, "has an ingenious idea for the celebrating of the Dickens centenary. It proposes that stamps should be printed, that all who have a set of Dickens on

their shelves should buy these stamps and paste one in each volume, and that the fund so raised should be given to the descendants of Dickens, some of whom are not in the easiest of circumstances. It is a pretty and simple idea, and the memory of the great novelist will be the better honoured if each volume is re-read before the stamp is affixed. That is supposing there are any who keep Dickens on their shelves without taking one or other favourite volume down at frequent intervals."

But it is impossible to quote more than a tithe of the published comments upon the article in our August number. Nor have there been wanting those numerous comments and suggestions which reach the Editor through the post.

"I feel," writes Mr. Hall Caine, "that the legal heirs of Dickens ought still to be in the enjoyment of revenue from his works. . . . . Dickens was a great benefactor of the race, and I think hundreds and thousands of people would gladly avail themselves of the scheme you propose to express their gratitude to the great author by conferring some benefit upon his children."

The founder and first secretary of the Dickens Fellowship, Mr. J. W. T. Ley, gives his whole-hearted approval to the scheme.

"As the founder of the first public Dickens Society in England," he writes, "an honorary member of the Boz Club, corresponding member of the Dickens Club, Boston, U.S.A., and for nearly five years honorary general secretary of the Dickens Fellowship, London, may I be permitted to express my hearty approval of the scheme outlined in the August STRAND? The mere suggestion of a memorial to Dickens is apt to raise a storm, and the famous clause in his will is often quoted; but Charles Dickens was a public servant in the truest possible sense of the words, and the nation—nay, the whole world—owes a debt of gratitude to him as great and deep as it owes to any man. I can imagine no better way in which that gratitude may be expressed than the way suggested by THE STRAND MAGAZINE. I believe such a scheme would have his approval, and his descendants should have no feelings other than of pride in accepting such a tribute to his memory. I believe the scheme will be very successful. I have had better opportunities than most people of knowing the affection in which the memory of Dickens is held by the common people. Scores—aye, hundreds—of letters have I received from poor and rich, young and old, all telling the one tale of—not admiration, but deep affection. Many of these letters are in broken English, and they come from America, from France, from Italy, Spain, Belgium, Holland, Russia, India, from all our Colonies. I know that this memorial scheme will be gladly accepted by tens of thousands."

ANOTHER ROUGH SKETCH SUGGESTED FOR THE DICKENS STAMP.

As to one criticism in the possible reluctance of bibliophiles to insert the stamps in their books, that has been well answered by Mr. Andrew Lang.

"One or two amateurs, bibliophiles," observes the famous critic and essayist, "say that they would much rather buy 'Dickens stamps' than stick them on their copies of his books, bound, no doubt, in Levant morocco by Trautz Bunzonnet, and all of the first edition, *non rogués*. But I do not suppose that the stamps, which ought to be small and (like Mr. Jingle, when Mr. Pickwick ordered dinner) might be heraldic, are intended to be gummed on to the outsides of the volumes. A modest corner in the inside of the cover is their proper place. Possessors of old books do not usually remove the book-plates of previous owners, and the stamp ought to be much smaller than most *ex-libris*. If Dickens did not write himself *armiger*, a modest C.D. with the date would suffice. In future generations, if people buy books in future generations, these tiny ensigns would command interest. When the great Hamilton and Beckford libraries were sold, Mr. Quaritch put a book-plate announcing their *provenance* in the copies which he bought at the auction and sold again; nobody, as far as I know, raised any objection."

In the present article two variations of Mr. Garth Jones's design and one emanating from Messrs. Tuck, which have been submitted to the Dickens Committee, are reproduced. It has not been a simple task to devise a sketch or a legend which shall pass as faultless. But the stamp is there to speak for itself. Have YOU paid your "cheerful tribute" to Dickens? Have you derived pleasure from "Pickwick," from "David Copperfield," from "The Christmas Carol"? Then see that these volumes on your shelves have paid duty in the great custom-house of literary morality. From king to peasant let us honour, to the extent of one penny a volume, our debt to Charles Dickens.

PRUNELLA.

By CHARLES GARVICE,

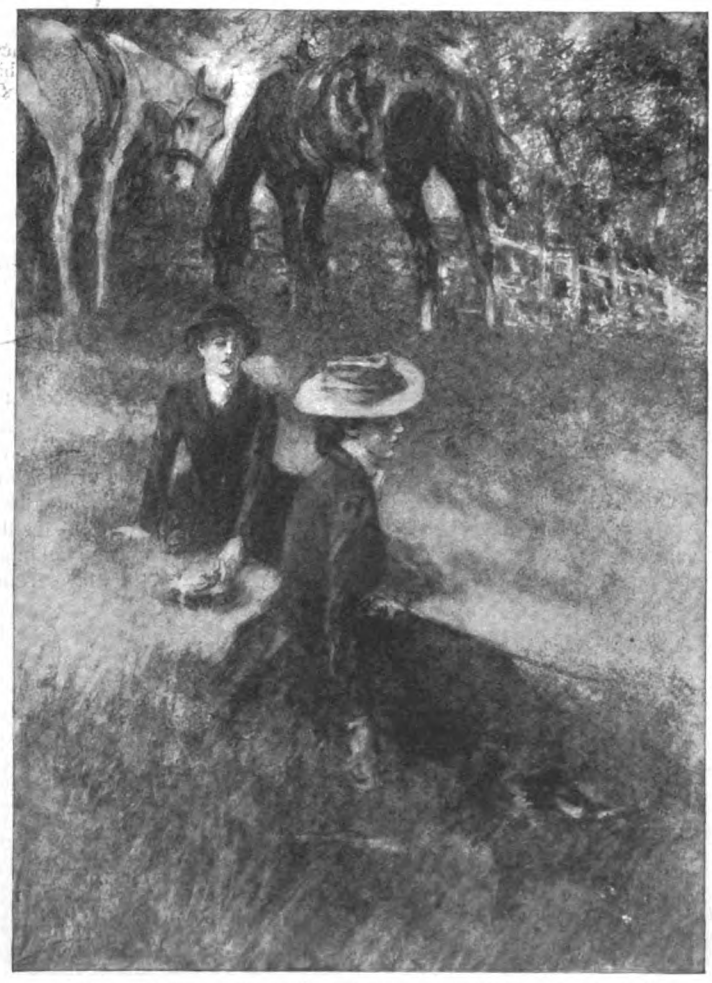
Author of "Just a Girl," etc.

Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday.

"OF course, you can't go on like this," said Cecily.

"Why not?" asked Kitty, a trifle defiantly.

The two girls were sitting on a bank, with a silver sandwich-case between them. They both were in riding-habits, and their two horses were tethered to a fence with a lengthy rein, so that they, too, could get their lunch. There was no groom, as Miss Katherine Devigne preferred to scamper about the country unattended save by her companion and friend, Cecily Harding. Both girls were good riders, but Kitty was something more than good; she had learnt to ride in Mexico on a ranch of her father's, who was *the* Devigne who made so large a pile in various Mexican enterprises, and who had left his only daughter a wickedly large sum. The exact amount doesn't really matter, because anything above a million or so doesn't make any difference; but it may be whispered that men who are fond of computing other persons' wealth had estimated Miss Devigne's at something between ten and twelve millions. Anything like this sum will produce quite a nice income for a moderate-minded person; but though Kitty could have bought up half a county, she lived in quite a modest country house in Loamshire, and was the most unostentatious of persons.



"'OF COURSE, YOU CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS,' SAID CECILY."

Her chief—indeed, her only—amusements were riding and driving, and it is said that she had the best horses in England, if not in the world; it is therefore scarcely surprising that a short habit or a driving-suit was, until dinner-time, her only wear.

She had bought

Lovel Park because it was situated in the best grass county, and was nine miles from a railway station, with a neighbour not nearer than three miles as the crow flies; and here she lived in quite a modest style, with Cecily as her companion and confidante and an old lady of title as watch-dog and chaperon. Not that Kitty really needed anyone in these capacities, for the millionairess, though young and exasperatingly pretty, was quite capable of taking care of herself, as the numerous aspirants to the small hand which held so many millions could mournfully testify.

Though proposed to, say, three times a month on the average, Kitty had not yet bestowed this valuable hand; but not because she was particularly insusceptible, nor because she was haunted by that apprehension which is the birthright of great heiresses—the dread of not being loved for herself alone. Kitty flattered herself that she knew enough of the world and man—who is the proper study for every woman—to distinguish between the man who was really in love with her and the sordid fortune-hunter. Of course, the two girls often discussed the matter; for it is the most important question a young girl can discuss. They were on the subject now.

"Why not?" demanded Kitty, taking a good bite out of her sandwich and tilting her chin at the angle which indicated that she was prepared to argue.

"Why not?" repeated Cecily. "Don't ask such a ridiculous question. You know you've got to marry."

"I don't admit the obligation," said Kitty. "According to the statistics, two out of three girls remain in single blessedness."

"But they're not possessed of unholy millions," said Cecily, with an air of triumph. "What do you mean to do with all your money, if you don't marry?"

"Leave it to you, dear," said Kitty, sweetly.

"Seeing that I'm eighteen months older than you, and that you're about the healthiest young woman it has ever been my pleasure to meet, the odds are that you will outlive me. Besides, I don't want your money. No; you'd have to leave it to charities."

"Hospitals are good things," remarked Kitty, reflectingly.

"Husbands are better," retorted Cecily. "Don't be absurd, Kitty. You know as well as I do that you must marry some day; and you'd better make up your mind to the inevitable. I'm quite disinterested, you see; for it's more than likely that your husband would object to my presence and that I should get the sack directly after the honeymoon."

"I think not," said Kitty, decisively. "I mean to have a clause inserted in the settlement—that is, if I marry—that you are to remain with me until you find your own man. The trouble is to choose, isn't it?" she added, after a pause.

"Yes; especially from a selection so large and varied, as the linendrapers say. If you ask my advice——"

"Which I didn't," murmured Kitty, with her mouth full.

"Well, you'll get it, whether you want it or not. Seriously, I should take Lord Belstone."

"Oh, you would, would you?" said Kitty. "Then why don't you take him yourself? You're quite as pretty as I am; and you could get him in a moment if you wanted him, I'm sure. He admires blondes—yes, he let that slip out one day"—with a laugh; "and you're divinely fair, while I'm next door to a nigger."

"He is young, good-looking, and in every way a nice man," continued Cecily, ignoring the interruption. "Besides which, he has a good estate, is respected——"

"Oh, my dear Cecily, spare me this unsolicited testimonial," broke in Kitty. "It's exactly as if you were recommending a servant you wanted to get rid of."

"In addition to which," said Cecily, "the man is foolishly in love with you. And your tastes are similar. He's fond of horses—though he's not so mad about them as you are, thank goodness!—he rides straight, and he's a good all-round sportsman. Really, Kitty, I don't think you could do better. I know you don't care anything about the title——"

"I'm a Republican," remarked Kitty, throwing up her small head.

"You're a goose," retorted Cecily. "Who spent thousands on the Coronation *fête?*"

"When in Rome you must do as the Romans do," said Kitty, apologetically.

"Stuff and nonsense! But I do wish you'd be serious. Even the most patient of men will turn when they're shilly-shallied with as you have shilly-shallied with Lord Belstone. One of these fine mornings you'll wake up to find that your bird won't come to your call; in fact, that he's flown away for good."

"Let him fly," said Kitty, suavely. "Hurry no man's cattle, my good girl. Much as I love you, I decline to be hustled into the

bonds of matrimony by you. Take Lord Belstone yourself. I'll settle twenty thousand a year on you——"

"Oh, you're excelling yourself this morning," broke in Cecily, in despair. "Now that you've eaten two-thirds of the sandwiches, let's ride on."

"That's the most sensible proposal you've made for the last half-hour," said Kitty, as she rose promptly and shook the crumbs from her riding-habit.

They mounted—every one of Kitty's horses was taught to stand stock-still beside the fence or bank so as to permit her to get into the saddle without aid—and cantered across the stretch of moor beside which they had been sitting. Kitty was rather thoughtful and silent, and Cicely was hoping—and trying not to dread—that her friend was pondering over the sage advice proffered her. Suddenly Kitty woke from her reverie and remarked:—

"I'm as dry as a lime-kiln burner's apron!"

"That's a pretty phrase from a lady's lips," averred Cicely. "I know where you got that. That's one of Mr. Archie Graham's bits of slang."

"Not a bad bit either," said Kitty. "It's expressive, and it covers the ground. Speaking of the—— I mean, why shouldn't we ride over to his place and ask him for a drink?"

"Now, look here, Kitty," said Cecily, pulling up and regarding the wickedly demure face sternly. "You really are too bad. It's all very well to play fast-and-loose with Lord Belstone; but it's absolutely wicked to flirt with a young farmer——"

"Don't you call names, my girl," said Kitty, with a touch of colour in her olive cheeks. "He's a gentleman; at any rate, he's as much of a gentleman as I am; my father was a common labourer before he made his pile. I used to run about the hills barefooted——"

"Oh, you make me tired!" said Cecily, impatiently.

"All the more reason why we should go to Weir Farm," retorted Kitty. "You can get a rest as well as a drink. No; I really am parched. And it's the nearest place. Besides, you've got to go whether you like it or not." So saying, she put an effectual end to the argument by touching her mare with her heel and darting in the direction of her destination.

As they came up to the farm gate a remarkably good-looking, well-set-up young man came out. He wore the attire of a gentleman farmer, and very well it became him. He carried a spud in his hand and was followed by a useful-looking collie, and at sight of the two ladies he stopped dead short and his tanned face grew red; then, hat in hand, he hurried forward.

Kitty meanly remained silent, and Cecily had to do the explanation.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Graham?" she said. "We've just been lunching on the moor-side, and—we didn't bring anything to drink; so we're awfully thirsty."

He swung open the gate instantly, and they rode into the old-fashioned courtyard. Without a word he went swiftly into the dairy and presently brought out a couple of glasses of milk.

"But won't you get down?" he said, trying to speak casually, but with a suppressed eagerness in his voice which, of course, both girls detected.

"No, thank you," said Cecily, sweetly; but Kitty, shooting a wicked glance under her long lashes at her companion, slipped from the saddle.

"Perhaps you'll come inside?" said Graham, withholding the milk.

"We're really rather late," began Cecily, but Kitty said, as sweetly as Cecily could have done:—

"Oh, thank you very much, Mr. Graham. I've often wanted to see the inside of the farm; it looks so pretty from the outside. It must be very old."

"We've been here two hundred years," said Graham, colouring with pleasure; for next to his horses and his dogs a man loves to have his house admired.

"You don't look nearly so aged as that," said Kitty; and the young man laughed as if she had made a really clever joke instead of a pert observation.

"I mean my people," he said. "We've been tenant farmers for generations. The Belstones are good landlords."

By this time they had reached the parlour—a delightful, low-ceilinged, wainscoted room, which was, however, but sparsely furnished; for farming was not a good game in Loamshire, and Graham was poor. They sat down, sipped their milk, and Cecily took up the burden of conversation; for Kitty seemed to be content with looking at their host and his surroundings. On this occasion he did not shine as a brilliant conversationalist, the fact being that he was absorbed in the delight of Kitty's presence and cudgelling his brain for some excuse for detaining the two girls. Quite unwittingly, Cecily provided him with one.

"I suppose you're going to ride in the steeplechase?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," replied Graham. "I'm going to ride Prunella, as usual."

"That's your black mare?" said Kitty, with interest.

"Yes," he said. "It's the only saddle-horse I've got now. I've won with her twice. She's a good goer—good all round, saving for her temper; poor Prue's got the worst of any horse in Loamshire."

"May we look at her?" said Kitty. "I've not seen her closely."

He promptly led them to the stable—a large one, capable of housing a dozen horses. Besides Prunella, there were now only two farm-horses; Graham's grandfather had kept six. Prue was in a loose-box. She was a magnificent creature, black as coal, with a skin as smooth and shiny as satin. Kitty uttered an exclamation of admiration, and was following Graham into the box as a matter of course; but he put up his hand and barred her way.

"Don't come near her," he said. "She's never very safe, and she doesn't take to strangers."

At the moment Prunella did not seem to deserve the bad character pronounced on her; for she had turned at the sound of her master's footsteps and had thrust her nozzle into his hand.

"Oh, I'm sure she's not so bad as you say," said Kitty; and, slipping by his still thrust-out arm, she went up to the horse and laid her hand on its neck. Graham was just in time; in the flash of an instant Prunella had laid back her ears, bared her teeth, and reached for Kitty; but quick as Prue was, Graham was swifter and had thrust the horse's head back.

"What an idiot you are, Kitty!" cried Cecily, who had turned pale. "You really are too reckless!"

"I'm all right," said Kitty, who had not grown pale, but rather red; for after he had pushed the horse's head aside, Graham, all unconsciously, had thrust away Kitty also, and not too gently. "I took her by surprise. She didn't know that I wasn't afraid of her. They never go for you when they know that you're not nervous. I'll prove it to you—— No, really, Mr. Graham, I'm quite safe. I do understand horses. It's the only thing I know anything about."

"Better go outside the box," said Graham, almost in a tone of command; but Kitty, with a laugh, laid her tiny paw over Prunella's nostrils. It is a well-known trick in Mexico, and she had practised it when she was a tiny mite scarcely high enough to reach a horse's head. It is said that there is something fascinating, overmastering, to the horse in the scent of a human being when presented to him thus closely, and there may be some truth in the explanation. At any rate, the trick worked on this occasion, for Graham, keeping his eyes upon Prunella with a stern and painful watchfulness, saw the mare draw a long breath, fling its ears back as before, then, instead of worrying the daring intruder, nibble playfully at her necktie, which it pulled out.

"There, you see," said Kitty, quietly but triumphantly. "It's all done by kindness, Mr. Graham. You beat her too much."

Graham laughed with enjoyment.

"I've never laid a hand or a whip on her in my life. She's as quiet as a lamb with me, and, if I'd let her, would go with a word until she dropped."

"She's a beautiful creature," said Kitty, as she passed her soft hand over the satin neck and sides of the animal. "If you'll hand me up that piece of mangel, I'll complete the performance."

Still keeping his eyes on Prunella, Graham reached for the swede. Kitty took it, and held it in her hands while Prunella bit at it.

"For Heaven's sake, take care!" said Graham, anxiously. "If anything happened——"

"Nothing's going to happen," said Kitty, with quiet confidence. "Mangel's very nice, Prue, isn't it? But you mustn't have too much of it. Here, I'll put it in the manger for you."

To do this she had to turn her back on the mare, and Graham was for starting to interpose, but Kitty said, rather impatiently:—

"Please don't interfere, Mr. Graham. I am perfectly safe, as you will see."

Her confidence proved to be well grounded; and while Prunella munched at the mangel Kitty leant against the sleek side and talked to her in the language and accents which horses love.

"And now you've risked your singularly useless life sufficiently, Kitty," said Cicely, "perhaps you will condescend to come outside and ride home. And while you are about it, you might apologize to Mr. Graham for the trouble and anxiety you've given him—to say nothing of myself. But I'm aware that I don't count."

"Oh, I'm very sorry," said Kitty, her lashes on her cheeks. "I didn't think you were

really nervous about me, Mr. Graham. But you're quite right; she's a beautiful creature. I should dearly love to ride her."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said Cicely, decisively, and Graham shook his head, with a smile. The smile put Kitty's back up.

"I don't know whether you're aware of it, Mr. Graham," she said, "but there's nothing on four legs——"

"Including a rhinoceros," put in Cecily, impatiently.

"——that I can't ride. I've ridden broncho ponies bare-backed."

"The more shame for you," snapped Cecily. "Mr. Graham, she'll coax you into letting her ride that beast, if you don't take care."

"Oh, I'm sure Mr. Graham won't be so unkind, so unneighbourly, as to refuse me a mount, will you, Mr. Graham?" said Kitty, as she bestowed a farewell pat on Prunella. "You'll let me come over to-morrow and try her, won't you? You shall ride beside her, if you like. Don't pay any attention to Miss Harding. She's as timid and nervous as an old woman."

Graham looked dubious; Cecily remonstrated vehemently; but in the end Kitty had her way. She was to come over the next day and ride—or attempt to ride—Prunella. The two girls did not go at once; for Kitty seated herself on an old mounting-block and talked about the coming steeplechase, which was agitating more minds than hers; for it was the great annual event of the district, and caused as much excitement there as the Derby does to Londoners.

"Whose horse do you fear most, Mr. Graham?" she asked.

"Lord Belstone's Peter," he replied, promptly; "there's no other that I care about. Peter is a good horse, and Lord Belstone will ride him for all he is worth. He would have won last year if he hadn't blundered at the water-jump."

"Well, I hope the best horse will win," said Kitty, with cheerful impartiality, but with a glance through the open door at Prunella, who regarded them as if she understood, and was deeply interested in, the conversation.

On the way home Cecily gave Kitty what she called "a piece of her mind."

"It's rather mean of you, Kitty," she said. "That young fellow's too good to be made a fool of, and you tried to flirt with him disgracefully this morning."

"I did nothing of the kind," retorted Kitty, indignantly. "I was merely civil."

"Heaven save him from such civility!" said Cecily.

Lord Belstone dined at Lovel Park that night. He was as good-looking and desirable as Cecily had described him, and he would have proposed to Kitty long before this if that self-possessed young lady had given him a chance. They talked of the steeplechase, and Kitty told him that she had been to see Prunella. Lord Belstone shook his head rather ruefully.

"She's a good horse," he said; "the only one that has a look-in beside Peter. And Graham knows how to get every ounce out of her. No other man can ride her."

Kitty wanted to say, "But a woman can," but she did not do so.

He tried to propose that evening—Cecily gave him a chance—but Kitty kept him at arm's length; she would talk of nothing but the steeplechase.

"It's quite worth winning," she said; "the Cup's a very nice one, and the honour of the thing's very great."

"Yes," said Belstone; then he thought he saw his chance, and went for it. "But there are other things much more worth getting. I wish you'd let me tell you of one I'm thinking of. I wish, for instance, that I were riding on Thursday week for something more precious than the Hunt Cup and the rest of it."

"Can anything be more precious?" asked Kitty, with an air of innocence.

"Yes," he responded. "I wish I were riding for you, Miss Devigne."

For a moment Kitty's breath was taken away by his audacity; then the imp of mischief, which was always near her elbow, whispered a wicked and reckless suggestion.

"I suppose that's a kind of proposal, Lord Belstone?" she said, with lowered lids; then she looked up at him, her eyes dancing. "Well, why shouldn't you? It's a splendid idea. Yes; add me to the Cup."

"You're not serious?" he asked, growing red.

"Weren't you?" retorted Kitty. "Perhaps, on consideration, you think I'm not worth riding for?"

"It's a bargain," he said, very quietly. "I accept the challenge. And I shall win."

"Well, we shall see," remarked Kitty, demurely. "Of course, you won't say anything about it?" she added, with a lively fear of Cecily's sharp tongue and public censure.

"Certainly not," he assented.

Cecily came in at the moment; but though the girls sat up late after Belstone had gone,

"SHE TALKED TO IT AS A MOTHER TALKS TO A FRACTIOUS CHILD."

Kitty did not inform her friend that Lord Belstone was going to ride for something more, very much more, than the Cup.

The next day Kitty went over to the Weir Farm; and alone, for Cecily declined to sanction the proceedings by her presence. Graham was evidently nervous and apprehensive; and he would have drawn back, but Kitty held him to his promise.

"I've tried her with a side-saddle," he said at last; "she took it very well."

She took it very well that afternoon. Kitty mounted her with the lightness of a feather; for a few minutes Prunella danced about and reared; but Kitty's hand was never off the horse's neck, and she talked to it as a mother talks to a fractious child. On a horse borrowed from a neighbour Graham rode

beside Kitty on to the moor, and, to his surprise, Prunella became fairly quiet; but then Kitty's hands were as firm as steel and her touch as soft as velvet. They cantered along quietly enough for a time, then Kitty put the mare to a gallop, rode straight for a bank, and cleared it like a bird; coming back on the other side before Graham could reach her.

"That wasn't in the bargain, Miss Devigne," he said, with a sternness that made Kitty's heart go out still farther to him—and it had already gone out very far.

"Did you suppose I was going to fall off, or did you think Prunella wouldn't do it?" she inquired, with a rush of colour to her cheeks. "Why, there isn't anything in this country I couldn't jump or Prunella couldn't clear. Let me take that fence there, and I'll prove it to you. You're not afraid that I shall injure her, are you, Mr. Graham?" she added, demurely.

He looked at her with an expression which sent her eyes down swiftly.

"I'm not afraid for the mare," he said, in a low voice. "I'm afraid for you. If anything happened to you, I——"

He checked himself; but the quaver in his voice, the expression in his eyes, the sudden tightening of his lips, conveyed the rest of the sentence plainly enough to Kitty. She wished he had gone on. She knew what had stopped him—the remembrance that he was only a poor farmer and had no right to tell Miss Devigne, of Lovel Park, that he loved her even better than his Prunella.

"You will have your way, of course," he said, with something like a groan. "Let her have her head; she'll take it in her stride; and don't check her when she gets over."

"Thank you," said Kitty, meekly, as if she needed the advice.

Of course, Prunella cleared the fence; she could have cleared anything half as high again. The blood mantled in Kitty's cheeks as she rode on with Graham. Prunella would be certain to win the race. What would her owner say if he knew that she had been so foolish, so wickedly foolish, as to promise her hand to Lord Belstone if he came in first?

During the next ten days she rode Prunella several times, and she began to believe that there was a great deal of exaggeration in the assertions of the horse's unmanageableness, and one day hinted at her incredulity; but Graham assured her that the mare's reputation had been well earned.

"A dozen men have tried her," he said, "and no one has been able to ride her. I never see you on her back without feeling amazed that you can stick on her. You're a splendid horsewoman, Miss Devigne."

"It's the only thing I can do," said Kitty, with a sigh.

"Well, it's enough," murmured poor Graham, with a wistful glance at her.

As the day of the meeting approached the excitement increased. Kitty found it difficult to think of anything else; and she was continually paying visits to the course, where preparations were already in progress. She examined the various jumps with the eyes of an expert, and was forced to admit that some of them were formidable — especially the water-jump, which would have been large enough for Olympia. She saw Lord Belstone daily, and he informed her that Peter was in splendid condition and, barring accidents, was bound to win; and Kitty received the information with downcast eyes and an impassive countenance.

The house-party invited for the occasion arrived at Lovel Park, and Kitty had her hands so full that she was not able to go over to Weir Farm; but she heard from her groom that Prunella, like Peter, was in first-rate condition, and that Mr. Graham was, like Lord Belstone, confident of winning.

Then came a bolt from the blue. On the evening before the race Kitty was promenading on the terrace with Lord Belstone and some of the guests when the butler approached her with a letter on a salver. "There's no answer, miss," he said.

Kitty carried the letter to one of the windows and opened it. She knew the handwriting at the first glance; for Graham had written to her a short note once or twice—in answer to hers—telling her that it would be convenient for her to ride Prunella. She read three lines; then she went very white and her hand flew up to her heart. There were not many more than three or four lines, and the whole ran thus:—

DEAR MISS DEVIGNE,—I am sorry to say that my brother in Birmingham is seriously ill. He has sent for me, and I am just starting. Of course, I can't run Prunella. Will you be so good as to scratch her for me? I have only just time to catch the train.—I am, yours very truly, ARCHIE GRAHAM.

Kitty went straight to her room, plumped into a chair, and prepared for a good cry. But she kept back the storm of tears, which would have been shed not only because Prunella was out of the race, but because her owner was in trouble. Then suddenly she remembered how much she had at stake on

the event; that if Prunella did not run Peter would come in an easy first, and—and——

She sprang to her feet and paced up and down in an actual frenzy of fear, for she did not want to marry Lord Belstone, and she did want to marry Archie Graham very badly—oh, very badly indeed! What was to be done? Nothing—absolutely nothing! She was a lost girl; for she could not break her promise; she was a gentlewoman, though her father had been only a labourer. Suddenly she rang the bell and asked for Cecily, who came up in a leisurely fashion which almost drove Kitty mad.

"Cecily!" exclaimed Kitty, in tragic accents. "Archie Graham has gone to Birmingham; his brother's dying."

"I'm sorry," said Cecily, and she was. "But who taught you to call Mr. Graham 'Archie'?"

"My heart," replied Kitty, boldly, but her eyes filled with tears as she went on. "Oh, Cecily, think of him away there, knowing that another man will win! And he doesn't know how much he'll lose! Cecily, if you say a word I'll kill you. I've—I've promised to marry Lord Belstone if he wins."

Cecily said nothing for a moment; she could not. Then she gasped, with a catch of her breath, "You wicked girl!"

"I know," said Kitty, piteously; "but I thought Prunella was sure to win. And to think of her not even running! Cecily, go away. I'm going to cry my heart out."

When Cecily had gone, Kitty tore open the wardrobe, snatched at a golf-cape, and stole down the servants' stairs.

She left the house by the back door, like a girl in a musical comedy, and stole to Weir Farm. The old woman who ran the house for Graham was considerably startled by her appearance; Kitty almost pushed by her and, dropping into a chair, looked round the room in a vague fashion.

"Mr. Graham has really gone?" she asked.

"Yes, miss," said Mrs. Grills. "He was obliged to go, you see. It's his only brother. The master was terribly cut up, not only at the news, but at not being able to ride to-morrow."

"He can't possibly get back in time?" asked Kitty, though she knew he could not.

"Lawks, no, miss; it ain't possible! It do seem a mortal pity, for he'd set his mind on winning the race. He's never been so set on a thing. He'd even ordered a new jacket and other clothes; there they be, on that chair."

Kitty stared at them despairingly.

"Oh, well," she said at last, with a heavy sigh, "there's nothing to be done. Will you tell Mr. Graham, when he comes back, how sorry I am? And I do hope his brother won't die. It's just like Mr. Graham to give up the race. Good night."

Kitty went outside with the dragging step of a martyr going to her fate; but she had not gone a hundred yards from the house when she stopped suddenly. She uttered an exclamation, which she stifled with her hand, stood staring before her for a moment or two, then stole back to the door; it was open, and she re-entered the room stealthily. The little pile of new clothes which poor Graham had ordered stood covered with a cloth upon a chair; swiftly Kitty whipped off the cloth, took up the clothes, replaced them with a sofa cushion which she covered with the wrapper, and, with her stolen goods under her cape, sped homewards.

Quite early the next morning the news was all over the place—Archie Graham had been called to his brother's death-bed, and Prunella would be scratched, because no one else but her master could ride her. The dire intelligence—half the district had put its money on Prunella—reached Lovel Park at breakfast-time and created some disappointment; for everybody had been looking forward to a close race between the wicked mare and Lord Belstone's Peter. Lord Belstone, arriving soon after breakfast, behaved very well, and actually offered to scratch Peter; and for one fleeting moment Kitty was tempted to accept his offer, but she shook her head and turned it away as she said, as casually as she could:—

"Perhaps—perhaps—Mr. Graham has got someone to ride Prunella for him?"

"I'm afraid not," said Belstone. "No one can stick on her for longer than five minutes; certainly no one could ride her across this country."

"Oh, well, it can't be helped," said Kitty; and she went up to dress. Some of the party were to be conveyed in her four-in-hand, which Kitty was to drive; but at the last moment she sent for Cecily, who rushed into her room apprehensively; for, whenever Kitty sent for her friend, the latter knew that the former was up to some mischief.

"Well, what is it *now?*" she asked.

"I've changed my mind about driving the coach," said Kitty. "You drive for me, dear, will you? Don't let Lord Belstone, because the chestnuts pull a bit, and he'll want to save his hands."

"And how are you coming?" demanded Cecily.

"Oh, I think I'll come in the donkey-chaise," said Kitty. "Don't bother, I'll get there somehow. You start at once. Don't look at me like that, you suspicious little cat! I'm not planning a murder."

"I believe you're planning something," said Cecily, eyeing her keenly. "Of course, I know you're fretting about Prunella——"

"I'm doing nothing of the sort," retorted Kitty. "There's the coach. And that young leader dancing like a bear. Off you go!"

With another suspicious glance, Cecily obeyed. She had no sooner gone than Kitty locked the door and began tearing off her tailor-made suit—and other things.

Cecily tooled the coach in first-class fashion to its position on the ground. There was a tremendous attendance, more than the usual excitement, and a great deal of disappointment; for nearly everybody, including a great many of those who had backed Peter, was grieving over Prunella's absence. The first two races were run satisfactorily enough, the favourites winning easily. The next item was the steeplechase for the Cup, which, with other prizes, was displayed on a small table in front of the grand stand. Everybody regarded the huge piece of plate as Lord Belstone's already, for, with no Prunella to compete against, Peter was a dead certainty, and Belstone, as he cantered the beautiful horse to its place, was cheered, though not quite so heartily as usual. Cecily, standing on the coach, looked round anxiously.

"I don't see Kitty," she remarked; "I don't see her anywhere. She'll be late for the race——"

Her words were drowned by vociferous cheering, shouting, and yelling; and, burning to learn the cause of this sudden ebullition—for the horses were not yet off—she saw Prunella coming towards the starting-point, with every eye of the crowd fixed upon her and her rider. Cecily could scarcely believe her eyes; but there was no mistaking the magnificent mare, and the jockey—a small figure with his cap almost over his eyes—wore Archie Graham's well-known colours.

"Who is it?" shouted the crowd as with one voice. "Who's on her?" "And he *is* riding her, too!" added many, as Prunella came to her place in the rank, where she displayed a bit of her temper and moved about so rapidly that it was impossible to see the jockey's face plainly.

The bell rang, the horses got away, the race had begun. The excitement was tremendous; it seemed as if it were impossible for it to grow more intense; but as Peter and Prunella drew away from the field after the first hurdle and took the race into their own hands the spectators shouted and yelled deliriously. Then there fell a dead silence; for as Prunella, who was leading, approached the stone wall she was seen to hesitate, and cries of "She'll refuse!" "She'll throw him!" broke the stillness.

But the mare's hesitation was only momentary; for the strange jockey, whose cap had now slipped still farther over his face, was seen to bend forward till he almost touched the mare's ears, and his lips moved as if he were speaking to her. The next moment she had gone over the wall like a bird, and had caught up Peter, who had gained a slight lead; and now the two horses were racing neck and neck. Still side by side they cleared the next two hurdles, and it looked as if they were going to take the water-jump together. But Prunella's blood was up; she had all her head, was absolutely unrestrained by her rider, and she took the lead, rose at the tremendous jump, and cleared it with plenty to spare. The crowd roared its admiration, and the odds on Prunella ran up as she skimmed the piece of flat and went for the next fence. Lord Belstone set his teeth and urged Peter forward. Presently the horses were neck and neck together again, but Peter slipped as he dropped on the other side of the fence, suffered a momentary check in consequence, and Prunella went past him and the winning-post like a flash of lightning.

The heavens were rent by tremendous cheering; the spectators, half mad with excitement, broke on to the course in the direction of the winner; but, before anyone could reach her, Prunella's jockey turned her from the stand and the shouting mob, rode straight for the boundary, cleared it like a bird, and made for her stable.

"She's got away with him!" shouted the crowd. "She'll throw him after all!" "He'll be killed!" "Who is he?"

The latter question was being asked on the coach and by the rest of the Park party. In the frenzied excitement Kitty, their hostess, was forgotten by all of them excepting Cecily, who was still standing, and was clutching the rail beside her, looking pale to the lips.

Lord Belstone rode up with a smile that was rather wry.

"Well, I'm beaten," he said. "The best horse has won, and the best rider. Graham himself could not have done better." His

"CRIES OF 'SHE'LL REFUSE!' 'SHE'LL THROW HIM!' BROKE THE STILLNESS."

eye searched the coach and its precincts. "Where is Miss Devigne?" he asked of Cecily.

"Gone home: bad headache," she replied. She was still very pale and avoided his eye.

There were two more races, but they aroused little interest; the crowd could think and talk of nothing but Prunella's unexpected appearance, her magnificent win, and the strange jockey. Some of them, when the meeting was over, rode to Weir Farm; but they could learn nothing.

Prunella, carefully groomed and in her stall, lapping up gruel, turned to regard them with something that really looked like a sinister smile on her beautiful face.

The house-party returned to Lovel Park, their enjoyment, of course, considerably damped by the indisposition of their charming hostess. They were informed that her headache was decreasing and that she would be down to dinner; and down to dinner she came, looking rather pale, but smiling and as self-possessed as usual, excepting when she met Cecily's eye—she dodged it as much as possible—then her own eyes fell, or met Cecily's with a mixture of defiance and appeal.

They talked of nothing but the race; and Kitty, who appeared to be intensely interested in the various accounts of it, managed to keep Belstone at bay. It was not until just before he was leaving that he contrived to get her into a corner by themselves.

"I've lost," he said, very gravely; "and I'm afraid you're not sorry, Miss Devigne," he added, candidly.

"You'd come in time to be sorry, if I weren't," said Kitty, rather enigmatically; but Belstone caught the meaning after a moment and behaved like a gentleman and a man.

"I understand," he said. He looked at her steadily for a moment, raised her hand to his lips, and turned away.

Kitty fled to her room; and when, half an hour later, Cecily knocked at the door a voice, apparently dull and hazy with sleep, said:—

"No; you can't come in! Go away! I don't want to see you. Besides, I'm asleep."

"Put the things outside the door, you wicked, abandoned girl. I'll get them back there," said Cecily, in a whisper.

"Sha'n't!" replied the voice.

Graham returned the following afternoon, and, going straight to the stable, found Miss Devigne, of Lovel Park, seated on the manger in earnest conversation with Prunella. At sight of the mare's master, Miss Devigne blushed hotly, slid from her perch, and eyed him with visible discomfiture.

"I—I thought you wouldn't be back for—ever so long," she stammered.

"I came back at once," said Graham. "It was a false alarm, thank God! My brother turned the corner almost directly after I got down there." He laid his hand on Prunella's neck and sighed. "Of course, Peter won," he said.

"You—you haven't heard?" faltered Kitty.

"No; I walked from the station and met no one; and if I had, I shouldn't have asked. To tell you the truth, I'm feeling rather badly about it, Miss Devigne."

Kitty, without a word of sympathy, began to make for the door, and Graham, with bent head, followed her. As they crossed the curtilage Mrs. Grills appeared at the door of the house, her homely face one huge grin of welcome and congratulation.

"Why, there you be, Master Archie!" she said. "And Miss Devigne's been telling you all about it? Do 'ee come in and see it."

"Yes; I'm back," said Archie. "See what?"

He entered the house and walked towards the parlour, where the first thing that struck him between the eyes was the big and dazzling Cup on the exact centre of the table.

"Why, what's this?" he demanded, looking round.

"Why, the Cup as Prunella won, of course," replied the astonished Mrs. Grills. "You don't mean to say that you don't know?"

Graham turned slowly, like a dazed man, to Kitty, who, as if hypnotized, had followed them into the parlour, and was now standing looking as if she had broken open a missionary-box and stolen the contents.

"Prunella ran and won!" said Graham. "It isn't possible. Is this a joke? Who rode her?"

"Nobody knows," exclaimed Mrs. Grills, who was enjoying herself amazingly. "The young gentleman just bounced in here, saddled the mare hisself, and rode off with her, and when he brought her back he was off again like a flash of lightning, with never a bit or drop to his lips, and wi'out even passing the time of day and telling me his name."

Archie stared from one to the other in speechless amazement; then, suddenly, the expression of his face changed, he grew very red, his eyes lit up, and, forgetting that the shrinking girl beside him was Miss Devigne, of Lovel Park, and that he was only Archie Graham, of Weir Farm, his hand fell on her shoulder, as if she were, indeed, the boy she had pretended to be. All his love for her was swallowed up in a moment in the gratitude and admiration of a fellow-sportsman. Strangely enough, Miss Devigne, of Lovel Park, did not seem to resent his action; she trembled a little under the strong hand, blushed redly, and her head drooped as it had certainly never hitherto drooped before a man. Archie remembered himself in a moment, and, removing his hand, said, rather huskily:—

"I—I beg your pardon. But I'm so grateful to you! It was the pluckiest, bravest thing—and the kindest. I can't think how you came to do it." He took a turn, perhaps to conceal his emotion; then he swung round to her.

"MISS DEVIGNE BLUSHED HOTLY, SLID FROM HER PERCH, AND EYED HIM WITH VISIBLE DISCOMFITURE."

"Miss Devigne," he said, rather abruptly, "I'm going to ask a favour. I—I find that I shall have to get rid of Prunella. I don't want to sell her—I shouldn't know what would become of her. Will you accept her?"

Kitty looked up at him with surprise, and pain—for him. Her lips formed a "No"; then suddenly she said:—

"Thank you, Mr. Graham. I shall be glad to have her, and will take great care of her. I—I must go now."

"I'll ride her over presently," said Graham, as Kitty went out rather hurriedly.

A couple of hours later, when he took the mare over to the Park, Kitty, who had been watching for him from behind her curtain, went swiftly down to the stables.

"Here she is," he said, with a smile. "I'm glad she's going into good hands. If I'd sold her, I shouldn't have known what would become of her; but you'll keep her, I know."

"Yes, I'll keep her," said Kitty; "and no one else shall ride her."

"No one else can," he remarked, quickly, as he turned to go.

Kitty walked with him to the gate—she could scarcely do anything else after this handsome present. She was outwardly quite composed; but the heart which Cecily often denied her was thumping in her bosom. She had ridden and won his race for him, she had accepted his mare; was he going to walk off without a word? It looked very much like it; but suddenly Graham said:—

"Yes, I'm glad I'm giving Prunella into good hands, Miss Devigne. I'm thinking of going to Canada. My brother and I had a long talk over it. He's a good fellow, and he's going to find the capital."

"Canada's a fine place," said poor Kitty. "I hope you'll be prosperous and happy."

"Thank you," said Graham. "I wish you the same. And you're very sure to be. I—I suppose that I shall hear before long that you're Lady Belstone —— Oh, I beg your pardon! I'm afraid that that was rather impertinent of me."

"It was, rather," said Kitty, who had grown red. "It was a little ungrateful also. Oh, I've got to tell you. If I didn't, Cecily or someone would. I—I promised to marry Lord Belstone if he won the Cup. And—and, you see, he didn't."

"I'VE BEEN DOING ALL THE LOVE-MAKING, ARCHIE, AND I'M ASHAMED OF MYSELF."

Graham stared at her, bewildered for a moment; then he drew a long breath and his eyes lit up.

"He didn't—because you won it," he said, half dazed by the sudden flash of hope, of joy. "You didn't want him to win? Miss Devigne, you rode Prunella; you beat Lord Belstone because—— Oh, you're not playing with me, are you?"

"It's a funny kind of play—for me," murmured Kitty, ruefully, as she lifted her eyes to his. And the next moment she was in his arms.

"You're a very nice man, Archie, and I rather like you," she observed a little while afterwards, as she still nestled to him, "but you certainly are stupid. Did you think that I was going to take Prunella without—without her master? Why, Cecily saw it ages ago. I've been doing all the love-making, Archie, and I'm ashamed of myself."

"All right; keep on being it. You look delicious when you're ashamed," he retorted; "and I'll make up to you for it—the love-making, I mean—Kitty."

It is only fair to Lady Belstone—*née* Cecily Harding—to state that she has always asserted that she had no idea, until she saw Kitty in Graham's colours, that Kitty was really in earnest.

By the way, Kitty still has a jockey's kit hidden at the bottom of her wardrobe.

The Revival of Dancing.

By WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

N its most usually apprehended sense the dance is the outcome of some form of joy or ecstasy, whether it be displayed by the evolutions of Bacchantes, of dancing Dervishes, or simply by the natural, graceful steps of little children who move in unconscious rhythm to express their heart's delight. But there are occasions when the dance is the offspring of pain, sorrow, or fear. Funeral dances and deathbed dances are a world-wide custom. We may, therefore, assume that the dance in its most comprehensive spirit is the expression of emotion, and its character is mainly dependent on the power of the heart to feel, especially to feel melody, for the dance and music are "a married pair."

With the ancients, the dance in its narrowest sense included the whole art of gesture. Arms and hands were more important than feet. The Greek love of symmetry, order, and regularity went together with reverence for the dignity and perfection of the human form.

But does the modern ballet-dancer really dance? Is toe-dancing, even though it is made as light as a feather before a breeze, really graceful? In its broader sense dancing is generally indicative of joy. It is supposed to be the direct antithesis of pain; yet toe-dancing, except when executed as superbly as by Genée, seems a living picture of agony. Toe-dancing, no matter how well done, cannot fully express joy and ease. The dancer seems always painfully strained. Loie Fuller's theory that "dancing is a natural expression of the emotions" seems to define true dancing. As she says, "the moment you attempt to give dancing a trained element naturalness disappears; Nature is truth, and art is artificial. For example, a child will never dance of its own accord with the toes pointing out."

Rodin, the sculptor, agrees with "La Loie" in this toe theory and its anatomical consequences; and Massenet is so much its partisan that he has given Loie Fuller permission to use any or all of his music without royalty.

It becomes necessary, then, to state the different styles of dancing, the various interpretations of the art. Genée is a trained ballet-dancer; she is like the practised violinist, a skilful technician—so skilled that her technique is apparently covered by her grace, gained through her wonderful technique. Although toe-dancing must always appear studied, still Genée, by her skill, almost makes one forget the labour involved. On the other hand, Loie Fuller's "school" teaches dancing through instinct and feeling; it is not studied; its technique lies with the soul of the dancer to express what it feels naturally, without the aid of the "tricks of the trade," so to speak.

It will be seen that Genée and Loie Fuller are on opposite sides of the fence as regards dancing. But dancing includes so many things. Widely interpreted, it includes pantomime, as illustrated by Rita Sacchetto; it includes posturing, exhibited by Ruth St. Denis, Isadora Duncan, and others; it also includes symbolism, expressed by means of the body, the feet, legs, hands, and arms. Ruth St. Denis and Maud Allan are both exponents of the symbolic dances, but Maud Allan goes farther and adds abandonment to her dancing. Maud Allan, Irene Sanden, and Gertrud Van Axen, the latter two of Loie Fuller's "school," seem to express the art of dancing in its truest, purest, and most beautiful sense. While the other leading dancers now before the public all play important parts in the great revival dance movement, these three give more expression to the joys of dancing. Their dancing has more rhythm, more melody, is more poetic, and less æsthetic. We usually want to dance when most happy. When sad we prefer to shut ourselves up. The wild man of Borneo, perhaps, is an exception.

Taking up the principal exponents of the dance, one by one, we have in Mlle. Adeline Genée, despite what has been said about technique and abandon in dancing, one of the most exquisite dancers on the stage.

ADELINE GENÉE, AN EXQUISITE BALLET TOE-DANCER OF THE "OLD SCHOOL."
From a Photograph by O. Sarony.

Her dancing of the Sailor's Hornpipe is, without doubt, the finest piece of work that has been given on the stage in recent years. Genée's dancing of this piece is perfect. In this dance she is not so much on her toes! In the ballet of Springtime, the Fairy Dance, and the March Militaire, as well as in her former Hunting Dance and Sir Roger de Coverley, Genée has asserted herself and won our hearts. And if anything except the real thing can quench one's thirst, it is Genée's dancing in the "Spirit of Champagne"!

One of the greatest treats in dancing would be to see Genée perform the old-fashioned skirt-dance.

What has Genée to say about her art?

"I am, strictly speaking, a ballet-dancer," says Genée. "I am proud of it, though many dancers are not. To be the *première danseuse assoluta* is as great a title as a dancer can aspire to. What is there greater than to be a *prima donna* of the opera? The *première danseuse assoluta* is the chief singer, but does her singing with her muscles instead of with her voice."

When it was suggested to Genée that her precious feet should be insured, as are Paderewski's precious hands, she replied:—

"I have heard that Paderewski carries his hands in a muff. Now, I couldn't walk in muffs!"

Mlle. Genée declares that she gets "lots of fun" out of her work, and is always finding new points of interest in it, though she has been a dancer for twenty years.

"I enjoy my work just as much as I did when I began," she says. "Since my tastes are very simple, I enjoy the quiet, unexacting life which I must lead in order to keep in the best condition for my work." After a slight pause, Mlle. Genée continued: "I have said that I wanted to die before I was forty, when I could dance no longer."

Genée has danced six times a week for eighteen years, while most of the dancers in the German and Italian opera dance but two or three times a week! Queen Alexandra wrote to Genée last year as follows:—

"There is nobody who dances like you. For this reason I will not hear of your retiring

from the stage upon the occasion of your marriage. You simply must not do it!"

In the great revival movement of the dance Loie Fuller is, perhaps, the pioneer, and she has come to be called "The Mother of Natural Dancing."

"I was born to be a mother and to spend most of my days in the kitchen," said Loie Fuller, "but some strange perversity of fate led me to the motherhood of natural dancing. People have the idea that I am such an occult, mystical, ethereal sort of creature. Instead, I am the personification of the practical. I am more interested in science than I am in dancing. It is the great scheme of my life. I was led to it by my searches in the field of light and colour. In Paris I have a laboratory in which I employ six men. Every penny I earn goes to that. I am a poor woman. I do not save for my old age. I do not care what happens then. Everything I have goes to my laboratory. I have learned how to treat a dress with phosphorescent salts. Scientists in Paris worked at it with me, but could do little. It was reserved for me to discover that by striping the dress with the stiff salts I could produce a strong and beautiful glow. It cost one hundred and twenty pounds to salt it. This is my radium dress."

LOIE FULLER, "THE MOTHER OF NATURAL DANCING," IN THE "SERENADE" OF SCHUBERT.
From a Photograph by White.

On the stage, while Loie Fuller is dancing, her "radium dress" is a furious gleaming mass of violet fire, but in her dressing-room it looks like a soiled old rag-bag!

"Dancing!" said Loie Fuller, dreamily. "I would sooner call it rhythm-form. I dislike cut-and-dried dancing. I love rhythm-form. Listen! The other day a young girl came to me. There were some lilies in a vase. She took one of the lilies, held it in her hand, and said, 'Is it not sweet?' Well, do you know, I was enraptured. The picture was exquisite—the beautiful young girl and the lily. I should love to have staged it."

That illustrates Loie Fuller's idea of dancing. She sees *life* in an old Greek vase—sees rhythm and form everywhere. "La Loie's" long-continued success in Paris before a populace notoriously like the Athenians—"lovers of new things"—curiously attests the tremendous hold the dynamic instinct has upon humanity. But, more than this, she moves in a heaven all her own; she brings colour to her dancing—the painter's art—blends it with music, and with her marvellous effects of drapery suggests the cosmic motion, "the music of the spheres."

But without the aid of the calcium and the coloured lantern-slides, Loie Fuller's "natural dancing" loses much of its effect. "La Loie" is a good example of her art, for she trips merrily and with apparent ease, as if her feet were winged. But hers is not dancing in the truest sense, in the sense, at any rate, in which we use the word in the course of this discussion. However, "La Loie" is truly the "Mother of Natural Dancing," since under her maternal wing have been developed Irene Sanden and Gertrud Van Axen. These young women, who are both Germans, and who were soloist dancers with Loie Fuller's Muses, are, together with Maud Allan, perhaps the best examples of the dancing art now before the public. They more truly interpret the joys

and ecstasies of dancing than any of the other dancers. In Schubert's March and in three studies by Chopin, Miss Van Axen is the personification of grace. Her whole body is in such a complete state of relaxation that it expresses every thought, every feeling, and every emotion truthfully in rhythmic form. Her figure is beautifully modelled, and she is marvellously plastic. Her feet flitter across the stage like birds flying from tree to tree. Miss Van Axen does with her whole body what Ruth St. Denis, of whom we shall speak later on, does with her hands and arms.

The natural movements of the human body are those which alone accord with true emotion and feeling. Classical dancing is a perfect co-ordination of motion with emotion, according to anatomical structure and to psychical content. To truthfully express emotion, motion must begin in the basic muscles. This is in conformity to physical law. Whentheemotions and feelings are aroused every part of the body is employed, and if any part is kept static when it should be in use the harmony is broken, and we get un-rhythmic conditions which destroy the classic or natural lines.

The notion which has so long prevailed that the trunk of the body must not be moved except as one rigid whole has destroyed all rhythm of motion, has eliminated grace of carriage and of walking, and more than all else it has prevented man from developing feeling, because limited expression limits soul growth. Without expression we cannot grow.

Rita Sacchetto, perhaps the most skilled and complex, the most varied and, in some respects, the most admirable of the "character dancers" now appearing on the stage, is an actress of exceptional gifts. She went to America with Loie Fuller, but afterwards joined the Metropolitan Opera Company. She made her first appearance in New York, however, with Loie Fuller's company, in a dance of madness to Chopin's "Tarantelle." Her dancing in this was remarkable for its tense dramatic quality. The explanation of this dance is that a maiden who has been stung by a deadly spider can save her life only by mad dancing. The *tempo* increases with such intensity that the dancer breaks down, completely exhausted, only to rise again to intensified emotion. Miss Sacchetto achieved a remarkably novel effect in this dance, and succeeded in working the audience up to a high degree of enthusiasm. Many, doubtless, wished they could see her in her Spanish dances, in which she excels.

RITA SACCHETTO, A CREATOR OF STARTLING EFFECTS IN CHOPIN'S "TARANTELLE."
From a Photograph by A. Dupont, New York.

Miss Sacchetto was immediately "kidnapped" from "La Loie" by the Metropolitan Opera Company, and later appeared at the New Theatre in a pantomime entitled "Histoire d'un Pierrot." She was the pierrot, in the conventional costume made familiar by Canio in "Pagliacci," and she effectively disguised her beauty of face and figure in the interest of dramatic propriety. Her rare grace of movement and expressiveness of gesture caused the eyes of the spectators to follow her every step and look. Her acting was consistent and charming throughout.

Gertrud Van Axen and Irene Sanden, of all the dancers now before the public, seem to be the most free from study and practice. With them the whole body is in complete harmony with the music of the soul. In speaking of Miss Van Axen, Loie Fuller said:—

"Of all my pupils I have never known one so much like the classic Greek dancers one sees on the friezes and old vases as Miss Van Axen. Isadora Duncan has imitated the Greek dancers, but Van Axen is the living, breathing Greek of that period."

Gertrud Van Axen hails from Germany,

where she enjoys a popularity only equalled by that of her friend and fellow-danseuse, Irene Sanden. She favours no music in particular, all classical composers appealing to her sense of rhythm and movement with equal force, and her dancing is absolutely spontaneous. Many dancers, it might be mentioned, practise their movements with the aid of mirrors, thereby ensuring the effects desired. Miss Van Axen, however, has always abjured this method, and has never yet danced in front of a looking-glass. "When I hear a piece of music that inspires me to dance," she says, "the conception of it is so absolutely clear to me that I see it, so to speak, in my mind's eye as a picture in movement. That is why I believe I can just as well, or even better, interpret a piece of music without looking into any glass."

Miss Irene Sanden, who was also a Loie Fuller "Muse," is everything in rhythmic grace that Miss Van Axen is, plus intense dramatic instinct and power. In Rubinstein's "Bacchanale" Miss Sanden proved herself not only a skilled and graceful dancer in the ordinary interpretation of the word, but she disclosed an actress of no small power. Originally the meaning of the word "dance" covered the whole field of expression. The dance, in its fullest sense, is music, poetry, art, and drama combined. Miss Sanden proves this in her magnificent gradation from the intensely dramatic of the "Bacchanale" to the care-free and joyful waltzes of Strauss, in "The Blue Danube" and "Roses from the South," clearly and beautifully defining true dancing.

IRENE SANDEN, IN "THE BLUE DANUBE" WALTZ BY STRAUSS—A MOST SUPERB "NATURAL" DANCER, AS LIGHT ON HER FEET—NOT TOES—AS A BIRD.
From a Photograph by White.

GERTRUD VAN AXEN, IN "THE STUDIES OF CHOPIN." SHE POSSESSES WHAT LAMARTINE SPEAKS OF AS THE "HARMONY OF THE BODY."
From a Photograph by White.

In a competition for the most artistic dancing, held in Berlin, Miss Sanden carried away the prize, although the

competitors came from all over Europe. Among those who competed were the *première danseuse* of the Grand Opera House, Paris, and the *première danseuse* of the Grand Opera House, Berlin. This interesting competition was held under the patronage of the Crown Princess Cecilie of Germany, and there were present a great number of Royal and other critics.

Miss Sanden says that the waltz offers the greatest possibilities to the dancer. It possesses the most captivating of all rhythms and one which comes within the comprehension of all. "In a word," she says, "the waltz may express joy, coquetry, languor, sadness, abandon, passion, and, indeed, all shades of sentiment and emotion." For these reasons Miss Sanden has essayed to interpret—and with so much success—the movements of the waltz.

ORCHIDÉE, FIRST MUSE IN "DIANA," SHOWING THE BEAUTIES OF DANCING.
From a Photograph by White.

Two other soloists who rank with Loie Fuller's "Muses" among the classic dancers of to-day are Thamara de Swirsky, a Russian countess, and Orchidée Hoff, an American girl. Thamara de Swirsky's rendering of the "Peer Gynt" suite of Grieg, interpreting the spiritual and mental evolution of woman, was Ibsen incarnate!

Orchidée took the part of the First Muse, and presented a number of beautiful dances—her ethereal appearance adding greatly to the fairy-like character of her interpretations. She began her career by dancing at a few society entertainments, and when Miss Fuller invited her to join her forces she readily accepted, and became one of the most popular of present-day dancers. She interprets the music of Rubinstein, Schumann, Strauss, and other composers, and will frequently dance to music she is hearing for the first time. Orchidée dances because she has to dance, so she says, which possibly accounts for the wonderfully spontaneous gaiety which marks her movements. Her dancing delights one by its frank, natural paganism.

Next to these "Muses" of the art comes Ruth St. Denis. Genée says that the dancing of Isadora Duncan, Maud Allan, and others of the same style is not dancing. "It is merely posturing," she says. "However, I admire Ruth St. Denis's work. She is undoubtedly an artist."

Genée knows; she is right. Ruth St. Denis *is* an artist. The "something different" which people long for in the theatre is to be seen in the Oriental dancing of Miss Ruth St. Denis. One can say, without being called to task for it, that the dances offered by this American girl are music in colour and motion. Her sinuous body, the rippling muscles of her arms and hands, the expression of her face that changes with the *tempo* of the music, are harmonies of one theme, differing only in key.

Miss St. Denis gives six Hindu dances, in which she casts the spell of the East over her audiences. In the first, "The Purda," meaning the curtain that separates the women's apartments from the rest of the house in India, she dances "The Spirit of Incense." Clad in white in this dance, Miss St. Denis moves in harmony with the coiling and simmering fumes of incense rising from braziers, in a languorous, dreaming, Oriental grace that is so full of rhythm that her outward physical form seems to go up in smoke! A more ethereal dance than this one has probably never been performed. A smoker's dreams of paradise while sitting back in his chair with his feet resting on the table and watching the smoke coil and gently disappear into the atmosphere cannot be compared

with the intense pleasure experienced in witnessing Miss St. Denis "smoke-up."

"Few persons realize the psychological effects of incense," says Miss St. Denis. "Yet it is because of its peculiar influence that it is used in churches. It exerts a strange, subtle power over me during my entire performance, and indeed, for some time after I leave the theatre. It seems to be necessary to the understanding of my interpretation, both for the audience and myself."

"Dancing," says Miss Maud Allan, "is not, as some seem to think, merely a matter of acrobatics. How shall I define it? Well, dancing is the spontaneous expression of the spiritual state. In olden days it was associated with religion. Children and primitive people have at all times found expression for their feelings and moods in movement. And dancing, as it seems to me, is as deserving of respect as music. For what difference, after all, is there between music and dancing? Music is movement, for it is vibration. So is dancing.

"In modern times we have ceased to be natural. Our mothers have taught us to sit up straight, as we have to do in school, and to hide instead of to express our emotions. We have come to use our words and faces to conceal our thoughts and to deceive. And we have dignified our deceit with the fine-sounding name of diplomacy.

RUTH ST. DENIS, IN "THE PURDA" DANCE, OR "THE SPIRIT OF INCENSE."
From a Photograph by Notman.

"Nature is best. Take a little child and give it a kitten to play with. Instinctively the child will break into something like the pretty movements of the animal to express its joy or playfulness. And what could be more beautiful, more graceful, than the soft movements of little animals like cats.

"But by dancing I do not mean what is commonly known as ballet-dancing. That seems to me the degeneration of a lovely art. I admit that there is sometimes grace even in that sort of thing. Only, Nature never intended us to move about on the tips of our toes, like the barrerinas of grand opera. That kind of dancing is a defiance of the law of gravitation. It means that, in order to balance herself against Nature, the dancer must stiffen and distort the muscles in the upper part of her body. And she must endure agony with a smile upon her face. To give pleasure you must conceal effort."

Miss Allan is fully responsive to the rhythm of the music, and embodies a wonderful harmony of physical movement of the virginal type. The form of her dancing and its movement is plastic and sculptural in effect. There is in Miss Allan the suggestion of the sinister, the uncanny, and of complexities and subtleties. Even to her stage "settings"—an arc of dull hangings—one feels this when she emerges to the accompaniment of weird music. One feels it still more in the strange serpentine creature that whirls and writhes

MAUD ALLAN, WHO DEFINES DANCING AS "THE EXPRESSION OF THE SPIRITUAL STATE."
From a Photograph by Poulsham & Banfield.

herself to exhaustion to the accompaniment of the Gnome dance from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" music. Again, when she is accompanied by Chopin's Funeral March one sees a figure that might have inspired in a De Quincey the impressioned prose of another lady of crêpe.

Maud Allan is much less subtle than Ruth St. Denis, but she is more musical. But she is less musical and care-free than Irene Sanden and Gertrud Van Axen. However, she comes very near to being the personification of bodily rhythm. Miss Allan calls into play her eyes and her fingers, which add much to the expressiveness and feeling of her dancing. This is particularly noticeable in her Arabian dance. But Miss Allan's best dancing, that which really is the highest form of dancing, is to be seen in her Reed-pipe dance, which is like the whistling wind, and takes us back to our "hop-skip-and-jump" days; and in Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." It was her "Vision of Salome" that made Maud Allan famous; but, as she says:—

"If people would only understand! My 'Salome' dance is not a reproduction of the dance given before Herod, but is the 'vision' of Salome after it is all over—a retrospection."

As to barefoot dancing, Maud Allan says:—

"I dance with my shoes and stockings off. My imitators take off their shoes and stockings and dance."

The most recent dancer to reach our shores, Anna Pavlova, the lithe and exquisitely-formed little Russian from the Imperial Opera at St. Petersburg, is a formidable rival to Genée. She is a great—really great—ballet-dancer. Her technique is of a sort to dazzle the eye, and the most difficult tricks of the art of the dancer she executes with supreme ease. Grace, a certain sensuous charm, and a decided sense of humour are other qualities which she possesses. Speaking of her art, Pavlova says:—

ANNA PAVLOVA — PERHAPS THE GREATEST DANCER WHOM THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN.
From a Photograph by Foulsham & Banfield.

"In St. Petersburg we still have the ballet in its glory. The ballet is as important at the Imperial Opera as the production of opera itself. Two nights a week the ballet is given, and the other nights opera. These ballets are long, lasting from eight o'clock until twelve. Not a word is sung—it is all pantomime and dancing; and there is as great a subscription for these nights as there is for the opera."

The dancing in which the world is now interested has little to do with the usual social dancing. It is a far different, far subtler thing altogether. The dance of to-day—of yesterday revived—is concerned with the interpretation of thought, feeling, and character, by the aid of music, pantomime, and rhythmic movement, not only expressing the moods and meanings of the arts, but also bringing into activity the various emotions, moods, and feelings of the dancer.

THE ENGLISH OF THE COUNTESS.

By PHILIP CARDINAL.

Illustrated by Hal Hurst.

I.

THE COUNTESS TEKLOFF was young, pretty, and very wealthy. Dwelling in the castle of Tekloff, she was hopelessly *ennuyée*, until one fine summer's breeze, blowing past the steppes and into Tula province, blew in Captain the Hon. Cecil Fitz-Seymour, D.S.O., to her very doors. A pleasant fellow was the captain, one of those shy, curly-headed, pink giants who ornament the British Army, and are to be found hunting, flirting, and polo-playing in different corners of the planet, and who, although occasionally leading large battalions, are able to command only a small vocabulary, and whose very awkwardness is far more effective with women than if they laid siege with the heaviest ordnance in Cupid's arsenal.

Fitz-Seymour, having been a military *attaché* for a few months in St. Petersburg three or four years before, had struck up a cordial friendship with Count Alexander Tekloff. Together they had gone off on a hunting trip in the Urals, and during their intimacy the Russian had extracted a promise that when the Englishman happened to be again in his part of the world (mentioning his castle of Tekloff) he would condescend to become his guest. Poor Tekloff! He had been dead twenty months, and Fitz-Seymour knew no whit of it as he rode up to the ancestral seat of the Tekloffs, accompanied by his groom, and duly announced himself.

Now, in Russia, as the reader is well aware, you do not bandy titles with a lackey at the door. You simply ask if John or Mary Jones is at home, even if, at home, John and Mary should happen to be, by the grace of God and favour of their Sovereign, Duke and Duchess of Margate. In this case, then, Fitz-Seymour merely asked (in a very imperfect accent) if Alexander Tekloff were at home, and, being answered, as he supposed, in the affirmative, he smilingly entered and took his seat in the Louis Quinze drawing-room, leaving his groom to lead the horses to the stables. Twenty minutes passed, during which the gallant young officer had plenty of time to examine all the furniture and bric-à-brac of the room, and to wonder amiably why his young friend Tekloff kept him so long waiting.

Great perturbation filled the bosom of the Countess Alexandrovna when the aged Stépane Ivanovitch entered her boudoir with a tiny English visiting-card, with the announcement:—

"The gentleman is in the salon, Alexandrovna Sergevitch."

The Countess took the card, read it, and flushed scarlet.

"Are you sure, Stépane, he asked for me?"

"Quite sure, Alexandrovna Sergevitch."

Of course, the Countess knew him at once. Not only had she heard her husband often speak of him, but she had treasured the memory of having, long before her marriage, once danced with this young Captain Fitz-Seymour at a great ball at St. Petersburg. Nay, she still kept in a little gold frame the photograph Fitz-Seymour had sent her husband, a photograph taken in his splendid cavalry uniform.

The Countess was a great reader of Ouida's novels, and for her this beautiful hussar typified the heroes of Ouida. No wonder she felt perturbed. It took her nearly twenty minutes to array herself in her most charming toilette—white muslin, for it was summer, with black sash and with a single bunch of violets in her corsage—and descend to the salon. The result was that the Captain's breath was taken away. He stammered and pulled at his moustache, but as he unfortunately knew scarcely twenty words of the

Russian language and was almost equally weak in French, the exact truth of the situation came out very slowly indeed. But when the bewitching young widow's black-bordered pocket-handkerchief went up to her eyes, it dawned upon the gallant hussar and he became silent and shamefaced, and thought of the best and quickest means of backing out of the Countess's presence and out of the castle and out of the province.

Such a proceeding, however, was by no means to the lady's liking. Never, she averred, should a dear friend of her husband's be treated in such fashion. He must be her guest; he must see all that Tekloff had to show him, all the things that were dear to Alexander—all the improvements he had made on the estate. Her brother, Count Constantine, was coming that evening, and—well, in a word, Fitz-Seymour stayed. He stayed three days, and in those three days it would have been hard to say which was deepest head over heels in love, Captain the Hon. Cecil Beauchamp Fitz-Seymour or his fair hostess, the widow of his whilom friend, Count Alexander Tekloff.

So far, you perceive, nothing has been said of Edward Blinks, and yet Blinks plays a very important part in this story. Not only was Blinks an ex-private in the Prince of Wales's Own, not only did he know a great deal about horses, but he had been connected with Prince Blonski's racing stables in St. Petersburg, and had a very good acquaintance with Russian. In fact, during Fitz-Seymour's present stay in Russia Blinks looked after his horses, and was occasionally a most useful interpreter. In fact, Blinks spoke Russian rather better than he spoke English.

A good deal has been said and written about the language of Love and how, by virtue of its peculiar attributes, certain young persons are enabled entirely to dispense with mere vocable parts of speech. And, no doubt, smiles and looks, sighs and gestures, can do much towards a complete understanding between a young man of eight-and-twenty and a young woman of twenty-three. But we live in a complex age, and when, for example, such a couple are discussing horse-flesh, Love's lexicon is miserably deficient. That was where Blinks came in. The Countess took a fancy to Blinks, and when at last Blinks's master took his leave of Tekloff, Fitz-Seymour agreed to lend her his Cockney groom to look after her stables, once the pride of Count Alexander. Moreover, it was arranged that when the Countess took her long-projected visit to England in the autumn she should stay at Framlingham Towers, the guest of Fitz-Seymour's father and his widowed sister, the Hon. Alice Monteagle.

Scarcely had the handsome young warrior departed from the ancestral seat of the Tekloffs than the Countess, stifling her sighs, proceeded to put an idea she had secretly formed into instant execution. She sent for Blinks.

"Blinks," she said to him, abruptly, "I want you to teach me English."

Blinks looked nervous, but he was a good servant, and ready to assume any duty the exigencies of the occasion demanded.

"I understand," continued the Countess, "that you are a Londoner?"

Blinks nodded and said he was.

"That is well," pursued the Countess. "I understand there are provincial dialects. Being a Londoner I should think you would make a very good teacher, Blinks. I am visiting England in the autumn, and of course I should like to learn as much English as possible. You will receive extra wages and come to me for two hours each day—one hour in the morning and one in the afternoon. Begin now. Give me an easy sentence and I will learn it."

Blinks scratched his chin and stared at the wall.

"Blimey!" he muttered softly to himself. "'Ere's a rum go!"

"What was that?" asked the Countess, quickly.

Blinks grinned.

"Cawn't think o' nuffink," he explained. "'Tain't easy fust-off. Bit 'ot, ain't it? That means——" and he told her what it meant.

The Countess was charmed.

She repeated the phrase about the weather several times.

"Now, what should I say to that? What is the answer to 'Bit 'ot, ain't it?'"

The tutor, smiling back, warmed to his work.

"Not 'arf," he said.

And so the Countess's lessons in English began.

II.

On reaching St. Petersburg from Tekloff Captain Fitz-Seymour took his courage in both hands and, relying on the lady's possession of an English dictionary, wrote to the Countess. Twenty-four hours later a sweetly-scented *billet-doux* was handed to him at his hotel.

"I look forward to seeing you in England," wrote the Countess, in French. "Meanwhile, I have begun lessons in your beautiful language and already I make progress. You will never guess who my tutor is! But M. le Professeur has the true London accent, which, after all, is *la grande chose*."

Even then not a ghost of a suspicion entered Fitz-Seymour's head. He went back to London, and en route at Paris he found another *billet-doux* awaiting him which, with enormous difficulty and the aid of a French dictionary, he got through word by word. It then occurred to him that he might as well seize the occasion to rub up his French, for which reason he spent a fortnight in Paris. On leaving Paris he engaged a French valet. Thereafter it was comparatively plain sailing.

Many letters passed between Framlingham Towers and Tekloff Castle; and long before his furlough was up Fitz-Seymour was not only as good as engaged to the charming and wealthy Russian widow, but he had also become as proficient in French as most young British officers. His sister, the Hon. Alice Monteagle, although not without misgiving, duly wrote to the Countess, begging her, immediately on her arrival in England, to come directly to Framlingham Towers, in Wiltshire. But autumn came and then winter, but no Countess. It was the beginning of May before Alexandrovna Sergevitch could tear herself away from Russia. The real reason for the delay was that Captain Fitz-Seymour had been ordered abroad on special duty, but expected to return to England in time to greet his lady-love.

Meanwhile, indefatigable as the versatile Blinks was, he could hardly have achieved such wonders had the Countess not been the aptest pupil in the world. It was really a marvel that had happened. For in three months the Countess was able to chat about horses quite freely with Blinks; in six months she could talk quite as well about horses as Blinks himself. True, they never got much beyond stable topics, with an occasional incursion into army life and canteen customs. But the Countess knew that Captain Fitz-Seymour was chiefly interested in horses. Under Blinks's guidance she read two or three English novels which Blinks strongly recommended as being favourites of the Captain—one by Hawley Smart, another by Jacobs, and another by Pett Ridge. She knew a great deal of the sententious language of the night-watchman by heart, and knew how to render it faithfully with the prized London accent, which, as she had told the Captain, was, "after all, *la grande chose*."

The London season had opened, the town was full of brightness and gaiety, when one May morning the fair Countess Tekloff with her French maid alighted from the train at Charing Cross and was driven to Claridge's. Blinks, married to the lady of his choice, had been left behind at the castle. The week she had sojourned at Paris only served to convince her ladyship that she was already as good as an Englishwoman. Everywhere at the shops, at the dressmaker's, she spoke a fluent English which was always perfectly understood, especially by the English assistants. One haughty creature, indeed, had failed to understand when she had asked her to wait "'arf a mo" while she made up her mind about a creation in millinery; but when she repeated the phrase angrily, a delicate-faced apprentice straight from the British capital had overheard and understood, for which the Countess gave her a five-franc piece, and told her she was "a little bit of all right, wot?"

At Claridge's the manager tried to explain that the rooms the Countess had telegraphed for were occupied until the 12th, owing to a misunderstanding. Her ladyship was highly displeased. She could be very haughty, the Countess Tekloff, when she chose, as became the daughter of one Russian noble and the widow of another.

"Chuck it, guv'nor!" she exclaimed, protesting.

The dignified manager started as if shot.

Ten minutes later the Countess was in a taxicab being driven rapidly to the Carlton Hotel, where, as luck would have it, she managed to secure a suite of apartments just vacated by a *prima donna* from Nebraska. From her sitting-room she dispatched a little note to the Hon. Alice Monteagle, of Framlingham Towers, telling of her arrival, and another—daintily scented this one—to the Cavalry Club to await the arrival of Captain Fitz-Seymour. Although she spoke English perfectly, the Countess always wrote in French. She turned to her maid.

"Françoise, ring for a messenger. When he arrives, send him to me."

Françoise obeyed, and a District Messenger—a lad not long from school—was ushered into the Countess's presence.

"Ullo, nipper!" she said, kindly, gazing upon him from the depths of a deeply-cushioned divan.

"Beg pardon, miss?" rejoined the lad.

"Garn!" She uttered with gentle indulgence the phrase she knew to be the complement of polite apology. "'Ere, nipper," she continued, "'ere's a letter I want tiken to the Cavalry Club; see? Wite for a answer if the gen'leman's in. Get a move on an' you 'as a bob. Savvy?"

The boy was an intelligent boy, and he grinned. This was not the first time he had taken messages for popular *comédiennes* who made princely incomes by their coster imitations.

"Yuss, miss," he said, and was off like a shot, while the sweet-faced lady's parting "Right-o!" rang in his ears.

"You see how I speak English, Françoise," murmured the Countess, turning with a smile to her maid.

"Oui, madame," answered Françoise. But she wore a troubled air, nevertheless.

"'''ULLO, NIPPER!' SHE SAID, KINDLY, GAZING UPON HIM FROM THE DEPTHS OF A DEEPLY-CUSHIONED DIVAN."

III.

As it turned out, the Captain was not at the Cavalry Club. He had not yet arrived in England. But the Countess Tekloff was not left long without a warm welcome from the

"HE BENT OVER HER HAND IN COURTLY FASHION."

gallant warrior's family, for a little later in the day a page-boy bore up a long telegram from the Hon. Alice Monteagle.

"Do pray come at once to Framlingham Towers. We are all expecting you, and Cecil is coming here direct from Southampton. Reply what train you will arrive."

To which Mrs. Monteagle's prospective sister-in-law replied, laconically:—

"Thanks. Bit chippy to-day. Part for Framlingham eleven to-morrow morning.—ALEXANDROVNA."

Many were the consultations—not a few were the forebodings—concerning this same telegram when it reached Framlingham and was read by Mrs. Monteagle, old Lord Framlingham, the two maiden aunts, Colonel Browerby, the Reverend (and Rural) Archibald Snape, and Lady Elizabeth Snape. But the most charitable interpretation was, of course, the best.

"Poor dear! I'm afraid her English has been picked up from the 'smart set' in St. Petersburg."

"No; Cecil tells me she has not been for years in St. Petersburg, and then only for a few weeks. She has engaged a professor to learn English."

"But—'a bit chippy,'" persisted the Rural Dean. "What *does* it—what *can* it mean?"

The Hon. Alice laughed gently.

"Oh, I think I know what it means. She is fatigued."

"You don't think she is *fast*, do you, dear?" inquired the Hon. Jane.

"Oh, no; Cecil says she is sensible and home-loving, though clever and fond of nice clothes."

"H—m!" said the maiden aunts in unison.

Fortunately they had not long to wait in suspense. Duly the next afternoon the London train drew up at Framlingham station, and there quickly alighted on the platform a charmingly-groomed, radiant figure, who a single glance convinced Lord Framlingham and his daughter was none other than the Hon. Cecil's *fiancée*. Mrs. Monteagle went primly forward with her hand outstretched. The footman went to the rescue of Françoise and her wraps and hand-luggage.

"It is the Countess, is it not?"

The Countess nodded a laughing assent. They kissed each other, and the Countess was drawn towards the stately, rather rheumatic, old peer, who bent over her hand in courtly fashion and tried to feel that he was doing the right thing—the impressive thing.

"We have just heard from Cecil," said the Hon. Alice, as she led the way to the carriage. "It was a marconigram from Plymouth. He will arrive to-morrow early."

The Countess beamed with delight.

"Garn!" she exclaimed.

"I beg your pardon?" interposed her hostess.

"Strite?" pursued the Countess. "No kiddin'?"

The Hon. Alice gave a perplexed little glance at her father.

"I fear," she said, "you will find us all so stupid. We don't know a word of your interesting language."

The Countess arranged her skirts in the carriage, and vented a musical little laugh.

"Law bless yer," she murmured. "What's the odds, missis?"

Both Lord Framlingham and his daughter looked aghast. They could hardly credit their ears.

"I—I beg your pardon," stuttered the old peer.

The Countess Tekloff greatly enjoyed their surprise, which she accepted as a compliment to her fluent proficiency.

"Fair knocks yer, don't it?" she laughed.

They drew up at the stately portals of Framlingham Towers. By this time Mrs. Monteagle insisted on talking French to her guest, and in that tongue the somewhat curious impression she had formed of the Countess began to wear off; and in her boudoir, in the conservatory, on the spacious lawn—where they had tea—she found her *spirituelle*, naive, as sweet and wholesome and simple as a child.

"And now we must run away and dress," broke off Alice. "I ought to tell you that we are having a little dinner-party to-night—in your honour."

At that moment there was the noise of a motor-car coming up the drive. It was being driven by a good-looking youth, with a blond moustache, an eye-glass, and a cap set at a rakish angle.

"It's Bobby Lygon," said the hostess. "We dine at eight. You'll find everything comfortable in your room."

"Right-o!" beamed the Countess from the second stair.

Bobby Lygon heard and chuckled. He had expected a dull evening, and now the Fates seemed suddenly resolved to be kind to him. He knew the sort of young woman who said "Right-o!" but his astonishment was great three-quarters of an hour later when he was introduced to this particular young woman, and understood that she was the Russian Countess who was going to marry his friend Cecil Fitz-Seymour.

Old Lord Framlingham took in the Countess Tekloff and, having been earnestly besought to speak nothing but French, he endeavoured, though not without difficulty, to make himself agreeable in that language, much to the lady's secret chagrin. There had been another danger which the Hon. Alice had endeavoured to forestall. The danger was Bobby Lygon, who sat on the Countess's right.

"Bobby," whispered his hostess, severely, "will you grant me a favour?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Monteagle. Pray name it."

"If you talk at all to the Countess Tekloff, talk in French."

"And make myself a laughing-stock," he cried.

"No. You talk French very well. Will you? To oblige me?"

"But she talks English as well as I."

Tears of vexation filled Mrs. Monteagle's eyes.

"Please," she pleaded. "*Please.* Just to oblige me."

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"All right, Mrs. Monteagle; I'll do my best."

The *hors-d'œuvre* and the soup had vanished and they were half-way through the fish before more than a "oui," a "non," or a "merci" had been exchanged with the lady on his left. Lord Framlingham was an

"'RIGHT-O!' BEAMED THE COUNTESS FROM THE SECOND STAIR."

indefatigable bore with his attentions, and his recollections of the capitals of Europe when he was an *attaché* in the years '56–'58 of the last century. Then, as Bobby was lifting a morsel of salmon and a slice of cucumber to his lips, a silvery voice murmured in his ear: "Bit 'ot, ain't it?"

It would be foolish to exaggerate—but Bobby Lygon went pale. He nearly choked with the salmon.

"It is—rather," he mumbled idiotically. Then he remembered his promise. "Il fait très chaud pour Mai," he added, and stabbed another fragment of salmon with his fork.

"Chuck it!" sweetly murmured his neighbour. "Wot price English?"

Bobby turned and looked the Countess full in the eye. She seemed to him bubbling with merriment and *bonhomie*. She was "smart" to her finger-tips; she was chaffing him. He would pay her back in her own coin. But his hostess! He turned guiltily, and found her glance full upon him. What could he do? He would hint his predicament to the Countess.

"Il faut que je parle Français ici ce soir, madame, pour—pour un pari," he said.

"A bet?"

"Oui, madame."

"Oo's the other bloke?" she asked.

"C'est une dame," whispered Bobby.

The Countess turned to Lord Framlingham.

"'Ere's a rum go, m' lord," she began.

The worthy peer dropped his knife and fork.

"Pardon, madam!" he gasped.

"'Ere," protested the Countess, with a *moue*, "my lingo may be a bit off-colour, but it ain't so bloomin' crisp as all that! Surely you can twig what I am a-sayin' of? *You* twig, don't you, mate?" She appealed with a sweet, bewitching innocence to Bobby Lygon.

"Chaque mot," signalled that young gentleman in distress.

There was an utter silence at the dinner table. How poor Mrs. Monteagle longed for an earthquake, or a bomb, or that someone would faint, or that her brother, Captain the Hon. Cecil, would come! She was beginning to talk feverishly when the Countess addressed her in terms—half of raillery, half of reproach,

"YOU TWIG, DON'T YOU, MATE?"

"You 'ear," she said, "wot Mr. Lygon says. It's a shime. I ain't to speak English w'en I am fair gone on it. Lor' lummy, so I am."

A shiver ran through the company. The maiden aunts had hastily risen.

"May I ask, madam," said the Reverend Mr. Snape, pompously, "who taught you English?"

The Countess was full of open-eyed wonder.

"Why, Mr. Blinks," she said.

"*Mr.* Blinks!" echoed the Hon. Alice Monteagle.

"That low-down Cockney costermonger Blinks, whose life Cecil saved in South Africa?" exclaimed his lordship.

"Je ne savais pas," murmured the Countess, contritely, "mais, il me semblais —all right, *hein?* A good sort? Jolly decent?"

Lord Framlingham took her hand.

"My dear child," he began.

But Mrs. Monteagle intervened.

"Come upstairs, dear. It is all too—*too* dreadful."

The Countess, already in tears, suffered herself to be led away to her room.

"Vous avez raison," she moaned. "C'est affreux. Et ce Blinks—alors, he is a peasant, a rustic?"

"Oh, no, not a peasant. He is a Londoner."

"A Londoner? Then why——"

"An East Londoner, dear. But I cannot explain. Only Cecil is coming in the morning. He will show you—we will all show you——"

The Countess was wringing her hands.

"Hélas! Hélas! And I must not speak East London that I take six months to learn?"

Then her face brightened.

"Perhaps," she murmured, "Cecil will not mind! Perhaps when we are married and we live in Russia we can sling the lingo together. Wot price West London, then, *hein?*"

The Strength of Insects.

By JOHN J. WARD, F.E.S.

Author of "Peeps into Nature's Ways," etc. Illustrated from Original Photographs by the Author.

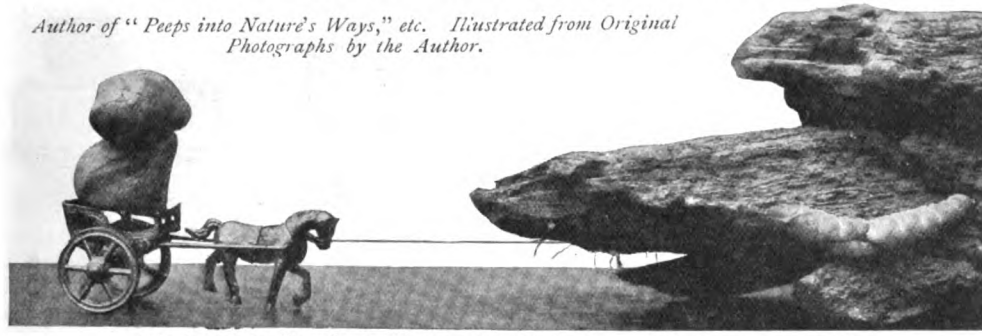


Fig. 1.—A caterpillar pulls a metal horse and cart loaded to twenty-five times its own weight.

THAT the biggest man is not always the strongest is a well-known fact. The same applies to animals. A little horse often proves more powerful than a larger one, and the strength of some of the lower and smaller animals is often so immense that, comparatively speaking, the muscular powers of both horse and man become insignificant and puny.

A powerful dray-horse will draw on the level a load of 2½ tons, to which about another ton has to be added for the weight of the dray. Estimating the weight of the horse at 14cwt., it would be pulling a load equivalent to five times its own weight. The pulling powers of man would probably work out at about the same proportion. A 12st. man would find 7½cwt. a heavy load.

Of course, a horse might move a load of much greater weight for a short distance, and likewise a man, but, to treat the matter generously, and to allow for extraordinary strength, let us double our estimate and say that the horse and man both pull ten times their own weight, and with this standard in mind make a few comparisons with the strength of the tiny animals we call insects.

In Fig. 1 is shown a caterpillar of the poplar hawk-moth harnessed to a metal horse and cart loaded with plasticine. This particular caterpillar weighed 19grs., and the loaded cart and horse 465grs., so that in round figures its load was twenty-five times its own weight.

With a piece of rough bark for a hold it could comfortably drag its load along a smooth table, the wheels of the cart, of course, revolving.

The ten-times power standard of man and the horse appears insignificant beside the greater feat of this caterpillar; but, just as a small horse may pull more than a larger one, so may a still smaller insect draw a still larger weight.

In Fig. 2 a blow-fly is shown pulling a toy railway truck weighing 170grs. The weight of the fly was exactly one grain, so that its load was one hundred and seventy times as heavy as itself.

The comparative pulling strength of the blow-fly, whose weight is only one grain, is then nearly seven times that of the caterpillar, whose weight is 19grs. and whose muscular

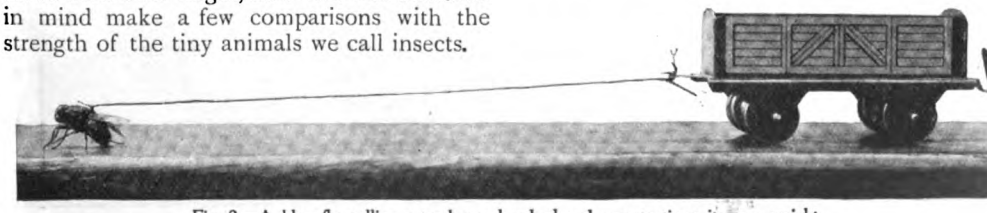


Fig. 2.—A blow-fly pulling a truck one hundred and seventy times its own weight.

powers make those of man and the horse appear trifling.

The next insect for experiment was one of the familiar ground or garden beetles. These are handsome insects of nocturnal habits, but are frequently seen in gardens when removing stones, logs of wood, etc. When exposed to the sunlight they run rapidly to get under cover, their burnished wing-covers sheening with metallic violet and blue colours.

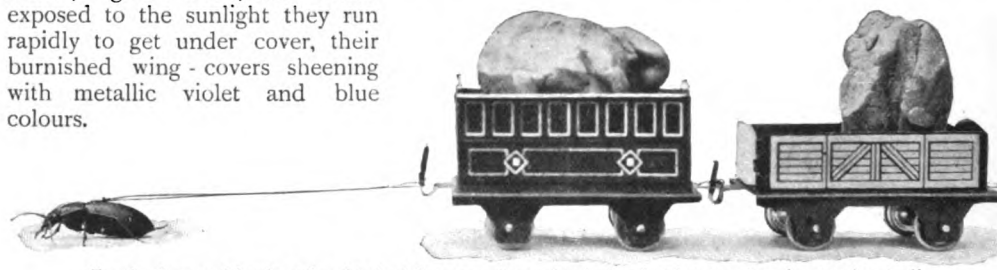


Fig. 3.—A ground beetle pulls a big load, but one only one hundred and eighty-two times heavier than itself.

The beetle in question, which is illustrated in Fig. 3, was about one inch in length, and was able to slowly pull the coach and truck loaded with plasticine as seen in the photograph. The total weight of the load, including the coach and truck, was 1,093grs. (approximately 2½oz.). This at first glance seems an enormous load, but as the beetle itself weighs 6grs., and is therefore a comparatively heavy insect, its pulling powers are but little greater than those of the blow-fly, being only about one hundred and eighty-two times its own weight.

I may add that, in harness, the blow-fly is a much more manageable animal, for, as the beetle is of nocturnal habits, its great anxiety when exposed to the light is to get under cover, and to photograph this insect in the actual act of pulling its load along occupied me nearly three hours. Time after time it would make hurried rushes, but these were always made to get beneath the coach it ought to pull, to the bottom of which it would cling by means of its legs. As a beast of burden, therefore, it can scarcely be regarded as a success.

The next candidate for pulling honours was a humble-bee. This insect very ably manipulated both the empty coach and truck pulled by the ground beetle, the roof, however, being placed on the former (Fig. 4). The truck was then gradually loaded with plasticine until an additional weight of 166grs. had been reached, the total weight of coach, truck, and load then being 601grs. The weight of the bee was exactly 2grs., so that it was pulling a load slightly over three hundred times its own weight.

It may, therefore, be said that the pulling powers of a humble-bee are proportionately thirty times as great as those of the horse or man, even when both the latter are estimated at their maximum strength.

But even the extraordinary strength of the humble-bee becomes insignificant when compared with that of the next insect experimented upon—namely, the familiar earwig.

I am inclined to think that, in proportion to its size, the earwig would prove one of the strongest, if not the most powerful, of British insects in all-round strength, though, of course, to obtain absolute proof would require an enormous number of experiments.

If an earwig is held lightly between the fingers, its great strength can readily be felt as it struggles to escape, yet a full-grown specimen that I weighed barely turned the balance at half a grain; but what that half a grain of active life could perform was a revelation indeed.

The earwig, like the ground beetle, prefers the darkness rather than the light, and is, likewise, always in a great hurry to get under cover. It did not, however, attempt to hide beneath the coach it had to pull, but seemed bent on escaping by sheer pulling. The empty truck of 170grs. weight it could drag about in a very active manner, and the

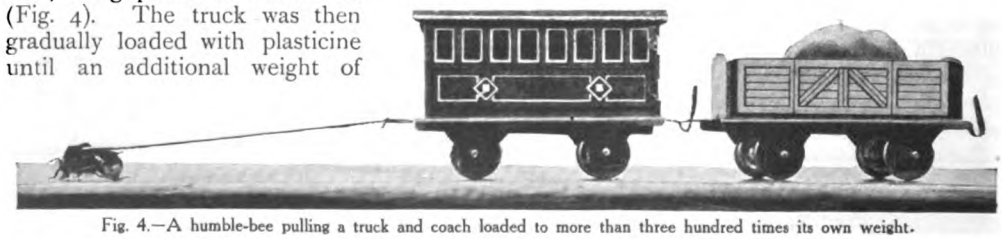


Fig. 4.—A humble-bee pulling a truck and coach loaded to more than three hundred times its own weight.

uncovered coach it could also move readily. When, however, the roof was placed on the coach (Fig. 5) the limit of its strength was reached, and it could then only move slowly, with frequent stops to rest. The weight of the covered coach was 265grs., and that of the earwig half a grain, so that the load it was

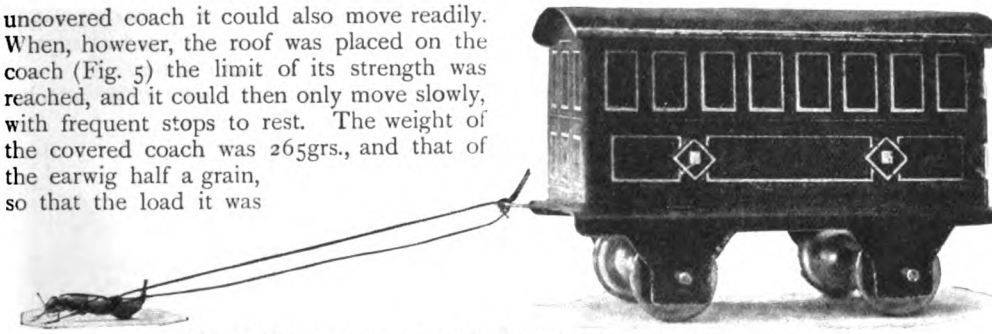


Fig. 5.—An earwig pulling a coach five hundred and thirty times its own weight.

pulling was five hundred and thirty times its own weight.

Even the prodigious effort of the humble-bee is entirely eclipsed by this extraordinary performance, for it is obvious that, allowing for the difference in size, the earwig possesses strength equivalent to at least fifty-three times that of the greatest effort that can be exerted by man, or by the horse.

My next experiment was to test what an insect could pull in dead weight, and the earwig, having achieved so much distinction, was also selected for this experiment.

The coach was removed, and to each rein pins were attached until a total of eight had been reached. The earwig and pins were placed on a piece of white cardboard having a surface similar to that of the cover of this magazine. The insect was able to drag the eight pins slowly over this while in a horizontal position.

The board was then gently raised into a perpendicular position, and as the weight began to pull back the insect clung firmly by its tiny claws to the board. When the board was quite vertical the earwig was, of course, supporting the entire weight of the pins (Fig. 6), but it could make no farther progress; and, apparently, it was afraid to move its legs for fear of losing its hold.

In the hope that it would travel a little farther it was left for fifteen minutes, and for the whole of that time it remained motionless supporting its load. It was then gently touched to urge it forward, but the moment it commenced to move it slipped, and was dragged down the board by the weight of the pins.

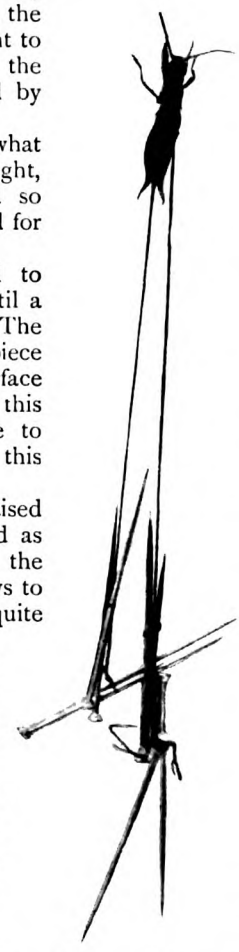


Fig. 6.—An earwig supporting a dead weight exactly twenty-six times heavier than itself while holding to a flat, perpendicular surface.

The weight of the pins and thread was 13grs., and that of the earwig half a grain. It was, therefore, dragging on the horizontal surface a load equal to twenty-six times its own weight. Now a horse of 15cwt. would find a tree weighing 3 tons a heavy load to drag on the flat after the manner of the earwig with its load of pins, yet that would be a load of only four times its own weight, while the insect moved twenty-six times its weight. Although the horse compares more favourably in this experiment than in the former, yet the earwig's superior strength is again clearly demonstrated.

The next experiment was of a different order. It was to test the lifting power of an insect.

A dragon-fly was held between the thumb and forefinger by means of its wings, and various objects such as matches, little bits of wood, etc., were offered to the free legs of the insect, and these it readily grasped in its efforts to escape.

The result of these tests showed that the heaviest object the dragon-fly could support while so held was a butcher's wooden skewer (Fig. 7), the weight of which was 40grs. As the insect turned the balance at 4grs., it was therefore holding a weight equivalent to ten times its own.

As the muscles of the wings and legs of an insect probably supplement each other in practice, I then carefully suspended the dragon-fly on a thread, so that its wings had free play.

In this position it could fly apparently without any discomfort,

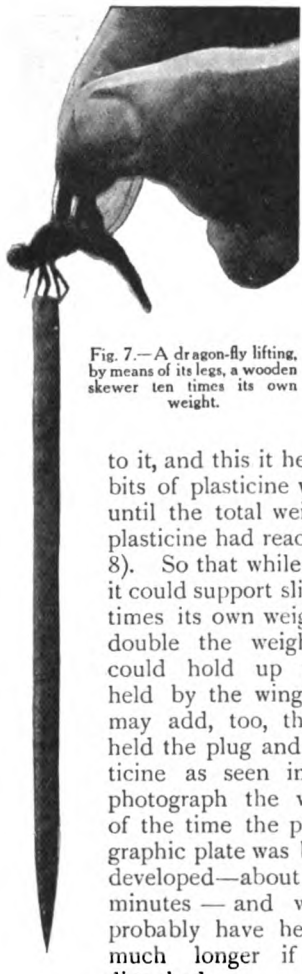


Fig. 7.—A dragon-fly lifting, by means of its legs, a wooden skewer ten times its own weight.

but, having nothing to alight upon when it came to rest, it had to remain suspended on the thread. I then offered it the wooden skewer, which I found it could hold with much more ease.

A wooden barrel plug weighing 54grs. was next offered to it, and this it held firmly. Little bits of plasticine were then added until the total weight of plug and plasticine had reached 83grs. (Fig. 8). So that while thus suspended it could support slightly over twenty times its own weight, or more than double the weight it could hold up while held by the wings. I may add, too, that it held the plug and plasticine as seen in the photograph the whole of the time the photographic plate was being developed—about ten minutes — and would probably have held it much longer if not disturbed.

The ground beetle was next experimented with, also suspended on a thread in the same manner. It was able to lift the plug and 270grs. of plasticine — a total weight of 324grs. As the insect itself weighs 6grs. it was therefore supporting fifty-six times its own weight, an effort which makes that of the dragon-fly seem small.

Before closing these lifting experiments the Herculean earwig was again put into service, also suspended in the same way. Tested by means of a match-stalk gradually loaded with plasticine, its greatest lift proved to be 52grs., or one hundred and four times its own weight. So that again the earwig displayed its superior strength in no uncertain manner.

Seeing that the dragon-fly while attached to the thread was able to fly upwards apparently without inconvenience, I endeavoured to test its lifting powers while in flight in open sunlight. Although this particular species of dragon-fly is recognized as a powerful insect on the wing, yet a tiny piece of cork of one grain weight was sufficient to anchor it to the earth.

Apparently, then, although the dragon-fly is a powerful flier, yet it was quite unable to carry more than its own weight. It may have been, however, that the suspended cork unbalanced its flight, for we have to remember that the dragon-fly can catch, and probably eat, a butterfly or moth while on the wing.

Fig. 8.—A suspended dragon-fly lifting more than twenty times its own weight.

A final experiment was of a different character. The caterpillar of the poplar hawk-moth, whose pulling power we have previously considered, was, while feeding on a branch, removed by means of the thumb and forefinger and its power of clinging recorded.

A spring letter-scale, weighing from half an ounce to 5oz., was used, a small portion of the branch on which the caterpillar was feeding being attached to the pulling-wire. The caterpillar was then pulled away from the branch until it let go. In Fig. 9 the result of one of these experiments is shown, where the caterpillar is seen to be bearing a pull of just over 4oz. — equal to more than ninety-two times its own weight, which affords an explanation of the larva's ability to resist being blown or shaken from its hold while feeding.

Fig. 9.—A caterpillar clinging to a branch and bearing a pull of a quarter of a pound before releasing its hold—a pull equal to ninety-two times its own weight.

Lafe at Granite Gap.

By EDWARD PRICE BELL.

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo.

FLUSHED and feverish-eyed, yet oddly calm, old Dr. Johns capped his short, grave speech with a call for men who could ride and shoot. The aged doctor stood in the rear of a grocer's wagon, a few feet from a lamp-post. The unstable light rippling down over his grey hair and beard threw into romantic aspect his tall, lean figure. Grouped about him at a little distance was a throng of men, women, and children, gripped and stilled by some new and strong emotion.

"Who'll be number one?" cried the old orator, head erect, lips grim, clenched fist uplifted.

Instantly out of the crowd stepped—Lafe Clarges!

Even old Dr. Johns all but lost his grave equipoise. The idea seemed too absurd—that of Lafe Clarges as an effective combatant of whatever type. Why, Lafe—slender, soft-natured, quaint—was more like a girl than like a boy, and this was a call for fearless riflemen on horseback! Dr. Johns braced himself for a merry reaction. What actually came was something else—an ear-splitting cheer, followed by hundreds of men rushing forward to range themselves with the spare-built, beardless, sandy-haired, blue-eyed youth, who never had been much of anything to his fellows but a genial jest.

"Lafe," said Dr. Johns, his smiling lips twitching a little, "you are ready to do your part?"

"Yes, doctor; at least I can be, shortly."

"You can shoot?"

"I've been shooting all my life nearly. I generally get as big a bag as the next one, and I'm seldom beaten at Yank's shooting gallery. As for riding, I've done more or less of it ever since I was a little fellow. Only to-day I rode 'Coon' Yowl's new broncho."

The night rang with cheers and laughter.

Like the doctor, Lafe was bare-headed. His pale-green soft hat, crumpled between freckled hands, lay over his flat chest. He stood looking up into the doctor's eyes. The lamp-light, or the shadowy environment, or something else about the occasion gave Lafe a look he never had had before. Smiling just as he always smiled, his mien could not have been more characteristic; yet nobody seemed now to take him humorously. Instead, there was a rough scramble to grasp his hands and to lift him shoulder-high. That slight figure and homely face, suddenly borne aloft in the lamp light—what witness ever lost their image from his mind?

Lafe was one of the first two persons in town to hear the news. For a long time it had been a habit of his to spend an odd hour, now and again, with little Clark Bundy, telegraph operator at the Great Central Railway station, just to help the pale, frail boy. Moreover, frequently they had gone together to one of the big towns down the valley to see and study one of the greatest telegraph offices in the country. Thus it happened that Lafe grew to be one of the cleverest telegraphers on the line; and thus, also, when that most unusual and most alarming message came, it chanced that he and Clark caught it off the loud-tongued "sounder" together. Without waiting to say a word, Lafe flew across the railway track and up the hill beyond to tell the story between gasps to old Dr. Johns.

Was Lafe Clarges a coward?

In the rough sports at school — "ragging," wrestling, boxing, bare-knuckle work — he took no part. His constant favourites were the little girls—flowers for them, at his hands, in June, and crimson-splashed leaves in October. Possibly this trait was due to Pet. Pet was his baby sister, and her big brown eyes and oval face were the beauteous wonder of the place. Hampered, as she was, by some defect in one of her legs, Lafe had always nursed her, and played with her, and looked after her. He could not bear to see her losing in a race with her fleet-footed playmates — losing because of an endless struggle with her clumsy leg-brace. At such times he would catch the tiny figure to his

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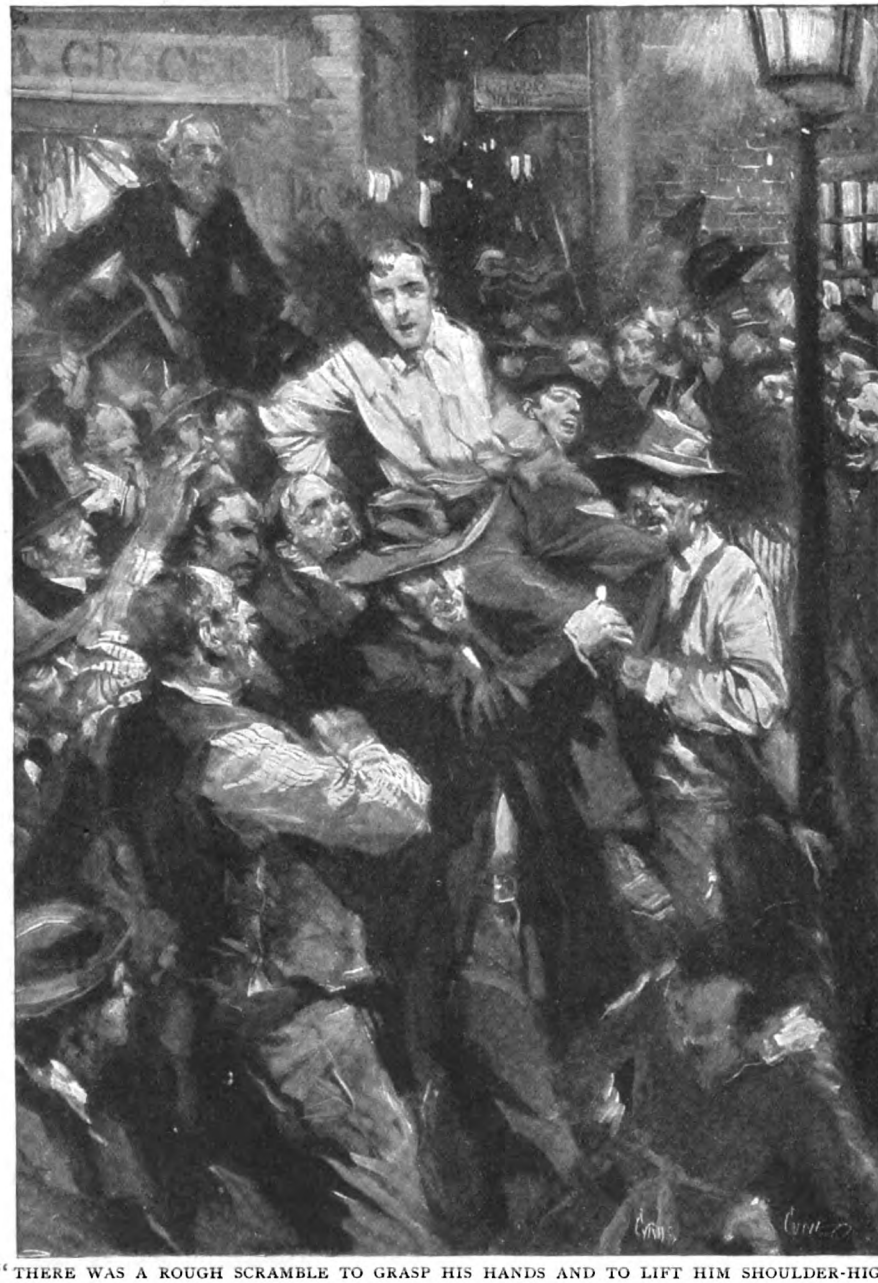


"THERE WAS A ROUGH SCRAMBLE TO GRASP HIS HANDS AND TO LIFT HIM SHOULDER-HIGH."

breast, forge past every other runner, and speed with her in the lead. Easy, indeed, was it to think that some of the mild traits for which Lafe was particularly known might not have been unconnected with Pet.

But what of that painful affair on the playground?

In a mere flash of time Arnold Mitchell had slapped Lafe in the face with his hat and dared him to fight, and Lafe had backed square out. On the other hand, had he not taken a desperate risk of losing his life to snatch old Steve Speers out of the way of a switch-engine in Coal Hollow? Again, when Andy Goodwin's vicious red bull broke into the school-yard, in the midst of the small children, did not Lafe Clarges fight the brute to a standstill with the big stove-poker? Yet,

"acted before he thought" is what they said of his saving of old Steve; and, as to the bull incident, the brave boys—every one of whom ran for his life—said Lafe was so terrifically frightened he lost his head.

Whatever the real truth as to his mettle, on this most crucial of all nights in the history of the town the girl-boy suddenly emerged as number one. From the great mass meeting in the street he sped homeward at a breakneck pace. Already the roadways were filling with galloping horsemen—some armed, some not, each telling a serious story in his face. Women and children, in doorways, at front gates, by garden walls, talked in low, frightened, tearful tones. Some called to Lafe as he passed, but he neither paused nor looked round.

"Mother," cried he, bursting into the family sitting-room, "get my camp-blanket and leggings and rifle ready. Do up some food—as much as possible. I'm off to saddle Ben. Hurry, now!"

"Lafe, what on earth——?"

"Mother, please don't lose a moment. War's broken out, and there's fighting all along the river. The enemy has crossed to our soil, taken half-a-dozen towns, stormed Cedar Hill, and is pushing up the valley for the capital, thirty thousand strong. The militia has been swept out of all its positions, has lost its guns, and is in full retreat. The wires to the east have been seized, and General Boon's river defence army doesn't know a word of what's happened. Get out both my cartridge-belts, also dad's sabre, knapsack, and canteen."

And Lafe was gone.

Only for a moment did Mrs. Clarges and Pet stand speechless, their faces seeming to mirror each other's agony. Then their wits and fingers began to fly. Their only pauses were to wipe the ever-gathering blindness from their eyes. What made their tears stream so was not only the situation at hand, but the memory of that fateful night, many years before, when Lafe's father tore himself away from his wife and babies, and set out across the mountains, a golden siren singing in his brain. Half-promises—mental shadows—that this latest trial, after all, was unreal were abruptly banished by Lafe's voice calling from the street. Five minutes more and he was in fast-riding order.

"Good-bye, mother! Good-bye, Pet!"

Leaning from his horse he drew the lips of each to his. His mother's fingers tightened about his hands.

"Lafe, your father always said you were exactly like me. And I suppose you have been like me. But to-night you are the living image of him!"

Wheeling, Ben, a supple bay gelding, glided swiftly away through the shadows. Round two or three corners, where lay the gleaming asphalt, and where grew the thick rows of full-leafed shrubbery, Lafe suddenly drew rein by a familiar stile, and stopped by Emily Wilde's white face in the gloom. Many a time he had seen this beautiful girl here before. Many a time he had carried messages to her from the handsome superintendent of her father's vast coal-mines.

"Lafe, isn't it awful? You're going?"

"Oh, yes; we're all going — must go. Practically the whole country's aroused by now. The upper valley and hill men are pouring in by hundreds. Even old Dr. Johns and 'Grandpa' Archer will ride with our flying column. Your father's about the busiest man in town, Emily—buying all the firearms, ammunition, and food in the place, and starting them for the front in four-horse wagons. We expect to meet the retreating militia some time to-night, and Dr. Johns says probably we can make a stand at Granite Gap—entrench the enemy's path, perch on his flank, and maybe stop his march up the valley until couriers can reach General Boon and bring him to our aid by rail *viâ* the capital. Your sweetheart, Emily, is going as a cavalry commander."

"Lafe"—Emily stepped quickly to the kerb—"I may never see you again—you whom I have seen almost every day since I was born. I know a very great deal about you. I could tell the whole beautiful, wonderful story of your long, sweet service to your mother and Pet. Whoever may think of you lightly, or may think you a coward, I do not. I understood the Arnold Mitchell matter. Pet had told me, too, the great secret about herself and Arnold and the future, and the little white cottage on the bluff above the rock-ruffled water. Dear Lafe, I knew it was not in your nature to strike the boy Pet loved!"

"How good of you, Emily! If I only dared, I'd kiss you for that. Good-bye!"

Emily's slender white hands crept up to his lapels.

"One moment, Lafe. You spoke of my sweetheart. Lest you be killed in battle and never know, I must tell you that in my mind *you* are the truest, bravest, cleanest, sweetest boy that lives. When others slur you, laugh at you, I weep. You kiss me? I will kiss you, and Heaven keep you in the fight!"

"HIS MOTHER'S FINGERS TIGHTENED ABOUT HIS HANDS."

"Emily," cried Lafe, suddenly and eagerly bending from his saddle, "if ever I come home from this battle, I'll ask you to be my wife!"

Victory, unqualified, complete, lay with the invader. Behind him all was in his power—country and city. The base from which was springing his present operation had been moved up to the town that stood plainly in sight of the battle. This town was entirely his. His patrols held the streets; his officers administered public affairs. Treasury building, banks, the railway, the telegraph—all had gone to the conqueror. And now he was hurling his victory-flushed army unresisted against the last obstacle in his path—Granite Gap. Why were the up-river men silent? Had they fled into the hills? Could they leave the valley road to the capital open?

Suddenly a new note clove its way through the deafening monotone. Crash and ripple of rifle-fire brought back crash and ripple of rifle-fire. Gun no longer spoke to air; gun spoke to gun. Were they storming the entrenchments? The smoke made it hard to tell. But surely some of the enemy's more forward spirits had set foot on the rising earth. Simultaneously, then, a cloud rose out of the trench, and cavalry-bugles wildly shrilled over all the field.

Lafe Clarges knew at last the horsemen's hour had come. Thrilled, more with eagerness than with fear, he tighter gripped his reins and sabre-hilt, and sank his spurs into Ben's twitching sides. Faultlessly that raw cavalry swept round the brow of the hill and out upon the field. Already the enemy's lines were wavering; confusion had run along and twisted his front. And, before he could grasp the altered order, the up-river men—the men of the valley and of the hills—were crashing over him in an irresistible and unsparing cavalry onslaught. The opposing formation collapsed; the advanced guns were left manless; it was a rout. Only the invaders' dead and wounded kept the field.

A short, precious breathing spell; this was all. The defenders could not drag off the guns. Ahead there was nothing for them but

annihilation. The flying ranks of the invaders, caught by that masterly will behind them, were flung once more to the front. Their advance, slower this time, was none the less certain. Soon they retook their guns and recommenced the thunder. As before, the troops on the hill and under the earthwork were silent. Again the battle closed, the earthwork was menaced. Again the cavalry flashed across the field, and again the enemy's advance was cut through, hurled backward, like the rock-sundered rush of a heavy sea. But the charges were so costly! Already nearly half the up-river horse was strewn over the battle-ground. And the tide kept coming; it did not mind the rocks, it kept coming. Besides, slowly but surely, the rocks were dissolving in blood!

Oh, for General Boon!

"Hold the Gap till nightfall," said the officers. "Before another dawn our couriers will have come with General Boon."

On a sudden the enemy ceased firing. Undoubtedly that was a white flag. Vague hope stirred in the defensive ranks. Two officers were approaching from the enemy's lines. What message could they bear? One of the few ever to know while that battle lasted was Lafe Clarges. He was close to Dr. Johns, who all day long had led the right wing of the up-river cavalry. He saw the message reach Dr. Johns as it passed along the line of commanders. He saw Dr. Johns read it. He saw the old man's face grow deathly pale. Boldly Lafe pressed Ben forward.

"What is it, doctor?"

"Simply"—in a low tone—"that they have caught our couriers. We have unmistakable documents. We are ordered to surrender the Gap. 'Otherwise,' runs the ultimatum, 'I must train my cannon on your hill-lines, and send my infantry battalions across your entrenchments. In this event, I scarcely need remind you, we must reckon on heavy losses.'"

The doctor's thin, white lip curled.

"And what is our answer?" cried Lafe, in a whisper.

"That if we cannot hold the Gap"—the old man's words fell like chips of ice—"we can leave our bodies on the field."

Promptly the defiance went back, and promptly the battle broke afresh. All at once a lone horseman loomed against the smoke in the zone of fire. He had come out swiftly from the hill-shelter. He was mounted on a saddleless bay gelding, lithe-limbed, high-spirited, red-nostrilled, white-flanked. The rider wore no hat, no coat, no boots; only shirt and trousers. He was without arms or impedimenta of any sort. His slender body, in high relief against a vaporous background, suggested the slight build of a child.

"Lafe!"

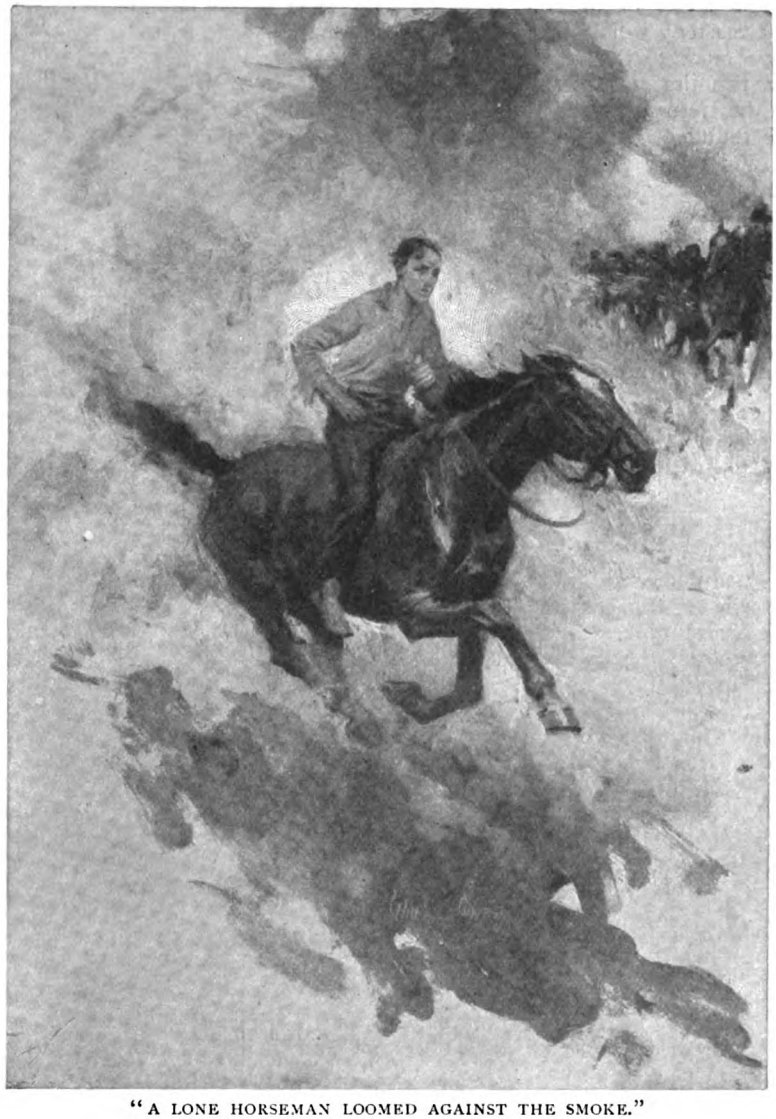
Dr. Johns had galloped to his side.

"Lafe Clarges, are you mad?"

The old doctor made a quick move to seize Lafe's rein, but the bay sprang clear at a lightning gallop. For the twentieth time the enemy's forces were closing, but a hundred yards yet lay between them and the ridge of protective earth on the defenders' side. The converging fire was a raging gale of lead and iron. Diagonally across it lay Lafe's course. He rode like a native warrior of the prairie-veldt—flat against his horse's neck on the lee-side. From all who saw, defenders, assailants, rose an involuntary, half-stifled outcry.

One tyrannous idea swayed Lafe's blazing brain. He knew Dr. Johns thought the battle had unhinged his mind; he knew the others thought so too; he had seen their open mouths and staring eyes. But the horror of the spectators, the tumult, the peril was far away; the only thing close was that idea; it alone was vivid, steadfast, real. Lafe plied his spurs and cried to Ben. The field was rough with *débris* of men and beasts, but dexterously the horse picked his way, and in the clear spaces he shot ahead like the wind. At first there was an immense lull, thousands of fingers numb at the trigger, then the storm burst more fiercely than before. The ground was harrowed by bullets—bullets buzzed like hornets in the air. Lafe shrivelled into a little knot and hard-shut his eyes and teeth.

Aslant out of the west the sun's rays struck upon the boy's blistering neck. He could scarcely breathe for the heat. The sound of the river stole into his ears; savagely he spurred his steed, and the next instant over the steep bank they plunged into the deep water—a leap out of a burning hurricane into a calm divinely cool. Quickly rising, horse and rider bent towards the far shore. The river moved like a millrace. Pluckily Ben settled to his work, but small headway was possible across the imperious current. Down they were borne towards the enemy's main body—a magnetic, if difficult, target. The stream was split and shirred by rifle-balls; Lafe tried to sink into the horse; Ben's outstretched, flat-lying head was barely



"A LONE HORSEMAN LOOMED AGAINST THE SMOKE."

above the water. The water! The close-folding, gurgling, delicious water!

Age-like moments passed, and Lafe felt a distinct calm. Scatteringly fell the bullets now; the roar of the battle was less tremendous. Raising himself, Lafe saw they had drifted far below the invading army. Unspeakably elated, yet he was distressed by a stinging sensation in one leg—the leg that had been hooked over Ben's back. Whether he were wounded he did not know; Ben's side might be bleeding and galling his flesh. He kept moving that leg; was intensely thankful he *could* move it. The town rose sharply before him, and he turned Ben's head inward. The horse's feet touched the bank, climbed to the level ground, and——

Lafe's heart sank.

From the battle-field a squad of horsemen was advancing at full gallop. Shrilly Lafe cried to Ben, but Ben, riddled with rifle-shot, was going down head-foremost. Slipping to the ground, the boy found his leg so stiff and sore he could not suppress a groan. Nevertheless, he went forward at a sharp pace, hopping, limping, stumbling. He plunged into a narrow street; it was deserted. He turned into another; it also was deserted, and he felt less hopeless. Strange how well his leg had begun to work; he imagined he could run almost as he used to run with Pet on the long playground at home. What a singular object he must look — his sandy hair flattened over his narrow head, his scant, dripping garments sticking to his bony frame!

Had he eluded his pursuers? He could catch no sound of them. Still he met nobody, saw nobody, not a living thing in the streets. Merciful heavens, what a day it had been! The recollection of the cavalry charges tortured him. Tangled, struggling men beneath his horse's feet—horrible! And those wide-eyed faces—those bleeding, powder-smirched, agony-twisted faces — if they went on staring up at him he felt he must lose his reason. He glanced at the wet prints of his bare feet on

the stones; the marks seemed more blood than water. The streets were intolerably hot and stuffy. His wet neckband was strangling him; he clutched it asunder. His breathing, he noted, was not breathing at all, but gasping. Swimming specks kept massing before him. Once or twice he thought he had quite lost his feet.

"Lord, if I fall, fail"—Lafe's lips moved like the lips of a mute—"shield mother and Pet—shield Emily Wilde!"

But he must not think of home! There was the roar of the battle—he must not forget the battle! Even now the Gap, the valley, the capital might be going! Breaking into a dogged lurch, the wounded runner emerged on to a wide street he knew well. Better still, he knew the tall, triangular building opposite. Somehow, at the sight of this building, Lafe feared he would choke. Despair set its teeth into his vitals. He felt himself utterly giving up. Suddenly horses' hoofs clattered like mallets on the asphalt. Forward bounded Lafe like a frightened deer. He gained the building. Two sentinels by the entrance dozed heavily on their rifles. Dry clay was caked on their boots and uniforms; their faces were haggard and unshaven. Cat-like, Lafe darted past them, opened the door, entered, closed the door behind him, and silently shot the bolts.

"God help me!" murmured he, firmly planting his feet and hurling all his will-force against his weakness.

It was the same big, wonderful room—the same room he and little Clark Bundy had visited so many times in the past to inspect and marvel at the great focus of telegraph wires. There were the numberless tables, the shaded lamps, the ranks of "keys" and "sounders," the spiked heaps of papers. And the room did not seem to have a soul in it but Lafe—like the streets, deserted. Where on earth was everybody, anyhow? But there was the roar of the battle—there the mallet-clatter of hoofs on the asphalt! Lafe sprang to the eastern section, seized a "key," and hurtled a call over the line. The "sounder" was silent. Again and again those slim fingers desperately hammered the ivory.

"Boon—Boon—General Boon!"

Horses clattered up outside; men were trying the door. Low crouched Lafe over the "key." So swiftly beat and fluttered his fingers, one could not have told they were fingers at all. Still the "sounder's" tongue did not move.

Bang and crash!

Shivered by revolver-shots, the plate-glass of the entrance-door had fallen heavily in. From that direction came the clank of metal and the rush of feet. Moreover, drawn from their absorbed observation of the battle, military operators were bounding down the stairway from the upper storeys. Hard and without ceasing Lafe pounded the "key":—

"Invaded—Granite Gap—Heaven hasten General Boon!"

The noise was very great. Soldiers were rushing from every side upon the half-naked boy. Despairingly he swung away from the instrument and faced them—not defiantly, not angrily—with a cruelly-drawn face in which had burned a great fire that rapidly was going out. And, at the same moment, incisively through the uproar rang the vibrant tongue of the eastern "sounder":—

"Yes, yes—We've got it—For God's sake hold the Gap—Boon's army starts now!"

To Lafe it was a miraculous cry out of an abysmal void—the voice of life from a sealed tomb. Happily he smiled, but vacantly, as one who was straying far from the things he knew; aye, as one who was losing his grasp upon his very name! He saw an uplifted sword; saw an officer's set teeth, hard eyes, and white face. Whether the sword fell he really did not know. He rather thought the flat of it was laid hard against his temple. But there was no pain. Even the wound in his leg was gone. The bare boards beneath him were silk and down. Like a fagged farm-lad at dusk, Lafe had slipped the waking coil. As of delectable old, he was in the fields; and the sky was blue, and the sun was warm, and the flowers were beautiful, and the breezes were inconceivably light and sweet!

Nearly everybody from the town and from the country was at the railway station. Thousands of flags were flying, and the main street was a dazzling aurora of unresting colour. The late afternoon train from the south was almost due, and for hours the carriages and the people had been waiting. After a long, long absence, Lafe Clarges was coming home. All the world, for many months, had been familiar with his deliverance of the valley and the capital at Granite Gap. The past year and a half of his life he had spent in a military prison on the other side; but at last—the war ended—he was coming home, and for hours the carriages and the people had been waiting.

When the train glided into the railway station, it moved as noiselessly as a great ship creeps into a rippleless harbour—moved thus, because the air could carry no other

sound, it was so full of cheers. Just a moment after the train stopped a man appeared on the footway between two of the coaches. His hat was in his hand, and everybody knew his slight figure, and his sandy hair, and his blue eyes, and that characteristic smile. The rush forward was something appalling, but all at once there came a strange halt and hush. The people had noticed, not only that Lafe had aged incredibly, but that a flat scar marred the left temple, and that the shoulder on the same side was bunched up by the pressure of a crutch.

"HE SAW AN UPLIFTED SWORD."

The crowd parted. Every head was bare.

Here and there the silence yielded to an irrepressible sob.

Lafe hobbled across the platform to a waiting carriage, escorted by his old cavalry chieftain, Dr. Johns. The mayor stood above him on a fresh-made speaker's stand, and human eloquence did what it could to honour human patriotism and intrepidity and sacrifice. Lafe's carriage was drawn by war-worn comrades through the radiant streets to his home; and in the little sitting-room his mother and Pet took him to their joyous, aching hearts alone. Shortly Emily Wilde came in and sank down weeping by Lafe's chair. After supper Lafe hobbled home with Emily and bade her good-night at the old stile. But before he went she said: "Lafe, you know, on leaving that night, you promised that if ever you came home you would ask me to be your wife?"

"Ah, but, Emily——"

"Please, not a word in that strain, Lafe. True, they crippled you, in body, at Granite Gap. True, also—except in a far finer gold than any of ours, than any of mine—you are poor. But I offer you my love, my life, and all I have—trifling pay for your great heart and glorious name! Lafe, I *know* you will keep your word; you simply *shall!*"

The Romance of Press Photography

By Walter T. Roberts.

PRESS photography, so far as it exists to meet the demands of the daily papers, is a modern development, for ten years ago the reproduction of photographs in a daily paper was not deemed possible.

This article, however, is not intended to deal with the history of illustrated daily journalism, but rather with the special trials and difficulties of operators employed in obtaining suitable pictures for the daily Press. It is sufficient, therefore, to say that —after many costly experiments on the part of various newspaper concerns—the technical difficulties in the way of reproducing photographs in a daily paper were overcome, and the majority of London dailies now make a feature of what are termed "news pictures."

To meet the demand for photographs created by this development several large firms of Press photographers have come into existence during the past five or six years, who have operators continually employed, both at home and abroad, in securing photographs of all incidents and events which may be possessed of an immediate interest.

The most remarkable Press picture ever obtained was undoubtedly the photograph of the actual exploding of the bomb which was thrown at the King and Queen of Spain on the occasion of their Majesties' wedding. It was secured by a Halftones operator, one of the largest firms of Press photographers, whose business was recently acquired by the Central News.

The photograph proved a veritable gold-mine, for it appeared in close on three thousand publications, including, of course, foreign, Colonial, and American journals.

The most remarkable Press picture ever obtained—The actual exploding of the bomb thrown at the King and Queen of Spain.

The photograph was secured more or less by a piece of good luck. The operator was on a stand with his camera in the place allotted to him by the police, waiting for the procession to appear; the camera was placed facing down the street up which the procession was to come. From the moment it came in sight until the Royal carriage was within about thirty yards of him the operator secured three pictures. He then readjusted the camera so as to get a good picture of the King and Queen in their carriage, which was about ten yards from him. At the same instant as the operator pressed the ball and exposed a plate a dark object was hurled at the Royal carriage from a balcony-window, and then followed instantly a blinding flash and a noise like a thunder-clap. The operator was hurled half-stunned to the ground, his camera following him. When he was able to stand he saw a terrible scene below him. The large crowd was stampeding in all directions. Anyone luckless enough to fall in that storm of rushing humanity was instantly trampled to death, and several did fall. Some thirty people in all were killed on that occasion, of whom at least half were simply crushed or trampled to death in the panic that followed on the explosion. It is very remarkable that all the plates in the operator's camera were broken with the exception of the last one he had exposed, which depicted the actual scene at the moment of the explosion.

A Press photographer, it is scarcely necessary to remark, must be a person of considerable enterprise, initiative, daring, and resource, and keenly alive to the news value of any incident that may come under his notice. The operator who has to be told where and how to obtain news pictures is of no more use in his calling than a reporter who has to be instructed how to obtain news.

The fire at Southwark—The photographer broke his collar-bone, but not his plate.

It may, however, be pointed out that it is usually infinitely harder to secure a news picture than to obtain the news itself. For example, it does not need a specially enterprising reporter to bring the news of a big fire to his office, but it is often immensely difficult to obtain a good photograph of such an occurrence, especially when it takes place at night. To cite one instance: a photograph of a big blaze in Southwark some little while

ago was secured under what were to the operator quite the normal conditions to be looked for in this sort of work.

He had, to start with, to penetrate through a cordon of police, then climb up a high wall from which he managed to get on the roof of an adjoining building, and from this point of vantage he was able to obtain a first-rate picture of the fire. On his return journey he fell from the wall and broke his collar-bone, but his plates escaped damage, which he regarded as a great stroke of luck. This photograph is reproduced on the preceding page.

Pages, indeed, might be filled with the hazardous adventures of Press photographers, who, however, take but little account of the risks incidental to their work.

A World's Graphic Press operator dispatched to Paris to obtain pictures of the floods had a distinctly exciting experience. After he had finished taking photographs under rather unpleasant conditions, for he had been standing and wading about for a long time in water up to his knees, he started back to his hotel, intending to take a short cut through a tunnelled passage. He found the entrance to the passage guarded by a policeman, and was informed that it had been closed to passenger traffic, as there was a considerable chance of its being flooded at any moment. The operator was, however, in a hurry, for it was imperative that he should get his plates off by the next outgoing mail, which he certainly would miss if he was debarred from taking the short cut through the tunnel. It cost him a sovereign to get past the policeman into the tunnel, and very nearly his life, for when half-way through the passage the water burst in through the roof some yards ahead of him, and came down the tunnel with a roar, whipping the operator off his legs as it went rushing and foaming past and over him. He struggled to his feet, and steadied himself by holding on to an iron ring he found in the wall. The water rose higher and higher until it reached his chest; then the roaring from the aperture in the roof, through which the water poured, suddenly died away and the flood began to sink, and in a few minutes the operator was able to walk through the passage and get safely out. Half an hour later the water burst into the tunnel again, completely flooding it, and the Graphic Press would certainly have lost an operator (and a set of interesting photographs) had he been then in the passage.

A Record Press operator went to obtain a picture of the result of a big gas explosion at Bermondsey; he arrived about twenty minutes after the explosion, and, in order to secure the special view he required, took up a position under a portion of a high brick wall that had been badly shaken and damaged. Scarcely had he exposed a plate when he was hurled senseless to the ground amid the flying heaps of bricks and mortar of the wall, which collapsed just where he stood. Though no bones in his body were broken, the operator was so badly bruised that he was in bed for a couple of months; but here again fortune favoured the plates, which escaped damage. One of them is here reproduced.

The earthquake at Messina afforded con-

The gas explosion at Bermondsey—The operator was nearly killed by a falling wall.

siderable scope for adventures to the enterprising operator. Several Press photographers were dispatched from London directly the news of the earthquake came to hand. It was, beyond question, the most terrible event that has so far been covered by Press photography. Enormous difficulty was, of course, experienced in getting near the area of devastation, which was rigorously guarded by men-of-war, who prevented anyone landing who had not a proper authority to do so.

The Kaiser at Windsor—One of the pictures obtained indirectly by an enterprising photographer who had been "warned off."

There was, as a matter of fact, quite a concentration of photographers at Naples, beyond which it was excessively difficult to proceed.

An operator who succeeded in getting a passage in a man-of-war related some of his experiences to the writer. He managed, after much difficulty, to secure permission to land at Reggio with a relief-party. "I was warned," he said, "that if I got separated from the party I ran considerable risk of being shot on sight as a pillager, and ran an equal risk of being shot by pillagers themselves. There is no use in dwelling on the horror of the spectacle that my eyes encountered on landing. It seemed to me that the world was in ruins. I was told a story of an Italian artist who had landed a couple of days previously to do some sketching, and had suddenly gone demented. He rushed to the shore and plunged into the sea from a high rock, and was not seen again. I could readily credit the story. There was nothing to photograph, as a matter of fact, except ruins and dead. There were human relics sticking out of the *débris* everywhere, and the work of destruction was not even finished, for every now and then one heard a rumbling sound as some half-wrecked building came crumbling to the earth. Whilst I was securing a view of the lower part of the town a huge façade of a high building came crashing down within a few feet of me. In getting another view I got separated from the landing-party. I was at work for about ten minutes, and just as I was slinging my apparatus across my shoulders and preparing to depart I saw two stark-naked men coming towards me; they were the most horrible human specimens I have ever laid eyes on; both were shockingly emaciated, and one look at their wild eyes was enough to convince me that they were both mad—driven mad, no doubt, by horror and starvation. I fled from them, and one of the poor wretches hurled a stone after me, but he was too feeble to hit me, though I was only about ten yards from him. I found the landing-party a little later, and assisted them as well as I was able in their work.

"I have never quite shaken off the feelings of horror engendered by my two hours' stay at Reggio, and nothing would ever induce me to undertake a similar job again."

Press photographers are, of course, always on the look-out for something in the way of an exclusive feature. A fine scoop in this way was obtained by the Record Press during the last visit of the Kaiser to Windsor Castle in the late reign.

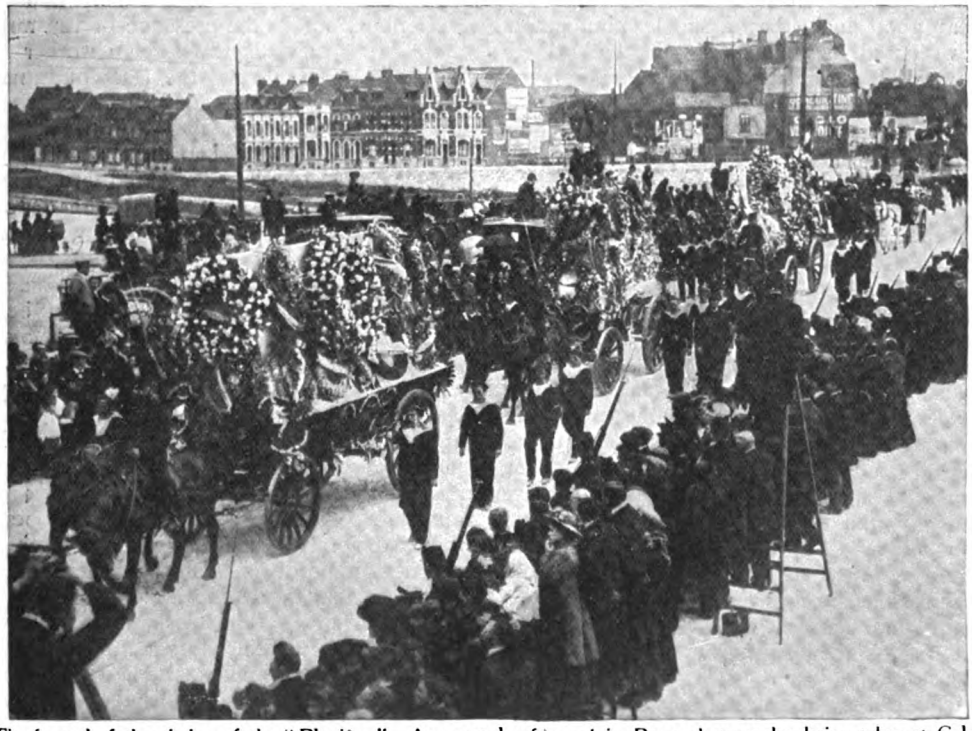
A big shooting-party was given by the late monarch, and a crowd of Press photographers went down to secure what pictures they could of the proceedings. On their arrival at the Great Park all the photographers were, however, to their dismay, informed that they could not be allowed to take any photographs, and a disconsolate group of operators, after waiting about a little while, trooped back to the railway station—all but one, that is, who joined the ranks of the reporters and watched the proceedings in the hope that perhaps some opportunity might arise of profitably utilizing his time and camera. Now it so happened that an officer from the *Hohenzollern*, who is a keen amateur photographer, was with the Royal party and had his camera with him, and during the course of the day he secured a number of first-rate and what were of course absolutely exclusive pictures.

The Press operator watched the proceedings of the amateur photographer thoughtfully for some moments, and then selected a card from his case, which he managed to send to the German naval officer, who courteously consented to see him. The result of the interview between them was that the Record Press obtained for publication the photographs which the officer had taken of the day's proceedings, and were thus able to put on the market an exclusive set of pictures of the chief social event of the week. The picture given on the previous page is one of these.

Speed is, of course, essential to the success of the Press operator's business. Ten years ago it was considered smart work to deliver photographs forty-eight hours after they had been obtained. Nowadays pictures can be sent out to the Press an hour after the plates have been exposed.

It will, however, afford the reader a better idea of the high pressure at which photographic business for the Press is carried on to give an example of the time occupied in obtaining a particular set of news pictures under what were quite normal conditions. The World's Graphic Press received a commission at 8 p.m. for photographs of the funeral ceremonies of the victims of the *Pluviôse* disaster, which was fixed to take place at noon at Calais on the following day.

Two operators were accordingly dispatched to Calais that night, and, having obtained the required pictures, the following day left Calais by the 1.30 p.m. boat, arriving in London at 5.12 p.m. with the plates, which they developed whilst travelling from Dover



The funeral of the victims of the "Pluviôse"—An example of speed in Press photography, being taken at Calais at noon and delivered to London newspapers at half-past five.

to London, having, of course, ordered a special carriage for the purpose. The pictures were in the hands of the papers that required them at 5.30 p.m.—less than twenty-four hours after they had been ordered.

There was, of course, nothing specially smart about this achievement, but nevertheless a delay of a few minutes on the part of a dilatory or inexperienced operator would have rendered it impossible to carry out.

In all such cases it is "go" from start to finish, and the time in which the operation can be worked is cut to as fine a margin as possible.

An interesting branch of the Press operator's work is securing snapshots of celebrities, which is, of course, rendered difficult or easy according as his subject—or perhaps one might say his victim—feels inclined to make it one or the other.

Mr. Lloyd George does not regard the Press photographer with unfriendly feelings, and is generally ready to aid him when he finds himself the object of an operator's attention; but the Prime Minister has a distinct objection to being "snapped." Two detectives clear the roadway in front of the Prime Minister's house in Downing Street of all persons with cameras before Mr. Asquith comes out, and it was only by a piece of great good luck that a single photograph was secured by an operator who had visited Downing Street many days in succession ere he was able to obtain it.

An operator, detailed to obtain a photograph of Lord Balfour of Burleigh, was lying in wait outside his intended victim's house when Lord Balfour came out suddenly and ordered him to go away. The operator retreated a little distance in good order and then came to a standstill again; he was, however, espied by Lord Balfour, who came out a second time and informed the operator that he must clear out. A little argument ensued on this point, which Lord Balfour suddenly concluded by snatching away the focusing-screen of the operator's camera. "Now," said his lordship, with a triumphant laugh, "I shall hold this until you go away, and will send it to you if you let me know your address, but you must understand that I refuse to have my photograph taken in this way." The operator recognized then that he was beaten and went away, but Lord Balfour still retains the focusing-screen as a trophy of victory.

The Press operator finds Mr. Charles Frohman a difficult and exclusive subject. An operator specially detailed to "snap" him was only able to do so after lying in wait for his prey in various places for nearly a month. On the other hand, there are many people who have no objection to being "shot" by the Press photographer, especially minor celebrities in search of publicity. At many functions and entertainments a Press operator has been afforded the most generous facilities for securing snapshots by people whose object in life is apparently to be photographically depicted in the company of Royalty and well-known members of the peerage. But these are not precisely the sort of photographs the Press operator wants, though he has difficulty in making people in whom the public are not in the least interested understand this without offending them.

In the course of their business one large firm of Press photographers has taken a number of portraits of various celebrities, among whom is Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and the photograph is especially interesting because it was taken just before his health broke down, and was the last occasion on which Mr. Chamberlain gave a sitting to a photographer.

There is an amusing story in connection with this photograph which is worth relating. The operator sent to take the photograph was a foreigner, and when he found himself at Highbury and in the presence of the man whose views towards the foreign worker in this country were, to say the least of it, not very friendly, he became extremely nervous and did his work very badly. The photographs were not at all satisfactory, and Mr. Chamberlain kindly consented to give another sitting. At an interview the reason was explained to the right honourable gentleman why the photographs turned out so badly, which greatly interested and amused Mr. Chamberlain. "Well," he said, "the best thing you can do is to send an Englishman the next time," and his advice was followed.

Another operator, a native of Germany, had rather a remarkable experience at the funeral procession of King Edward. It should be explained that at all such processions special places along the lines of route are set apart for Press photographers, where they are allowed to set up their cameras on producing their police permits, which are issued to proper applicants some days in advance. The German operator in question unfortunately forgot to bring his permit, and was, of course, denied access to the operators' stands; but, worse than this, he was practically placed under arrest, for when he attempted to move away he was

bidden to remain where he was until the procession had passed by, and was then "shadowed" to the door of his employers in Fleet Street.

An operator who secured a photograph of the fatal accident to the late Mr. Rolls at the Bournemouth meeting had a lively experience which he will not readily forget. After he had taken a picture of the crowd that had gathered round the fallen flying-machine, he stood ready to secure another picture as the crowd broke up. Some official of the meeting, however, spied him, and, thinking it was the operator's intention to try to secure a photograph of the dead airman, he called out to the crowd to turn the man away, and in the next instant the luckless photographer was hurled to the ground, his camera smashed to pieces, and he was with great difficulty rescued by the police from his assailants. Every plate in the operator's camera was smashed, but he had placed the two he had already exposed in the large inside pocket of his coat made specially for this purpose, and these escaped breakage, though they certainly would not have done so had the crowd been aware of their presence. The photograph reproduced on this page is one of these.

The accident to the Hon. C. S. Rolls—The operator was mobbed and all his plates smashed except two which he had concealed in his pocket.

On one occasion a Press picture led to the arrest of a man for whom the police in London had been looking for some time. The picture was a general view of a football match in Paris, which appeared in a few papers in this country. The wanted man was in front of the crowd, and was easily recognized by the police, who happened to see one of the papers in which it appeared, and a few days later the man was arrested in Paris.

The waste material accumulated in the course of the Press photographer's business is very large, for hundreds of photographs are obtained in the week which are, for various reasons, unsaleable. One firm informed me that in the course of a year they had accumulated nearly three thousand photographs which they did not even attempt to sell. They were mainly pictures of various shows, processions, and similar public functions, and from each the operator returned with a couple of dozen pictures, out of which in many cases only one was sufficiently interesting to send out to the Press.

A first-rate operator who understood his business would, of course, readily pick out the most striking and most interesting incidents at such functions, and only cover these with his camera, and so save his firm a considerable amount of money, for every plate uselessly exposed is a dead loss. But a really first-rate Press photographer is rather a rarity; he must be a good journalist as well as a photographer, for his business is not merely to obtain a news picture, but to present it (photographically speaking) from its most effective and striking point of view. For men who can do this there is a big demand; but let it be remembered that the Press photographer's business, like many others, is overcrowded with mediocrities.

Out of School.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

MARK you, I am not defending James Datchett. I hold no brief for James. On the contrary, I am very decidedly of the opinion that he should not have done it. I merely say that there were extenuating circumstances. Just that. Ext. circ. Nothing more.

Let us review the matter calmly and judicially, not condemning James off-hand, but rather probing the whole affair to its core, to see if we can confirm my view that it is possible to find excuses for him.

We will begin at the time when the subject of the Colonies first showed a tendency to creep menacingly into the daily chit-chat of his Uncle Frederick.

James's Uncle Frederick was always talking more or less about the Colonies, having made a substantial fortune out in Western Australia, but it was only when James came down from Oxford that the thing became really menacing. Up to that time the uncle had merely spoken of the Colonies *as* Colonies. Now he began to speak of them with sinister reference to his nephew. He starred James. It became a case of "Frederick Knott presents James Datchett in 'The Colonies,'" and there seemed every prospect that the production would be an early one; for if there was one section of the public which Mr. Knott disliked more than another, it was Young Men Who Ought To Be Out Earning Their Livings Instead Of Idling At Home. He expressed his views on the subject with some eloquence whenever he visited his sister's house. Mrs. Datchett was a widow, and since her husband's death had been in the habit of accepting every utterance of her brother Frederick as a piece of genuine all-wool wisdom; though, as a matter of fact, James's uncle had just about enough brain to make a jay-bird fly crooked, and no more. He had made his money keeping sheep. And any fool can keep sheep. However, he had this reputation for wisdom, and what he said went. It was not long, therefore, before it was evident that the ranks of the Y.M.W.O. T.B.O.E.T.L.I.O.I.A.H. were about to lose a member.

James, for his part, was all against the Colonies. As a setting for his career, that is to say. He was no Little Englander. He had no earthly objection to Great Britain *having* Colonies. By all means have Colonies. They could rely on him for moral support. But when it came to legging it out to West Australia to act as a sort of valet to Uncle Frederick's beastly sheep—no. Not for James. For him the literary life. Yes, that was James's dream—to have a stab at the literary life. At Oxford he had contributed to the *Isis*, and since coming down had been endeavouring to do the same to the papers of the Metropolis. He had had no success so far. But some inward voice seemed to tell him—— (Read on. Read on. This is no story about the young beginner's struggles in London. We do not get within fifty miles of Fleet Street.)

A temporary compromise was effected between the two parties by the securing for James of a post as assistant-master at Harrow House, the private school of one Blatherwick, M.A., the understanding being that if he could hold the job he could remain in England and write, if it pleased him, in his spare time. But if he fell short in any way as a handler of small boys he was to descend a step in the animal kingdom and be matched against the West Australian sheep. There was to be no second chance in the event of failure. From the way Uncle Frederick talked James almost got the idea that he attached a spiritual importance to a connection with sheep. He seemed to strive with a sort of religious frenzy to convert James to

West Australia. So James went to Harrow House with much the same emotions that the Old Guard must have felt on their way up the hill at Waterloo.

Harrow House was a grim mansion on the outskirts of Dover. It is better, of course, to be on the outskirts of Dover than actually in it, but when you have said that you have said everything. James's impressions of that portion of his life were made up almost entirely of chalk. Chalk in the schoolroom, chalk all over the country-side, chalk in the milk. In this universe of chalk he taught bored boys the rudiments of Latin, geography, and arithmetic, and in the evenings, after a stately cup of coffee with Mr. Blatherwick in his study, went to his room and wrote stories. The life had the advantage of offering few distractions. Except for Mr. Blatherwick and a weird freak who came up from Dover on Tuesdays and Fridays to teach French, he saw nobody.

"HE EXPRESSED HIS VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT WITH SOME ELOQUENCE WHENEVER HE VISITED HIS SISTER'S HOUSE."

It was about five weeks from the beginning of term that the even river of life at Harrow House became ruffled for the new assistant-master.

I want you to follow me very closely here. As far as the excusing of James's conduct is concerned, it is now or never. If I fail at this point to touch you, I have shot my bolt.

Let us marshal the facts.

In the first place it was a perfectly ripping morning.

Moreover, he had received at breakfast a letter from the editor of a monthly magazine accepting a short story.

This had never happened to him before.

He was twenty-two.

And, just as he rounded the angle of the house, he came upon Violet, taking the air like himself.

Violet was one of the housemaids, a trim, energetic little person with round blue eyes and a friendly smile. She smiled at James now. James halted.

"Good morning, sir," said Violet.

From my list of contributory causes I find that I have omitted one item—viz., that there did not appear to be anybody else about.

James looked meditatively at Violet. Violet looked smilingly at James. The

morning was just as ripping as it had been a moment before. James was still twenty-two. And the editor's letter had not ceased to crackle in his breast-pocket.

Consequently James stooped, and—in a purely brotherly way—kissed Violet.

This, of course, was wrong. It was no part of James's duties as assistant-master at Harrow House to wander about bestowing brotherly kisses on housemaids. On the other hand, there was no great harm done. In the circles in which Violet moved the kiss was equivalent to the hand-shake of loftier society. Everybody who came to the back door kissed Violet. The carrier did; so did the grocer, the baker, the butcher, the gardener, the postman, the policeman, and the fishmonger. They were men of widely differing views on most points. On religion, politics, and the prospects of the entrants for the three o'clock race their opinions clashed. But in one respect they were unanimous. Whenever they came to the back door of Harrow House they all kissed Violet.

"I've had a story accepted by the *Universal Magazine*," said James, casually.

"Have you, sir?" said Violet.

"It's a pretty good magazine. I shall probably do a great deal for it from time to time. The editor seems a decent chap."

"Does he, sir?"

"I sha'n't tie myself up in any way, of course, unless I get very good terms. But I shall certainly let him see a good lot of my stuff. Jolly morning, isn't it?"

He strolled on; and Violet, having sniffed the air for a few more minutes with her tip-tilted nose, went indoors to attend to her work.

Five minutes later James, back in the atmosphere of chalk, was writing on the blackboard certain sentences for his class to turn into Latin prose. A somewhat topical note ran through them. As thus:—

"The uncle of Balbus wished him to tend sheep in the Colonies (*Provincia*)."

"Balbus said that England was good enough for him (*placeo*)."

"Balbus sent a story (*versus*) to Mæcenas, who replied that he hoped to use it in due course."

His mind had floated away from the class-room, when a shrill voice brought him back.

"Sir, please, sir, what does 'in due course' mean?"

James reflected. "Alter it to 'immediately,'" he said.

"Balbus is a great man," he wrote on the blackboard.

Two minutes later he was in the office of an important magazine, and there was a look of relief on the editor's face, for James had practically promised to do a series of twelve short stories for him.

"A WEIRD FREAK WHO CAME TO TEACH FRENCH."

It has been well observed that when a writer has a story rejected he should send that story to another editor, but that when he has one accepted he should send another story to that editor. Acting on this excellent plan, James, being off duty for an hour after tea, smoked a pipe in his bedroom and settled down to work on a second effort for the *Universal*.

He was getting on rather well when his flow of ideas was broken by a knock on the door.

"Come in," yelled James. (Your author is notoriously irritable.)

The new-comer was Adolf. Adolf was one of that numerous band of Swiss and German youths who come to this country

prepared to give their services ridiculously cheap in exchange for the opportunity of learning the English language. Mr. Blatherwick held the view that for a private school a male front-door opener was superior to a female, arguing that the parents of prospective pupils would be impressed by the sight of a man in livery. He would have liked something a bit more imposing than Adolf, but the latter was the showiest thing that could be got for the money, so he made the best of it, and engaged him. After all, an astigmatic parent, seeing Adolf in a dim light, might be impressed by him. You never could tell.

"Well?" said James, glaring.

"Anysing vrom dze fillage, sare?"

The bulk of Adolf's perquisites consisted of the tips he received for going to the general store down the road for tobacco, stamps, and so on. "No. Get out," growled James, turning to his work.

He was surprised to find that Adolf, so far from getting out, came in and shut the door.

"Zst!" said Adolf, with a finger on his lips.

James stared.

"In dze garten zis morning," proceeded his visitor, grinning like a gargoyle, "I did zee you giss Violed. Zo!"

"JAMES KISSED VIOLET."

James's heart missed a beat. Considered purely as a situation, his present position was not ideal. He had to work hard, and there was not much money attached to the job. But it was what the situation stood for that counted. It was his little rock of safety in the midst of a surging ocean of West Australian sheep. Once let him lose his grip on it, and there was no chance for him. He would be swept away beyond hope of return.

"What do you mean?" he said, hoarsely.

"In dze garten. I you vrom a vindow did zee. You und Violed. Zo!" And Adolf, in the worst taste, gave a realistic imitation of the scene, himself sustaining the *rôle* of James.

James said nothing. The whole world seemed to be filled with a vast baa-ing, as of countless flocks.

"Lizzun!" said Adolf. "Berhaps I Herr Blazzervig dell. Berhaps not I do. Zo!"

James roused himself. At all costs he

must placate this worm. Mr. Blatherwick was an austere man. He would not overlook such a crime.

He appealed to the other's chivalry.

"What about Violet?" he said. "Surely you don't want to lose the poor girl her job? They'd be bound to sack her, too."

Adolf's eyes gleamed.

"Zo? Lizzun! When I do gom virst here, I myself do to giss Violed vunce vish. But she do push dze zide of my face, and my lof is durned to hate."

James listened attentively to this tabloid tragedy, but made no comment.

"Anysing vrom dze fillage, sare?"

Adolf's voice was meaning. James produced a half-crown.

"Here you are, then. Get me half-a-dozen stamps and keep the change."

"Zdamps? Yes, sare. At vunce."

James's last impression of the departing one was of a vast and greasy grin, stretching most of the way across his face.

Adolf, as blackmailer, in which *rôle* he now showed himself, differed in some respects from the conventional blackmailer of fiction. It may be that he was doubtful as to how much James would stand, or it may be that his soul as a general rule was above money. At any rate, in actual specie he took very little from his victim. He seemed to wish to be sent to the village oftener than before, but that was all. Half a crown a week would have covered James's financial loss.

But he asserted himself in another way. In his most light-hearted moments Adolf never forgot the reason which had brought him to England. He had come to the country to learn the language, and he meant to do it. The difficulty which had always handicapped him hitherto—namely, the poverty of the vocabularies of those in the servants' quarters—was now removed. He appointed James tutor-in-chief of the English language to himself, and saw that he entered upon his duties at once.

The first time that he accosted James in the passage outside the class-room, and desired him to explain certain difficult words in a leading article of yesterday's paper, James was pleased. Adolf, he thought, regarded the painful episode as closed. He had accepted the half-crown as the full price of silence, and was now endeavouring to be friendly in order to make amends.

This right-minded conduct gratified James. He felt genially disposed toward Adolf. He read the leading article, and proceeded to give a full and kindly explanation of the hard words. He took trouble over it. He went into the derivations of the words. He touched on certain rather tricky sub-meanings of the same. Adolf went away with any doubts he might have had of James's capabilities as a teacher of English definitely scattered. He felt that he had got hold of the right man.

There was a shade less geniality in James's manner when the same thing happened on the following morning. But he did not refuse to help the untutored foreigner. The lecture was less exhaustive than that of the previous morning, but we must suppose that it satisfied Adolf, for he came again next day, his faith in his teacher undiminished.

James was trying to write a story. He turned on the student.

"Get out!" he howled. "And take that beastly paper away. Can't you see I'm busy? Do you think I can spend all my time teaching you to read? Get out!"

"Dere some hard vord vos," said Adolf, patiently, "of which I gannot dze meaning."

James briefly cursed the hard words.

"But," proceeded Adolf, "of one vord, of dze vord 'giss,' I dze meaning know. Zo!"

James looked at him. There was a pause.

Two minutes later the English lesson was in full swing.

All that James had ever heard or read about the wonderful devotion to study of the modern German young man came home to him during the next two weeks. Our English youth fritters away its time in idleness and pleasure-seeking. The German concentrates. Adolf concentrated like a porous plaster. Every day after breakfast, just when the success of James's literary career depended on absolute seclusion, he would come trotting up for his lesson. James's writing practically ceased.

This sort of thing cannot last. There is a limit, and Adolf reached it when he attempted to add night-classes to the existing curriculum.

James, as had been said, was in the habit of taking coffee with Mr. Blatherwick in his study after seeing the boys into bed. It was while he was on his way to keep this appointment, a fortnight after his first interview with Adolf, that the young student waylaid him with the evening paper.

Something should have warned Adolf that the moment was not well-chosen. To begin with, James had a headache, the result of a hard day with the boys. Then that morning's English lesson had caused him to forget

entirely an idea which had promised to be the nucleus of an excellent plot. And, lastly, passing through the hall but an instant before, he had met Violet carrying the coffee and the evening post to the study, and she had given him two long envelopes addressed in his own handwriting. He was brooding over these, preparatory to opening them, at the very moment when Adolf addressed him.

"Eggscuse," said Adolf, opening the paper.

James's eyes gleamed ominously.

James cared for nothing. He kicked Adolf again.

"Zo!" said the student, having bounded away. He added a few words in his native tongue, and proceeded. "Vait! Lizzun! I zay to you, vait! Brezendly, ven I haf dze zilver bolished und my odder dudies zo numerous berformed, I do Herr Blazzervig vill vith von liddle szdory vich you do know go. Zo!"

He shot off to his lair.

"ADOLF LEAPED LIKE A STRICKEN CHAMOIS."

"Zere are here," continued Adolf, unseeing, "zome beyond-gombarison hard vords vich I do nod onderstand. For eggsample——"

It was at this point that James kicked him.

Adolf leaped like a stricken chamois.

"Vot iss?" he cried.

With those long envelopes in his hand James turned away and went on down the passage to restore his nervous tissues with coffee.

Meanwhile, in the study, leaning against the mantelpiece in moody reflection, Mr. Blatherwick was musing sadly on the hardships of the schoolmaster's life. The

proprietor of Harrow House was a long, grave man, one of the last to hold out against the anti-whisker crusade. He had expressionless hazel eyes and a general air of being present in body but absent in the spirit. Mothers who visited the school to introduce their sons put his vagueness down to activity of mind. "That busy brain," they thought, "is never at rest. Even while he is talking to us some abstruse point in the classics is occupying his mind."

What was occupying his mind at the present moment was the thoroughly unsatisfactory conduct of his wife's brother, Bertie Baxter. The more tensely he brooded over the salient points in the life-history of his wife's brother, Bertie Baxter, the deeper did the iron become embedded in his soul. Bertie was one of Nature's touchers. This is the age of the specialist. Bertie's speciality was borrowing money. He was a man of almost eerie versatility in this direction. Time could not wither nor custom stale his infinite variety. He could borrow money with a breezy bluffness which made the thing practically a hold-up. And anon, when his victim had steeled himself against this method, he could extract another five-pound-note from his little hoard with the delicacy of one playing spilikins. Mr. Blatherwick had been a gold-mine to him for years. As a rule, the proprietor of Harrow House unbelted without complaint, for Bertie, as every good borrower should, had that knack of making his victim feel, during the actual moment of paying over, as if he had just made a rather good investment. But, released from the spell of his brother-in-law's personal magnetism, Mr. Blatherwick was apt to brood. He was brooding now. Why, he was asking himself morosely, should he be harassed by this Bertie? It was not as if Bertie was penniless. He had a little income of his own. No, it was pure lack of consideration. Who was Bertie that he——

At this point in his meditations Violet entered with the after-dinner coffee and the evening post.

Mr. Blatherwick took the letters. There were two of them, and one he saw, with a rush of indignation, was in the handwriting of his brother-in-law. Mr. Blatherwick's blood simmered. So the fellow thought he could borrow by post, did he? Not even trouble to pay a visit, eh? He tore the letter open, and the first thing he saw was a cheque for five pounds.

Mr. Blatherwick was astounded. That a letter from his brother-in-law should not contain a request for money was surprising; that it should contain a cheque, even for five pounds, was miraculous.

He opened the second letter. It was short, but full of the finest, noblest sentiments; to wit, that the writer, Charles J. Pickersgill, having heard the school so highly spoken of by his friend, Mr. Herbert Baxter, would be glad if Mr. Blatherwick could take in his three sons, aged seven, nine, and eleven respectively, at the earliest convenient date.

Mr. Blatherwick's first feeling was one of remorse that even in thought he should have been harsh to the golden-hearted Bertie. His next was one of elation.

Violet, meanwhile, stood patiently before him with the coffee. Mr. Blatherwick helped himself. His eye fell on Violet.

Violet was a friendly, warm-hearted little thing. She saw that Mr. Blatherwick had had good news; and, as the bearer of the letters which had contained it, she felt almost responsible. She smiled kindly up at Mr. Blatherwick.

Mr. Blatherwick's dreamy hazel eye rested pensively upon her. The major portion of his mind was far away in the future, dealing with visions of a school grown to colossal proportions and patronized by millionaires. The section of it which still worked in the present was just large enough to enable him to understand that he felt kindly, and even almost grateful, to Violet. Unfortunately it was too small to make him see how wrong it was to kiss her in a vague, fatherly way across the coffee tray just as James Datchett walked into the room.

James paused. Mr. Blatherwick coughed. Violet, absolutely unmoved, supplied James with coffee, and bustled out of the room.

She left behind her a somewhat massive silence.

Mr. Blatherwick coughed again.

"It looks like rain," said James, carelessly.

"Ah?" said Mr. Blatherwick.

"Very like rain," said James.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Blatherwick.

A pause.

"Pity if it rains," said James.

"True," said Mr. Blatherwick.

Another pause.

"Er—Datchett," said Mr. Blatherwick.

"Yes?" said James.

"I—er—feel that perhaps——"

James waited attentively.

"Have you sugar?"

"Plenty, thanks," said James.

"HOW WRONG IT WAS TO KISS HER IN A VAGUE, FATHERLY WAY."

"I shall be sorry if it rains," said Mr. Blatherwick.

Conversation languished.

James laid his cup down.

"I have some writing to do," he said. "I think I'll be going upstairs now."

"Er—just so," said Mr. Blatherwick with relief. "Just so. An excellent idea."

"Er — Datchett," said Mr. Blatherwick next day, after breakfast.

"Yes?" said James.

A feeling of content was over him this morning. The sun had broken through the clouds. One of the long envelopes which he had received on the previous night had turned out, on examination, to contain a letter from the editor accepting the story if he would reconstruct certain passages indicated in the margin.

"I have—ah—unfortunately been compelled to dismiss Adolf," said Mr. Blatherwick.

"Yes?" said James. He had missed Adolf's shining morning face.

"Yes. After you had left me last night he came to my study with a malicious—er—fabrication respecting yourself which I need not—ah—particularize."

James looked pained. Awful thing it is, this nourishing vipers in one's bosom.

"Why, I've been giving Adolf English lessons nearly every day lately. No sense of gratitude, these foreigners," he said, sadly.

"So I was compelled," proceeded Mr. Blatherwick, "to—in fact, just so."

James nodded sympathetically.

"Do you know anything about West Australia?" he asked, changing the subject. "It's a fine country, I believe. I had thought of going there at one time."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Blatherwick.

"But I've given up the idea now," said James.

"FLUKES."

By JOHN ROBERTS, Retired Champion of Billiards.

FLUKES are the happy accidents of billiards, and they enter much more largely into the game than many people imagine. As the wit said, "There are three kinds of strokes at billiards—the winning hazard, the losing hazard, and the haphazard," and I am sure players of all degrees of skill will agree that the "haphazard" is very frequently met with. Some players are apt to regard a fluke as a terrible offence against the unwritten laws of the game, but they need not worry; chance has a great deal of influence over the game as it is played by even sterling amateur exponents, and when the average "hundred-upper" rolls up his sleeves and gets to work in his cheery and optimistic style, then the fate of the game is indeed very much on the knees of the gods. It is not so much the accidental scoring strokes, however numerous and helpful they may be, which count for everything in games of this sort. It is the unplayed-for and undreamt-of positions which win or lose the game, even for amateur cueists who play well enough to be quite cross if the soft impeachment were made publicly. And as a position fluked is every bit as bad as a score fluked, from the point of view of the billiard purist, it follows that flukes are indeed part of the game, and must be taken as they come, without fuss or comment.

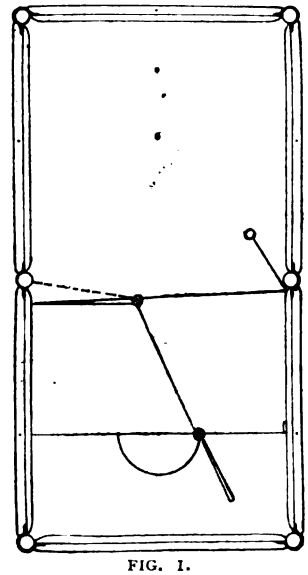


FIG. 1.

But some flukes are so outrageous, such "screamers" in every way, that they deserve to be placed on record. The most extraordinary fluke I ever made was when I knocked a ball in half while attempting a difficult trick-stroke before an audience of Chinamen, who thought I did it on purpose, and encored me until want of breath stopped their shouting. Very weird things have been done by knocking a ball off the table, and the fact that a ball can be skied in this way is responsible for the oldest fluke story in the world. The tale, as it is told in every billiard-room containing two or more tables in any corner of the earth, goes like this. A man playing on one table knocked a ball off that table on to the next and made a cannon with the balls on the second table, which happened to be in correct position for a cannon the instant the flying ball came to rest. Wonderful, if true, and still more wonderful, if true, of the thousands upon thousands of billiard-rooms where eye-witnesses are prepared to assert that they saw it done—in some very hardened cases they will even swear they did it. Of course, there is no fluke in knocking a ball off a table—my father could knock two off whenever he liked—but the fluke is knocking the ball off by accident and making the cannon on another table. This wants a lot of doing, and even more believing, although, as I have said, it is perhaps the oldest fluking story now before the public.

In this article I will content myself by describing a few "haphazards" and other flukes made without either of the three balls leaving the table, and for a commencement I will throw a little light on the stroke illustrated in our first diagram. Here, as the dotted line to the left of the cue-ball plainly indicates, the striker attempted a losing hazard into the left middle pocket. But he managed to get so much left-hand side and screw on the ball that it struck the cushion seven or eight inches below the pocket, rebounded across the table, hit the jaw of the right-hand middle pocket, and completed a cannon, as shown in the diagram (1). An odd fluke this, and I should say caused by the player raising the butt of his cue and "digging" at the ball in a style common enough among a certain class of indifferent cuemen.

The next specimen is a real "howler" (2). As shown by the interrupted line to the left of the cue-ball, the gentleman behind the stick played for a most ordinary ball-to-ball cannon from red to white. But in some mysterious manner he managed to send the cue-ball clean between the two object-balls, and having a slight amount of right-hand side on the ball it came back off the top cushion, impinged on the jaw of the right middle pocket, cut across the table, rebounded, and made a glorious cannon, concerning which I daresay the other player passed a few heart-felt and appropriate remarks.

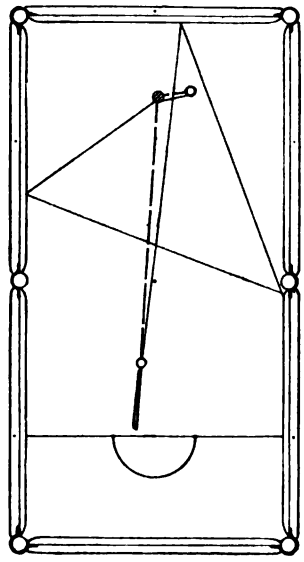


FIG. 2.

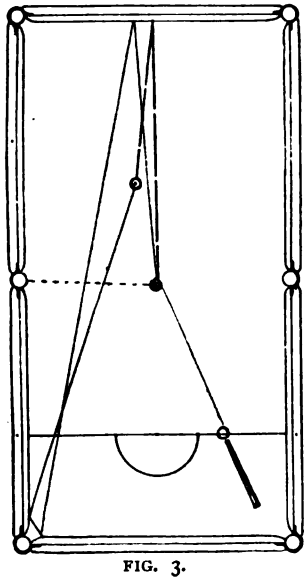


FIG. 3.

Our third diagram (3) illustrates a useful sample of the double-barrelled fluke, a class of stroke frequently accomplished with great success by those who never spare the stick and spoil the shot. In the specimen now before us the player was moved to attempt a one-cushion cannon off the top rail, as shown by the line beyond and to the right of the object-ball. But he managed to clip the object-red so very fine that it made tracks into the middle pocket *viâ* the route shown by the dotted line, while the cue-ball careered gaily up the table, struck the top cushion with a vigorous whack, came back to the bottom cushion, rebounded to the left side cushion and completed the cannon, thus making the five-shot and proving that there are more things in billiards than the player has in his mind when he attempts to score.

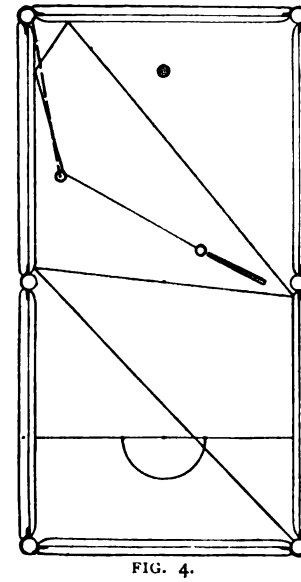


FIG. 4.

Number four is as vigorous a specimen of the "haphazard" as ever delighted the heart of a hardened and unrepentant fluker. As the illustration (4) depicts, the man went to the table with the idea of making a loser off the white into the left top pocket, and he would have accomplished his object with supreme ease if the accuracy put into the stroke had equalled the amount of muscular energy expended. As it happened, however, the cue-ball made much too fine a contact with the object and struck the left side cushion a considerable distance below the pocket aimed at, but, having plenty of beef behind it, it went on its way right merrily off the top cushion to the jaw of the right middle pocket, whizzed across the table and hit the jaw of the opposite middle pocket, and then ran down into the depths of the right baulk pocket after a most enterprising and exciting journey around the table.

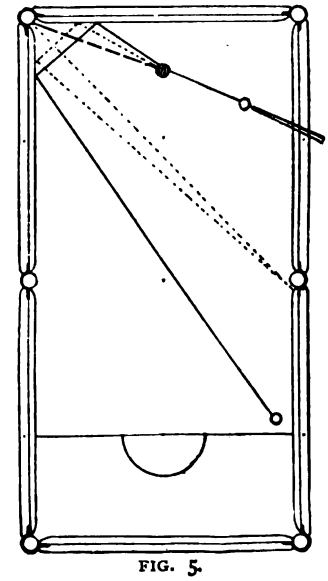


FIG. 5.

We have a combination "haphazard" and accidental cannon presented for our entertainment in the next illustration (5), which is of particular interest as showing how useless the "nomination" game beloved by a certain type of cueist really is on occasions. In the case before us the striker played to pocket the red into the left top pocket, and he did it into the bargain, but the manner in which he did it and made a cannon as well is typical of the great and glorious uncertainty of billiards. He aimed to send the ball straight into the pocket, but, happening to hit it with more strength than precision, he contrived in some weird manner to send it against the top cushion, the left side cushion, the jaws of the right middle pocket, and then back into the pocket originally played for. Meanwhile, the cue-ball ran through the red, and made an enterprising two-cushion cannon on its own account.

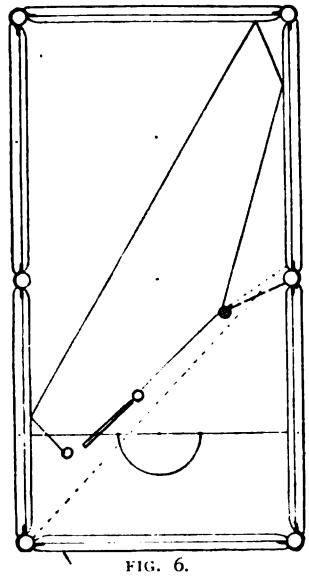


FIG. 6.

We have another specimen of the five-shot made in error for our sixth example. Here the fortunate cueist played for an ordinary red winner into the right middle pocket, and as he played it with a totally unnecessary amount of vigour, and managed to send the red ball against the farther jaw of the pocket, it is not surprising that it doubled back into the left baulk pocket, a fluke which is by no means infrequent. But this is not the whole story. The cue-ball journeyed forth as shown by the continuous line in the diagram, and made a cannon which completed this choice example of the fluker's art.

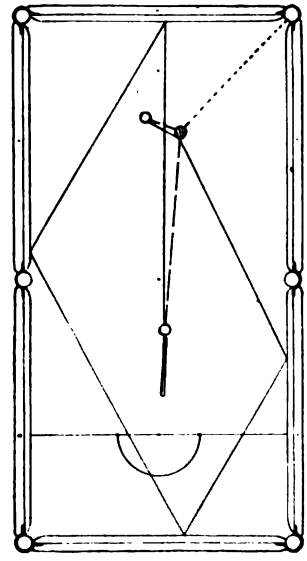


FIG. 7.

There is something approaching the limit in the way of flukes in our seventh item. This is a fluke which requires a lot of forgiving, and if any reader is ever guilty of a similar atrocity I think he had better hasten to make terms with his adversary before something really dreadful happens. As will be seen from the diagram (7), a very simple cannon from red to white was attempted, but was not scored in the usual way because the striker contrived to send the cue-ball between the two objects without hitting either. As it happened, however, this did not matter a great deal, for the cue-ball had more than a little left side on it, plenty of cue behind it, and bank-breaking luck with it—a combination which resulted in the cannon being made, as shown by the continuous line in the diagram, while the red was potted in the right top pocket, taking the path defined by the dotted line.

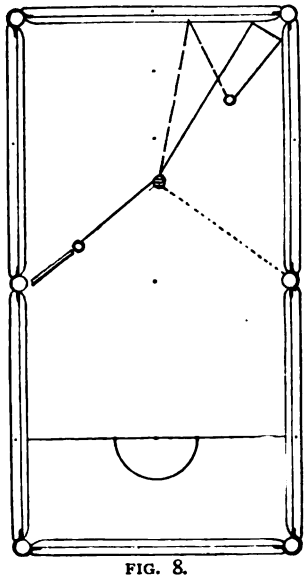


FIG. 8.

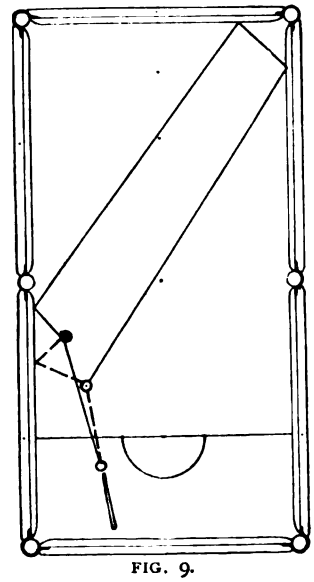


FIG. 9.

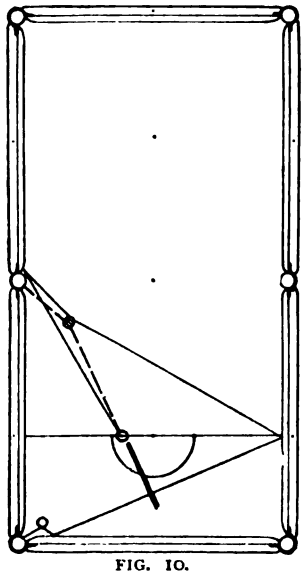


FIG. 10.

Our eighth exhibit shows a gorgeous five-stroke made by hitting the red about as fine as it is possible to hit a ball, and completing the cannon as shown by the spaced line to the immediate left of the cue-ball, the line farther to the left indicating the one-cushion cannon attempted.

Number nine shows what can be done even when the first ball is missed. Here it is evident that a common one-cushion cannon off the side rail was attempted, but, as the straight line on the red shows, the player omitted at first to take due notice of the rule which says that both balls must be struck to make a cannon, and he doubtless considered he had missed a very easy stroke. So he had, but the fortune of the game came to his aid and presented him with a score *viâ* three cushions and back on to the white ball, as shown by the artist.

The tenth fluke is a very hot one, a really gorgeous illustration of the billiard truism that one never knows what is likely to happen all the while our good friends the table-makers continue to manufacture tables with six handy pockets to each. An ordinary "pot the red" in the left middle pocket was the honest ambition of the gentleman who ought to have a fluker's medal for what really happened. He managed to miss the ball, hit the pocket jaw as shown, doubled back at an acute angle, clipped the red on its right side, came across the table and hit the side cushion near the baulk-line, rebounded to the bottom cushion, came off at the correct angle to hit the white and pocket his own ball, and thereby completed a really wicked fluke — especially as the white went out of baulk and the red came back and almost touched it, thus leaving him a splendid position as an additional reward for his tremendous luck.

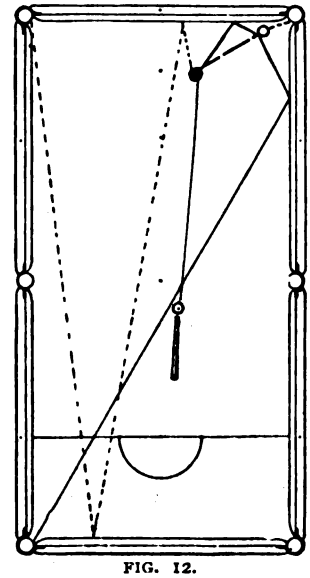


FIG. 12.

After the foregoing, our next (11) is quite a mild specimen. A cannon was played for, but the cue-ball missed the cannon, hit the jaw of the right top pocket, wobbled across it, and then trekked the whole length of the table parallel to the right side cushion, and came to rest in the right baulk pocket.

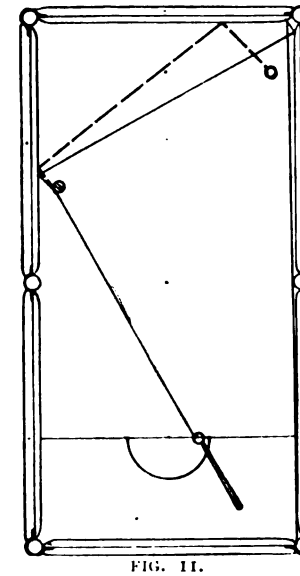


FIG. 11.

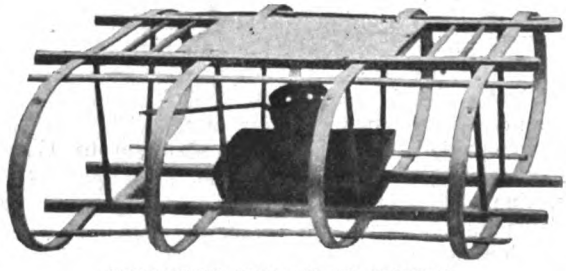
Our twelfth and last example is the crowning fluke, the ten-shot. This stroke is more often spoken about than made in any style, and I trust it is seldom made as shown in the specimen now before us. The player had quite an everyday ball-to-ball cannon to manipulate, but using an infinitely greater amount of force than was necessary, and striking the object in a weird, uncertain sort of way, he made the cannon off the top cushion as shown, and put the white in the right top pocket. The cue-ball then glanced off in the right side cushion and, keeping on the course indicated by the continuous line, got home in the left baulk pocket. The red doubled back off the top cushion to the bottom cushion, and finally rolled into the left top pocket, thus completing the ten-shot, leaving a clear board!

Having no more astounding flukes to put on record just at present, I will now quit this fascinating subject.

The Birth of Some Great Inventions.

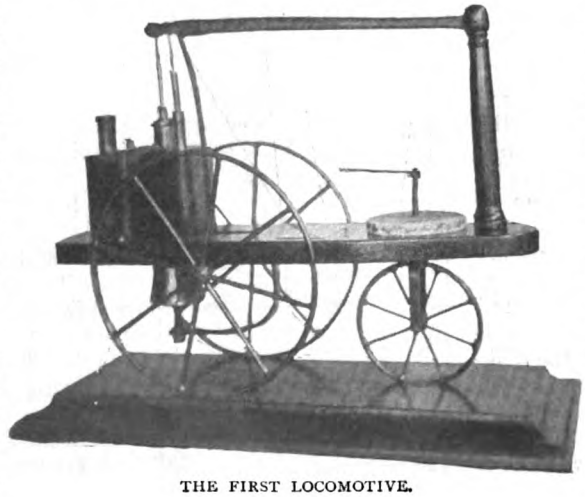
By T. STURDEE.

MOST of us have some idea, however vague, of what the bicycle and the locomotive looked like in their early days, but can the same be said with regard to the first sewing-machine or bed-warmer? It is, at least, open to doubt, so that the illustrations to this article, showing the form in which various inventions first saw the light, should prove of interest to many.



THE OLDEST FORM OF BED-WARMER.

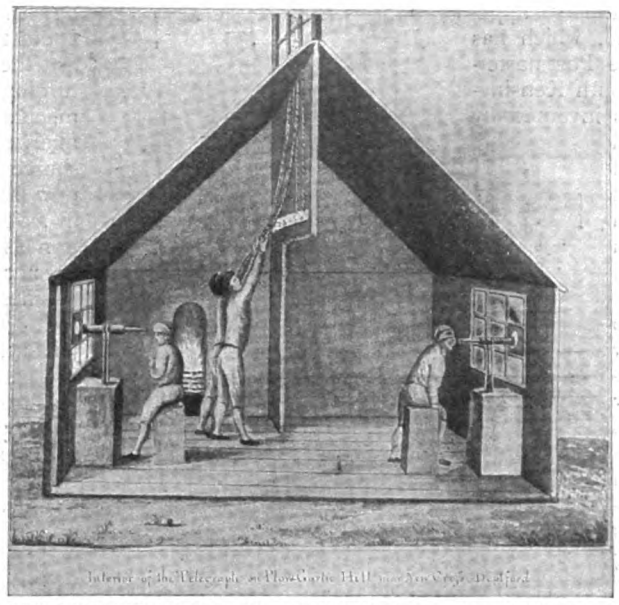
In the olden time, at the approach of winter, people were in the habit of looking more closely at home for comfort; for then, as now, damp beds were a source of terrible trouble, and in some cases a cause of serious illness. The method adopted by our great-grandmothers to prevent this was by the use of huge warming-pans, which we now frequently see reverently and lovingly kept by those of antiquarian tastes to decorate the walls of their homes. The bed-warmer above illustrated, which is in the possession of Messrs. Hampton, of Pall Mall, is, however, of much older origin, and is the earliest known form of bed-warmer in existence. It is constructed, as will be noticed, in the most primitive manner, consisting of a sauce-pan-shaped brazier (which holds the heated cinders) placed in a metal dish evidently intended to collect any dust which might fall through the perforations; the whole is enclosed in an open framework constructed with wooden hoops in order to keep the apparatus from coming into contact with the bed and bed-clothing. Immediately above the brazier is a thin iron plate placed in such a position as to protect the bed-clothing from scorching. The size of this quaint article is three feet six inches square by some thirteen or fourteen inches high.



THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

William Murdock, the inventor of the first locomotive, was employed from an early age by Messrs. Boulton and Watt, of Soho, London. According to a well-known story, Boulton was struck on his first interview with Murdock by the peculiar hat he was wearing, and by his explanation, in answer to Boulton's questions, that it was made of wood, and that he had turned it on a lathe of his own making. It appears that Murdock, in his nervousness, let the hat fall on the floor, and it was the noise produced that attracted Boulton's attention. He was engaged by Boulton there and then, and in 1779 was sent to Cornwall to look after the numerous pumping-engines

erected by the firm in that county. His attention seems to have been directed to the subject of locomotion by steam in 1784; and on August 9th, 1786, Thomas Wilson, Boulton and Watt's agent in Cornwall, wrote to the firm at Soho as follows: "William Murdock desires me to inform you that he has made a small engine, and he has applied it to a small carriage which answers amazingly."

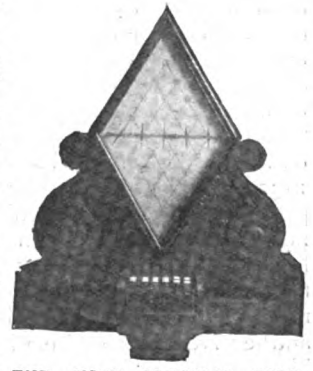


THE EARLIEST SYSTEM OF TELEGRAPHING — INTERIOR OF A SEMAPHORE STATION.

The model of this is shown on the preceding page. It was purchased a few years ago from the Murdock family by Messrs. Tangye Brothers, and by them presented to the Birmingham Art Gallery, where it is now exhibited. Both Watt and Boulton did all they could to discourage and hinder Murdock from pursuing his experiments, and in a letter from Watt to his partner dated September 12th, 1786, he says:—

"I am extremely sorry that Murdock still busies himself with the steam-carriage. I wish he would do as we do, to mind the business in hand and let others throw away their time and money hunting shadows."

His engine, though of small dimensions, was sufficiently large to demonstrate the soundness of the principles on which it was constructed. Owing, however, to the opposition of his firm, he finally abandoned any further experiments, and so left it to others to complete his valuable invention.



THE FIRST ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT.

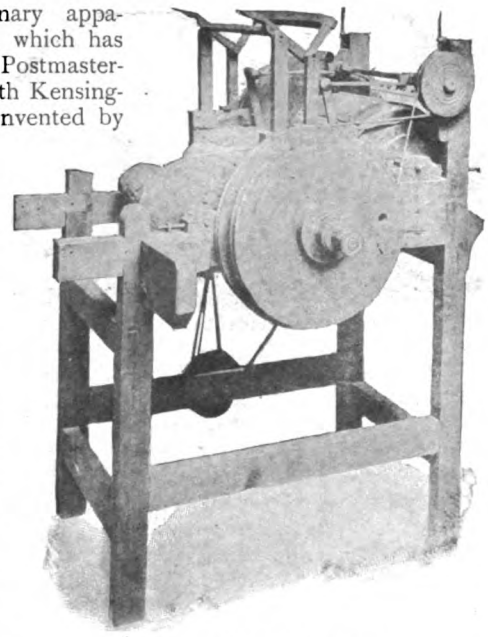
From the earliest times, and among savage nations, beacon fires and interrupted columns of smoke have been used to give warning of the approach of an enemy, or the news of victory or defeat. Signalling by combinations of flags is another early method, and is still used at sea.

However, it was not until 1795, when Lord George Murray introduced his semaphore system, that anything like an efficient means of telegraphic communication was established. The Admiralty at the time, seeing the advantages of such a system, caused semaphore stations to be established on all the highest points from London to Dover, Deal, and Portsmouth.

So effectual was the system that a message could be, in favourable circumstances, transmitted from London to Deal, Dover, or Portsmouth, and a reply received back in London in seven and a half minutes. The operation was performed by three men in each station, two of whom were on the look-out, while the third was employed in working the six shutters, which were placed over the building in two vertical frames in such a way that sixty-three distinct signals could be formed. It may be interesting to add that the station shown in the above illustration, which is from a water-colour drawing in the British Museum, was the one that actually transmitted the news to the Admiralty of Wellington's great victory at Waterloo. These stations remained in use until 1845.

It was not until 1845—when London was startled by the publication of a handbill announcing "an interesting and most extraordinary apparatus, by which upwards of fifty signals can be transmitted a distance of 280,000 miles in one minute"—that England realized the advantages and capabilities of the electric system of telegraphing.

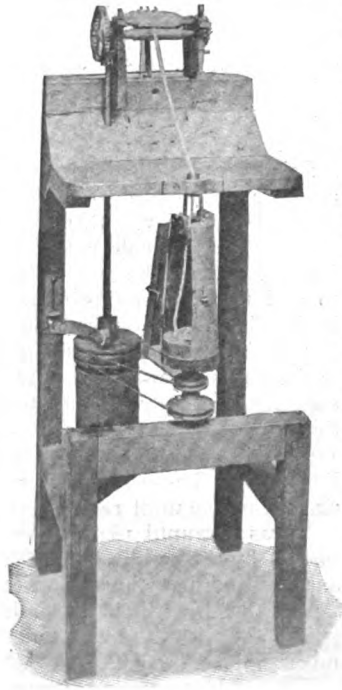
The "extraordinary apparatus" referred to, which has been lent by the Postmaster-General to the South Kensington Museum, was invented by Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone, and was employed on the Great Western Railway between Paddington and Slough.



THE FIRST CARDING-MACHINE.

The next two illustrations show two machines invented by Sir Richard Arkwright which effected great changes in the weaving industry. One is his first carding machine, made about 1775, and the other the first drawing frame, which he invented about five years later. Both these machines are now in the South Kensington Museum.

Arkwright, one of the earliest and principal contrivers of machinery on a large scale as a substitute for hand labour in textile manufactures, was born at Preston, December 23rd, 1732. His parents, if not poor, belonged to the humbler ranks of life, and he served his apprenticeship to a barber.



THE ORIGINAL DRAWING-FRAME.

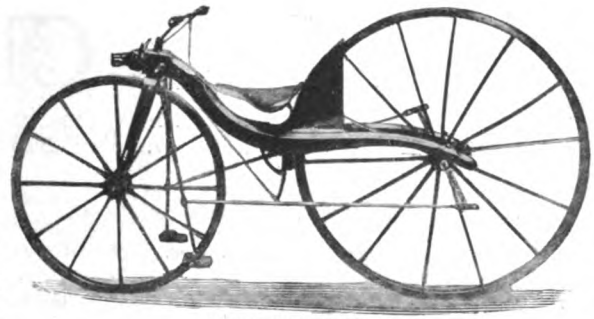
During his earlier years his income was mainly derived from the manufacture of wigs, but their gradual disuse about this time is assigned as the reason for his turning his attention to mechanical invention as likely to afford him a new source of income. He now soon found himself in a very substantial position as a mill-owner, and so successful was he in his business that the other mill-owners, becoming jealous, robbed him of his patent rights; but so resourceful was he that, overcoming all his opposition, he was enabled to build several additional mills, and thus employ upwards of five thousand persons. In 1786 Arkwright received the honour of knighthood from George III.

The oldest original sewing-machine we have is shown below. It is, as will be noticed, very roughly constructed, and was made during the first half of the last century by Charles Kyte, a native of Snowshill, near Evesham. It is built on a four-legged wooden stool which supports the table on which the machine is carried. This curious and clumsy-looking forerunner of the delicate machine of the present day is now the property of the South Kensington Museum.

The photograph of the first bicycle shown on the opposite page marks the initial step in the development of the bicycle from the hobby-horse. The machine was invented in 1839 by Kirkpatrick Macmillan, a blacksmith, of Courthill, Dumfriesshire, who seems to have been the first to discover that two wheels placed in a line could be balanced and could be propelled by treadles and cranks fitted to one of the axles. Macmillan allowed his machine

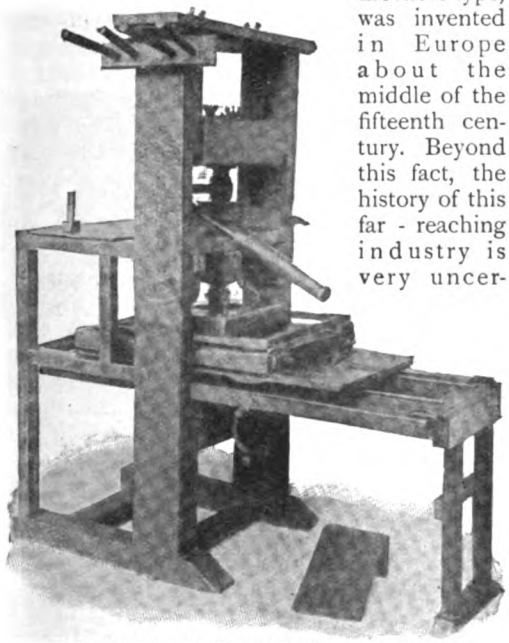
THE OLDEST SEWING-MACHINE.

to be extensively copied, but it does not appear to have become very popular, although it anticipated the rear-driving safety bicycle of forty years later. This specimen came from Scotland, and is probably one of those slightly modified by the addition of the brake.



THE FIRST BICYCLE.

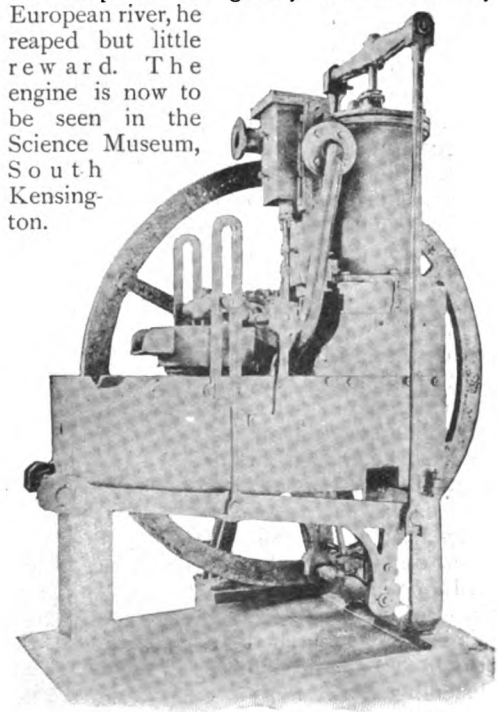
Typography, or the art of printing from movable type, was invented in Europe about the middle of the fifteenth century. Beyond this fact, the history of this far-reaching industry is very uncertain. It is generally considered that cut wooden type was first used, then cut leaden type, and that afterwards cast type was employed. William Caxton, in 1476, was the first to practise printing from movable type in England.



THE OLDEST TYPE OF PRINTING PRESS.

The oldest type of printing press—shown above—which, by the way, is now in the South Kensington Museum, is the actual machine with which Benjamin Franklin worked in the year 1730. It is constructed of hard wood, mortised together; it carries two horizontal rails, upon which slides a carriage supporting the frame of composed type, called the forme. The type was inked by two large pads, or balls, with ink on their surfaces, the distribution of the ink being performed by working the pads together and then applying them to the forme.

The photograph below shows the original engine of Henry Bell's steamboat *Comet*, which was the first steamboat in Europe advertised for the conveyance of passengers and goods. Henry Bell, who was born at Torphichen Mill, near Linlithgow, in 1767, was first intended to be a mason, but at the age of sixteen was apprenticed to a millwright. After serving under several engineers he came to London and spent some time under Rennie. In 1798 he first turned his attention to the steamboat, and in 1800 he began experimenting with an engine placed in a small vessel. An application that year to the Admiralty was unsuccessful, as was a second appeal in 1803, though on a later occasion Lord Nelson is stated to have spoken strongly in favour of the scheme. Although the inventor of the first practical steamship which regularly worked on any European river, he reaped but little reward. The engine is now to be seen in the Science Museum, South Kensington.



THE ENGINE OF THE FIRST PASSENGER STEAMBOAT.

THE MAGIC CITY.

A Story for Children. By E. NESBIT.

Illustrated by Spencer Pryse.

Copyright, 1910, by E. Nesbit-Bland.

CHAPTER IX. (*continued*).

THEY steered the yacht successfully into the river, which presently ran into the shadow of a tropical forest—also out of a book.

"You might go on during the night," said the parrot, "if the dogs would steer under my directions. You could tie one end of a rope to their collars and another to the helm. It's easier than turning spits."

It was in the middle of the night that the parrot roused Philip with his usual gentle beak touch. Then:—

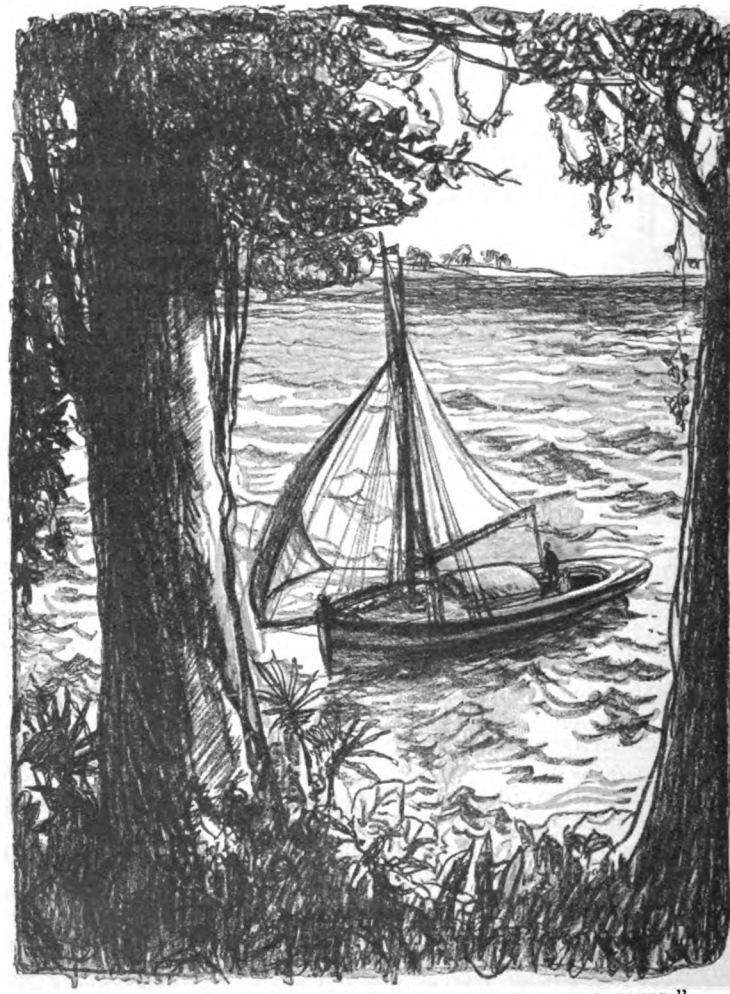
"Wake up," it said; "this is not the right river. It's not the right direction. Nothing's right. The ship's all wrong. I'm very much afraid someone has been opening a book and this river has got out."

Philip hurried out on deck, and by the light of the lamps from the cabin gazed out at the banks of the river. At least he looked for them. But there weren't any banks. Instead, steep and rugged cliffs rose on each side; and overhead, in place of a starry sky, was a great arched roof of a cavern glistening with moisture and dark as a raven's feathers.

"We must turn back," said Philip. "I don't like this at all."

"Unfortunately," said the parrot, "there is no room to turn back, and the *Lightning Loose* is not constructed for going backwards."

"But what can we *do*, then?" said Philip, impatiently.



"THEY STEERED THE YACHT SUCCESSFULLY INTO THE RIVER."

"I fear," said the parrot, "that we can do nothing but go straight on."

It was now very cold, and our travellers were glad to wrap themselves in the flags of all nations with which the yacht was handsomely provided.

"Cheer up," said the parrot. "Think what a lot of adventures you're having that no one else has ever had; think what a lot of things you'll have to tell the other boys when you go to school."

"The other boys wouldn't believe a word of it," said Philip, in gloom. "I wouldn't unless I knew it was true."

"Well, as to that——" the parrot was beginning, when he broke off to exclaim:—

"Do my claws deceive me, or is there a curious vibration and noticeable acceleration of velocity?"

There certainly was. The *Lightning Loose* was going faster and faster along that subterranean channel, and every now and then gave a lurch and a shiver.

"Philip," said Lucy, in a low voice, "I know something is going to happen—something dreadful. We *are* friends, aren't we?"

"Yes," said Philip, firmly.

"Then I wish you'd kiss me."

"Oh, all right," said Philip, and put his arm round her and kissed her. She felt so little and helpless and bony in his arm that he suddenly felt sorry for her, kissed her again more kindly, and then, withdrawing his arm, thumped her hearteningly on the back.

"Be a man," he said, in tones of comradeship and encouragement. "I'm perfectly certain nothing's going to happen. We're just going through a tunnel, and presently we shall come out into the open air again."

He spoke this standing on the prow beside Lucy, and as he spoke she clutched his arm.

"Oh, look!" she breathed. "Oh, listen!"

He listened. And he heard a dull echoing roar that got louder and louder. And he looked. The light of the lamps shone ahead on the dark, gleaming water, and then quite suddenly it did not shine on the water, because there was no longer any water for it to shine on. Only great, empty, black darkness. A great hole ahead, into which the stream poured itself. And now they were at the edge of the gulf. The *Lightning Loose* gave a shudder and a bound and hung for what seemed a long moment on the edge of the precipice, down which the underground river was pouring itself in a smooth, sleek stream, rather like poured treacle, over what felt like the edge of everything solid.

The moment ended, and the little yacht, with Philip and Lucy and the parrot and the two dogs, plunged headlong over the edge into the dark, unknown abyss below.

CHAPTER X.

THE GREAT SLOTH.

You have heard of Indians shooting rapids in their birch-bark canoes? And perhaps you have yourself sailed a toy boat on a stream and made a dam of clay and waited with more or less patience till the water rose nearly to the top, and then broken a bit of your dam out and made a waterfall and let your boat drift over the edge of it. This is what happened to that good yacht the *Lightning Loose*. She shot over the edge of that dark, smooth, subterranean waterfall, hung a long, breathless moment between still air and falling water, slid down like a flash, dashed into the stream below, shuddered, reeled, righted herself, and sped on.

"It's—it's all right," said Philip, in a rather shaky whisper. "She's going on all right."

"Yes," said Lucy, holding his arm very tight; "yes, I'm sure she's going on all right."

The *Lightning Loose* rushed on through the darkness. Lucy reflected for a moment, and then made cocoa. This was real heroism. It cheered everyone up, including the cocoa-maker herself.

"I say," Philip remarked, when she carried a cup to him at the wheel. "I've been thinking. All this is out of a book. Someone must have let it out. I know what book it's out of, too. And if the whole story got out of the book we're all right. Only we shall go on for ages and climb out at last, three days' journey from Trieste."

"I see," said Lucy; and added that she hated geography. "Drink your cocoa while it's hot," she said, in motherly accents; and "What book is it?"

"It's 'The Last Cruise of the *Teal*,'" he said. "Helen gave it me just before she went away. It's a ripping book, and I used it for the roof of the outer court of the hall of justice. I remember it perfectly. The chaps on the *Teal* made torches of paper soaked in paraffin."

"We haven't any," said Lucy; "besides, our lamps light everything up all right. Oh! there's Brenda crying again. She hasn't a shadow of pluck."

She went quickly to the cabin, where Max was trying to cheer the dog Brenda by remarks full of solid good sense, to which Brenda paid no attention whatever.

"I knew how it would be," she kept saying,

in a whining voice. "I told you so from the beginning. I wish we hadn't come. I want to go home. Oh, what a dreadful thing to happen to dear little dogs!"

"Brenda," said Lucy, firmly, "if you don't stop whining you sha'n't have any cocoa."

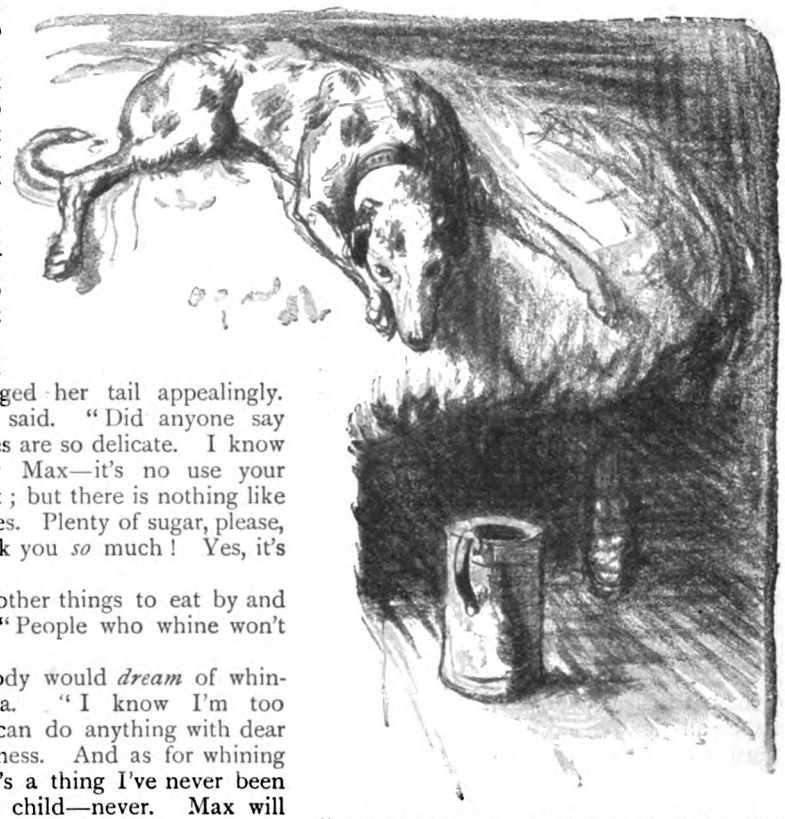
Brenda stopped at once and wagged her tail appealingly.

"Cocoa?" she said. "Did anyone say cocoa? My nerves are so delicate. I know I'm a trial, dear Max—it's no use your pretending I'm not; but there is nothing like cocoa for the nerves. Plenty of sugar, please, dear Lucy. Thank you *so* much! Yes, it's *just* as I like it."

"There will be other things to eat by and by," said Lucy. "People who whine won't get any."

"I'm sure nobody would *dream* of whining," said Brenda. "I know I'm too sensitive, but you can do anything with dear little dogs by kindness. And as for whining—do you know, it's a thing I've never been subject to from a child—never. Max will tell you the same."

Max said nothing, but only fixed his beautiful eyes hopefully on the cocoa-jug.



"HE ONLY FIXED HIS BEAUTIFUL EYES HOPEFULLY ON THE COCOA-JUG."

And all the time the yacht was speeding along the underground stream, beneath the vast arch of the underground cavern.

"The worst of it is, we may be going ever so far away from where we want to get to," said Philip, when Max had undertaken the steering again.

"All roads," remarked the parrot, "lead to Somnolentia. And, besides, the ship is travelling due north—at least, so the ship's compass states—and I have no reason as yet for doubting its word."

"Halloa!" cried more than one voice, and the ship shot out of the dark cavern into a sheet of water that lay spread under a white dome. The stream that had brought them there seemed to run across one side of this pool. Max, directed by the parrot, steered the ship into smooth water, where she lay at rest at last in the very middle of this great underground lake.

"*This* isn't out of 'The Cruise of the *Teal*,'" said Philip. "They must have shut that book."

"I think it's out of a book about Mexico or Peru or Ingots or some geographical place," said Lucy. "It had a green and gold binding. I think you used it for the other end of the outer justice court. And if you did, this dome's solid silver, and there's a hole in it, and under this dome there's untold treasure in gold incas."

"What's incas?"

"Gold bars, I believe," said Lucy; "and Mexicans come down through the hole in the roof and get it, and when enemies come they flood it with water. It's flooded now," she added, unnecessarily.

All eyes now perceived a dark hole in the roof, a round hole exactly in the middle of the shining dome. And as they gazed, the dark hole became light. And they saw above them a white shining disc, like a very large and very bright moon. It was the light of day.

"Someone has opened the trap-door," said Lucy. "The Ingots always closed their treasure-vaults with trap-doors."

The shining disc was obscured, confused shapes broke its shining roundness. Then another disc, small and very black, appeared in the middle of it; the black disc grew larger and larger and larger. It was coming down to them. Slowly and steadily it came —now it reached the level of the dome— now it hung below it; down, down, down it came, past the level of their eager eyes, and splashed in the water close by the ship. It was a large empty bucket. The rope which held it was jerked from above; the bucket dipped and filled, and was drawn up again slowly and steadily till it disappeared in the hole in the roof.

"Quick!" said the parrot. "Get the ship exactly under the hole, and next time the bucket comes down you can go up in it."

The bucket was descending again, and, instead of splashing in the water, it bumped on the deck.

"You go first," said Philip to Lucy.

"And you," said Max to Brenda.

You see, Philip felt that he ought to give Lucy the first chance of escaping from the poor *Lightning Loose*. And the worthy Max felt the same about Brenda. An impatient jerk and shake of the rope from above reminded them that there was no time to lose.

Lucy decided that it was more dangerous to go than to stay just at the same moment when Philip decided that it was more dangerous to stay than to go, so when Lucy stepped into the bucket Philip helped her eagerly. Max thought the same as Philip, and I am afraid Brenda agreed with them. At any rate, she leaped into Lucy's lap and curled her long length round just as the rope tightened and the bucket began to go up.

"I'll send the bucket down again the moment I get up," Lucy called out; and a moment later, "It feels awfully jolly; like a swing."

And, so saying, she was drawn up into the hole in the roof of the dome. Then a sound of voices came down the shaft—a confused sound. The anxious little party on the *Lightning Loose* could not make out any distinct words. They all stood staring up, expecting, waiting for the bucket to come down again.

"I hate leaving the ship," said Philip.

The bucket came down again with a horrible rush. They held their breaths and looked to see the form of Lucy hurtling through the air. But, no; the bucket swung loose a moment in mid-air, then it was hastily drawn up, and a hollow metallic clang echoed through the cavern.

The white disc overhead had suddenly disappeared. Someone up above had banged the lid down. And all the manly hearts were below in the cave, and brave Lucy and helpless Brenda were above in a strange place whose dangers those below could only imagine.

"I *wish* I'd gone," said Philip. "Oh! I wish *I'd* gone."

"Yes, indeed," said Max, with a deep sigh.

"I feel a little faint," said the parrot. "If someone would make a cup of cocoa!"

Thus did the excellent bird seek to occupy their minds in that first moment of disaster. And it was well that the captain and crew were thus saved from despair. For before the kettle boiled the lid of the shaft opened about a foot, and something largish, roundish, and lumpish fell heavily and bounced upon the deck of the *Lightning Loose*.

It was a pineapple, fresh, ripe, and juicy. On its side was carved, in large letters of uncertain shape, the one word "WAIT."

It was good advice, and they took it. Really, I do not see what else they could have done in any case. And they ate the pineapple. And presently everyone felt extremely sleepy. "Waiting is one of those things that you can do as well asleep as awake, or even better," said the parrot. "Forty winks will do us all the good in the world." He put his head under his wing where he sat on the taffrail.

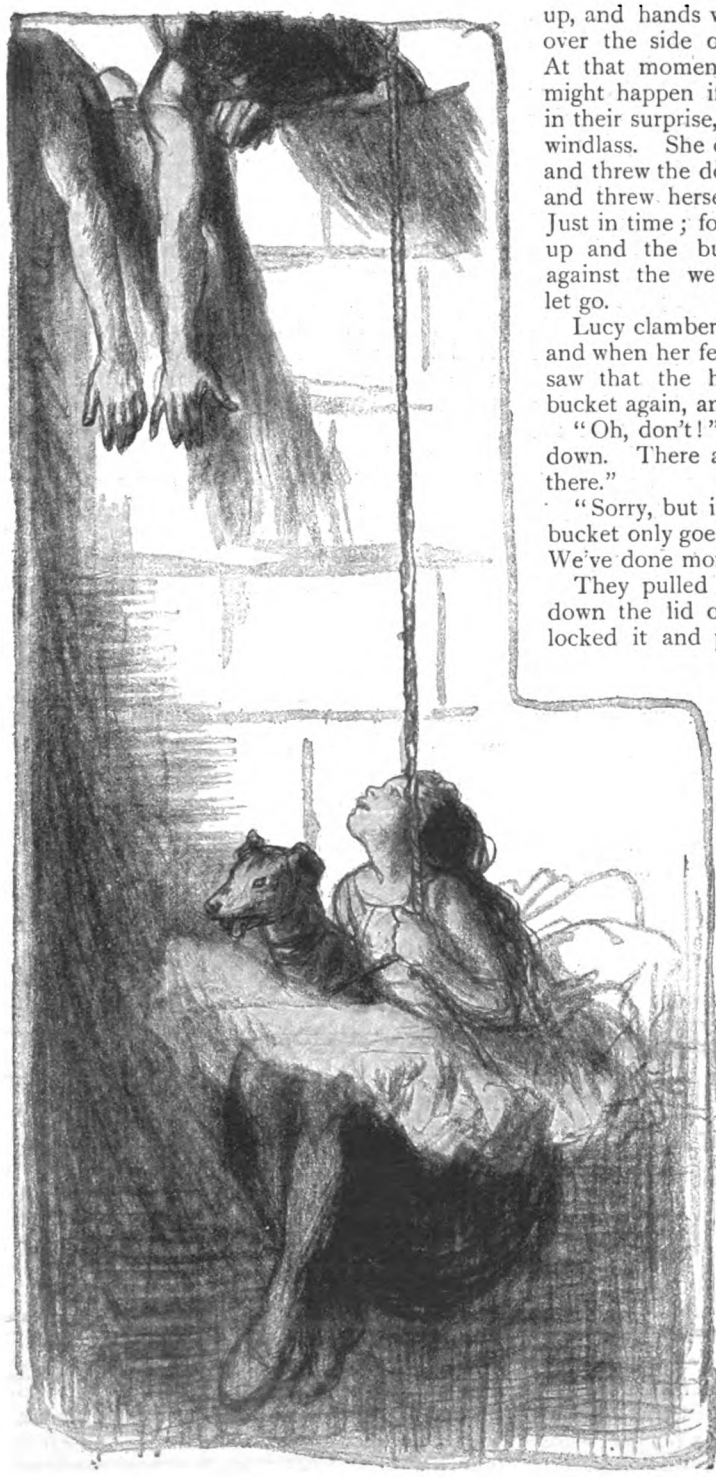
"May I turn in alongside you, sir?" Max asked. "I sha'n't feel the dreadful loneliness so much then."

So Philip and Max curled up together on the deck, warmly covered with the spare flags of all nations, and the forty winks lasted for the space of a good night's rest—about ten hours, in fact.

When Lucy, sitting in the bucket with Brenda in her lap, felt the bucket lifted from the deck and swung loose in the air, it was as much as she could do to refrain from screaming.

Lucy bit her lips, made a great effort, and called out that remark about the bucket-swing, just as though she were quite comfortable.

The bucket drew slowly up and up and up, and passed from the silver dome into the dark shaft above. Lucy looked up. Yes, it was daylight that showed at the top of the shaft, and the rope was drawing her up towards it. Suppose the rope broke! Brenda was quite quiet now. She said afterwards that she must have fainted. And now the light was nearer and nearer. Now Lucy was in it, for the bucket had been drawn right



"HANDS WERE REACHED OUT TO DRAW IT OVER THE SIDE OF WHAT SEEMED LIKE A WELL."

up, and hands were reached out to draw it over the side of what seemed like a well. At that moment Lucy saw in a flash what might happen if the owners of the hands, in their surprise, let go the bucket and the windlass. She caught Brenda in her hands and threw the dog out on to the dry ground, and threw herself across the well parapet. Just in time; for a shout of surprise went up and the bucket went down, clanging against the well sides. The hands *had* let go.

Lucy clambered over the well-side slowly, and when her feet stood on firm ground she saw that the hands were winding up the bucket again, and that it came very easily.

"Oh, don't!" she said. "Let it go right down. There are some more people down there."

"Sorry, but it's against the rules. The bucket only goes down this well once a day. We've done more than our share already."

They pulled the bucket in and banged down the lid of the well. Someone padlocked it and put the key in his pocket, and Lucy and he stood facing each other. He was a little, round-headed man, in a curious, stiff red tunic; and there was something about the general shape of him and his tunic which reminded Lucy of something, only she could not remember what. Behind him stood two others, all red-tunicked and round-headed.

Brenda crouched at Lucy's feet and whined softly, and Lucy waited for the strangers to speak.

"You shouldn't do that," said the red-tunicked man, at last. "It was a great shock to us, your bobbing up as you did. It will keep us awake at night, just remembering it."

"I'm sorry," said Lucy.

"You should always come into strange towns by the front gate," said the man. "Try to remember that, will you? Good night."

"But you're not going

off like this," said Lucy. "Let me write a note and drop it down to the others. Have you a bit of pencil and paper?"

"No," said the strange people, staring at her.

"Haven't you anything I can write on?" Lucy asked them.

"There's nothing here but pineapples," said one of them at last.

So she cut a pineapple from among the hundreds that grew on the rocks near by, and carved "WAIT" on it with her penknife.

"Now," she said, "open that well-lid."

"It's as much as our lives are worth," said the leader.

"No, it isn't," said Lucy; "there's no rule against dropping pineapples into the well. You know there isn't. It isn't like drawing water. And if you don't, I shall set my little dog at you. She is very fierce."

Brenda was so flattered that she showed her teeth and growled.

"Oh, very well," said the stranger; "anything to avoid fuss."

When the well-lid was padlocked down again, Lucy said, "What country is this?" though she was almost sure, because of the pineapples, that it was Somnolentia. And when they had said that word she said:—

"Now I'll tell you something. The Deliverer is coming up that well next time you draw water. He is coming to deliver you from the bondage of the Giant Sloth."

"It is true," said the red, round-headed leader, "that we are in bondage, and the Great Sloth wearies us with the singing of choric songs when we long to be asleep. But none can deliver us."

"Oh, dear," said Lucy, despairingly; "aren't there any women here? They always have more sense than men."

"What you say is rude as well as untrue," said the red leader, "but to avoid fuss we will lead you and your fierce dog to the huts of the women, and then perhaps you will allow us to go to sleep."

The huts were poor and mean, little fenced-in corners in the ruins of what had once been a great and beautiful city, with gardens and streams; but now the streams were dry and nothing grew in the gardens but weeds and pineapples.

But the women—who all wore green tunics of the same stiff shape as the men's—were not quite so sleepy as their husbands. They brought Lucy fresh pineapples to eat, and were dreamily interested in the cut of her clothes and the begging accomplishments of Brenda. And from the women she learned several things about the Somnolentians. They all wore the same shaped tunics, only the colours differed. The women's were green, the drawers of water wore red, the attendants of the Great Sloth wore black, and the pineapple gatherers wore yellow.

And as Lucy sat at the door of the hut and watched the people in these four colours going lazily about among the ruins she suddenly knew what they were, and she exclaimed:—

"I know what you are; you're Halma men!"

Instantly everyone in earshot made haste to get away, and one woman whispered:—

"Hush! It is death to breathe that name."

"But why?" Lucy asked.

"Halma was the great captain of our race," said the woman; "and the Great Sloth fears that if we hear his name it will rouse us and we shall break from bondage and become once more a free people."

Lucy determined that they should hear that name pretty often; but before she could speak it again the woman sighed, and, remarking, "The Great Sloth sleeps," fell asleep then and there over the pineapple she was peeling. A vast silence settled on the city, and next moment Lucy also slept.

It took her some time to find the keeper of the padlock key, and when she had found him he refused to use it.

At last, almost in despair, Lucy suddenly remembered a word of power.

"I command you to open the well and let down the bucket!" she said. "I command you by the great name of Halma!"

"It is death to speak that name," said the keeper of the key, looking over his shoulder anxiously.

"It is life to speak that name," said Lucy. "Halma! Halma! Halma! If you don't open that well, I'll carve the name on a pineapple and send it in on the golden tray with the Great Sloth's dinner."

"He would have the lives of hundreds for that," said the keeper, in horror.

"Open the well, then," said Lucy.

They all held a council as soon as Philip and Max had been safely drawn up in the bucket, and Lucy told them all she knew.

"I think, whatever we do, we ought to be quick," said Lucy. "That Great Sloth is dangerous; I'm sure he is. He's sent already to say I am to be brought to his presence to sing songs to him while he goes to sleep. He doesn't mind me, because he

"THE NEXT MOMENT LUCY ALSO SLEPT."

knows I'm not the Deliverer; and if you'll let me, I believe I can work everything all right. But if he knows you're here it'll be much harder."

The degraded Halma men were watching them from a distance in whispering groups.

"I shall go and sing to the Great Sloth," she said, "and you must go about and say the name of power to everyone you meet and tell them you're the Deliverer. Then, if my idea doesn't come off, we must overpower the Great Sloth by numbers and—— You just go about saying 'Halma'! See?"

"While you do the dangerous part? Likely!" said Philip.

"It's not dangerous. He never hurts the people who sing. Never," said Lucy. "Now I'm going."

And she went before Philip could stop her.

"Let her go," said the parrot. "She is a wise child."

The temple of the Great Sloth was built of solid gold. It had beautiful pillars and doorways and windows and courts, one inside the other, each paved with gold flagstones. And in the very middle of everything was a large room which was entirely feather-bed. There the Great Sloth passed his useless life in eating, sleeping, and listening to music.

Outside the Moorish arch that led to this inner room Lucy stopped and began to sing. She had a clear little voice, and she sang "Jockey to the Fair" and "Early One Morning," and then she stopped.

And a great, sleepy, slobbery voice came out from the room and said:—

"Your songs are in very bad taste. Do you know no sleepy songs?"

"Your people sing you sleepy songs," said Lucy. "What a pity they can't sing to you all the time!"

"You have a sympathetic nature," said the Great Sloth, and it came out and leaned on the pillar of its door and looked at her with sleepy interest. It was enormous, as big as a young elephant, and it walked on its hind

legs like a gorilla. It was very black and furry.

"It *is* a pity," it said; "but they say they cannot live without drinking, so they waste their time in drawing water from the wells."

"Wouldn't it be nice," said Lucy, "if you had a machine for drawing water? Then they could sing to you all day—if they chose."

"If *I* chose," said the Great Sloth, yawning like a hippopotamus. "I am sleepy. Go!"

"No," said Lucy; and it was so long since the Great Sloth had heard that word that the shock of the sound almost killed its sleepiness.

"*What* did you say?" it asked, as if it could not believe its large ears.

"I said 'No,'" said Lucy. "I mean that you are so great and grand you have only to wish for anything, and you get it."

"Is that so?" said the Great Sloth, dreamily.

"Yes," said Lucy, with firmness. "You just say, 'I wish I had a machine to draw up water for eight hours a day.'"

"Say it all again, and slower," said the creature.

Lucy did so, and the Great Sloth repeated after her.

"I wish I had a machine to draw up water for eight hours a day. Don't," it said, angrily, looking back over its shoulder into the feather-bedded room; "don't, I say. Where are you shoving to? Who are you? What are you doing in my room? Come out of it."

Something did come out of the room, pushing the Great Sloth away from the door, and what came out was the vast feather-bed in enormous rolls and swellings and bulges. It was being pushed out by something so big and strong that it was stronger than the Great Sloth itself, and pushed that mountain of lazy sloth-flesh half across its own inner courtyard.

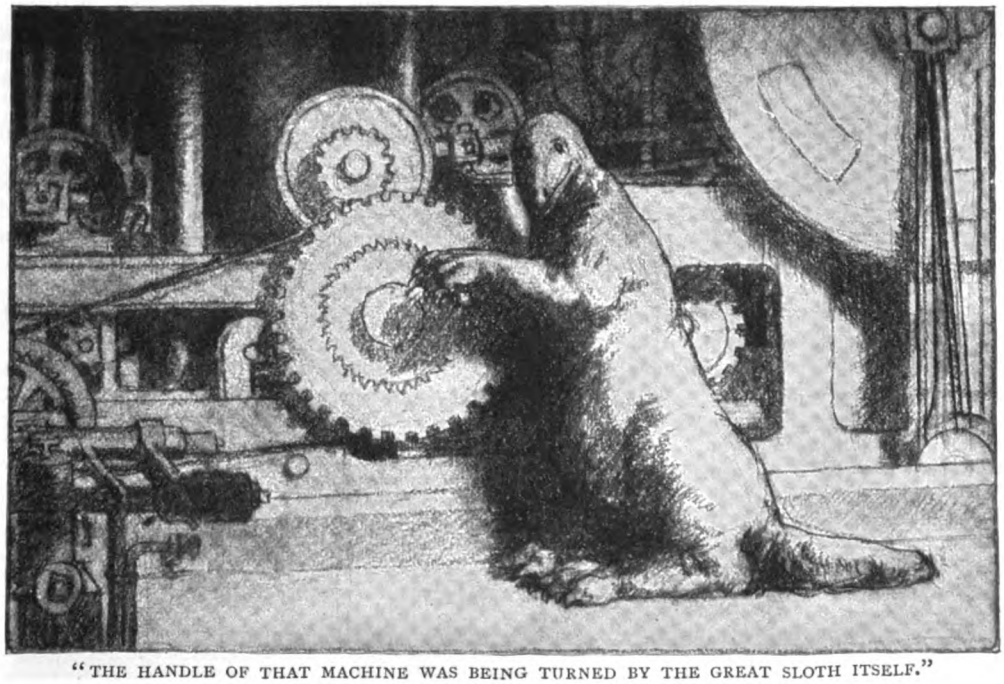
The whole of the feather-bed was out in the courtyard now, and the Great Sloth climbed slowly back over it into its room to find out who had dared to outrage its Slothful Majesty.

Lucy waited, breathless with hope and fear, as the Great Sloth blundered back into the inner room of its temple. It did not come out again. There was a silence, and then a creaking sound, and the voice of the Great Sloth saying: "No, no, no, I won't. Let go, I tell you." Then more sounds of creaking and the sound of metal on metal.

She crept to the arch and peeped round it.

The room that had been full of feather-bed was now full of wheels and cogs and bands and screws and bars. It was full, in fact, of a large and complicated machine. And the handle of that machine was being turned by the Great Sloth itself.

"Let me go," said the Great Sloth, gnashing its great teeth. "I won't work!"



"THE HANDLE OF THAT MACHINE WAS BEING TURNED BY THE GREAT SLOTH ITSELF."

"You must," said a purring voice from the heart of the machinery. "You wished for me, and now you have to work me eight hours a day. It is the law."

It was the machine itself which spoke.

"I'll break you," said the Sloth.

"I am unbreakable," said the machine, with gentle pride.

"This is your doing," said the Sloth, turning its furious eyes on Lucy in the doorway. "You wait till I catch you!"

forgotten spades and picks; but others hesitated and said: "The Great Sloth will work for eight hours, and then it will be free to work vengeance on us."

"I will go back," said Lucy, "and explain to it that if it does not behave nicely you will all wish for machine-guns, and it knows now that if people wish for machinery they have to use it. It will be awake now for eight hours, and if you all work for eight hours a day you'll soon have your city as fine

"ALL THE MEN WERE AT WORK DIGGING A CHANNEL FOR THE NEW RIVER."

And all the while it had to go on turning that handle.

"Thank you," said Lucy, politely; "I think I will not wait. I shall have eight hours' start," she added.

Even as she spoke a stream of clear water began to run from the pumping machine. It slid down the gold steps and across the golden court. Lucy ran out into the ruined square, of the city, shouting:—

"Halma! Halma! Halma! To me, Halma's men!"

And the men, already excited by Philip, who had gone about saying that name of power without a moment's pause all the time Lucy had been in the golden temple, gathered round her in a crowd.

"Quick!" she said. "The Great Sloth is pumping water up for you. He will pump for eight hours a day. Quick! Dig a channel for the water to run in. The Deliverer"—she pointed to Philip—"has given you back your river."

Some ran to look out old rusty, half-

as ever. And there's one new law. Every time the clock strikes you must all say 'Halma!' every one of you, to remind yourselves of your great destiny and that you are no longer slaves of the Great Sloth."

She went back and explained machine-guns very carefully to the now hardworking Sloth. When she came back all the men were at work digging a channel for the new river.

The women and children crowded round Lucy and Philip.

"Ah!" said the oldest woman of all, "now we shall be able to wash in water. I've heard my grandmother say water was very pleasant to wash in. I never thought I should live to wash in water myself."

"Why," Lucy asked, "what do you wash in?"

"Pineapple juice," said a dozen voices, "when we *do* wash!"

"But that must be very sticky," said Lucy.

"It is," said the oldest woman of all; "very."

(*To be continued.*)

PERPLEXITIES.

A Page of Puzzles. By Henry E. Dudeney.

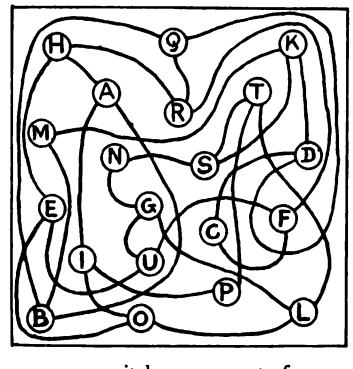
16.—THE DUTCHMEN'S WIVES.

I WONDER how many of my readers are acquainted with the puzzle of the "Dutchmen's Wives"—in which you have to determine the names of three men's wives, or, rather, which wife belongs to each husband. Some twenty-nine years ago it was "going the rounds" as something quite new, but I recently discovered it in the "Ladies' Diary" for 1739-40, so it was clearly familiar to the fair sex one hundred and seventy years ago. How many of our mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, and aunts could solve the puzzle to-day? A far greater proportion than then, let us hope.

Three Dutchmen, named Hendrick, Elas, and Cornelius, and their wives, Gurtrün, Katrün, and Anna, purchase hogs. Each buys as many as he (or she) gives shillings for one. Each husband pays altogether three guineas more than his wife. Hendrick buys twenty-three more hogs than Katrün, and Elas eleven more than Gurtrün. Now, what was the name of each man's wife?

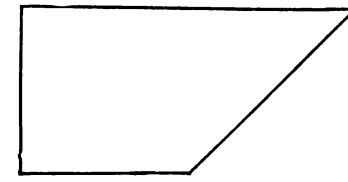
17.—THE TUBE RAILWAYS.

Here is the plan of a scheme of underground railways, the circles with letters in them representing stations. An inspector starts from A on a tour of inspection. He wishes to visit every station once, and only once, and return to A. The puzzle is to show his route and to enable him to put off his visit to station C as long as possible. As there are no switches, you must of course keep to the true direction of the lines and ignore the crossings. Thus, if you start off from A in the direction of I, you cannot switch off to M. Take your pencil and try to find the best route for the inspector.



18.—A LITTLE DISSECTION PUZZLE.

Cut out a piece of paper or cardboard of the shape shown in the illustration. It will be seen at once that the proportions are simply those of a square attached to half of another similar square, divided diagonally. The puzzle is to cut it into four pieces all of precisely the same size and shape.



Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

13.—THE TEN SHEEP.

The ten sheep can be arranged in forty-two ways under the conditions. If there had been only eight sheep they could be arranged in fourteen ways. The rule is simply this: Multiply together the numbers on half the sheep that bear the highest numbers, and multiply the numbers on the remaining sheep that bear the lowest numbers. Divide the first product by the second, and divide the result by the number of sheep in each row increased by one. Thus, for ten sheep, $10 \times 9 \times 8 \times 7 \times 6 \div 1 \times 2 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5 = 252$, which divided by 6 gives us the above answer, 42.

14.—A CHESS PUZZLE.

Play as follows:—

1	Q—Kt4	K—R7	6	Q—B4	K—Q8 (*b*)
2	Q—B3	K—Kt8	7	Q—K2 (ch) (*c*)	K—B8
3	Q—R3	K—B7	8	Q—R2	K—Q8
4	Q—Kt4	K—Q6 (*a*)	9	Q—Kt2	K—K8
5	Q—B5	K—Q7	10	Q—Bsq (or K2) mate	

(*a*) If 4 K—B8, 5 Q—Kt3, K—Q7, 6 Q—B4, and continue as in main variation; if 4 K—Q8, 5 Q—Kt2, K—K8, 6 Q mates.

(*b*) If 6 K—K8, 7 Q mates.

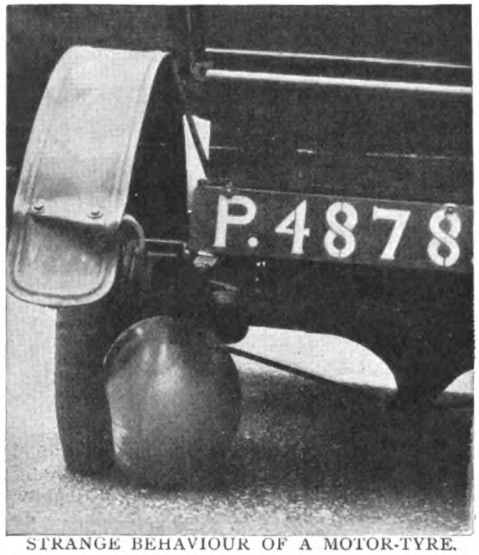
(*c*) This move is really the key to the puzzle.

15.—DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Without the hint that I gave, my readers would probably have been unanimous in deciding that Mr. Perkins's income must have been £1,710. But this is quite wrong. Mrs. Perkins says, "We have spent a third of his yearly income in rent," etc., etc. That is, in two years they have spent an amount in rent, etc., equal to one-third of his yearly income. Note that she does *not* say that they have spent *each year* this sum, whatever it is, but that *during the two years* that amount has been spent. The only possible answer, according to the exact reading of her words, is, therefore, that his income was £180 per annum. Thus the amount spent in two years, during which his income has amounted to £360, will be £60 in rent, etc., £90 in travelling and pleasures, £20 in other ways, leaving the balance of £190 in the bank as stated.

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



STRANGE BEHAVIOUR OF A MOTOR-TYRE.

ONE evening, at 6.30, I brought this car home apparently all in order, when suddenly the cover of the hind wheel on the near side burst, and the inner tube slowly manifested a desire to get out of its confined surrounding. The strange appearance it presented is shown in the photograph I send you. I had to put up my camera and make the exposure in ten minutes, for at 6.40 the tube departed this life quite suddenly, but with considerable noise—the "pop," in fact, being like a gun.—Mr. Geo. Mead-Robins, Devon Lodge, Sutton.

HOW IS IT DONE?

THOUGH most readers of THE STRAND have no doubt heard of the world-famous Mango Trick, probably few have seen a photograph of it.

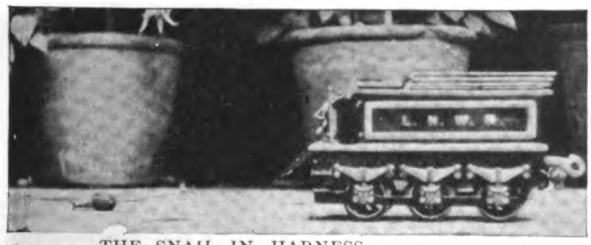
In the picture I send you the juggler has just removed the covering cloth, disclosing a full-size mango plant of less than five minutes' growth!—Mr. Jos. Daggs, c/o Mrs. Darling, Emildalene Estates, Bambalapitiya, Colombo, Ceylon.

A ROBIN'S QUEER HOME.

A ROBIN made its nest and hatched a family of five on an old hat placed on the head of this ju-ju, or idol, a trophy of the Brass River Expedition of February, 1895. This weird figure was found inside a stockade surrounded by empty gin bottles, and was supposed to be powerful enough to prevent the white man from taking the stockade. Curiously enough, the figure is often used in our garden as a scarecrow to frighten away birds!—Miss Watson, The Grange, Cowes.

A KNIFE THAT STOPPED A SHIP.

THIS knife was sucked up into the pipe of a passenger ship, thereby causing considerable damage to the pumping machinery and delaying the vessel's departure for about thirty-six hours. From its appearance the knife, which is hand-made and of great age, must have been a great many years in the river.—Mr. Charles Wood, 8, Cardonnel Street, North Shields-on-Tyne.



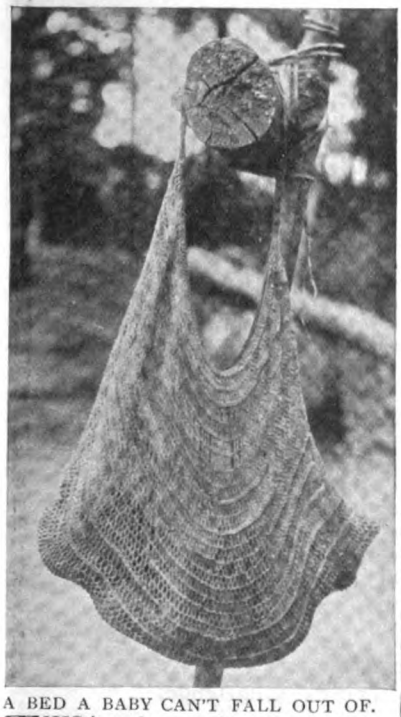
THE SNAIL IN HARNESS.

HAVING seen in a back number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE a picture of two snails pulling a gun and carriage weighing one pound, I thought that the accompanying photograph, showing *one* snail pulling a truck weighing *two* pounds, might be of interest to your readers. The snail succeeded in pulling the truck along several inches before we released it.—Mr. R. P. Dashwood, St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate.

[The above photograph opened up such an interesting field of investigation that we asked Mr. J. J. Ward, the well-known naturalist, to make a number of tests in order to ascertain the comparative strength of various insects, and have pleasure in publishing in this number an article by him describing the results of his experiments.—EDITOR.]

A RAT MOTHERED BY A CAT.

THE accompanying picture serves to demonstrate the mothering instinct in animals, which in this case was strong enough to overcome the natural rat-killing proclivities of a cat. The little rat, when but a couple of weeks old, was taken from the nest of a ground squirrel, by whom it had evidently been adopted. When the squirrel was killed and the little rat discovered in the nest, it was brought home and put in a cage. As we had just then a young cat with her first kittens, the little rat was placed with the kittens to nurse, and it immediately adapted itself to circumstances. The cat displayed no tendency to hurt it, and licked and attended to it in a most motherly fashion.—Mrs. Mary Weaver McCauley, 307, Alder Street, Pacific Grove, California.



A BED A BABY CAN'T FALL OUT OF.

THIS is a photograph of a netted bag made by the Papuan native women, and is seen hanging on the end of the ridge-pole of one of the native houses. It is only after a somewhat close scrutiny of the picture that the use to which the bag is put is revealed. It will be seen that inside the bag is a young Papuan taking his afternoon nap. Photograph by Mr. H. Lewis.—Mr. J. Elliott Monfries, Spring Street, Melbourne.

HOW THE NATIVE DOCTOR WORKS IN INDIA.

I THINK readers of THE STRAND will be interested in this photograph of a native doctor curing a man of scorpion bite, or, as it should properly be called, sting. The picture was not faked in any way, as I came on the group suddenly when out shooting and snapped them with a small camera. The man sitting on the left is the patient, and the figure in the foreground on the right is the doctor. He was making a sort of incantation over the man's finger and sprinkling something over it. The sticks on the ground between them had something to do with the treatment. The boy on the left was looking on, and was evidently much concerned for the patient. The whole group is interesting, as one does not often get the chance of seeing a native healer at his work in this way.—Major F. D. S. Fayrer, I.M.S., c/o A. Y. Herries, Esq., Spottes, Dalbeattie, Scotland.

CHARTING THE OCEAN CURRENTS.

IT will be remembered that a few weeks ago THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE initiated a novel scheme for the charting of ocean currents by means of drifting globes. The special commissioner sailed on August 13th, on the Cunarder *Campania*, which also carried Mme. Melba, the world-famous singer. The great *diva* very early manifested a keen desire to help the scheme along. Her name was engraved on one of the globes —No. 4—and this she herself threw into the sea in mid-Atlantic. A reward of twelve guineas is attached to this particular globe. So far, two of the spheres have been recovered. No. 1 was picked up on August 15th near Toe Head, Co. Cork, Ireland, and No. 12 on August 20th at Workington, Cumberland.

A CURIOUS PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE.

IN this photograph is seen the Doon Rock and Well, a few miles distant from Kilmacrennan, Co. Donegal. The well is considered a holy one, having been blessed by Lector O'Freel. It is visited by immense numbers of pilgrims from the district and from distant parts of the world. To the left of the picture the well can be seen covered by some rough masonry. Its water is not attractive to look at, but is supposed to have great healing properties, both when taken internally and applied externally. The level of the water is said always to remain the same, winter and summer, and independent of the amount of water withdrawn. The crutches, sticks, and so forth left by the thankful and the cured are seen on the right, and being clothed in rags they have at first glance a curious resemblance to human figures.—Mr. Louis Perrin, The Rectory, Santry, Co. Dublin.

A CORN-COB CURIOSITY.

THOUGH you often publish pictures of vegetable growths bearing striking resemblances to the human form, I do not remember seeing among them a cob of Indian corn quite so well formed as the one in this photograph, which was grown at Bodangora, New South Wales. — C. K., 13, South Gate, Chichester.

Mr. Maskelyne and Sir Hiram Maxim's Challenge.

OUR readers will remember the interesting challenge issued by Sir Hiram Maxim to Mr. J. N. Maskelyne, to reproduce the tricks of an imitator of the celebrated Davenport Brothers named Mr. Fay. In response to this challenge Mr. Maskelyne replied that if Sir Hiram Maxim would produce a "medium" of his own choice who would perform Mr. Fay's tricks, Mr. Maskelyne would show him how they were done. Sir Hiram Maxim, being unable to find anyone now living capable of performing these tricks, was unable to continue his challenge on these lines, still maintaining, however, that Mr. Maskelyne would be unable to reproduce the tricks performed by Mr. Fay as described in his article. Mr. Maskelyne is now preparing for publication in this Magazine one or two illustrated articles showing not only exactly how Mr. Fay performed his tricks, but also the secret of the much more puzzling tricks of the original Davenport Brothers, a secret which will now be made known to the public *for the first time*. The first of these most interesting articles will appear in our December number.

"WHAT I THINK OF CANADA."

By FRED LINDSAY

(The Famous Australian Bushman).

I HAVE for the past ten years, since the Boer War, been very interested in Canada and its people, mainly, I suppose, through coming in contact with such a lot of Canadians in the war, several regiments of Canadian soldiers being brigaded with us for a time, one being the Canadian Artillery, and, as fellow-colonists of a similar yet different type, the contact did us good.

I have met numerous people in different parts of the world who have been in Canada, some speaking very highly and some quite the reverse of the conditions of the country. I have also seen a number of letters on the affairs of Canada and on the emigrant's chances, and have devoured the literature sent out by the Government and railway offices. I saw the chief inspector of the American Canadian Government Office, Mr. W. J. White, in Chicago last year, and I told him how interested I was in the North-West, and asked him to tell me straight out from the shoulder how much these pamphlets were overdrawn. I said it was impossible, and he assured me that it was absolutely true. I requested him to show me the reverse side of the picture, and he stated there was none, with the exception of the usual gamble that makes up a farmer's life—that is, the weather. I was so convinced by his earnestness that I at once decided to take up some land. I then wrote for pamphlets from the different railway and land companies, and found that the officials were most courteous and full of business.

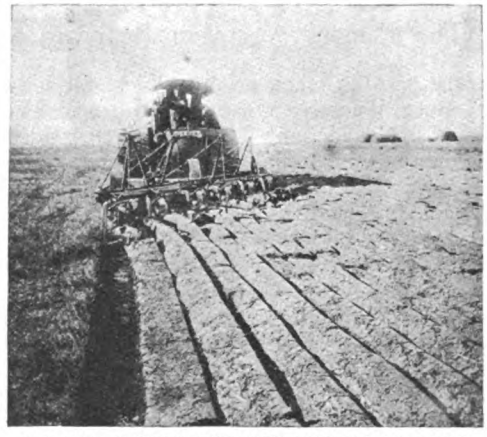
In one pamphlet put out, called "The Bread Basket of the World," by the Canadian Northern Railroad, I noticed that this company made a particularly bold statement, inviting prospective purchasers to throw themselves upon their mercy, so to say, and they would be given just what they wanted, and, if unable to visit the land, they would send one of a competent staff of land experts to choose for them. This seemed to me pretty good, and I inquired for 1,000 acres. By the next mail I had a reply, and one of their staff came all the way to Memphis, Tenn., to interview me and give me a description of the land I required.

AMIDST THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

I had previously stated that I had no ambition to get on the prairie, no matter how rich the land might be, but required a property upon a running stream or lake with a certain amount of timber, but not enough to impede straight-ahead ploughing.

A detailed statement and plan of every quarter-section was furnished me, with poplars, sloughs, etc., marked in, and it certainly looked good on paper. This was in the month of November, 1909, and everybody said that Central Canada was a fine country, but that I was doing a very foolish thing in buying land without seeing it. But, as I had made a stipulation with this company that if not suited after inspection I could change for any land in their grant, I did not worry very much.

This company's representative not only did this but introduced me to a reputable farmer of the district, who undertook to purchase my horses and plant locally and engage a man for me—all this without any charge. I opened an account at the local bank and left the rest to chance and the good faith of the people with whom I was dealing—rather an unbusinesslike way of doing things, I fancy I hear my readers saying. I presume that it was, but everything turned out to advantage.

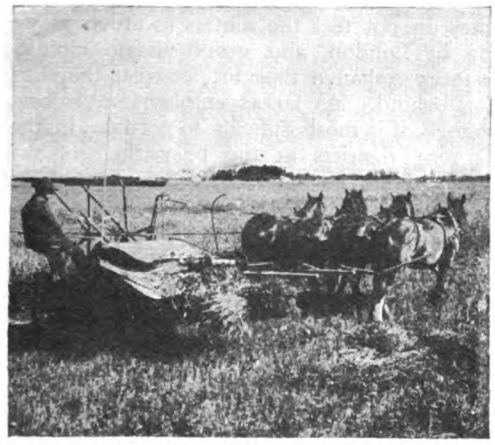


A STEAM PLOUGH TURNING TWELVE FURROWS.

During all this period, between November and the end of April, I had been very exercised in my mind as to what sort of a place I had, and how everything was going to turn out. Last month I had the coveted opportunity of going up to see this wonderful Promised Land of which I had heard so much, but with all sorts of mental determination to find it all very much overrated, but still quite good as an investment. You can be sure that the first thing after crossing the border at Emerson I had my nose to the car window to get a first view of the Manitoba plains. I sank back contented after seeing them, having only just a fortnight before come through that prairie country between Cheyenne and Denver. I wondered whether the Canadian prairies were similar, and determined if they were—although that land irrigated is worth anything up to 600dols. an acre—to give it a miss, and let someone else do the pioneering. I landed at the station at Winnipeg, and then got my first idea of the glorious spirit of self-reliance that a new country is supposed to inculcate into one by carrying my mightily heavy valise up a quarter of a mile of platform to the baggage-room. However, I soon recovered from that, and strolled out into the street at 7 a.m. The first thing my eyes fell on was a smart policeman, at last properly clothed and with a clean uniform—quite a relief to one who knows the Salt Lake and Memphis type. I accosted a bright young fellow, and wanted to know where Winnipeg was. "Right here," said he. "I know that," said I; "but where is the main part of the town?" "Just on this spot." "Oh," said I, wondering where the beautiful buildings one sees in the pictures were.

That is the impression one gets upon landing at that end of the town. It is not until one takes a drive down Main Street that the beauty of the place strikes one, this perhaps being attributable to the very wide streets. But, oh! what streets! Nothing like them except Washington and Detroit. The city fathers, or whoever were responsible for the laying out of the city, certainly knew what they were about, and took a lesson out of the book of American experience, copying from the best of the cities and then improving upon it. I was driven out by motor-car along the Red and Assiniboine rivers and through the parks, and was greatly struck by the splendid generosity of the Canadian Pacific Railway in making their handsome contribution to the beautiful setting of these domains for public enjoyment. That is one great feature that stands out so prominently and appeals to the visitor on every turn—the sacrifices and broad, open, more than common-sense way in which these companies tackle the making of this new country. I may lay claim to knowing most countries of the world and existing conditions, but nowhere do I know of the equal of the achievements and,

if I may say, helpfulness of these companies; their actions stand out alone. And it is a splendid thing. It enters into the blood, immediately one puts foot into the country, to be associated with such a movement and to be one of the pioneers and assistants in the building-up of this great country. I may say that I have pioneered and explored in



BINDING WHEAT AT CANORA, SASK

several countries, but I do aver that there is no place which commends that certain spirit to anyone as Canada does.

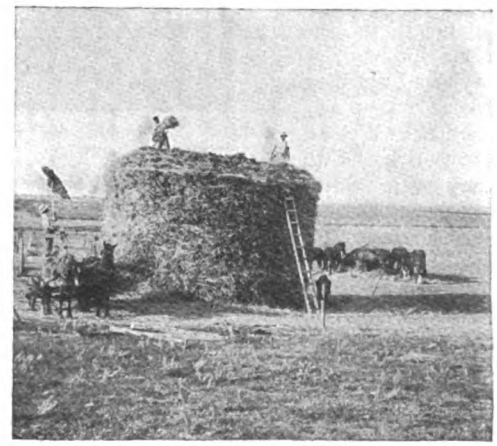
However, I am digressing. To return to my story. I caught the five o'clock Canadian Northern train to Edmonton, and was absolutely astonished at the continued evidences of prosperity all along the line. It was a very different country from what I had pictured in my dreams. I had imagined long, dusty stretches of prairie unrelieved by hills or anything, just shacks and everlasting shacks as far as the eye could reach. But instead we passed through some of the most beautiful lands imaginable, and I am assured that similar lands stretch all the way to Edmonton. I was met at Wadena Station by a representative of the Canadian Northern Railway with a very fine team of horses, and driven through the great Quill Plains over to the Canadian Pacific line, a distance of about thirty-four miles. Therefore I had a splendid opportunity of seeing this country. I was immediately struck by the following points:—

First, the clearness of the atmosphere, and some extraordinary quality in the air that seemed to compress one into a smaller space, and by doing so conserving the energy.

Second, the absolute absence of dust on the roads, the soil being a black, sandy loam, with just sufficient body substance in it to prevent it being blown about and making the roads almost like macadam, but with the absence of the baked gumbo appearance that would have been there but for the sand in the soil.

Third, the splendid mat of vegetation upon the surface of the land, a good growth of long grass everywhere that had been preserved by the winter snows.

We passed several sloughs and lakes, the country being made up of these delightful features, with open prairies and a good growth of poplar. I am told that this poplar is not of much use, but it is very easily cleared and destroyed. It is not the poplar that the person living in warmer climates is familiar with, but an interminable growth of whipsticks about twenty feet high and as level as a cornfield. In fact, in Winnipeg it reminds one of a belt of giant wheat, through which the reaper and binder had made a clean sweep. They say that it is of no use, but I should imagine that a few clumps left, in which to build one's house, would make a most delightful shelter-brake, both in the winter and summer. We passed several small homesteaders, some of them ploughing with mixed teams of oxen and horses, and all apparently prosperous. I then wanted to know where the fearful hardships came in.

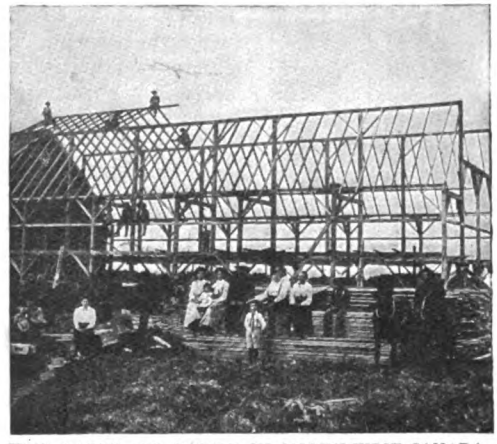


STACKING THE GRAIN.

I could see no evidences of them, and, unless a man absolutely went looking for trouble, I do not know where he would find them; by hardships I am used to associating the term with lack of food, scarcity of water, difficulty to obtain employment, etc. There is a total absence of the necessity for the latter all

through the North-West, so far as I could see.

Presently we broke through these patches of scrubs and topped a faint rise in the ground, and I must confess that the view which met my eyes absolutely took my breath away. I had not fancied for a minute that I was to see such a veritable Land of Promise. In front of us we could see the little village of Leslie, five miles off, with its huge elevators standing out in the distance, one being unpainted and the other red. The contrast was most extraordinary, there being just sufficient haze to make the grey steel elevator look about six times its natural size. Beyond Leslie one could see for about fifteen miles, some almost imperceptible foothills giving relief to the background, and as far as the eye could reach on every side were beautiful stretches of park-like country broken up with lakes, small timber, and grassy slopes. To my left, a distance of half a mile away, my guide pointed out some teams of horses ploughing, saying, "There is your land, and that is the man who was employed by us as manager in charge of the operations for you." To say that I was pleased was to put it mildly. We then drove over to where they were working, and I then received another pleasant surprise, and that was to see the beautiful way in which the rich loam left the bottoms of the ploughs. It was to my mind for all the world like cutting through a lovely Swiss cheese, it seemed to be so easy. I am well acquainted with ploughing in various countries, but do not know where, from one end of the world to the other, it is possible to put a team of five horses on a two-bottom plough cutting a sod of 14in. and turning over from three to five acres a day.



HOW BARNS ARE RAISED IN NORTH-WEST CANADA.

We then went over to the lake and found a most delightful harbour entering the property, just as if a great prehistoric crocodile had bored his snout into the land and bitten a big, long piece out of it just for that purpose, leaving a nice hard, sandy beach, with beautiful clear water. I promised myself, family, and friends many a pleasant day's shooting and boating in the future.

I have just heard that the extremes of the Canadian climate are very great; but those in various walks of life to whom I have spoken in the North-West assure me that they do not feel the winters as much as we do in London, and would in no circumstances exchange their lot for what they had left behind. As far as employment is concerned, it is most difficult to get men in the farming districts at the busy time of the year. I am paying from 59dols. to 65dols. per month, and there is no opportunity to spend. If I can be shown a place in any other part of the world where the farm labourer can save as much money as in the Canadian North-West, I would like to see it. As for work, it is not what you would call hard work, as driving a plough or other agricultural machine is not hard work, it being much harder digging as a labourer all day in the fields, or standing on one's feet in a shop from daylight till dark. If a man is willing to work, the work will come to him, as he need not seek it in Canada.

Space does not permit me to enlarge upon all the smaller details and incidents of the trip, but I can confidently and truthfully say that I know of no other place in the whole world that presents the opportunity to all men of all grades that the North-West of Canada does. They say that it is the young man's country. I do not know why it is not the old man's country as well. Conditions of a new country you can bend to yourself to a certain extent, and the man with a little experience, knowing how to do things, can always make his little nest his city or home, even if it is only a shack or a dug-out.

Oct., 1910.

FASHIONS OF THE MOMENT

By "EvE"

THE newest autumn modes are quite the most desirable that La Mode has evolved for some little time past, from the average woman's point of view, since they are all more or less dressy. They afford endless variety in their make and manner of trimming. Interest particularly centres just now around coats and skirts, their styles, possibilities, and trimmings.

Here let it be said that the perfectly plain costume of serge is scarcely *démodé*, but will be decidedly less worn this autumn than usual.

Many of the new coat models still retain the suggestion of the Magyar or peasant blouse cut, since the sleeves are in many instances cut in with the coat part, while others stop short well over the shoulder, where the sleeve is then inserted perfectly plain, creating the effect of a seam round the arm.

Then, again, while upon some examples the rever is still cut long—that is, well down to the waist—others are guiltless of this front finish, being fastened high up to the neck in double-breasted fashion, under a Peter Pan collar. Still another idea is the insertion of a fancy vest of striped silk, or white cloth ornamented with gold or silver soutache.

Velvet is coming into its own again, both as a trimming on costumes and frocks and for whole dresses.

The inevitable touch of black which creeps in whenever possible has once more a chance on the costumes of the moment, since its application to cloth is always more successful than to washing fabrics.

Fine silk military braid is used to pipe seams and hems elusively, and black soutache

Fig. 1.—The quintessence of Fashion, as the French costumière styles it, is this gown, it being composed of silk chiffon velours, trimmed with handsome beaded appliqué insertion. The buttons are of steel points, the collar and little silk frill giving a softening touch to this handsome outdoor dress.

Fig. 2.—A charmingly simple design in putty-coloured cloth, the revers, cuffs, and skirt facing being of black velvet. The little embroidered vest slip is of putty colour, showing a black velvet piping. The hat shown with this costume is of putty-coloured felt, with a black velvet brim lining, a huge white lace wired bow being the only trimming.

Fig. 3.—This model is of marine serge with a blue and white striped satin vest and inserted cuff trimming to match. A pleated lace frill edged with small gilt buttons outlines the vest fastening, while to close the lower part of jacket and ornament the top of skirt, rather large serge-covered buttons are employed. The small navy straw hat is trimmed with black glacé ribbon.

Fig. 4.—An elegant and useful model in black and white stripe serge, the trimming being embroidery of fancy black silk braid. The belt so charmingly half hidden is of black patent leather, while three black braid ornaments secure the coat fronts at waist. The arrangement of the stripes to run round the skirt hem, with the huge embroidery V inlet at the sides, is at once a happy and extremely stylish fancy. A dark green or black hat with white and black shaded ostrich feather plumes as sole ornament is a splendid set-off to this toilette.

Fig. 5.—The crossover type of blouse is ever becoming, and this example is one of the latest French favourites. It is fabricated in toile de soie, ornamented with soutache braid, the undersleeves and vest being of tucked silk Ninon.

is wonderfully worked on almond-green and marine-blue cloth in large V shapes.

Face cloths will be one of the principal fabricating mediums for costumes, vying with fine serge for popularity, though coarse white serge, striped with black, compose some extremely smart toilettes.

Corduroy velveteen shows signs of a near revival, news of several exclusive creations, just now being hurried across from a prominent Paris house, giving ground for the idea.

With them, too, are included several of the most charming "At Home" gowns imaginable, fashioned of chiffon velvet. This material is very becoming to almost all types of women, and the shades of colour procurable in it are of the loveliest.

Modes in millinery have never before received so much attention as at present. This season promises to be rich in original and becoming designs for every type of face. There are satin-covered buckram shapes, soft silk felts, and toques of silk and velvet. The shapes are still large—larger even in toques, but in height rather than width. Pheasants' wings, brush aigrettes, and ostrich feathers are the items of adornment from the feathered world, while materials play an important part

Fig. 6.—Fine Indian cachemire composed this delightfully simple house dress, the two deep pleats over the shoulders redeeming the bodice from too plain an outline. Narrow ribbon velvet outlined with small oxidized silver buttons, supplemented by two buckles of the same metal at the throat and waist, provides a most original trimming, while the little embroidery collar and minute tucked chiffon vest give a most original effect.

Fig. A.—A smart Paris shape, covered with black chiffon velours, the underbrim lined with white satin. The pheasants' quills are secured with a thick silk cord ornament.

this season in the making of trimmings, such as velvet flowers, silk-covered berries, crochet-covered buckles, and crown coverings of silk guipure lace.

The "pot" hat is particularly popular,

Fig. B.—Large satin-covered shape, with silk-lined underbrim. Over the crown is thrown a circle of thick silk guipure lace; and the ostrich feathers are of the newest uncurled variety.

Fig. D.—This motor bonnet is of waterproofed silk over a buckram shape, and is, therefore, extremely light and dust-proof. A cluster of stamped leather flowers adorns the ear parts.

Fig. C.—A turban toque of velvet, the only trimming being the huge 'splash' aigrette.

the severe line of the rim of the "pot" or brim being softened with a frill of lace in the silver and gold variety specially manufactured for millinery purposes.

The newest motor hats are of soft coloured leather in big "Tam" shape.

"THE BODY OF A MAN! LYING STILL, MOTIONLESS—DEAD!"

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The Mystery of J. H. Farrer.

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

Illustrated by W. H. Margetson, R.I.

IV.

AT half-past seven the next morning came Lizzie, the housemaid, to pull the curtains and open the French window of the smoking-room to the bright air of another day. She hummed her little tune as she crossed the room. It broke into song as the curtain-rings rattled over the pole and the sunshine leapt into the darkness. A scent of cloves filled her nostrils as she opened wide the window. She breathed it in, then stopped with her breath half-drawn. There was a square hole cut into the glass. She moved and bent down to look at it. Then her feet grated on the broken glass that lay on the floor, and she felt her heart beginning to flutter uncomfortably in her breast.

Burglars! With vivid apprehension she turned and looked back into the room. There her eyes found the unaccustomed disorder—the decanter lying on its side, a chair thrust into an unwonted position, and that—on the floor! Her eyes strained from their sockets. What was it? She took the breath to scream. A body! The body of a man! Lying still, motionless—dead! Her scream followed the thought as it reached her brain, and without stopping to look again she rushed out into the garden, round to the back of the house.

It takes no time to rouse a household of servants when tragedy is afoot. Like sheep following their shepherd, they all accompanied the butler to the study door. With trembling hands, but concealing his fear as well as he could, the butler swung it open and looked well within before he entered.

As soon as he was assured that the body was quite still, he crossed the threshold. Half-a-dozen white faces peered out of the passage, but would not follow him here. With hesitating footsteps he approached the dead body of his master. Then he bent down and turned the stiff and lifeless thing over. The blood had dried upon the face

—dried to a dark red brown. Death was obvious, even to his unaccustomed eyes, and he looked back at the trembling little group behind him.

"Nobody's to touch a thing," said he, dramatically. "This is murder."

"Murder!" they whispered. It ran from lip to lip in a dull murmur of awe.

The butler stood up and beckoned to the footman, who came unwillingly to his side.

"Go up and knock at Mrs. Farrer's door," he said. "Tell her something's happened serious to Mr. Farrer in the study, and she'd better come downstairs at once. Don't mention the word 'murder'—women can't stand it."

With a frightened glance at the body, Charles departed. The silent little group in the background opened to let him through, then closed up its ranks once more and stood staring at the butler, wondering what that man of organization was going to do next.

"Lizzie?" said he, presently.

She pushed forward to answer him.

"When did you break that pane out of the window?"

"Please, I didn't break it," said she.

"But there's the glass lying on the floor," he retorted, needing no more convincing proof than that.

"Yes—but I didn't do it."

"Who did, then?"

He appealed to them all. There was no answer.

"I think it was cut out by the burglar," said Lizzie—"the burglar what murdered the master."

"Ah!" said the butler, and he examined the square aperture in the French window. "I thought so," he added; "I thought so," he repeated, as he faced round upon them.

"D'yer know 'oo did it?" they all asked in chorus, and one or two of them began to creep into the room.

"Go back," said he, sternly; "you're to touch nothing! The room must be left just as it is for the detectives." And then, in tones of awesome mystery, he added: "I've got my theory. We shall see if I'm right." But he told none of them what his theory was.

At last they heard the footsteps of Mrs. Farrer hurrying down the stairs. Lizzie tried in vain to stifle the first sobs that rose in her throat. In a light dressing-gown which she had hastily put on, Mrs. Farrer hurried through the little group of servants and came into the room.

"What is it, Greyson?" she began, and then, with a quick catch in her breath, she saw the still body of her husband. "What is it?" she repeated, and she ran to his side. "Is he dead?"

The butler bent his head as she knelt down by the body.

"But this blood? His forehead's cut! How did it happen? He's—he's been struck by something!"

"He's been murdered, madam. Leastways, it looks like murder to me."

She stood up quickly on her feet, as though the murderer were still there to strike his blow again. For one moment the room spun round about her; then with a great effort she gathered what strength she had.

"Send those servants away," she said, in a low voice, "and go up at once to Dr. Purnell's room, tell him what has happened, and ask him to come down here to me at once."

The butler obeyed. The door was closed, and there, alone with that silent body, Mrs. Farrer was left. It would be impossible to follow the incoherent thoughts revolving so wildly in her mind. Her deliverance had come so terribly, so suddenly, that she could not grasp its meaning. For some time she stood motionless, gazing pitifully about the room, seeing that white, upturned face however she might avert her eyes from its direction.

He had been sitting in that chair—the chair in which he always sat and smoked before he went to bed. There was his handkerchief as he had left it—fallen into the back of the chair. Without volition she moved to the chair and picked up the handkerchief in her fingers. There were blood-stains on it. She gazed at them with a dazed expression in her eyes. Then, suddenly—as she turned it over, about to lay it down—she saw the working in one corner of two initials that stood out in raised letters of silk. Again and again she read those letters to herself. At last, in an awed whisper, she repeated them aloud:—

"A—P. No—no!" she exclaimed. "No—no; it couldn't be!"

And then, as though horror had hushed her words to silence, she said no more; but the thoughts came pouring into her mind—fluid and clear. All that Purnell had said to her the evening before—his statement that her husband could not live for long; his wish that their waiting might be short; all that he had left unsaid, conveyed by a look, a gesture of restraint—oh, everything seemed in one clear, vivid moment to come back to her.

Yet how could it be? The man she loved! How could so vile a thought have entered her mind regarding him? He was far too fine, too noble, to do an awful thing like this, and yet—this handkerchief. She gazed and gazed at it again. No doubt was there that it was his. And the bloodstains? What could they mean but that which filled her mind with suspicion? She had only to give up this handkerchief, and such evidence would be damning proof; yet, as she heard the butler's footsteps returning, she thrust it quickly into the opening of her gown and waited.

Now she was to hear that Dr. Purnell was not in his room. If truly he had committed the murder, she argued with herself, then surely he would have made good his escape?

"Well?" she said, expectantly, as the butler entered.

"Dr. Purnell will be down immediately, madam, and he told me to tell you to let nothing be touched in the room, and to telephone at once for a detective."

"He told you——"

"Yes, madam."

She put her hand to her breast. What did it mean? Nothing was to be touched? They were to send for a detective? Perhaps the handkerchief meant nothing after all.

"Nothing has been touched, Greyson. But wait until Dr. Purnell comes down before you ring up Scotland Yard."

"I've rung up, madam."

"Already?"

"Yes, madam. Dr. Purnell told me to do it first thing."

"And is a man coming?"

"The detective will be here in half an hour, madam."

V.

"You can go, Greyson," said Mrs. Farrer, quietly.

The butler bowed, but hesitated.

"Wouldn't you come and wait for Dr. Purnell in the dining-room, madam?" he asked, considerately.

She shook her head.

"No—here," said she; "here."

Greyson bowed again and departed. Directly she heard the door close Mrs. Farrer drew out the handkerchief from her gown and examined it once more. There could be no doubt. It was his. And the bloodstains? No doubt was there either of those. Some instinct, without actual knowledge, told her that they could easily prove whose blood it was. What, then, was she to do? It was too great a risk to let the handkerchief be found, for suspicion, no matter how hard she tried to fight it down, still lurked uncomfortably in her mind. She suspected the man she loved of murder. As she appreciated the situation in which she was placed, the blood burnt hot for the moment in her pale cheeks.

How could she tell him of that suspicion? How could she give the handkerchief to him, letting him understand as she gave it the terrible thoughts she had harboured in her mind? It was impossible. He had not committed the murder! How could she ever dream that he were capable of such an act? She was suspecting the man she loved of the vilest of crimes, and yet, as she heard him approaching the door in quick, sounding steps, she hid the incriminating handkerchief once more within her breast.

Her first inclination to turn away for fear of seeing his face she conquered. With every nerve tense for that first sight of him, suspicion still surging within her beyond her will, she prepared to meet him as he entered.

The door opened. Purnell came quickly in. He said no word to her as he strode across to her side, but, just pressing her hand in sympathy, he straightway knelt down by the side of the body and with trembling hand examined the lifeless man.

With her lip quivering, and sharp, short breaths that shook her as she stood, Mrs. Farrer watched him, his every action. Could he be the murderer and yet have such strength of nerve as to do this? Once more her shame rose hotly when she thought of the suspicion she had held.

At last he looked up.

"He's been dead some hours," he said, hoarsely. "And I'm afraid it's murder."

For a moment they looked into each other's eyes, he raising his head as he still knelt upon the floor to meet hers as she stood above him.

"I'm afraid it's murder," he repeated, thickly, and he rose to his feet, unable to bear the strain of her gaze any longer.

She timidly held out her hand. He took it.

"My poor child," he said, genuinely; "I'm so sorry—so terribly sorry for you."

She forced back the tears which were rising with his sympathy to her eyes. How could she have believed, and yet, believing, how could she tell him the terrible thought she had entertained?

"And yet," said she, tremblingly, "do you remember what you said to me last night?"

He nodded his head.

"I've not forgotten," said he; "but I should scarcely have said it could I have dreamed it was going to be so sudden as this. I said I hoped we should not have long to wait. 'Twas a fortunate thing for me, perhaps, that I went to bed as early as I did, that it could not be said I was here alone with him last night. Such a statement as that of mine would go badly against me otherwise. I imagine what a British jury would say of it."

"But how would they ever know?" she asked. "Do you think I should ever repeat it?"

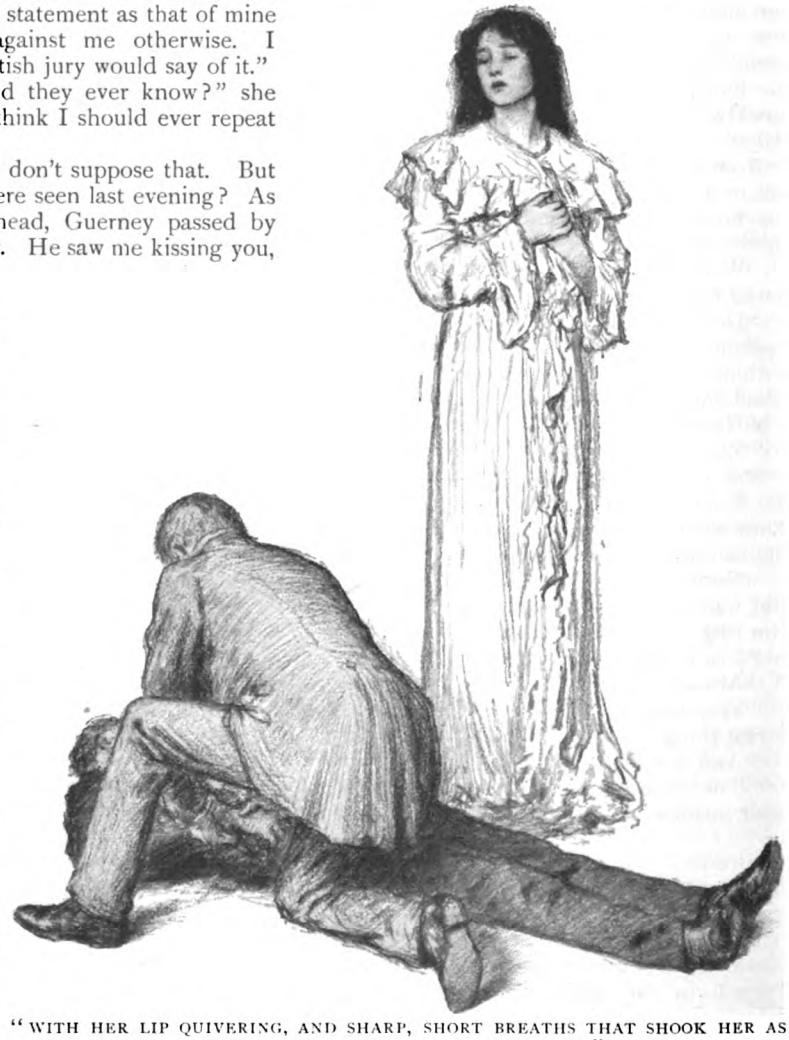
"No, my dear, I don't suppose that. But do you know we were seen last evening? As I kissed your forehead, Guerney passed by the French window. He saw me kissing you, and had the kindness to tell me of it afterwards. He gave me some gentle advice as a friend of the family. As a friend of the family, he hoped that it was only a flirtation; that I was treating you as a light woman, and that you were content to be treated as such. Be sure I undeceived him on that point. I told him we loved each other, but that he need have no fear for the safety of your good name. I told him I was going away to-day, and that probably I should not see you again."

Swiftly she held out her hand as he said that. He took it gently.

"I may not go to-day now," said he, quickly. "I can be of some help here, perhaps—certainly I can be of help to you. But I must go away when all this is over." She made a movement of negation, but he continued in an even voice. "Yes—I must go away—for a year—perhaps more—but if you still wish it then—I—I may come back."

She bent her head.

"And so, you see," he continued, "your saying nothing would have made little difference. Guerney would have spoken—he said as much—if there were any necessity for it, but not unless. Now, if I'd been alone with Farrer last night, he would have considered that a case of necessity. He would have spoken then. And what do you think a British jury would have had to say to that? The last person seen with the murdered man—one who was in love with the murdered man's wife—I don't think there would be any doubt about their opinion—do you?"



"WITH HER LIP QUIVERING, AND SHARP, SHORT BREATHS THAT SHOOK HER AS SHE STOOD, MRS. FARRER WATCHED HIM."

She clutched her hand upon his arm.

"But you weren't alone with him at any time last night, were you?" she asked, quickly.

He drew his breath.

"I had gone to bed before he came in," he answered, slowly. "Guerney and Lainson were left in the smoking-room here. I don't even know whether they saw him when he returned."

She drew a great breath of relief.

"Did they see you go up to bed?" she asked.

He nodded his head.

Then tremblingly, feverishly, her hand sought for the incriminating handkerchief in her breast. She must tell him now and let him judge her suspicions as he wished. With all she had heard it was impossible to entertain them any longer. He must know that she had suspected him of murder, and if after that he wished never to see her again, then it must be that at the end of the year he would not return. But surely he would see, he would understand. His handkerchief, and with bloodstains upon it! However easy it might be for him to explain its presence there near the dead man, he would surely realize how it must have awakened such thoughts in her mind.

Her fingers had just found it within her gown when the sound of footsteps approaching reached their ears. They both looked to the door. It opened, and hurrying, with white face, and Lainson close upon his heels, Guerney entered the room. Mrs. Farrer withdrew her hand empty from her breast.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Guerney; "are you doing nothing?" And he hurried excitedly to Farrer's side.

"There is nothing to be done," replied Purnell.

Mr. Guerney knelt down by the body.

"But is he dead?" he asked. "You're a doctor; you ought to know! Are you sure he's dead?"

"Quite sure," said Purnell, and across his mind there came the remembrance of how he had reviewed all this scene the night before.

"But there's blood on his forehead!" continued Mr. Guerney. "He's been struck there! He's been murdered! I say he's been murdered!"

He looked up quickly at them all, his face blanched with the horror of what he thought he had discovered.

"I'm afraid that is the case," replied Purnell, quietly.

"Have you sent for a detective?"

Purnell nodded. "Half an hour ago," said he.

"Then you suspected he's been murdered, too?"

"I did—yes."

"Have you found any clues? Look here! Look! Here's a sixpence! On the floor! By his side!"

"You'd better touch nothing," said Purnell, sharply. "The detective will find these things for himself when he comes."

Guerney rose to his feet as the door opened. The butler entered and said:—

"Mr. Miles, from Scotland Yard."

Purnell wetted his lips and drew his breath.

A clean-shaven man strode into the room.

VI.

It was Purnell who came forward immediately and shook hands with him.

"You've wasted no time, Mr. Miles," said he.

"Not more than I could help," replied the detective. "Who are all these people? What are they doing here?"

Purnell turned.

"This is Mrs. Farrer, the wife of the gentleman who has been murdered. These two gentlemen are guests in the house—the same as myself—Mr. Guerney and Mr. Lainson."

"And your name?"

"I'm Dr. Purnell."

"Well, I may want you; but the others need not stay." Then he added in an undertone, "And take her away."

Purnell moved to Mrs. Farrer's side.

"You had better come away now," he said, gently. "You can do no good by staying here. Go up to your room and lie down for a little. Mrs. Guerney will look after you, I'm sure."

He led her to the door and beckoned to Guerney and Lainson to follow him. As he opened the door the detective looked up from the body over which he had been kneeling.

"Has anything been touched here?" he asked.

"Nothing that I know of," said Purnell. "I gave strict instructions to the butler, directly I heard, that everything was to be left exactly as it was."

The detective stood to his feet.

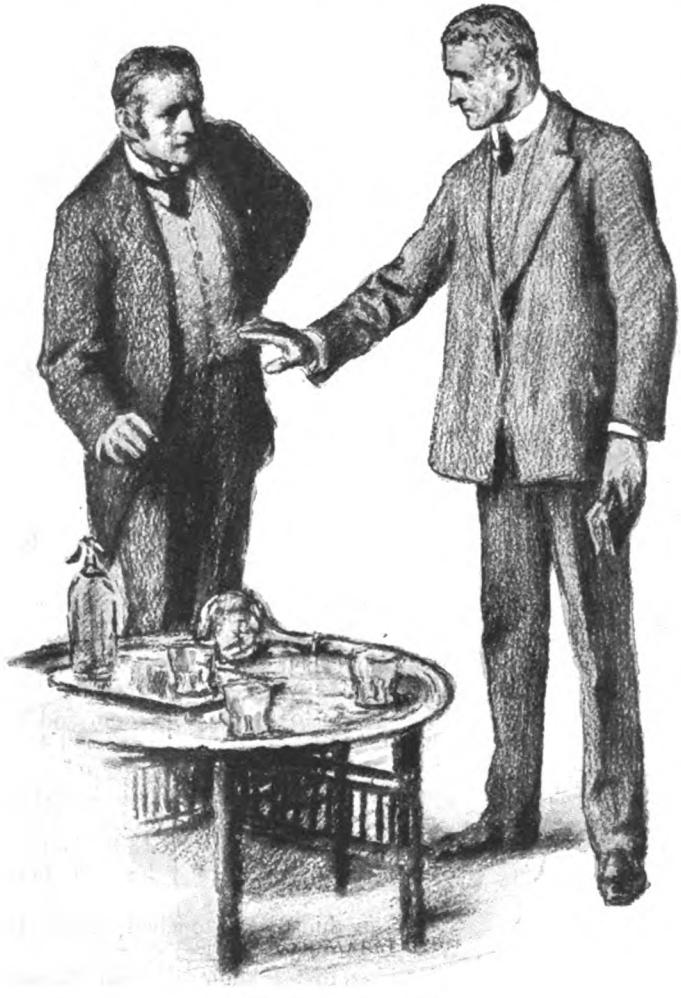
"Would you kindly tell my man to come in here to me?"

"Certainly," said Purnell, and the door closed behind him, leaving the detective alone to his work. He went back at once to the body and examined all the pockets. Discovering the sixpence lying upon the

floor, he picked it up and was looking at it as his man entered.

"What have they been saying outside?" he asked, at once. "What's the butler said to you?"

"They think it's robbery, sir. There's a piece of glass cut out of the window near the handle. The maid discovered it when she was pulling the curtains first thing this morning. Then she saw the body lying there and ran for the butler."



"FINGER-MARKS!"

"Ring that bell."

The man obeyed, and the detective went on to examine the aperture in the glass of the French window.

"Tell the maid I want her," he said, as Greyson opened the door.

Greyson opened the door wider for Purnell to enter; then he departed upon his errand.

"Well," said Purnell, "is it too soon to ask you what you think?"

"Yes; a bit, perhaps. I'd like to know what you think of that wound on the forehead."

"What I think about it? Whether it caused death or not, do you mean?"

"Yes; that first of all."

"Well, I think it did."

"And what do you think it was made with?"

"Some heavy pointed instrument—it would be impossible for me to say what."

The detective pointed to the decanter.

"That?" said he.

Purnell came closer to examine it.

"May I pick it up?" he asked.

"No—no; leave it where it is."

There was a moment's silence, and then Purnell looked up into the detective's face.

"It might be this," said he; "I should say very probably it was. Why mayn't I pick it up?"

"Finger-marks!" was the answer.

Purnell looked round with relief as the little maid entered. From her there was nothing to learn; from the butler but little more. One by one the detective examined the whole household excepting Mrs. Farrer.

When Mr. Guerney entered Purnell set his face to calmness. There was no knowing how, with the last hour to himself, turning things over in his mind, the little man may not have remembered the scene which he had witnessed the evening before. There was no power of telling whether, with the remembrance of it, he had not connected it in his mind with the circumstance of Farrer's death.

"You and Mr. Lainson and Dr. Purnell were the last three left up after the servants had gone to bed?"

"We were—we were. Then Dr. Purnell went up—took his candle and went up—upstairs—to bed."

"You two were left alone?"

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"Till Mr. Farrer came in."

"Oh, you saw Mr. Farrer alive?"

"Yes—dear me, yes; we sat here talking to him for a little while. He was telling us how he'd won some money at poker—fifty pounds, I think it was. He'd not been paid it all. I think it must have been robbery of that money myself, for I found a sixpence on the floor."

"Indeed! What sort of condition was Mr. Farrer in?"

"I regret to say he was not very sober."

"Able to walk alone?"

"Oh, yes, or we shouldn't have left him."

"You went up to bed?"

"Yes—after about ten minutes."

"Leaving him alone?"

"Yes."

"Thanks; that'll do. Is there anything you have to tell that I haven't asked you?"

"There is one thing."

A sickness rose in Purnell's throat; a cold breath blew on his lips. With a great effort he forced himself to take an interest in what Guerney was about to say.

"Well?" said the detective.

"As Mr. Lainson and I were sitting here before Mr. Farrer returned we saw the figure of a man leaning over the wall there at the bottom of the garden."

"What sort of man?"

"It would be impossible to say. Mr. Lainson thought for the moment that it was Mr. Farrer; but it could not have been him, because Farrer was in evening dress, as you see, and this man was not. Beyond that observation, I could not say how he was dressed."

"How long was he there?"

"About three minutes."

"And then went away?"

"Yes."

"Thank you—that's all. I sha'n't want Mr. Lainson—not just now, at any rate. Whose bedroom is over this study?"

"Mrs. Farrer's," replied Guerney.

"I shall want to see her now, then. Would you mind telling her?"

As Guerney departed the detective took out a strong glass and was down upon his knees examining the carpet.

"Here are his footmarks," he said.

"Whose?" asked Purnell.

"Probably that man out in the lane."

"How can you be sure?"

"I can't yet. But footmarks and finger-prints go a long way."

"Have you got his finger-prints?" asked Purnell, quickly.

The detective smiled and pointed to the decanter.

"There's only one thing I don't like about it all. I never do in a case like this."

"What's that?"

"It's so obvious. Mr. Farrer was not sober. He comes home late in the evening with plenty of money in his pocket. A lounger about the place begs of him, he pulls out a handful of coins, and gives him a sovereign, perhaps. The lounger sees he's drunk, sees the money, follows him. He sees him come into this house. He watches this room which has a light in it—watches from over that wall. When he's discovered he moves away—conceals himself and still watches. He sees Mr. Farrer come in. He sees the other two gentlemen go; then, when Mr. Farrer is seated comfortably in his chair and looks like falling asleep, our friend comes over into the garden—effects his entrance through the French window. Mr. Farrer wakes up—there's a scuffle, and our friend seizes the first implement he can lay his hands on to put a stop to it—the decanter. I can see there's been a scuffle here. Now I've got to follow the footprints out into the garden. You see, it's very simple—it's very obvious. That's why I don't like to trust it—not just yet, anyhow."

"Do you think you'll find the man?" asked Purnell, after a pause—"do you think you'll find the man whom they saw leaning on the wall?"

"That ought not to be difficult," replied the detective; and then the door opened and Mrs. Farrer came nervously into the room.

"What is it?" she asked.

The detective adopted a gentler tone.

"I want to ask you a few questions," said he.

"Do you know who—who's committed the murder?" she asked.

"No—not yet—not yet. But I think I have a very good idea. I just want to know—you sleep over this room, don't you?"

"Yes."

"What time did you go to bed last night?"

"At about a quarter past ten."

"Did you happen to see anyone in the lane at the back of the garden from your bedroom window?"

"My blinds were drawn when I went up. They always are."

"Did you hear any sound at all last night—any sound in this room?"

"No; none at all. The floors in this house are very thick. I think if anyone shouted in this room I should not hear them from my bedroom."

"You heard no sound at all—anywhere?"

"Yes; I did hear something."

"What?"

Purnell closed his lips. He looked out into the garden, waiting for the answer she was about to give.

"I heard a bell ringing."

"What sort of a bell?"

"An electric bell."

"In the house?"

"Yes."

"Is there a bell-indicator in the servants' premises?"

"Yes."

"Then we can find out which room it was presently. The butler sent for you, I believe, when the murder was discovered?"

"Yes."

"Did you come down at once?"

"Within five minutes."

"And did you find everything just as it is now?"

"So far as I can see."

"Nothing was touched?"

"No—nothing."

"Why do you pause as you give that answer?"

"I was not aware that I did."

The detective's eyes searched hers. Purnell, too, turned quickly and looked scrutinizingly at her face.

"Was there anything touched?" he asked. "Surely there can be no harm in saying so if there was, and it may only confuse Mr. Miles in his work if anything was removed."

"I've just said," she replied, steadily, "nothing was touched at all."

The detective turned away, apparently satisfied.

"Now these footmarks," said he; and, taking out his glass once more, he went down on his knees examining them. As he approached the door of the French window he realized that Mrs. Farrer was still waiting there.

"I sha'n't want you any more, Mrs. Farrer," he said.

She moved very slowly away, and as the detective passed out into the garden she took a step towards Purnell's side.

"Does he know who did it?" she asked.

"He thinks so," replied Purnell.

"Who?" she demanded, quickly. "Who?"

"Some poor wretch they saw outside in the road last evening. Heaven help him! I hope they don't catch him."

She looked quickly at his face.

"And if they do?" she asked.

"Well, they can't prove it then," he replied, quickly. "At least, I mean they can prove it, because he's got the impression of the finger-marks left on the decanter. That'll show plainly enough, I suppose, whether he's the man or not."

She gazed at him earnestly as his eyes followed the movements of the detective, who, step by step, accompanied by his man, was making his way steadily, scrutinizing every footmark, across the garden.

Suddenly Purnell turned round to her.

"Why did you hesitate?" he asked. "Why did you hesitate when he asked you if anything had been touched?"

"Did I?"

Her hand wandered tremblingly to the opening of her dress.

"Yes, you hesitated. Why? Did you touch anything? My dear, tell me—say if you did. Supposing this poor wretch they saw in the lane last night were innocently convicted of the crime—and just because some little thing were being kept back. Are you sure that you touched nothing? And yet, what could there have been for you to touch?"

For the second time—convinced of his innocence now, convinced that her suspicions had been based upon evidence that bore no meaning at all—for the second time her fingers clutched the handkerchief inside her dress; yet again, just as she was about to draw it forth, she stopped.

"What's he running back so quickly for?" she asked.

Purnell followed the direction of her eyes, and there he saw the detective hurrying back across the grass to where they stood.

"What's the matter?" asked Purnell.

The detective looked from one to the other.

"I said I never liked to trust these obvious cases," said he.

"Why, what's the matter?" repeated Purnell.

"My dear sir, everything's the matter. Those footsteps go across to the wall right enough. There they are as plain as a pike-staff on the bed—so plain I could almost laugh at them for simplicity. But, you see, there they stop. Our friend, whoever he was,

never got over the wall. What do you make of that, eh?"

Purnell shook his head.

"It means that he's in this house, and I must give orders to have no one leave it."

"I'll give the order at once," said Purnell.

And, for the second time, Mrs. Farrer's hand returned empty from her dress.

VII.

As the door closed, Mrs. Farrer, sick at heart, turned to the detective.

"Surely, Mr. Miles," said she, "it is impossible that anyone in the house could have done it?"

"It's impossible to say, madam," he replied, abruptly. "Stranger things have happened."

"But whom do you suspect?"

"Nobody."

"Then why——" she began.

"Because, when you can suspect nobody, you must begin by suspecting everybody."

"And how will you find out?"

For answer he indicated the impression of the finger-marks on the decanter.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The man who murdered your husband struck him with that decanter. On the neck of it are finger-marks. The impression of them is quite distinct."

"Then you are going to compare everybody's finger-marks?"

He nodded his head.

She turned away. He watched her curiously as she walked to the French window, and there, leaning against the pillar of the door, looked out.

"If there's anything you know, Mrs. Farrer," said he, quietly, "it 'ud be easier to let me hear it. The slightest thing helps."

"I?" She turned round quickly. "I know nothing but what I told you."

"Nothing about your husband's life that might throw light on this affair—nothing that you feel somewhat diffident about disclosing? You may think it has nothing to do with the business, but it may have, without your knowing it."

"There is nothing," she replied, firmly.

"Nothing you found when you came in here first this morning? Nothing that might throw discredit upon your name which you think better to conceal?"

"Why should you think that?" she asked, excitedly. "I told you that nothing had been touched."

"Very well," said he, quietly. "You must excuse me questioning you like this, but I want to do my best."

"I have no objection to being questioned," she replied, steadily, but as Purnell opened the door, and behind him she saw the rest of the household with anxious, apprehensive faces, her steadiness left her. She turned away once more and looked out into the garden. Then, as though in a far distance, she heard the voice of the detective addressing them.

"I am compelled," said he, in his sharp, metallic voice—"I am compelled before I go any farther in this case to examine the finger-marks of everyone who was in this house last night. Mrs. Farrer—I beg your pardon——"

She turned electrically.

"Would you mind—on this piece of paper?"

She came forward to the table, where lay several little pieces of paper, which he had blackened in the flame of a candle in preparation for his experiment.

"Just press your first finger, then your thumb, down on the black part."

She did as she was bid, and when it was finished turned away, moving once more to the French window as though she had no further interest in the matter. One by one then, as they were called to perform the same service, she just held her breath till the name was mentioned; then upon her face settled that tense expression of waiting, so concentrated that it seemed as though it were beyond her power to contain the expression of it which trembled on her lips.

At last came the moment for which she had been waiting. The last name to be called was that of Purnell. Tight as a vice her fingers intertwined. Her breath hurried in little gasps between her lips, and, lest her emotion should be seen by the cold, scrutinizing eyes of the detective, she kept her face averted, waiting still in the silence that seemed interminable for what the result of those few short moments would be.

When the detective mentioned his name, Purnell came quietly forward. He forced a smile to his lips, and as he put his finger down upon the blackened paper he said:—

"This reminds me of a lottery. Supposing one of our finger-marks happens to be identical with those on the decanter?"

"Impossible," said the detective, confidently.

Purnell lifted up his finger and thumb from the paper.

"Well—that's clear enough," said he.

The detective took it up and examined it.

"HE PUT HIS FINGER DOWN UPON THE BLACKENED PAPER."

"Quite," said he. "You can go, thank you," he added. "Anyone can go out of the house now who wishes."

Mrs. Farrer turned round.

"Well?" she asked, quietly. "What is the result?"

"No result," said he.

Purnell rubbed the black off his fingers and looked into the detective's eyes.

"Do you think you'll ever find the man with those finger-marks?" he asked.

"Wait till that watch is pawned," said the detective.

Purnell smiled.

"You'll have him then right enough," said he.

VIII.

A FORTNIGHT later, when the mystery of the murder of J. H. Farrer had begun to take its place amongst all those unsolvable tragedies which, if compiled, would make a record to taunt the ingenuity of our system of police, Purnell received a letter in Mrs. Farrer's handwriting. At the breakfast-table he opened and read it:—

"My Dear Friend,—Why have you not been to see me? Surely from you, at such a time, a visit would not have been out of place. I have something weighing on my conscience, and must tell it you. Please come out here this afternoon at about tea-time."

For some time he wrestled with himself. The tragedy of Farrer's death was not over for him yet. She did not know. She thought him innocent. And, indeed, innocent of crime surely he was. Yet the knowledge that he would be counted as a murderer were his part in it discovered; the knowledge that by Farrer's death his wife was free to accept all that he had to offer her—all these conditions made the agony of his mind the more. To keep this thing in silence to himself was more than he could bear, and he had decided to go abroad, fight it alone with himself until he conquered, or it conquered him.

To see her, then, was madness. It might unnerve him for all that lay before him. Yet in answer to that pitiful appeal of hers he could not choose but go. It would serve to say his farewell, to let her know that wherever he might be, and however long away, his hopes, thoughts, and ambitions would still be of her.

With a shuddering mind, then, he set forth to Hampstead to visit the house for the first time since that awful night when, in so mad a moment, he had given way to the weakness of concealing the deed which he had done. A thousand times since then he had regretted that he had not persisted in the ringing of the bell—a thousand times he had wished that he had faced the consequences, whatever they might have been, and let the whole world know, rather than suffer this ghastly seclusion of mind that was beginning to prey upon all his thoughts.

As soon as he arrived he was shown into the drawing-room, and there in a few moments Mrs. Farrer joined him.

Coming quickly to his side she laid a hand upon his arm.

"Well?" he said at once. "No more news?"

"None," she replied. "I don't suppose they'll ever find out now."

He took her hand and pressed it with relief.

"Why haven't you been to see me since the inquest?" she asked.

He shook his head, not knowing what to say.

"Nearly a whole fortnight," she continued.

"I thought you would have preferred to be alone."

"From you?"

"Yes."

"Are you tired?" she asked, quietly. "Do you regret you said you loved me?"

He took her head in his hands and kissed her once more upon the forehead as he had done that fatal evening which then seemed years ago.

"Never—as long as I live!" he whispered. "But I've come to tell you something that will try your understanding—test it to the uttermost."

She looked alarmed. "What is it?" she asked.

"Tell me first what is weighing upon your conscience. I want to hear that first."

For a moment she hesitated, then she drew a key from her purse and, going to a little writing-desk, opened it, bringing from it a handkerchief—a handkerchief spotted with blood—which she laid in his hands.

"It's been weighing on my conscience that for some little time during that terrible day when the detective was here I thought you had killed Henry. When I came down that morning I found this handkerchief of yours lying in the back of the arm-chair where he had been sitting. I saw at once what it would mean if it were found, so I put it away inside my dress."

He set his lips as he took it from her.

"You hid it to save me?" he said, under his breath.

She nodded. "And until your finger-marks had been taken by the detective I thought that somehow or other—how or when I did not know—you had done it. I've been too ashamed to tell you until now of that suspicion which I held. Can you ever forgive me for thinking it at all?"

She was about to lay her hand upon his shoulder, but he took it and dropped it again by her side.

"That was why you were nervous, then, when the detective asked you if anything had been touched?"

"Yes."

"My God!" he whispered. "And you protected me even though you thought I had done it?"

"I should always protect you against the whole world," she replied, bravely. "Tell me—when did you lend Henry the handkerchief?"

He felt his lips and throat go dry. Now was the moment when he could repair all his folly. If he let her believe him innocent now, there was no hope for the punishment his mind would inflict upon him afterwards. No; he must risk all—even the great love of a great woman—rather than win her approval by silence.

"When did you lend Henry the handkerchief?" she repeated.

"I never lent it," said he.

"Then how——" she began.

In words running quickly one upon the other he told her then. Every word she knew to be the truth; and as she listened she realized how deep her suspicion had been, for she was scarcely surprised. Without one word of exclamation she listened to it all, and when he had finished she just stretched out her hand and took his.

"Then, when do you go away?" she asked.

"A HANDKERCHIEF SPOTTED WITH BLOOD, WHICH SHE LAID IN HIS HANDS."

"Now—to-day—to-morrow—oh, as soon as I can," said he.

"God bless you!" she whispered. "You will find me here, however long it is, when you return,"

THE END.

MR. CHARLES HAWTREY.
From a Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

"MY REMINISCENCES."

By CHARLES HAWTREY.

AS a young man it was originally my parents' intention that I should join the Army. Somehow or other, however, I felt that I had a call for the stage, and finally, after wavering between stage and Army for some little time, I chose the former, although it was not until I was twenty-two that I made my first professional appearance on the stage of a London theatre.

My first actual professional engagement—I had previously dabbled a good deal in private theatricals—was with Edgar Bruce, at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, in Tottenham Street—the playhouse which laid the foundation of the fortunes of Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft—at which Burnand's very successful comedy, "The Colonel," was at that time being played, and in which I followed Eric Bayley in the part of Edward Langton on the one hundredth representation of the play. Edgar Bruce was kind enough to encourage me by expressing satisfaction with my performance. I was with him for about two years, playing in his companies both in London at the Imperial and on tour, but in the following season he had no engagement to offer me, and I played for only four weeks in the whole of that year.

Finding it so difficult to get an engagement, I thought of giving up the stage, as I had the offer of becoming private secretary to Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett and sub-editor of a newspaper called *England*, in which he was interested. Just about this time, however, a friend brought me a translation of Von Moser's "Der Bibliothekar," with the suggestion that it might be adapted into an amusing farcical comedy.

On reading it over, the idea occurred to me that if I made the librarian a milk-and-water English curate—a type that up to that time had not been put upon the stage—the play might be made exceedingly funny. I gave up the idea of becoming private secretary to Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, and instead proceeded to provide a Private Secretary for myself, for that was the name I gave to my adaptation of Von Moser's play.

When I had finished my play I arranged to produce it at Cambridge, on November 14th, 1883; to play it for three nights there, and for the rest of the week at Oxford. At both places it proved quite a success, going very well on the opening night at Cambridge, to a small house, and even better on the second and third performances, the receipts increasing each night, an experience that was repeated at Oxford. The favourable reception convinced me that there was money in the piece.

I therefore set to work to find a home for the play in London; but this was not so easy. I may mention that, before being brought to me, "Der Bibliothekar" had been submitted to several London managers and refused—even such a good judge of farcical comedy as Sir Charles Wyndham declining to deal with it. Naturally this did not help me to place my piece. However, early in the following year, 1884, Edgar Bruce opened the Prince's Theatre, now known as the Prince of Wales's, in Coventry Street, which he had built out of the fortune he had made over "The Colonel." He commenced with a revival of Gilbert's "Palace of Truth," but this did not last long, and he then offered to put up "The Private Secretary" if I could provide the means to finance it. After some difficulty I succeeded in getting the amount Bruce required, one of my chief supporters being the late Mr. Charles Merry, who put in five hundred pounds and drew out upwards of ten thousand pounds, bringing off, as he expressed it more than once, a fine twenty to one chance.

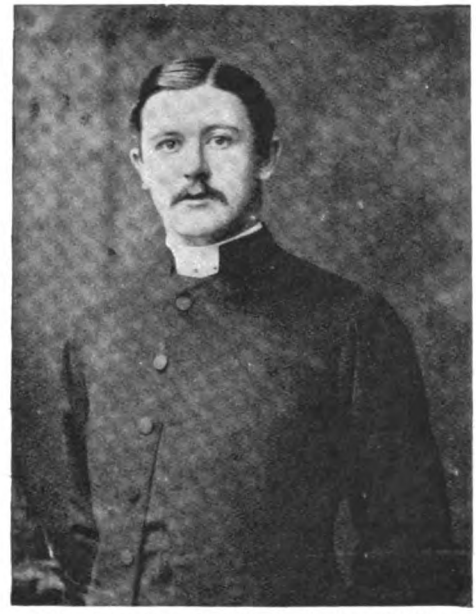
It did not, however, look a promising speculation at first, as the production, which took place on March 29th, 1884, for one reason and another, proved anything but a success. The fact that it was written in four acts may have contributed to this, but the chief cause was an inexplicably long wait between the second and third acts, which irritated the audience, who guyed the rest of the piece, after two acts had gone wonderfully well. I was then playing in a revival of "Dan'l Druce" at the Court Theatre, where the news of how well the piece had opened was brought to me by Arthur Cecil, who had seen the first two acts. My feelings when the final curtain had fallen amid a storm of hisses and groans may be imagined, especially when, on taking the call for "Author!" I was yelled at and booed for having committed the crime of writing the piece. The play had

CHARLES HAWTREY AT THE AGES OF TWENTY-ONE AND TWENTY-THREE.

From a Photograph by Brown, Barnes, & Bell. *From a Photograph by London Stereoscopic Co.*

been very well cast. The part of the Rev. Robert Spalding was played by Beerbohm Tree, who has never done anything better. "Bill" Hill, one of the funniest actors ever seen, was the Uncle, while "Granny" Stephens, a consummate artiste, took the part of Miss Ashford.

The critics had many a good word for the performers, but, with very rare exceptions, not even a saving clause for the play. In fact, the following extract, taken verbatim from one of the notices which appeared on the Monday morning, fairly sums up the view of the play and its prospects taken by the Press: "The talents of capable actors are frittered away on worthless parts, and not all their efforts can save this play from a dismal fate." The "dismal fate" in this instance proved to be a run of over two years on first production; three successful revivals in London subsequently; innumerable tours in the provinces year after year ever since; to be played with immense success through all America, India, and Australia; and at the present time—six-and-twenty years after production — to be still drawing good houses and making money.



REV. ROBERT SPALDING IN "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY."
From a Photograph by St. James's Studio.

But there was a stormy time to go through before this success was reached. The bad notices gave the play a very lame start, and notwithstanding that it went at every performance to continuous laughter, for four weeks it played to miserable business. At the end of the fourth week the management put up the notice. That very night the receipts went up with a huge bound. Four weeks' Court mourning for H.R.H. the Duke of Albany, who had died on the day before the play was produced, then came to an end, while the weather, which had been bitterly cold and wet all through the month, changed for the better. The business continued to improve rapidly during the next fortnight, and by arrangement, "Called Back," which was to follow, not being quite ready, "The Private Secretary" was run through the seventh week.

Meanwhile, I had arranged to take the Globe Theatre, and transferred my play there on May 19th, 1884. The cast was slightly altered. Hill, Mrs. Stephens, and one or two others of the company went with it, but Tree was engaged to Bruce, so that another Spalding had to be found. I was fortunate enough to secure W. S. Penley, whose inimitable performance of the Curate contributed so much to the successful run.

I had already condensed the play into three acts when I first played it at the Prince's, which I did after it had run a month. This was a distinct improvement, and from this time the success of the piece was never in doubt. For just on two years it was played to crowded houses, as many as ten performances a week being given in the hey-day of its success.

My next three or four productions were not great successes, but at the end of 1887 I put up "The Arabian Nights," which was a great go. I produced it on Guy Fawkes Day, and have every reason to remember "the fifth of November" with satisfaction. My term at the Globe Theatre being up a month later, I transferred the play to the Comedy Theatre, where it had a good run. Lottie Venne and Penley both made great hits in this piece.

Some little time before this production I had bought a play called "Uncles and Aunts" from W. Lestocq, and undertook to follow "The Arabian Nights" with it. But on reflection I did not like the piece, and feared it would be a failure. So I approached Lestocq and Samuel French, his agent, to get them to let me off producing it, but they refused, and intimated that they would hold me to my contract. On turning that up to see its precise terms, they found that it only bound me to produce the play at the Globe, of which I was no longer the lessee. But I did not want to crawl out on a technicality

like that, as, of course, it meant morally, if not legally, at any theatre of which I was lessee, so I said I would produce the piece, though I had very little hope of it. What followed was a clear case of virtue rewarded, while it showed how difficult it is to judge how the public will take a play. "Uncles and Aunts" was a great success, and ran for nine months to big business.

First-night audiences are not always the best judges, any more than a manager, of what will please the public. For the first night of "Uncles and Aunts" I gave a box to some friends who were frequent play-goers, and between the second and third acts (I was not playing in the piece myself) I looked in on them to hear what they thought and how they liked it. With great candour one of them, an elderly lady with the well-defined accent of Co. Cork, replied, "This is the very worst play I iver saw; we shall never come again!"

"MR. GEORGE."
From a Photograph by Ellis & Walery.

Speaking of this particular play reminds me of what a terribly difficult task it is for a manager to be able to tell exactly what will appeal to the public taste. Indeed, in my own humble opinion, there is, and always will be, an element of luck in producing a play that proves a success. To be sure, it is a simple enough business to reject the vast majority of plays one receives, for, as any well-known manager will tell you, a very large percentage indeed of them are absolutely, altogether, and entirely unsuitable for production.

But the real difficulty lies in deciding upon the relative merits of three or four plays selected from as many hundreds. When a manager accepts a play he can only form a mental judgment of how it will turn out when produced, for there are an unpleasantly large number of reasons which, combined, may make it not play so well as he expected at first. For example, perhaps, owing to those frequent combinations of circumstances over which we mortals have no control, he has not been able to cast it as he would wish. Or, maybe, it reads better than it plays—the proportion of pieces which read better than they play is obviously far in excess of those which play better than they read. Anyway, for one reason or another it may prove a failure.

Still, aspiring playwrights would seem to be in no way deterred from trying to gratify their ambitions, for managers, if my own is a fair experience, for many years past have been literally deluged with the plays of authors—many of them writing for the first time—who have no knowledge whatever of the technique of the stage, but who, nevertheless, set to work to "turn out" dramatic masterpieces with a courage and confidence which cannot fail to command one's admiration. I have had as many as five hundred plays sent to me in the course of a year, of which, on an average, ninety-five per cent. are absolutely unplayable, while possibly only one in the remaining five may, with alterations, be worth consideration.

As an example of the sort of communications I have occasionally received I quote the following letter, which came to me a few years back from a would-be dramatist, the text of which did not inspire me with the idea that it would be profitable to enter into negotiations for the production of his play. "Dear Sir," he wrote,—"If you are in want of an oppening one-act drama at your house I have such a domestic drama to offer. It is not a representation of the iper classes, but rather off the lower. It is called 'Poor Polly Newly Married and Done.' It is certainly orriginal, and will delight your middle and lower class audiences."

The same author, not long since, made me an offer of another play, upon which he had bestowed the blood-curdling title of "Saved by the Skin of Your Teeth." This play he described as "a thrilling love-story, with enthralling closing precedents." Though my curiosity was much attracted by this description, I felt compelled to refrain from gratifying it.

One writer who had for many months peppered me with his plays, all of which I

was reluctantly compelled to return to him as quite useless to me, at last ceased to favour me with his effusions. For a full month I was free from the receipt of his postal packets, and I was just beginning to think that he had given me up, when I received a communication from him to the effect that "writing plays had no longer any attraction for him, and that he had now devoted himself to another branch of Art." In fact, he had "taken to the brush," and would paint my portrait for the "utterly inadequate" sum of four guineas. His usual fee, he added, was ten guineas, but he was willing to make the handsome deduction mentioned because, he averred, I had a "characterestual face."

Once again I was compelled to say "No" to his proposal. I have been wondering ever since what a "characterestual face" could be.

Some of the stage directions are distinctly interesting. "Enter So-and-so smelling of tobacco." Then again, at an unexpected communication, the heroine "turns deathly pale," or someone's hair "stands on end with fright."

Still, I am fortunate enough in having given several new authors their first opportunity of a production; among these I may mention the name of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.

When at the Comedy Theatre I once received an application from a young man who desired to see me on a matter of urgent importance. I wrote him, asking to be informed as to the nature of his business. He replied that it was personal and private, but of extreme urgency, and asked for an interview. I gave him an appointment, and he called to see me, when I learned that his object was to place his services at my disposal. His doctor, he informed me, had ordered him to take a complete rest, or, in any case, to employ himself in some way that required absolutely no brain work! So he had decided to go upon the stage!

One further item on the personal side I may, perhaps, mention here. I can claim the distinction, if it may be so described, of being one of the very few actors—if, indeed, not the only actor—ever hissed at the Crystal Palace Theatre. Audiences at that playhouse were proverbially tolerant; it had to be very bad acting in a very bad play to rouse them to wrath and cause them to give vent to their displeasure. We were billed to produce a new one-act play, but we were not given the parts until the morning of the performance, and we had only had one rehearsal. We none of us were letter-perfect in our parts. It is not surprising, therefore, that the piece came to a deadlock. I began to gag to the best of my ability, but, naturally, this only made matters worse, and when I began to laugh the audience could stand it no longer and began to hiss. That happened nearly thirty years ago, and I am glad to say that was the only occasion on which I have ever met with such a reception.

From a Photograph by "LORD ALGY." [*Ellis & Walery.*

But I have wandered away from the direct line I decided to follow when I set out to relate my theatrical reminiscences. Let me go back—to a stroke of very bad luck I had in connection with "Charley's Aunt." Penley only had until Christmas, 1892, to produce the play, his call on it expiring at the end of that year. During the successful revival of "The Private Secretary" at the Comedy in that summer in which he played, he begged me to follow with "Charley's Aunt," and offered to give me the London rights on certain favourable terms if I would

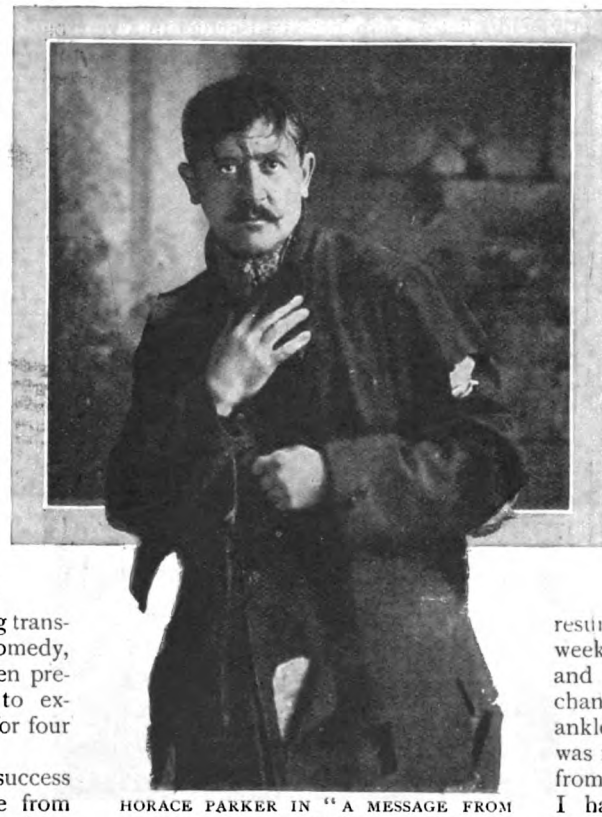
do so. But I was under contract to put up "To-Day," so could not accept his offer. Penley, therefore, took the Royalty and produced "Charley's Aunt" there, the play, as everyone knows, proving a gigantic success, the extent of which, it is no secret, surprised even Penley himself. While anticipating its being a big go in the country, he did not, at the outset, expect it to run many weeks in London. However, in January, 1893, I put up "The Sportsman," by W. Lestocq, which had a fair run, after which I gave up my tenancy of the Comedy Theatre.

My first real "money-spinner" after "Jane" was R. C. Carton's "Lord and Lady Algy," which defied the reputation of the Avenue Theatre for being a house of misfortune from a manager's point of view, as it played to crowded houses there for six months after being transferred from the Comedy, where it had been previously running to excellent business for four months.

My next big success was "A Message from Mars," in which I abandoned the class of *rôle* I had been playing for some time: that of—well, perhaps "an accomplished rake" classifies its nature as well as any other title. This production, however, must be so fresh in the minds of theatre-goers that I do not think I need refer to it at any great length, though I recall one or two incidents connected with it with anything but feelings of personal gratification, despite the fact that it ran for fifteen months to immense business.

Thus, originally, in the Martian passages, in order to show the powers of dynamic force in the Messenger from Mars—who, by the way, carried his message no fewer than five hundred and fifty times in London alone—I decided to fall to the ground. On the first night, in the street scene in the second act, I couldn't get my hand quickly enough out of the pocket of my fur overcoat, with the result that, as I fell, during one of the passes, I dislocated my shoulder.

We had to keep the house dark four nights, and that directly on an enormous first-night success. Only those familiar with the theatrical business know what a risky thing it is to check a play's run. There is danger of taking the backbone out of the hit. Fortunately mine survived, and I only had to pocket the losses of tremendous advance sales, which we were obliged to return, of four empty houses instead of four crowded ones, and of my salary list.



HORACE PARKER IN "A MESSAGE FROM MARS."
From a Photograph by Ellis & Walery.

But that was not my only mishap in "A Message from Mars." I had not resumed performances a week before I fell again, and this time, for a change, sprained my ankle. Fortunately, I was not obliged to retire from the cast. Indeed, I had been told that my limping walk induced the belief in the public that I was trying to simulate the gait of a person suffering from gout; anyway, it created some small amusement.

It must always be a matter for regret for a manager to have to withdraw a play at the height of its success, but this I had to do with "A Message from Mars" after it had been transferred to the Prince of Wales's, as I was under contract to produce "The Man from Blankley's," which, as theatre-goers will doubtless remember, took the public taste in quite a wholesale manner, before leaving for America for the first time in the autumn of that season.

On my return from my second visit to the

States I successfully revived "A Message from Mars," in June of 1905, at the Avenue Theatre, after which I went to the Haymarket, where, after playing in "The Indecision of Mr. Kingsbury" for three months, "The Man from Blankley's" was revived and ran for nine. In April of 1907 I produced for Messrs. Gatti "Mr. George" at the Vaudeville, which, after revivals of "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past"—which actually did better than when first produced—and "The Cuckoo," was followed by "Jack Straw," by Somerset Maugham, all of these productions being for Messrs. Gatti. Illness took me out of the bill when the play was going very strong.

My next venture was at the Royalty, where I put up "The Noble Spaniard," by Somerset Maugham, followed a couple of months later by "What the Public Wants." Unfortunately the box-office returns showed that the public did not want either of these plays, and I then migrated to Wyndham's Theatre and produced "The Little Damozel" for Frank Curzon, which ran for the best part of six months and was, during that time, twice transferred from Wyndham's to the Prince of Wales's and back again to Wyndham's.

On April 14th of the present year I produced — this time on my own account once more —"The Naked Truth," which, I am happy to say, played to a long succession of good houses.

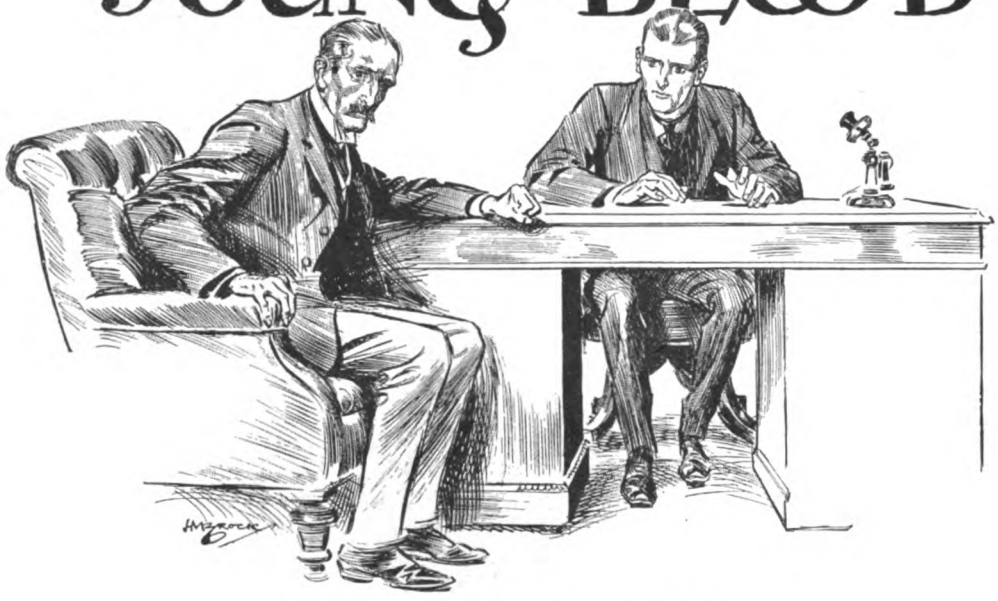
HUGH SARRANT, IN "THE CUCKOO."
From a Photograph by Ellis & Walery.

And now, I wonder, is there anything else of interest I can tell you? I have done my best to keep away altogether from a recital of incidents not directly connected with the theatre, for it always seems to me that whatever interest the public may take in any actor must be almost entirely centred around his theatrical career. In looking back over bygone years, however, of necessity one's mind is rather apt to overlook various incidents which may not be altogether without interest to the public.

Thus I recall an amusing happening which occurred during my first management at the Globe. One evening a hatless man entered the theatre, explaining that his hat had fallen down from the gallery into the stalls, and that the doorkeeper had told him to come to the front and ask for it. One of the attendants was sent down to fetch it, but, after some little time, returned, saying that it could not be found. A second search proved equally fruitless, so at last the owner of the hat was asked to come downstairs to show exactly where it had fallen. He pointed out where he had been sitting in the gallery, and another search was made for the hat, which, while it disturbed and annoyed several occupants of the stalls, was also unavailing. He was becoming very excited at the loss of his hat, when he was asked to show his pass-out check from the gallery, and, on his producing it, my acting-manager at once saw it was not ours. "What theatre were you in?" he inquired. "The Opera Comique," replied the hatless one. "Well, this is the Globe," said he, "so you had better go and look for your hat in the theatre where you dropped it." Those who remember the respective positions of the two theatres will understand how the mistake arose. On being told by the gallery doorkeeper at the Opera Comique to "go round to the front" he had turned into the front of the first theatre he came to, which was the Globe. The fact that at that time both theatres were upholstered in light blue added to the confusion. Even when told of his mistake he would, at first, hardly believe that he was in the wrong theatre.

By this time I am sure you must have heard quite enough of my theatrical experiences, so rather than run the risk of encroaching on the patience of readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE I will say no more, except that I hope I may be freely pardoned for a too-frequent use of the most objectionable letter in the alphabet—"I."

"YOUNG BLOOD"



By E. M. JAMESON.

Illustrated by H. M. Brock, R.I.

JOHN FERRIER'S hand shook slightly as he pushed open the door leading into the private office. His face was drawn and anxious, and in his eyes was the look of a man hard set, with back to the wall, fighting grimly against odds suddenly grown too hard for him. He stood there a moment gathering his forces together.

Ferrier had not entered the room since the sudden death of the head of the firm, and now his face contracted sharply, and he turned his glance away from the empty chair, placed at the writing-table.

The terrible void in his heart was like an acute physical pain—a void the young head of the firm could never fill. The latter, from his place on the hearthrug, nodded, genially enough. He was tall, keen, alert, with clean-cut features and a decided, masterful manner.

"Here you are, Mr. Ferrier. Quite well? I won't keep you five minutes; it's your busiest time, I know."

A wave of relief passed over Ferrier. Just an ordinary matter connected with the firm's affairs, he thought; he need not have been afraid, after all.

Philip Lampton indicated a chair, and sat down on the other side of the big mahogany centre table. He drummed on it for a moment, following the strain of a melody that ran through his head. Ferrier, darting a glance at the handsome, hard young face, grew suddenly anxious again. And the next moment the long-dreaded stroke had fallen.

"I am making several changes in the firm, Mr. Ferrier, reorganizing it, and bringing it more up-to-date. We are frightfully antiquated in our ways, and I mean to work things on a broader, more go-ahead basis. We are not half enterprising enough. My father, as I suppose was natural, always upheld the customs of early days, and though the firm prospered under him there can be no doubt that more modern methods will extend our business fifty-fold. Drastic changes are needed in several departments, and I mean to make them without delay."

He cleared his throat with a faint suggestion of embarrassment. Ferrier said nothing.

Filling in the pause came the sound of

The author reserves all dramatic rights in this story.

the restless finger-tips drumming on the mahogany. Philip Lampton was music-mad. Ferrier, looking up, met the young man's eye, and saw in it no shade of yielding. His shoulders, stooped by much desk work, straightened themselves in an effort to face the situation. Almost it seemed that in the empty chair at the window the chief's genial, kindly self was seated, ready to talk business with him as he had talked for the past thirty years.

"Anything you wish carried out, Mr. Philip"—he spoke with old-fashioned formality—"you have only to command me. For thirty years the firm has had my best efforts."

Young Lampton stood up, pushing back his chair with a quick, impetuous movement.

"That's just it!" he exclaimed, walking round the room, his hands dug deeply into his pockets. "That's just my point, Mr. Ferrier—thirty years! It's a deuce of a time for a man to keep at high pressure; he's bound to be played out at——"

"Fifty-five!" Ferrier's blood was thudding in his temples. Played out! He had never felt more capable of his work than now. Experience was his, the sure touch with things of the firm. Played out! He and the old head between them had kept the business at a pinnacle of unwavering excellence. Played out! His hand was clenched convulsively. Across the lined face momentarily flashed the red glow of youth, dying out under the uncomprehending glance of the younger man.

The latter nodded.

"Fifty-five! A good age. You don't quite look it, though."

His eyes, hard with the unconscious cruelty of the young, rested for an instant on Ferrier. "I shall be sorry to part with you, Mr. Ferrier; but you understand? It's young blood the firm needs — young, go-ahead, enterprising men, with modern methods at their finger-ends. There's a rumour afloat that Huddringtons mean to forge ahead in several new directions, and we can't be left behind in the race. I've secured a wonderful chap to work with me. We shall make things hum. We have half-a-dozen projects up our sleeve that will knock spots off Huddringtons."

He brought himself up short on the hearthrug. Ferrier, too, had risen, and for an instant they measured glances.

"Young blood, you said, Mr. Philip. And is experience to go for nothing? I never felt more capable of work than now; my head was never clearer. Give me more scope, tell me what your plans are, and I'll carry them out to the best of my ability." He was pleading for many things—for his own powers, for his livelihood, for the comfort and well-being of those dear to him. A man with a large family had few opportunities for saving in these times.

"I'm certain you'd do all in your power, and work as hard for the firm as you have worked in the past." Lampton spoke with barely-veiled impatience. "But don't you see, can't you realize, that in the usual course of nature you *simply haven't got it in you?* It's no use fighting against the obvious. A man's at his best at forty, then he begins to lose hold on things; and at fifty-five—well, he just has to make way for younger men."

His air of calm conviction momentarily reduced his elder to silence. There seemed no room for argument with this self-assured product of the times.

Ferrier felt that he could not go away without another effort to retain his post, though it seemed like beating against a stone wall to argue with Lampton. Too proud to ask for himself, yet he must plead for those dependent on him. He took a step forward, his face grey with tension.

"I should be glad of a little more scope for my abilities," he said. "Your father and I, before his last illness, discussed the advisability of enlarging our borders. No doubt had he——" He glanced at the empty chair, and his voice broke off abruptly.

The young man gave a comprehensive wave of the hand.

"Quite so, quite so; but other times, other ways, Mr. Ferrier. One soon gets out of the running if one doesn't forge ahead. I'm sorry to part with you, but as matters stand it can't be helped. You and Maxwell would be certain to be at loggerheads. He's a smart chap, and very up-to-date. It would be better for him to have a free hand at once."

Ferrier's face took on a greyer tinge.

"While a man may be in full possession of his powers," he said, slowly, "he does not find it easy to get another post at fifty-five."

Lampton raised his brows.

"But surely you'll retire? You won't expect to get another position at your age? I don't wish to be ungenerous, Mr. Ferrier. My father thought a great deal of you, and I shall be happy to make out a cheque for six months' salary, though I don't want you to remain after the end of next week. There are a few matters I should like to go into with you, matters that I have not quite

grasped, and then Maxwell will take up the reins with me."

Before the hard, inflexible air of the speaker Ferrier gave up the contest. Of what use to speak of home affairs—of matters that lay close to his heart? They would not be understood. A man had need to marry and to have a family of clever boys and girls to comprehend the difficulties of saving. And the new head of the firm was only twenty-seven.

Ferrier bowed, and went silently from the room. But outside the closed door he lingered a moment with hands hard clenched.

"*Heavens!*" His face was convulsed with a sense of his own impotence. "Just to have a little money, the few paltry hundreds he would not miss, to invest with a free mind!"

For the next few weeks time hung heavily on his hands. The days dragged and seemed endless.

There was nothing to do the livelong day but walk, or garden, or read the newspaper. And over all his listlessness hung the dominating shadow of doubt for the future. He and his wife went at once into the matter of retrenchment and began to make plans to remove into a smaller house. Whatever happened, the boys and girls must be enabled to do well for themselves.

Ferrier thought of his few available hundreds, and groaned in bitterness of spirit. He had hoped, from something his old chief had let fall one day, that he would remember him in his will. But perhaps the death that had come so swiftly had kept him from fulfilling his promise.

In Ferrier's heart there was no room for disloyal thought. They had been friends and comrades as well as employer and employed, and beyond the latter's heavy anxieties lay the loss of Richard Lampton himself. With his death all the old interests had fallen away. No one wanted a man of fifty-five. In the eyes of the younger generation he was at least ten years beyond his work—thrust aside to make room for younger men.

Like many another in his position Ferrier was conscious of powers that circumstances had combined to keep undeveloped. In receipt of a good income, he had yet never owned a sum of money to "play with." The expenses of his family, the payment of a heavy life insurance, occasional sums sent to a ne'er-do-weel brother in the Colonies, had conspired to keep him from amassing a sum of money with which to speculate. But he was a man who for years had followed the stock markets very carefully. One of his recreations had been to invest imaginary money in shares, and he had been singularly fortunate, in theory, over his investments. He and his wife had enjoyed many a laugh over his hobby—a laugh that of late years had generally ended in a sigh. All those might-have-been thousands were badly wanted now.

He was sitting in his den one morning, going over accounts with his wife. She was fifteen years younger than himself, a pretty woman still, with delicate features and colouring, and the sweetest nature, John Ferrier thought, in the world. Theirs had been an ideal love-match, and he worshipped her. They had been married now two-and-twenty years, and there had never been the shadow of disillusionment between them. Always he had longed to heap upon her the good things that money can procure, to take away from her the anxieties that must arise when the income is an uncertain quantity, dependent on one man's life. Mingled with his love for her was another feeling—something that was almost fatherly protective. She, at all events, had kept her youth, and to-day in his eyes she looked hardly more than a girl. Yet he noticed that a certain fragility was growing upon her, that her eyes were encircled with dark shadows, despite the courage of her smile.

He pushed aside the bank-book that lay open before them, and gave a sigh so heavy as to be almost a groan. She glanced up quickly from her little sheaf of household bills and put her hand across his eyes.

"Dear, don't look so tragic. We have been in rough weather before, and have always struggled through. We shall find a way out."

He held the cool fingers against his temple; they were lovers yet, in spite of two-and-twenty years together.

"I've managed badly, Mary. Other men with no greater ability—some with less—are at the top of the ladder now, with thousands to their name. I've only clambered up a few rungs, and there I've been content to stay holding on, afraid to let go. You've married one of life's failures, my dear."

She took her hand away with a swift gesture and stood up, her face flushing, her eyes bright and more indignant than he had ever seen them.

"Never say that again to me"—she spoke in a low, vehement voice—"never, *never*, John. Think of what you have been to me and to our children—the dearest and the

best in the world. Don't *dare* to say it again." Then suddenly she crumpled up in a sobbing heap, her head on his shoulder.

"There, there"—he smoothed the brown hair very gently, something momentarily blurring his vision—"there, dear. I'll never, never say it again, never. It is for you I regret my incompetence."

"*Incompetence!*" She dried her eyes on the corner of the handkerchief that showed in his breast-pocket. "Perhaps, one day, that cruel, cruel young man will realize what he has done."

She gathered up her bills and moved slowly towards the door, returning in her impulsive way to kiss him. "Now, promise me you won't worry?"

"I promise."

But when the door had closed behind her he stretched his arms across the table and buried his head upon them. A moment later he stood up and looked about him for his hat and gloves.

"For her sake and the children's I'll not take my reverses lying down." He smoothed the nap of his hat. "I'll have another try at the loathly business of looking for a position. Wilkinson might——"

The postman's knock came distinct and clear. The next moment the door burst open, and Juliet entered, a letter in her hand. "For you, father. Oh!" catching sight of his hat; "are you going out?" There was disappointment in her voice.

"Did you want me?" Ferrier, an untidy man, looked among a heap of papers for the clothes-brush. "I'm not in such a desperate hurry that I can't bestow five minutes of my valuable time on you."

The bitterness of his tone caused his youngest child to frown. She put the letter down and thrust her hand through his arm. As Ferrier looked at her he smiled. Even at fourteen, the awkward age, she was lovely,

"THEN SUDDENLY SHE CRUMPLED UP IN A SOBBING HEAP, HER HEAD ON HIS SHOULDER."

with her mother's delicate colouring and eyes that were like brown velvet in her exquisite little face.

"I just wanted to tell you"—the words came with a rush—"that I've decided to give up the dramatic society at school, and the golf club, and my music lessons. I can get along quite well if I practise hard, and—and"—Ferrier heard a half-suppressed gulp in the clear voice—"they all cost a good deal, don't they, one way and another?"

She drew patterns absent-mindedly upon the table-cloth. Her father strode away to the hearth.

"Not yet, child!" He spoke with a sharp sound in his voice that made her look up. "Not yet; and perhaps there will be no need. It is good of you to suggest it. But not yet."

"Truly?"

"Truly."

He came back to the table and took up the letter. It was a large envelope, and evidently contained an enclosure. Juliet, lingering near the bookcase, turned at the sound of a stifled exclamation. Ferrier sat down heavily in his chair, staring at the stiff legal paper that crackled under his touch.

"God bless him, the dear old chief! Juliet, tell your mother quickly—a codicil has been found and a letter to me—five thousand pounds and a letter in his own hand to the old friend and colleague who helped him for thirty years to build up the business. God bless him; and not alone for the money, but for my self-respect. No man's work ever went unrecognized by Richard Lampton. Five thousand pounds! Your mother—tell her to come. Some of it to make you all secure; some to play with in reality, instead of in imagination. Now he shall see whether *young blood* counts for everything——"

Philip Lampton was not an impressionable man. At thirty-two he was still unmarried, and, moreover, he had never yet seen the woman he wanted to marry. At the back of his mind was the intention to settle down one day; but it was all in the nebulous mists of the future. A rich man, head of a great business, he was regarded as an eligible *parti*, and, had he chosen, he need never have spent an evening under his own roof-tree. Music was his passion, and good music would always draw him to a house, where the more frivolous amusements failed.

Lampton was a serious man, a hard worker, feared rather than loved by those under him. His masterful youth had given place to a quiet, assured gravity that held its own attraction for people, and this, added to the force of his riches, gained him numbers of acquaintances, and a few close friends. He was regarded as a coming man, sure of a brilliant future.

And then one evening, at the sight of a girl's face and the sound of her beautiful, well-trained voice, he fell whole-heartedly, irrevocably in love. There was never any uncertainty of purpose about Lampton. He always knew just what he wanted, and hitherto he had generally secured his desires. He sat in his corner of the room, listening to every liquid note as it fell, and there and then he registered a vow to do his best to win her. She might be poor as Job; she might be a nobody thrice over. She was the one woman in the world for him. Yet, looking at her, he imagined her to be neither the one nor the other. She was well-bred from the crown of her small, golden-brown head to the tip of her dainty slipper, and her white chiffon gown, though simple in the extreme, was of the simplicity that costs far more than elaboration.

As the last note died away he turned to his neighbour, a youth who had been gazing at the singer in callow rapture.

"Who is that lady? Do you know her name?"

"The one just finished singin'? Rippin' voice, hasn't she? She's Miss Ferrier, daughter of Ferrier, the rubber man. Pots and pots of money, of course. She gets three proposals a day, they say—had a shot myself last week; but no go. With her looks and her money she'll expect to land a duke."

Lampton frowned at the trivial gossip. The name touched no chord in his memory. From the day, five years before, that John Ferrier had left his employment, Lampton had never bestowed a thought on him. He now threaded his way through the crowded rooms to where his hostess stood. In a perfect babel of sound he found her, with her hand through the arm of the girl he wanted to know. Without even asking, he gained his desire.

"Ah, Mr. Lampton, here you are! Let me introduce you to Miss Ferrier. She'll be glad of coffee, or an ice, or something, and you can both talk music to your hearts' content. She is equally crazy about it."

The din of voices was so great that Juliet Ferrier did not catch the name of the man introduced. She turned and looked up at him, still smiling a little, and as Lampton met the glance of the velvety brown eyes a

wholly unaccustomed sensation passed over him.

For the first time in his young, assured manhood he felt a doubt of himself, a humility that was both strange and disconcerting. The next moment her hand was on his arm, and they were in a long corridor out of the hubbub.

"An ice, please"—her voice held an amused note—"strawberry for preference. In the days when ices were rare things I used to imagine that life would have nothing left to offer if only I could have an unlimited amount of strawberry ice. And you?"

To Lampton the friendliness of her manner was an added charm. "You play or sing? I understood from Mrs. Ravondale——"

"Alas! I do neither; nevertheless, music is an absolute passion with me. When I came to-night I little realized the pleasure that was in store. You must be tired of praise, but may I say how beautiful and how perfectly trained your voice is?"

She flushed a little under the sincerity of his manner. His gravity attracted her.

"Does one ever tire of hearing nice things from those who really understand and love music? I do not, at all events. My

"AT THE SIGHT OF A GIRL'S FACE AND THE SOUND OF HER BEAUTIFUL, WELL-TRAINED VOICE, HE FELL WHOLE-HEARTEDLY, IRREVOCABLY IN LOVE."

A smile broke up the tense gravity of his face. "I have grown beyond the age for ices," he said, wondering meanwhile at her fresh young beauty, and at the completeness with which she satisfied every fibre in him. "So far as I can remember, I set my affections on things more lasting than strawberry ice, generally something connected with music. I recollect as a very small boy being made rapturously happy by the gift of a concertina, of which, to the relief of the household, I grew tired in a week."

Juliet laughed softly, then paused in the act of conveying a pink morsel to her lips.

teaching has been the best procurable, and wherever we have travelled I have always kept up my singing. My father is music-mad, too. He and I, in the old days, used to slip into concerts and stand quite contentedly if there was not a seat to be had. I should like you to meet him."

"Why shouldn't a man ask a girl to marry him after a week's acquaintance?"

Lampton gave his evening tie an impatient twitch as he spoke. "I couldn't care for her more if I'd known her for a century. She's just—just the one woman——"

He desisted from his struggles with the refractory tie and sat down in his shirt-sleeves, full of the intolerable restlessness and desire which the sight of her had roused a week ago, and which the passing of a long seven days had been powerless to quell. He leaned forward with clasped hands, his dark, clean-cut face full of an ardour that rendered it almost boyish.

"If she only cares!" He spoke in a whisper, though alone in the room. "*If she only cares!*"

He sprang up again and paced the floor, then thrust himself into his evening coat.

"I must know! It's simply unbearable to be in doubt. No work done for a week; time spent going to places where I know I can catch a glimpse of her. Maxwell thinks me crazy. But how to money-grub under such conditions! He says that things are not going well—ought to have sold out last week—markets in a very chaotic condition. Bah! Maxwell's never been in love. Once get my fate settled, and I'll work like a Trojan—for her! I can give her all she's been accustomed to, and, thank God! my life will bear inspection. It's at these times that a man feels glad he's acted on the square. She won't be easy to win, for, even if she consents, there's Ferrier to be faced. From all accounts, he idolizes her and she him. Wonder if Ferrier——"

Suddenly, as he turned to quit the room, a cold sensation shot through him. For the first time the name touched some fibre of memory. Ferrier—*Ferrier*—where had he——?

He dropped heavily into a chair, staring before him, struggling with that chill sensation of approaching disaster. *Ferrier!* No, it was a preposterous idea. Ferrier, the man he had dismissed, and Ferrier, the Rubber King, could hardly be one and the same person. Yet, deep down, that ice-cold doubt persisted, making him for the first time in his life afraid. It raised its head more boldly later in the evening, while he waited, his eyes fixed upon the doorway of the ball-room through which Juliet must come. But at the sight of her it died out, and when he had secured her all to himself amid the soft-toned lights of the conservatory that intolerable restlessness went with it. Away in the distant ballroom the wailing strains of a waltz throbbed an accompaniment to his pulses. There seemed to come a blessed pause in existence; he felt absolutely, entirely contented. Afterwards he looked back at himself and wondered. She had slipped off her glove and the small hand lay palm uppermost on her knee. He put out his own and touched it reverently, half afraid, and their eyes met. Then he noticed that her face was very pale, and that in the velvet softness of her eyes was a look in which love and doubt, pain and longing, struggled for supremacy.

She stirred as if to go, but he caught a fold of her satin gown beseechingly, and she sank into her place again.

"I love you—*Juliet!*"

His voice sounded hoarse in his own ears. Something in her eyes had awakened that hideous doubt again.

She raised her head and looked full at him, transformed from the girl into the woman, and in some mysterious way he knew at one and the same time that she loved him, but would never marry him. The knowledge brought with it a mingled rapture and anguish. Then he realized that across the silence she was speaking to him. His fingers quite unconsciously still grasped the fold of her gown, and looking down she let it remain so.

"You will hardly believe"—she spoke, slowly, as if with difficulty—"that only to-day I knew your name. I imagined it to be Langdon. This afternoon someone mentioned you, and it dawned upon me who you were—the man who——"

He dropped his hold of her gown and leaned forward, looking straight before him.

"I wish I had known at first," she went on, a suppressed passion in her voice; "it might have made it easier. But now——"

He turned and took her hands very closely in his own.

"Now? I wondered if you cared. Tell me. It won't do you any harm, and to me it would mean—*everything.*"

He drew a long breath as she looked up at him, and without a word he understood. Their hands dropped asunder, and she rose.

"We must not meet again," she said, piteously, her lips trembling. "It would not be fair to *him.* You almost broke his heart five years ago."

She moved away hurriedly, and like a man in a dream he watched her go, making no motion to detain her. Hesitating, she looked back, then came to his side for an instant, her face eloquent with the desire to make things a little easier for him.

"I love you." She spoke in a low, half-ashamed tone. "I shall never love any other man. It was so from the very first, wasn't it, with both of us? But I ought not to mind as much as I do; it seems disloyal to him

when he has been what he has to us all. I ought to hate you—but—I *can't*. There's only love for you in my heart. I'm not even angry with you now. It makes me ashamed that I can't be angry. Love has swept it all away."

The next moment she was gone, leaving him there alone.

Lampton cancelled his engagements and went abroad for two or three months. There was not a soul but Maxwell to whom his absence mattered, and Maxwell did not signify. He was quite capable of directing the firm's affairs—more go-ahead, in fact, by far, than Lampton himself.

After wandering objectlessly about the Continent the latter turned homewards again.

"LAMPTON SAT FOR AN HOUR OR MORE, LIPS GRIMLY SET, REALIZING ONE BY ONE HIS MISTAKES."

Absence had not made the slightest difference in his feelings. Life seemed the same unprofitable affair; he was only eating his heart out in the solitudes, when perhaps hard work might cure the ache in it.

He drove straight to his rooms the morning of his return, and uppermost among a huge batch of letters he found one from Maxwell.

After reading it he sat motionless for awhile, hardly comprehending all that the closely-written pages meant. Maxwell, the young, go-ahead optimist, whom Fortune had favoured hitherto, must be grossly exaggerating; matters could not possibly be as grave as he represented them to be. Maxwell had had no business to plunge so heavily; their losses must have been gigantic. Maxwell owned to losing his head; the firm was tottering on the verge of bankruptcy. Nothing could tide them over the crisis but an impossibly large sum of money, which there was not the slightest prospect of borrowing. Maxwell wrote with an almost brutal clearness, and together with the statements sent in his resignation. He had deserted the sinking ship.

Lampton sat for an hour or more, lips grimly set, realizing one by one his mistakes. Maxwell was a new-comer; it was nothing vital to him if the good name of "Lampton and Son" were trailed in the dust. He had feathered his own nest—he practically owned as much—and had gone off to the Colonies the previous week. A wave of passion surged over Lampton. He struck his hand violently on the table, a muttered oath escaping him. His father's face rose before him accusingly, followed in its turn by John Ferrier's—grey and anxious as he had last seen it. This was what *young blood* had done for the firm.

With a groan Lampton fell forward across the table, his head on his outstretched arms. Presently he sprang to his feet. Now, this instant, without further delay, he would put his shoulder to the wheel, and, if possible, snatch the firm from disaster. If work could save it, it should be saved.

But before many days were over he saw that no energy, no determination, could straighten matters out. He had trusted too much to Maxwell—the firm's downfall had been insidious; each year had sapped a little more surely the foundations built upon the rock of his father's efforts and those of John Ferrier.

Lampton worked harder than he had ever worked in his life, growing haggard in the conflict. Only a miracle could save the firm now, and hundreds must be thrown out of employment. Those who came in contact with him at the business were aware of a change in him. He was kinder, less dictatorial, more like what his father had been.

One evening as he sat alone in his rooms, after a solitary dinner, he realized the truth. There was no hope for Lampton's. He sat motionless—his brain a blank. The feverish anxiety of the past weeks had died out; there was nothing more to be done. He was tired—body and soul—too tired even to make plans.

A knock came at the door—a quiet rap which he did not hear. It came again, more imperative, and then the door was pushed open, and someone entered, groping in the half light to where he sat.

As Lampton rose and switched on the light there came from the visitor a half-stifled exclamation that sounded like relief. For a moment they looked at one another across the table, and Lampton recognized John Ferrier.

The younger man's face twitched. He momentarily forgot everything in the thought that this was her father, the father of the girl he loved so passionately, and of whom for several months he had heard no tidings. Then he remembered that here also was the man he had dismissed more than five years ago—the man who had helped to build up the firm which young blood had brought to ruin. He motioned towards a chair, and as John Ferrier took it he himself sat down on the other side of the table. He felt tongue-tied, incapable of uttering a word.

The older man, glancing across at the haggard face, suddenly leaned nearer and, to the other's infinite surprise, held out his hand.

Lampton half rose, pushing back his chair, his face swept by a flood of scarlet, which the next moment had given place to a grey hue that spread over his lips and up to his temples. Anxiety, want of sleep, and scanty meals had all combined to wreck his nerve. He dropped into his chair again and everything grew dark. With an effort he shook himself free from the shadows, to find John Ferrier holding a glass to his lips.

"Feel yourself again?" The older man's voice held a commonplace cordiality that braced the younger indescribably. "You look worn out." He extended his hand again, and this time Lampton's met it in a close clasp that said more than words. The latter walked to the window and back again before he could speak, and then the words came haltingly in jerks.

"I can't express to you my regret—my apologies. I was a heartless fool five years ago. Heavens! When I look back on my behaviour to you, *you* who worked side by side with my father to build up the business, gave the best time of your life, to be told at the end of thirty years——"

His head went down on his arms and there was a momentary silence. When John Ferrier spoke it was with infinite kindness.

"All that is over and done with. I could never bear malice against your father's son, and, as it proved, my dismissal, combined with the legacy, has been the making of me. I was too prone to cling to a lower rung of the ladder. A man with wife and family fears to be enterprising. But now"—he paced the room up and down — "those thousands have doubled and trebled many, many times, and I came to-night to see if we could not put our heads together to save Lampton's. Rumour has been rife of late, and Lampton's is very close to my heart. The fortune Richard Lampton put into my hands is at his son's disposal; not for your sake, not even for his"—he turned to look at a portrait hanging upon the wall—"but for the honour of the old firm, God bless it!"

His voice wavered for a moment; then he pulled himself together, and taking out his cigar-case pushed it across the table.

Lampton's hand shook as he helped himself mechanically, like a man in a dream. He attempted to speak, but Ferrier checked him hastily.

"There's just one other thing I wanted to say to you. You don't look fit for business to-night. Suppose we postpone it until to-morrow and adjourn to my house? It's no distance. My little girl"—he struck a light for his cigar and avoided the other's eyes—"is dearer to me even than the firm, and I fancy she has wanted you rather badly all these months. Come and have a talk with her instead. You may see your way to taking her into partnership later on."

The "Two Pins Club."

Written and Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS.

IS necessary, in the first place, to explain that the "Two Pins Club" was a riding club. Some years ago, when the late Chief Justice, then Sir Charles Russell, Sir Francis Burnand, then Mr. Burnand and Editor of *Punch*, Sir Frank Lockwood, Q.C., then Mr. Lockwood, Sir John Tenniel, then Mr. Tenniel, Lord Burnham, then Sir Edward Lawson, and Sir Charles Mathews, then Charles Mathews, barrister, to say nothing of Linley Sambourne, *Punch* artist, and your humble servant, were merely hard-working professional men, the idea came to them which this club realized. It was that instead of riding in the Row on Saturdays and Mondays, as well as other days, and letting our horses eat their heads off in the stable on Sundays, we might have a full day's riding on Sundays right away from town, and occasionally take Saturdays and Mondays as well, not caring two pins about the opinion of those who might object. This gave the name to the club, the "Two Pins," by which it was known, and it flourished for eleven or twelve years.

Had Charles Dickens been alive, this Cockney "Two Pins Club" might have inspired that still unequalled humorist to write another book as a companion to "Pickwick." What fun he could have extracted out of the fact that a member of the Riding Club, when we were invited to ride down to Harrow Weald to lunch with Sir W. S. Gilbert at his charming house, rode all the way in a hansom and returned in it!

It was W. S. Gilbert who on one occasion rode up to a friend of mine who for years had been in the habit of *walking* his horse up and down the Row, but was never seen to canter, and said, "Frank, Frank (it was not Burnand), you will be arrested; the police have their eye upon you."

"I, old fellow? What for?"

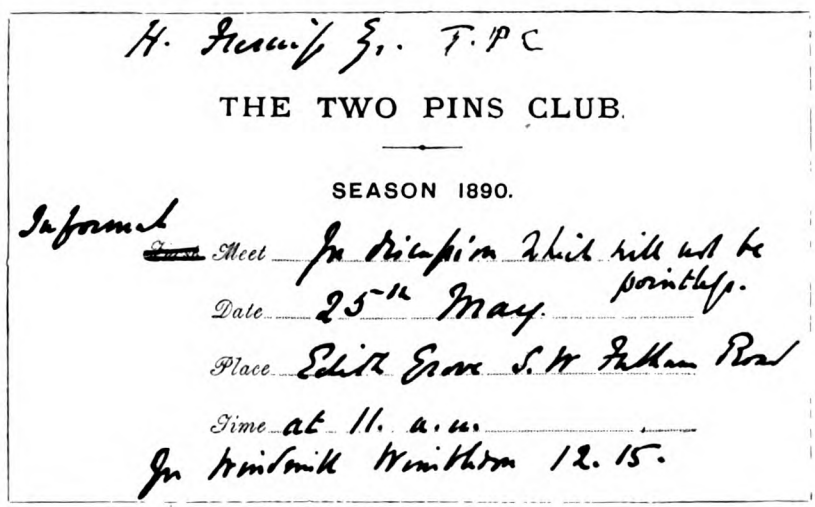
"For furious loitering!"

On another occasion, Gilbert, after a long absence from the Row, asked the same Frank: "I suppose X. (a famous actor) turns out occasionally in the same old suit?"

"The same old suit! What do you mean, Gilbert?"

"Oh, I meant the same old suit of blue funk."

By the way, is Rotten Row doomed? Yes; that mile and a half of all sorts and



H. Furniss Esq. T.P.C

THE TWO PINS CLUB.

SEASON 1890.

Informal ~~Time~~ Meet In discussion which will not be pointless.

Date 25th May.

Place Edith Grove S.W. Fulham Road

Time at 11. a.m.

In Windmill Wimbledon 12.15.

A NOTICE OF A CLUB MEETING.

conditions of equestrians, from the "liver brigade" to representatives of fashion, art, and politics; the meeting-place for years of everybody who is anybody, is practically a thing of the past. Motors have been its ruin. The old familiar faces and the old familiar hacks have departed; the "Route du Roi" has had its day, and one of the sights of London is depleted of its interest.

Some riders in the Row seemed to mistake the place for a circus-ring, and in their get-up and equestrian performances were sadly out of place in the happy riding-ground of the jaded townsman. I well recollect "Captain Canter," our funny friend of the Row—a dapper little retired military man — who rode a pony which he had taught to dance about in the most idiotic manner. Strangers were enraptured by his horsemanship, but frequenters of the Row looked upon the performance as a nuisance, and would gladly have subscribed to set the rider up in the circus business. One day he was dancing his little pony down the Row as usual when two regular riders of the Row passed him, one on each side. "Captain Canter" teased his gee-gee a little more, just for showing-off purposes, when one of my funny friends said to the other, audibly and seriously, "Dear, dear me, what a pity! Now if that animal was mine I could cure it of that in ten minutes!"

"CAPTAIN CANTER," THE CLOWN OF ROTTEN ROW.

The humorist who made that remark was for years a familiar figure in the Row. To look at he struck one as a well-to-do hunting squire, about sixty-five years of age, who knew more about moors than Rotten Rows; had a greater interest in the country than in town; an up-with-the-lark-in-the-morning-and-to-bed-at-sundown old gentleman, one who read the *Field* and never heard of the *Era*. As a matter of fact he had made his money after sundown—his sun had been limelight, his moors painted on canvas, his *Era* was his trade journal. This was "Edinburgh Wyndham," a good old-time actor, who had made a fortune by the stage as manager, and, what is stranger still, had kept it. He was called "Edinburgh Wyndham" to distinguish him from another actor-manager, Sir Charles Wyndham.

"Edinburgh Wyndham," one day when the Row was nearly empty, said to me, "I'll race you to the top of the Row." We started, and made a dead-heat of it. "Not bad," he added, pulling up after our burst, "for a man on his eightieth birthday to make a dead-heat of it with a fellow of forty."

I repeat, had Dickens been alive or had W. S. Gilbert been a member, we should have had a humorous history of that *Punch* diversion.

One Sunday, for instance, we rode down to the house of a great literary lady at Richmond, where we were entertained in her charming Elizabethan house. On arrival she informed us that her husband was quite presentable—he was quite sober, as she had locked him up for a week!

Again, a humorist could have made some mention of how our honorary secretary, R. C. Lehmann, showed his hospitality when, in view of fighting the constituency as a Radical, he had taken a house, to which he bid us welcome. When we arrived, just in time for lunch, on a broiling hot day, we found only a caretaker and no lunch, for the invitation had been forgotten! We raided a hostelry and found beastly fare, having, at R. C. Lehmann's written recommendation, put up our horses at some livery-stables owned by a man whose vote he was anxious to secure. Of course, we had to pay through the nose for the honour of this electioneering bribery.

Another incident connected with the "Two Pins Club" comes to my mind as I write. Sir Francis Burnand and I, returning to town by train from Newmarket, received a present at the station from a friend—two little parcels of real Cambridge sausages to take back to town. Just as we were getting into the train, a well-known baronet and breeder of horses came up and said:—

"By Jove! *Punch* here! Racing, eh?"

"No," I replied. "Been to the sale—saw you there, in fact."

"Sale! Have you bought anything?"

"Yes. Burnand and I went shares in a thoroughbred — but — but — (sadly) it died during the night, and—and—we have had it made into sausages!"

I doubt if the "Two Pins Club" will ever be revived. Motoring would spoil it. There were no motors when the "Two Pins Club" existed. It is strange that London horses, who were for years restless at the sight of cycles, are with very few exceptions callous to the motor. But there are exceptions, and it is often the case that the driver is more to blame than the horses. The nervous lady driving her pony will pull up the animal vigorously before she discovers whether the pony intends to take any notice of the motor or not. It so happened that a few days ago a lady of my acquaintance was driving her governess-cart. Seeing another lady rapidly approaching her driving a motor, she pulled up. The lady in the motor stopped. "Pardon me, madam, but really your animal must get accustomed to the new locomotion."

"It is not the animal, madam, it is myself. My pony may get accustomed to the new locomotion, but it is I who cannot get accustomed to the new woman."

A snort from the motor-horn and a crack from the whip of the lady in the governess-cart, and both disappeared.

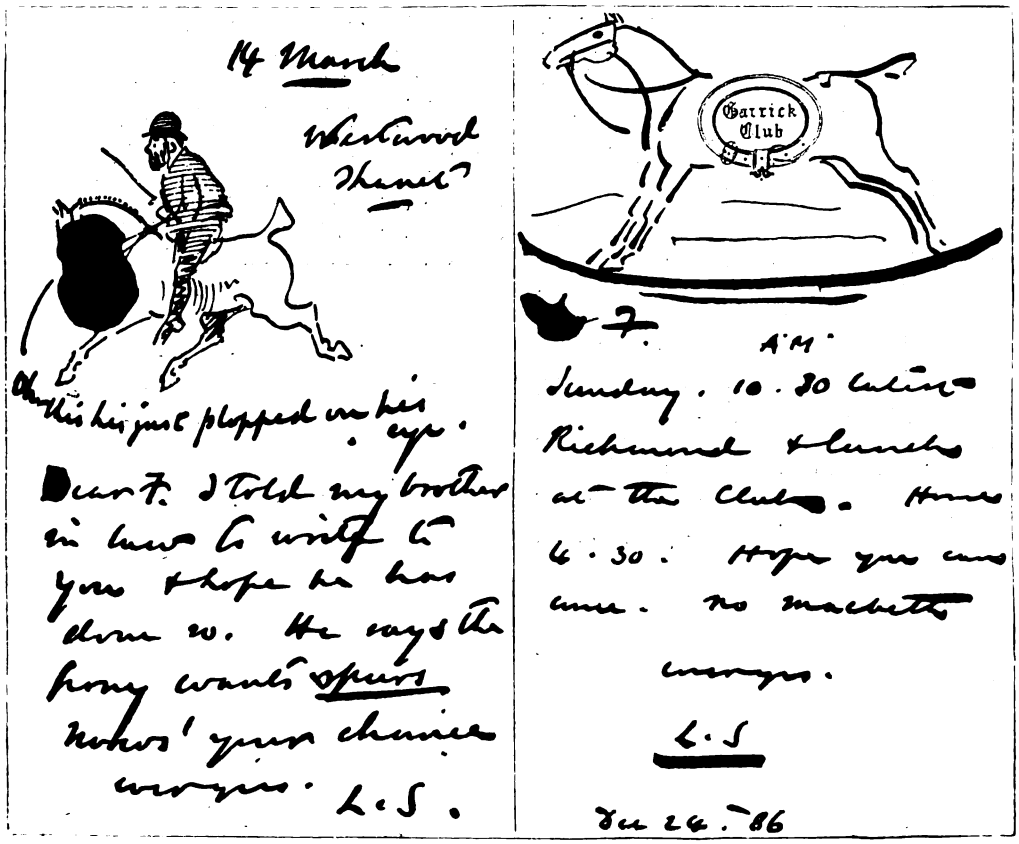
Another ride comes to my mind, which brings me nearer to the "Two Pins Club." I was the guest of Linley Sambourne at Ramsgate. He had taken a house there known then as "Townley Castle," and much humour was extracted out of this in *Punch*.

Well, when I was on my visit to "the Baron" in the autumn, the harriers were to meet, and I was to have a day with them.

"You shall ride Punch, old fellow. He is a ripping animal and keen at the game," said Sambourne to me.

At dinner the night before there was one guest, a hunting acquaintance, without a horse, and while our host was taking forty winks after dinner the dashing horseless guest and I discussed the morrow's prospect.

"By Jove, sir, I envy you," said he. "Punch is the very deuce; I wish I had him to ride to-morrow. I owe him one."



TWO CHARACTERISTIC NOTES FROM LINLEY SAMBOURNE.

"I FELT LIKE MR. BRIGGS THE NIGHT BEFORE HE WENT DEER-STALKING."

"Oh, then you have ridden him?" I asked, carelessly, feeling at the moment like Mr. Briggs the night before he went deer-stalking.

"Ray-ther, sir. I tried to, that is, for you want to know the beast to stick on."

The speaker was a wiry, thin, horsey-looking youth. I eyed him with envy.

"Throw you?" I asked.

"Ray-ther. I think he did. He broke my collar-bone. That old Punch has broken more collar-bones than any horse in England, and"—with a thump on the table that set the glasses tinkling—"that's why I want to ride Punch to-morrow."

"Oh, I sha'n't stand in your way," I said. "In fact, I have important w——"

Sambourne woke with the bang on the table. "Furniss, don't talk rot; you're here to enjoy yourself, and I have had Punch resting for you for a week."

"But, my dear Sambourne, I can go to the meet some other day—I have work to do to-morrow."

"Riding to hounds is work—on Punch," he remarked, and without solacing me he silenced me. Therefore, at 9 a.m., I was dressed ready for Punch. It was a wet, miserable morning when I stepped heavily on to the mounting-stone. I suppose there are criminals who have shown more courage than I was doing then when they stood on the gallows, but none could have cut a more miserable figure.

The stable gates flew open, and out pranced Punch, with difficulty held back by the groom. He was the stubbs-suffuk-Punch style of steed, and hog-maned.

"What is there to catch hold of to get up?" I asked the groom. "Is he easy to ride?"

"'E 'as 'is days, and this may be one of 'em, sir. 'E *is* a bit fresh. But he'll be all right when you have taken it out of 'im a bit."

Once in the saddle I had only to do or die. My host rode some safe kind of bathing-machine beast, from the docile back of which he remarked to me: "Give Punch his head, old chap; he'll show you round. Knows all about the game. Like sitting in an easy-chair, eh?"

Sambourne, I may remark, was sometimes called "Johnny Gilpin," and that may account for his keeping Punch in his stable.

Well, I have sat in an easy-chair—or tried

"SOMEHOW I MANAGED TO STICK TO THE SADDLE."

"YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!"

to—on the deck of an Atlantic liner in a gale, and it struck me that when we got wind of the hunt, sitting on Punch would prove much the same. And it did—with this difference: I came off the deck-chair, but somehow or other I managed to stick to the saddle through a very exciting morning.

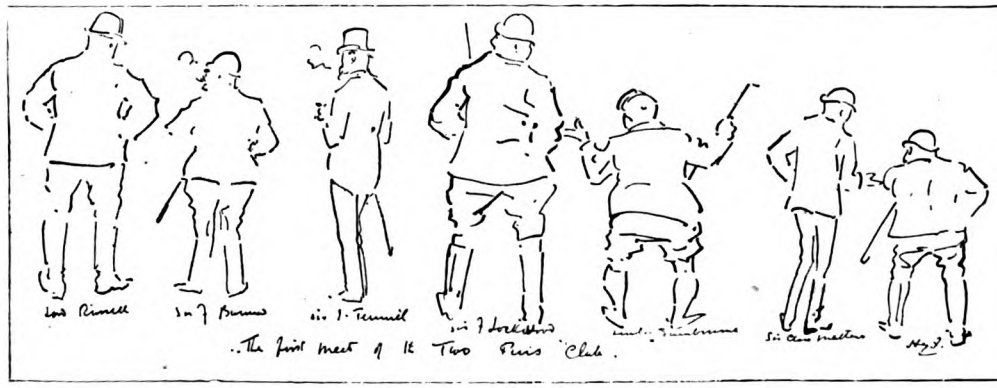
I confided to Sambourne that I had no desire to hunt that day. I would simply see the meet and then jog home. I was already wet through, and the risk of getting cold was not good enough. So, after the harriers drew off, I bid him good morning and turned Punch's nose homewards.

Up to that moment Punch had behaved like a gentleman. His manners were perfect, and we were getting home in quite a gentle, friendly way, when he suddenly stood still, his head and his tail went up simultaneously, his eyes started, and his nostrils inflated. I tightened the reins, but they were saturated and slipped through my fingers. Over the hedges, fields, haystacks, trees, farm-houses, mansions, and mountains it seemed to me I went flying on Punch, before I managed to quiet him. At last we dropped into a steady trot, and were making our way back to Ramsgate when a fierce-eyebrowed man, on a grey pony, came round the corner and, holding up his hand, called out, "Stand! Your money or your life!"

The highwayman was none other than the Editor of *Punch*, Burnand (vice-president of the "Two Pins Club"). I had left "Johnny Gil*pin*" and fallen into the hands of "Dick Tur*pin*"—the Two Pins.

Here is my caricature of the first meet of the "Two Pins Club," standing on the steps of the Star and Garter waiting for our horses to be brought round. Note especially Sambourne with his immaculate-fitting boots, which, by the way, had to go through an elaborate process to fit his shapely calves. They were placed on trees, soaked in his bath, and moulded by the hands of his man-servant, then dried and polished. We never could understand how the genial caricaturist ever got them on and off. It was generally believed that he slept in them.

On the extreme right is your humble servant, whom the reader will observe honestly paying his share of the lunch just heartily enjoyed in the company of the first wits of the land—the members of the ever-to-be-remembered "Two Pins Club."



A BACK VIEW OF THE "TWO PINS CLUB."

HIS HOUR.

By C. C. ANDREWS.

Illustrated by C. Fleming Williams.

THAT Coventry for a moment doubted his ears came of the fact that his own blown horse was still panting; standing with drooping head and distended nostrils, its long, puffing expulsions of breath overbore the more distant sound, drowned it. But the cloud that, as he dismounted in the ferny hollow, had drifted over the face of the rising moon cleared as suddenly away from it; the raised roadway that at this point bisected the heath was clearly visible as the approaching rider dashed into view. Bending forward in the saddle as he urged his fagged beast to a quicker pace, with cut traces dangling, hat crushed over his eyes, and laced livery-coat torn and mud-spattered, he made a quaint figure. Moreover, a figure which in that time and place expressed much. Coventry in the hollow, seeing and unseen, laughed softly.

"Gad, the fellow's in haste! He could scarce ride faster had he Galloping Nick himself at his heels!" With a second laugh he glanced down at the arm he had halted to bandage; a streak or two of blood showed on the handkerchief with which he had dexterously bound it—for a flesh wound the hurt was deep. He pulled down the great gold-laced cuff. "It would seem that the heath has more than one rascal afoot to-night! But cut traces? That smacks rather of cast wheel or broken axle. Is it a case of dame or damsel left in jeopardy? Eh, old lass?"

The mare rubbed her fondled nose against him with a whinny; she was recovering her wind. Her master, throwing round him the cloak that lay across the pommel, looked towards the spot where the vanished rider had appeared, and listened. The heath, silent in the moonlight, gave up in a moment another sound—somewhere, at a little distance, sweetly, roundly, a girl or woman laughed.

Coventry caught the mare's bridle, led her through the fern clumps up to the road, turned her head that way, and walked on, with alert eyes. The track wound; a twist of it brought him into view of a sight common enough in the days when George I. was King—a huge, clumsy coach heeled helplessly sideways upon its cast wheel. Beside it, at the head of a horse obviously lame, was a second postilion in mud-spattered livery, and slim and tall, in flowered sacque and gathered cardinal, stood a lady. Probably in the dashing, white-cloaked figure, in the handsome face whose dark eyes sparkled mirth under the curled periwig, she saw a personage sufficiently gallant and modish, and in no way alarming, for her calmness was notable. Something of her laughter lurked still at the corners of the lips, that were shaded by the puckers of her hood. She pushed it back, showing a small, round, rose-white face, grey-eyed, and shining piled hair, dead-gold as ripe corn. Coventry, seeing, halted; confidence and flourish were out of him; the hat he had swept off went near to dropping in his stare. He bowed again, humbly.

"Madam," he said, and stammered, "a moment since I saw, I think, your servant. I feared a mishap, and—if you would suffer me—if I can be of service——"

"You are very obliging, sir—I thank you." Dimpling, she swept him a crisply-rustling curtsy, as was the mode of that formal day. "I bade the man ride his fastest, and it is certain he obeyed me. His fellow here has all the mind to follow, had he a horse, but the poor beast has stumbled and is dead lame. Also, although I carry not the value of a guinea to make me worth robbing, I had no fancy to be left alone—the pair have spied a score of highwaymen in the shadows at least. For our further damage, you see, but with the best will in the world, I fear can scarce shift to mend it."

"I fear not, madam. But if your man has ridden to bring a carriage——"

"Certainly, sir; since in these shoes"—a twitch aside of a satin petticoat showed the tips of two, high-heeled and buckled—"I should fare badly if I tried to walk the distance. If you know the Hall——"

"I do not, madam. I have been but a week in this part of the country. It lies——"

"Nearly three miles beyond the heath, sir, and close upon the village." She dimpled again. "If the fellow does not fall in with a highwayman of flesh and blood he should bring it in an hour."

"Of that I hope there is small fear, madam." Coventry glanced down at his wounded arm; had he dared he would have looked to see if the laced cuff hid a redder bandage, if the flow of blood had stopped. As he had recovered from the faintness following upon the shot, so he was rallying in turn from the shock of his first sight of the grey eyes and the golden hair; bare-headed still, he drew a pace nearer. "But—but I fear you may find the time long, and it grows late for you to be abroad. If I might dare venture—if you could contrive to ride before me, you would reach home sooner and be spared the waiting."

"Oh!" the girl ejaculated. Surveying him again, she once more found him handsome, gallant, certainly deferential; and of the passionate masked eagerness she suspected nothing. There was a spice of audacity in her that loved adventure; the whole of this happening was at heart entirely to her taste; her smile was repeated in dancing eyes.

"You are very obliging, sir," she repeated, graciously, "and I own that I have small taste for the waiting. But—but I fear the mare——"

"She has the easiest of actions, madam, and will feel your weight as less than nothing."

"I should take you from your road, and——"

"Indeed, madam, no! My road—for an hour, at least—is yours. You give me leave? You will come?"

Her little gesture had assent in it. Beckoning the postilion, she began to deliver directions. The coach must for the night be left as it lay; he must follow, leading the disabled horse, at the best pace he might. Coventry had turned to the mare, testing the girths, seeing that saddle and all were in trim. Concluding, he found the girl at his shoulder; from the puckered hood, drawn again over her head, he felt rather than saw her smile.

"I have given you no thanks, sir." She hesitated. "May I know to whom I offer them?"

"My name is Coventry, madam. May I ask—— Will you honour me?"

"With mine? Truly you have earned that much, Mr. Coventry. I am Pamela Graythorne." It may be she secretly thought that he also might well have communicated more names than one. "If you are ready," she said, demurely.

Coventry mounted; a little shoe was on his boot-tip; with a spring and a scented rustle she was up before him, settled in the curve of his arm. A word started the mare, and so the ride began.

From the depths of her crimson hood Mistress Graythorne was presently pleased to talk with a most gracious ease. Listening, Coventry learnt how she had been staying in the assize town with her uncle, my Lord Justice Crundall, who should have travelled with her, but that business at the last moment detained him, whence had arisen her own late starting upon a journey which should have been over before dark came on. How he would follow, riding, as speedily as might be. How they were to lie at the Hall for the night on their way to London. How the Justice and "my lord" (not otherwise named; presumably the Hall's master) were old friends and vastly fond of each other's company, though it was true they could scarce meet without hot words, since, while the former was loyal to George of Hanover, the latter was thought privately to toss a glass to the health of the King over the water. So the heath was left behind. The girl thrust back her hood; the moonlight showed her face dimpling, her grey eyes mirthful.

"You are amused, madam?" Coventry questioned.

"Yes, to think—— But, truly, I should not laugh," she said, and made, it seemed, an effort for gravity. "I have no fear of highwaymen—it is true I never saw one that I know—but my uncle dreads them mightily. He was set upon and robbed of all he carried years ago, and has never forgot it. Should he come upon the coach, as it is likely, he will surely think——"

"That you have suffered a like fate? I trust not, madam. There is the cast wheel——"

"Ah, yes. And, truly, the heath seemed quiet as a hay-field. But there are tales in the town that Galloping Nick, the scamp who has made such a stir at Hounslow, is in these parts."

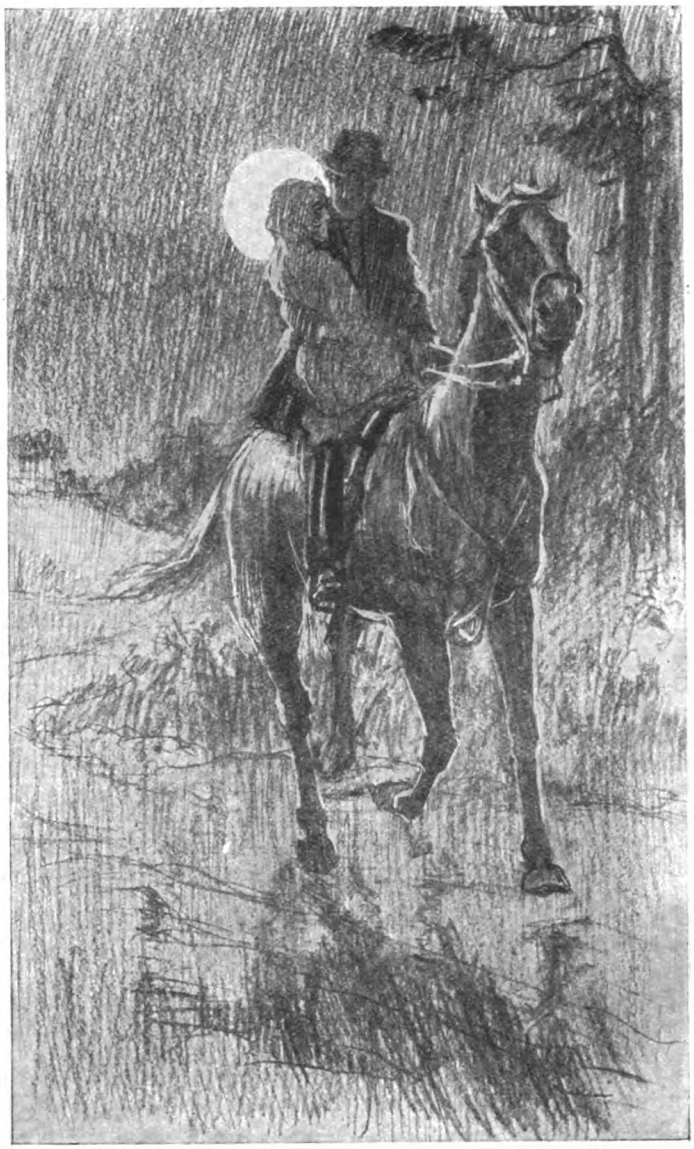
"I, too, have heard the talk, madam." Coventry's eye glanced for an instant at the cuff above his bridle-hand; the wound it covered throbbed like a red-hot pulse. "Had there been that scamp or another, you should still have been safe," he said, quietly.

"Indeed, I am grateful to know it," she assured him, and paused. The mare, ambling comfortably, was crossing a shelterless rise, and the moon was very bright. As she looked at him, her forehead puckered dubiously. "Truly I fancied just now——" she began, and stopped again. "It is not possible that I have seen you before, sir?"

"Yes, madam," said Coventry, simply.

"It is not a fancy?" She turned a little in his arm to inspect him more at her ease. "And where, sir?"

"That I cannot say for certain, madam; though I think it was one night when you left the playhouse and you waited in the porch while your footmen called your coach. There was a cry after a cutpurse, some rough fellows jostled you, and——"



"'I HAVE NO FEAR OF HIGHWAYMEN,' SHE SAID."

"Ah, I remember!" she cried. "It was you who scattered them—who took me to the coach. It was in the light of the link-boy's torch that I saw you."

The grey eyes still examined him doubtfully, curiously. "Truly it is strange that I should remember your face so well," she said, frankly, "though it seems you also remembered mine. But perhaps you had seen me before, sir?"

"Many times, madam, both before and after."

"Is it so? Indeed, I did not know it," she said, smiling.

"No, madam," assented Coventry, quietly. "The road branches here. Will you be pleased to point out the way to the Hall?"

She did so. It presently brought them, by way of some tall gates and a lime-flanked drive, before a great gabled house that lay silvered and shining in the light of the moon. Coventry dismounted and helped the girl down. Her hands were still in his—her spring to the ground had been as light as her spring to the saddle—when she gave a cry.

"Ah, you are hurt!" she exclaimed.

Her face as she pointed was horrified. The bandage that the great gold-laced cuff should have hidden had slipped down; it showed wet and red. Coventry laughed, drawing back with a gesture of deprecation.

"A trifle, madam. A flesh wound merely." He answered the imperious question of her look. "The heath to-night was scarcely so quiet as, happily, you thought it."

"You were set upon? There were highwaymen?" she cried, large-eyed.

"No less, madam." He shrugged. "Had the mare not been fast it might, I think, have gone ill with me. Thanks to her pace, I lost nothing and have but the trifling hurt you see."

"Trifling!" Her tone put the inadequacy of the word aside. "I should scarcely have ridden so easily had I known," she said. "You will be pleased to come to the house, Mr. Coventry, that it may be dressed. If my lord is within he will desire to thank you for your service to me. And for myself, I have no mind to lose my night's rest in wondering how it has fared with you."

She turned towards the house; her gesture brooked no denial. Coventry hesitated only for a moment before he secured the mare's bridle to a convenient lime-branch and followed her; his hour, it seemed, was not yet at its ending. In the great upper chamber to which she led the way a stout, rustling dame, presently appearing in obedience to her summons, deftly bathed and bound his wounded arm. In the centre of the room, a bright blot on its shadowy vastness, a table was spread for supper; among its glitter of china and silver a couple of gaudy lackeys were placing candles. As the waiting woman withdrew and they followed her Coventry glanced about him doubtfully. Pamela had vanished some minutes before. Had she gone to seek my lord? Was he expected to await her return? Expected or no, to wait meant another sight of her; who but a fool would cut short the hour that could have no fellow? With a laugh he threw down cloak and hat upon the couch again. It was as he did so that the fire of logs upon the hearth collapsed and fell together; the flames roared up red, and his eyes caught their first sight of a picture above the chimney.

The portrait of a man. In the crimson light the painted figure started out vivid, salient, as though it stepped living from the frame. Coventry's exclamation left him with dry lips; he caught up a great branching candlestick, held it high, peered nearer. A lackey, entering with a salver of wine, found it set down all awry among the dishes, and the gentleman, for whose air of fine coolness and ease he had had an observant eye, spoke sharply from the gloom beside the hearth.

"Whose is the picture?" asked Coventry.

"Your honour——?" The man was doubtful.

"The picture, man—the painting! A portrait, is it not? Whose?"

"Oh, surely—your honour's pardon—yes. It is Mr. Edward."

"Mr. Edward?"

"Mr. Edward Morton, your honour—my lord's son."

"Mr. Edward Morton, my lord's son! Ha! And who, then, is my lord?" Coventry demanded, coolly.

"My lord the Earl Quixarvyn, your honour."

"Ha! Truly I have heard the name! And my lord the Earl Quixarvyn has other sons?"

"Your honour mistakes, sir; no. None but Mr. Edward. He is the heir."

The logs blazed again; once more the painted face leaped forward; Coventry, hands linked behind him, stared upward at it and laughed. The servant, making an end of his business and approaching the door, drew back with a deep bow from an entering figure that swept him aside with the flick of a delicate, lace-ruffled hand. It advanced stepping slowly, haughtily deliberate, and so came into the candles' light. Coventry, turning about, knew that here was my lord.

In a day when much gluttonous eating and copious drinking flushed the faces and swelled the girth of most men, my lord showed lean and lithe and pale; as active and erect, and, at first sight, in his peach velvet, laces, and curled periwig, nearly as youthful as a boy. It was only upon a nearer view that his ivory-skinned cheeks were seen lined, his mouth pinched, his wrinkle-shot eyes sunken. For an instant, pausing, he stood with his glass poised, then let it fall.

"Edward! Is it possible? My dear lad!" he cried. "Why, truly, the little jade Pamela told me——"

In his eager movement he stopped; his extended hands fell. Coventry made a stride forward into the light, facing him.

"No, my lord," he said.

"Eh?" My lord stared with dropped jaw. Coventry laughed.

"It is not possible, my lord, that I am Mr. Edward Morton, since this is the first time that we meet. Though it is a most

natural mistake. See! Did ever two stand side by side more like than he and I?"

Once more he caught up a candle and held it high. Line for line, face, form, expression, attitude were repeated in the

"You — you—— !" my lord gasped, and, dry-mouthed, was dumb. Coventry smiled.

"You remember, my lord? It is said, I have heard, that he was rake, bully, spend-

"SEE THAT FACE AND MINE, AND DENY IF YOU DARE THAT I AM YOUR SON."

painted figure that again sprang, lifelike, into view. My lord looked, gaped, staggered, caught at a chair, glaring. Coventry set the candle down.

"It is a most marvellous likeness, as you see, my lord," he said, and laughed again. "I swear I think there was never the match of it, save, it may be, in the Hon. Francis Morton, thirty years ago."

thrift, gamester, and withal a treacherous, lying knave who spared neither man nor woman. But doubtless it is a sad scandal, and false as the tale that, could my Lord Quixarvyn, his father, have left him bare of every acre and guinea, it would have pleased him mighty well." Once more he laughed. "Sure, my lord, you recall him—a monstrous fine gentleman who was young and hot and

must have his way, though it was to be bought no cheaper than by honest marriage with a gipsy girl!"

"It is a lie!" my lord snarled, and started forward, livid. "She—she died!"

"Aye—five years ago." He shrugged. "Truly it was much too late, my lord, since my brother, I think, is scarcely three years my younger!"

"You lie! Villain, you lie!" my lord gasped again, and made a furious gesture of menace with lifted shaking hands. Coventry gripped the thin peach-velvet shoulder.

"Lie!" he cried aloud, and pointed to the picture. "Look yonder, my lord! See that face and mine, that figure and mine, those hands and mine, and deny if you dare that I am your son, and the son of the only woman who was ever your wife! Do it while Nature cries out the truth and brands you perjurer and liar!"

My lord, released, staggered down into a chair; he sat staring, the breath whistling sharply from his dropped mouth; fury, hate, terror painted his ghastly face. Coventry stood below the picture very calm; his passion had fallen to quiet.

"It is true, my lord," he said, composedly, "that you believed my mother dead; it was her will. You were prodigal of curse and blow, once your fancy was past, and her gipsy blood knew how to hate—knew it the better because she had loved you once. When you flung her away—your used toy of which you were weary—she would have starved before she raised a hand to keep you, as she would have died of thirst in the ditch that was my birthplace rather than take a drink of water from your hand. To you, therefore, she died. So deep was her hate of you that not even for my sake—your heir's sake, my lord!—would she live again. No, not even though the minister who performed the marriage, who held and still holds the proofs of it and of my birth, many times urged it upon her. For me, she trained me to think as she thought, to hate as she hated. I have known your name, your rank, no more. And I have been content, my lord."

"Ah! Content——?" My lord half-started up, a wild, incredulous relief in his haggard look of rage and fear, to sink back before the other's gesture. Coventry laughed.

"Have been, my lord," he repeated, coolly.

"And now—now——?"

"I am your heir, my lord."

"You—you mean——?"

"That Mistress Pamela Graythorne is beautiful," said Coventry, deliberately.

An impish devil of mockery had looked from his into the wrinkled, furious eyes he confronted; now, as he made a movement as though he bowed himself before the name, it died; he stood, it seemed, humble. My lord rose up; his teeth showed in a fierce grin.

"Pamela Graythorne!" he said, and sneered. "Pamela Graythorne, heiress and beauty! Gad, she is vastly honoured by the gipsy wench's brat! Doubtless she has but to hear your wooing to be conquered!"

"It is as I hope, since the brat is also yours, my lord," said Coventry, and laughed. "Is the future Earl Quixarvyn less than fitting mate and match for the niece of my Lord Justice Crundall? For the rest—others of her sex have given me more kindness than I asked or wished for! Since I have won not wanting, shall I lose when soul and body are set on victory? Lose when I love her as a lost soul may love the thought of heaven? Aye, and before to-day! It is she who is the prize that tempts me—that turns even my mother-fed hate sweet. Were it otherwise, my brother, I swear, might stand in my place as he does now, and I put out no hand to stay him!"

"And now—now——" my lord gasped as before.

"I take my right and win her!" He laughed again. "In faith, my lord, for one thing I thank you, and am your humble debtor. Your blood in my veins has made an air, a carriage, vastly easy, and women think much of such things. Her husband shall play the gentleman with the best, trust me! . . . Ah! She is here!"

Flushed and eager, he turned towards the door—more than ever his face and the painted face above him were one. My lord dropped back into the chair; he sat livid, glaring, dumb. Pamela, entering, came gleaming through the shadows to the hearth. Her cloak was discarded; diamonds clasped her young throat, flashed in the piled gold of her hair; the red fire-glow showed her dazzling. Dimpling grey eyes glancing from one to the other, she swept a rustling curtsy at the rug's edge.

"My lord, you have, I hope, thanked Mr. Coventry for his service to me? It was the luckiest happening that he should cross the heath in the nick of time to offer it, since, as doubtless he has told you, there were highwaymen afoot. I pray my good uncle does not meet with them, for, even though his purse should escape, it will go ill with his tongue and his temper, and I have no mind

to find him prodigal of either." She turned, advanced. "I trust, Mr. Coventry, that now your hurt has been tended—— Ah!"

She cried the ejaculation loudly. A lackey, entering after her, had lighted the candles clustered above the chimney; in their sudden radiance the picture stood out sharp and clear. Her eyes turned—startled, wide, and round—from Coventry's to the painted face and back again. Meeting them, he smiled, with no glance at the helpless, furious face of my lord beyond her. The girl gave a gasp of wonder.

"Why—why——" she stammered; "sure, Mr. Coventry, you—you——"

"Somewhat resemble Mr. Morton? It seems so, madam, since you so quickly see the likeness."

"Somewhat? It is marvellous!" She looked from the one to the other again, then laughed. "Indeed, sir, I thought it very odd that I should remember your face so well, having seen it but once, and then by merest chance; but it is plain now why I found it as familiar as my own in the glass. In a better light I should have recognized the likeness quicker. It is most wonderful!"

"Is it so?" Over the golden head—merciless, audacious, mockingly defiant—he met his father's livid stare, and laughed. "But surely it is scarce so wonderful, madam, since my lord does me the honour to find I am his kinsman."

"Oh!" cried Pamela. She turned briskly about. "Indeed, my lord, I did not know you had kinsmen of Mr. Coventry's name—it is the first, I think, I have heard of such. But I am most ready to pardon my cast coach-wheel, since it was the means of making him known to you." Her regard, candid as a child's, was again upon Coventry's face. "You are Edward's elder, I think, sir, and it may be a little darker of complexion, but did he stand here side by side with you I protest you might be brothers. Is it not so, my lord?"

My lord had started up; his haggard face was turned to the shadows. By the girl's side Coventry waited, smiling. Would he dare answer, dare deny? Upon the moment's silence came the sound of hoofs in the drive below, a clatter of stopping, and a great bluff voice roared out an order. Diverted, Pamela ran to a window, looked down, and turned a mischievously sparkling face.

"It is my uncle!" she cried. "You will find, Mr. Coventry, that if he has seen no highwaymen he has fancied a score, and is hot to play judge, jury, and hangman together!"

She laughed gaily, and turned to a mirror. Coventry watched the recalling of a vagrant curl, the adjustment of a rose at her breast. By the hearth my lord stood dumb; the firelight showed him rigid, with clenched hands and locked mouth. Beyond the door the deep voice boomed again; bowing, a lackey flung it open, and my Lord Justice Crundall rolled into the room—a huge man, stout and tall, with a great, flushed, fleshy face, short-sighted, peering eyes, and a curved beak of nose set above a heavy jaw and chin. As Pamela ran to him he caught her round the waist and kissed her.

"So, child, you had, I hear, a mishap on the heath? It is well you are no worse, and I'm vastly obliged to the gentleman who, it seems, brought you safe out of it. How d'ye do, Frank? Eh, what's here? Ned, is it not? And yet—no—surely——?"

The Justice paused interrogative, stared perplexed. Pamela laughed.

"No, not Edward, uncle. It is Mr. Coventry, who brought me here," she said, demurely.

"Eh?" said the Justice, and stared again. "Faith, these eyes of mine play me strange tricks. I protest, Mr. Coventry, that had you chosen to vow yourself Ned Morton I must needs have believed you. I am your debtor for your service to my niece, sir. It is well you were there to render it and protect her, for here's my Lady Dashwood's coach set upon on the heath, and she eased of near seventy guineas and jewels worth five hundred!"

"To-night, uncle? My Lady Dashwood? On the heath?" cried Pamela.

"Aye, my dear—else I had been here a half-hour sooner. Half-way across there was a mighty bellowing and crying, which, scenting mischief, I followed, and so, just beyond the cross-road to Merton, came upon the coach rifled, footman and coachman in a twitter of fright, my lady near swooning, and her woman screeching in a fit. Being a-horseback I could do no more than give the wench a word or two to quiet her, and ride beside my lady to the road. The poor soul is nigh distracted at the loss of her trinkets, which, she says, are heirlooms, though, as I had a mind to tell her, 'twas a fool's trick to trust them on the heath no better guarded. It seems the knave held his pistol to the lackeys' heads while the maid turned out her mistress's pockets and stripped her of every ring." The Justice turned about, his red face redder. "Gad, Frank, had I been sooner and caught him, I swear I'd

have hanged the scoundrel to the nearest tree forthwith, and put a bullet through his rascally sconce! It was that villain, Galloping Nick!"

"That scamp? Was it so? Of Hounslow, my lord?" cried Coventry, quickly.

"No other, sir, as, with all the insolence in life, he told my lady. And the most pestilent, dare-devil rogue that a rope ever itched for. It was said he was in these parts as his old haunts grew too hot to hold him, and it seems 'twas true."

"And my Lady Dashwood would know him, uncle?" asked Pamela, eagerly.

"His face, no, child—he went masked. But she vows she could swear to both his bay horse and black cloak. He rode off with a bow as fine as a duke, she told me, though it may be scarce with a whole skin, since one of the fellows plucked up courage to fire his pistol after him and winged him, as he thinks. It was vastly well the scoundrel did not come your way, niece! You saw naught?"

"Nothing, uncle—no one." With a laugh she turned. "Indeed, Mr. Coventry, you spoke truly in saying that the heath to-night was scarcely so quiet as I thought it! Sure, it must have been this same Galloping Nick that wounded you!"

"Eh?" cried the Justice, loudly. "You were attacked, sir?"

"Scarcely that, my lord—fired upon. It is a flesh wound merely. By good luck my mare is fast, and I lost nothing and have no worse hurt. It was but a few moments before I came upon Mistress Graythorne's coach. Indeed, madam, it may well have been the same, for, from the sight I had of him, I think the fellow wore a black cloak. If there were others of his kidney afoot I saw none."

"It was the same scamp, I make no doubt, sir." The Justice, throwing off the riding-coat which he still wore, approached the table. "Gad! had my last meal been sand my throat could be no drier! Is the supper ready, Frank?"

"It has waited for you," said my lord. Into the light of the candles he brought a rigid face, white as his ruffles; across them again met eyes that challenged and defied him. "You will — sup with us, Mr. Coventry?"

"With great pleasure, my lord," Coventry answered, coolly. "I am in no haste—our talk can wait your leisure."

A smile from Pamela directed him to a seat beside her. At the air with which he bowed and took it the grey eyes glanced in involuntary approval. This strange kinsman who so marvellously resembled Edward Morton was at least as fine a gentleman, thought the girl. My lord took his chair silently; my Lord Justice filled a bumper of wine, crying out again that his throat was dry as powder. His big-voiced talk and booming laughter filled up the pauses of his devotion to plate and tankard. Only when his appetite was satisfied did it seem to break upon him that his host sat mute. He sat back, flushed and ponderous, peering under gathered brows at the ivory-white face that was fixed as stone.

"Gad, Frank, but for me, Mr. Coventry and Mistress Pamela there would have all the talk between them! You're dumb as a fish, man!"

Pausing, he glanced at his niece; his voice sank a tone. "Surely there's nothing wrong?"

"What should be wrong?" my lord grated harshly. He poured out wine with a hand that shook and drank it, gulping; his eyes were fierce above the goblet-rim. The Justice laughed.

"Faith, nothing, but you look mighty glum," he said, and paused again. "You have no bad news of Edward?"

"None."

"There is no chance yet that he is coming to England?"

"How should he be coming to England?"

"That's true. That last proclamation makes it plain that since Ormonde's failure His Majesty has less of a mind to be gracious towards those at St. Germains. And Ned's name has the ill-luck to be a known and marked one. To return now would be to risk jail, if no worse nor more." The two were whispering across the table-corner; a trill of laughter from Pamela filled a pause; the Justice sighed gustily. "Well, Frank, you know well that I like the boy—it is not alone for his own sake that I would choose he were loyal to George, who is safe on the throne, rather than to James, who will never come near it. Aye—I know it is not your belief, but it is mine, and time will show which of us is in the right. I would the lad would make submission to His Majesty, and forsake a cause that is hopeless. That he is so staunch a Jacobite is all that I have against him, though, truly, that your heir should follow your way is natural enough."

My lord sat dumb; his eyes glared across the table from a livid face; his frown was black. The Justice turned in his chair, raising his great voice.

"It is but churlish to talk of the absent

and do no more," he said, briskly. "I call a toast, Frank."

"A toast?" my lord muttered.

"Aye—to the health of a brave lad and honest gentleman. Fill your glass, Mr. Coventry. Come—a bumper to Mr. Morton, my lord's son and heir!"

He filled his glass and stood up. Coventry, doing the like, rose too, pale and with eyes very bright.

"Faith, my lord," he said, and laughed, "it is a toast I had not hoped to hear drunk to-night, though none could be more welcome. If Mistress Pamela will also deign to honour it——"

He flushed as Pamela, with a radiant, blushing smile, held out her glass, standing at his side; for the moment his dark beauty was a goodly match for hers. The Justice chuckled, glancing round at my lord and back again.

"Honour it!" he cried. "Aye, I warrant her! Faith, Frank, were Mistress Pamela as wise as I wish her, Ned might well sit by while we empty. But I swear that in her heart I think the little jade is near as fierce a Jacobite as her lover!"

From Coventry's glass, set roughly down, the wine slopped over; white, staring, he swung round with a hoarse ejaculation, clutching the table-corner. A louder cry came from the Justice; his bluff laugh stopped half-uttered; his great hand shot out, pounced upon the other's and gripped it tight. Close, his short-sighted eyes were of the keenest; he peered at it near, stooping; his dropped glass smashed on the table, and a red puddle dyed the cloth.

"By the Lord Harry," he cried out, "it is Sir Charles Meredith's black pearl! I'll swear to it! The ring that was stolen from him at pistol-point a year ago at Hounslow! Stolen by the same dare-devil villain that had my Lady Dashwood's money and jewels on the heath to-night! Stolen by Galloping Nick!"

He stared round the table, his broad, florid face almost purple. My lord had started up, Pamela given a cry. The Justice struck the table a swinging blow.

"It is the same!" he cried again. "I say I'll swear to it. The ring stolen by the highwayman, Galloping Nick! . . . You were on the heath to-night, sir! You were shot in the arm before you met with my niece! And, by the Lord, there was a bay mare tethered a hundred yards from the door—I marked it! You scoundrel, it was you! You are the man!"

"Uncle—no, no! His cloak was white!" cried Pamela.

Coventry had freed himself with a wrench and stepped back. For an instant his blazing eyes flashed round the great room, measuring distance to windows and door. Then he looked at the girl and bowed to her.

"Upon one side only, madam," he said, quietly; "it is black the other. I have found the change a vast convenience before to-night." He looked at the Justice with a shrug. "Faith, my Lord Justice, you have me—Galloping Nick and no other! Here's proof to the truth of it!"

The guineas rolled among the dishes as he flung them down in handfuls; the jewels lay gleaming in the red patch the spilt wine had made. Pamela, speechless and bewildered, stared blankly at the glittering things and the rolling coins; my lord, leaning forward on his hands, glared across the table with a face not less white than hers. But the Justice flushed redder.

"You villain!" he exploded. "You're Galloping Nick—and you own it, do you? The rogue that Tyburn gallows and Ketch's rope have been waiting for this three years! You may swear to it that they'll not wait longer, for, as I'm alive, you shall hang before the month is out!"

A stride took him to where his riding-coat lay; in a trice he had whipped out a pistol. With a scream of terror and horror the girl sprang between—she stood as though of her slender body she would have made a shield. Coventry gently put her aside.

"My Lord Justice will scarcely butcher me before you, madam," he said, coolly; "and, indeed, I think would vastly rather give me rope than bullet. . . . Well, I have played out my hour, have held you in my arms, talked with you, sat at your side—your equal. It is worth the price!" Her caught hand was still in his; he kissed it and stepped back to the table, lifting his glass. "Were it not so," he cried aloud, and glanced once at the pallid, wide-eyed face staring beyond the candles' light, "I would drink destruction to the man to whom I owe it that since I came wailing into this black world I have known no voice to counsel me, no guide to set my feet on an honest path, no hand to bar one of the hundred open doors that wooed me the hangman's way! But since you love him, as it seems you do, I drink rather to Mr. Edward Morton, my lord's son and heir!" The glass smashed as he flung it down—he turned about. "Out of the way, my lord! Without doubt I shall

hang in the end—what else? But it will take more than a pistol to keep me here to-night!"

Before the rapid, desperate force of his advance the Justice involuntarily gave back a step; he passed, made for the door, and

"A VAGUE FIGURE SWAYED UPON THE THRESHOLD AND STUMBLED IN."

stopped. Footsteps were without; a hand fumbled at the lock; it was flung open; a vague figure swayed upon the threshold and stumbled in. A hoarse, choked sound came from my lord as he started up, and the room rang to Pamela's loud cry.

"Edward!" she screamed.

She sprang and caught at the reeling man as he staggered into the light. His riding-coat was torn open; on the white shirt beneath a patch showed red as the spilt wine. At sight of it she screamed again, and my lord gave a cry near as shrill. With an oath, letting the pistol fall, the Justice threw a great arm round his shoulder, steadying him to a chair.

"Ned! Why, sure, you're wounded, lad!"

"A shot. Hush, sweet—it is naught—I scarcely feel it," he gasped. "They are

hot-foot on my heels, a troop of horse, unless by good luck I gave them the slip on the heath."

"Horse? King's men?" exclaimed the Justice, loudly.

"George's. I come from the King."

"From James?" cried my lord.

"Yes; I carry letters from him to my Lord Bolingbroke. 'Tis a secret mission, but betrayed—the Lord knows how. They best be in hiding, for should the fellows have wit to turn this way, as may well happen, and have a mind to search the house——"

Pamela gave a cry, flinging her arms about him, turning a blank white face of terror. The sound that suddenly broke upon the night stillness was not to be mistaken—the beat of distant, rapidly advancing hoofs. With a swing of his huge body the Justice was at a window; he flung up the sash,

"CROUCHED OVER THE SWOONING MAN, SHE MOANED."

were in wait for me this side Cardington village—a full score. I broke away, and they gave chase. But that I was hit by one of their bullets I had kept on, but I durst not run the chance of their finding the papers. It would be ruin to His Majesty's project as sure as it is death to me if I am taken."

"Death!" Pamela gasped. "Edward!"

"No less, since it is known, it seems, what brings me. But I am not taken, sweet, nor, I hope, will be. If, having lost my trace, they keep the road to London, there is no fear. The letters, sir—lock them away. By good luck I got in unseen, and the servants, knowing naught, can tell no more; but I had peered out, and swung about again, his ruddy cheeks paling.

"By the Lord, it is the rascals!" he cried. "The letters, Frank; hide them, or maybe it is more than one will swing for this night's work! Quickly, Ned, lad, for they will be here in three minutes or less."

The words ended in an oath of dismay. The packet for which Edward had groped in his breast fell as he staggered to his feet; he grasped at the table-edge, reeling—would have dropped, but that, as the girl clutched at him, Coventry, with a stride, caught him from her, lifted and laid him down upon the couch, insensible. The door had been free, but he had not moved to it, had not turned his eyes

from her. She flung herself down upon her knees, started up again, and shook the Justice's arm wildly. The beat of hoofs was nearer.

"They are close!" she cried, distractedly. "They will enter—search the house—take him! And 'tis death, death! Oh, save him, uncle—save him! Edward—Edward!"

Crouched over the swooning man, she moaned. Again it seemed that she would have made of herself a shield. Coventry looked at her, looked at the Justice, threw up his head, and laughed.

"They shall not enter, madam, or take him—trust me." In a flash he was at the window and back again. "They are at the gates! Quick, my lord—help me! His coat!"

"His coat?" the Justice echoed. "You—you mean——"

"That it is better you help to save your niece's lover from the hangman than twist my neck in the rope, my lord, and that it is vastly lucky I bear his face and figure. My mare's below. They shall see me leave by the window. If I reach her and get clear, faith, they lose Mr. Morton! If I am caught they shoot Mr. Morton, and there's an end of it and of all! Quick, or it will be too late."

On his knee by the couch he half raised the unconscious figure; with the Justice's mechanically-given aid drew the coat away, replaced his own with it, and threw off the curled periwig, showing the crisp, cropped, dark hair beneath—hair but a shade deeper than that upon the pillow. My lord had fallen into a chair, fumbling with the packet; he stared dumb from a dazed, grey face, a figure collapsed, helpless, shrunken, piteous, and suddenly old. Pamela had struggled to her feet; incredulity, horror, and bewilderment were wide in her terrified eyes.

"They—they will kill you!" she gasped.

"Madam, if so it is better than the rope." With a rapid disarrangement of shirt and vest, matching that of the insensible man to a hair, he took the pistols from his cloak, thrust them into his belt, and turned to the girl again. The Justice standing by, confounded, overborne, noted his high, bright smile, and spoke of it after. "Oh, if my life is lost, think of it, I beg you, as of a thing as worthless as it was freely given. And if it is ever in your heart to thank me for the saving of your lover's, believe if you can that once—I swear to it!—I might have made as honest and brave a gentleman!"

For an instant the hand that had lain on his brother's breast rested upon his father's sunk head. It may be that in the touch there was pardon. Then, as swiftly, he was at the window and threw it wider; his knee was on the sill as the advancing sound of hoofs and voices broke into clamour below, followed by a battery of blows upon the door, and a voice called a hoarse command to open in the name of the King. He sprang out upon the balcony and looked down. Gleams of scarlet and steel were bright in the light of the moon. To reach the mare he must cross the broad space a bare score of yards away—he would be seen. Clinging to stonework, trellis, ivy, he lowered himself hand over hand, dropped, sprang up, and ran. A tumult of shouts arose behind him, and a rattle of running feet. He swung about and emptied his pistols into the huddle of rushing figures. A struck horse fell screaming, its rider pitched forward; another man fell, but the rest were upon him and their swords were out. He flung away the useless weapons and ran upon them with arms extended and clutching hands ready—the gripped and guided blades went home.

The piercing cry of horror that rang out from above was to Coventry the last of his hour. Pamela, uttering it, reeled from the window, her palms against her eyes.

"He is down!" she screamed. "They have murdered him—murdered him!"

She dropped beside her lover and crouched there, moaning, shuddering. My lord stumbled to his feet and rushed to the window. He thrust forth a ghastly face.

"Villains!" he shrieked, shrilly, and with a frenzied hand menaced the group gathered about the fallen figure that in the moonlight lay motionlessly still. "Butchers! Murderers! You have killed my son!"

The Art of Quick Change.

HOW IT IS DONE.

A Talk with Mr. R. A. Roberts.

NYONE who has seen Mr. Roberts on the stage in any of his sketches will readily credit him when he says that among his audiences there are always many who absolutely refuse to believe the truth of the statement which they find on their programmes to the effect that all the characters in the sketch are played by him.

"A number of people," said the clever protean artiste, "regard me, I know, as an especially impudent though possibly a clever impostor. Many, indeed, have gone to the trouble of writing to tell me so. Not long since a man sent his card round to me after witnessing one of my performances and asked if I would give him a short interview; he said he was greatly interested in my work, and would very much like to ask me a few questions about it.

"I may say that I receive messages of this sort sometimes from lunatics, people who are collecting money for various objects, and other undesirable visitors, so I do not as a rule see stray callers, but in this instance I did so. Something, I think, in the tone of the man's message appealed to me. I liked the expression 'greatly interested in your work.' We talked for about half an hour; as a matter of fact I did most of the talking, and my visitor listened very attentively to all I had to say regarding my methods of work. He arose at last, and said thoughtfully as he did so, 'And you really play all these characters yourself?' I nodded my head. He broke into a quiet laugh. 'Just fancy,' he said, as we shook hands, and then added, 'How you manage to keep *all* their mouths shut off the stage is what puzzles me.' And so he departed quite convinced that I was a liar of the first magnitude, and nothing I could have said or done would have made him believe that I was telling him the truth.

"I remember once some years ago telling a man that I could take off my coat and waistcoat in a second. He refused to believe me, so I offered to do this simple and elementary exercise in the art of quick change then and there. I would not bet about the matter because I was absolutely certain that I should win, and this greatly annoyed him, and made him all the more certain I could not do as I said; well, I gave him a chronometer and, standing up before him, got my coat and waistcoat off in the specified time. I did this three times, and then he declared that I could not do it with his coat on. This turned out to be rather an unfortunate suggestion—for him. I put on his coat and waistcoat, and took them off in a second, but owing perhaps to the fact that the waistcoat was a trifle too small for me I ripped it down one side, and, worse still, sent a gold watch which was in one of the pockets flying into a corner of the room. However, I tried to console the owner of the damaged articles by reminding him that I had saved him the five pounds he wanted to wager, which he would have lost had I taken his bet."

The fact is there really is no very great mystery about the manner in which Mr. Roberts accomplishes his various quick changes. He has certainly discovered methods, in some instances only after years of experimental work, by which certain changes of costume and make-up can be made with extreme rapidity. These methods are, however, for the most part simple enough in themselves; though in some of his later productions they are rather more complex and ingenious; but Mr. Roberts as a protean artiste employs no tricks. You may examine all or any of the hundreds of garments and costumes he wears on the stage and you will see that they are all genuine, and in none will you find any device which could aid him in getting them rapidly on or off, and he never wears one dress over another.

Every time he comes on the stage when playing in any of his sketches, Mr. Roberts has, whilst off, changed his clothes and entire make-up. The average time he takes to effect a change is two and a half seconds. In a few instances he takes three or four seconds. When he was playing at the Palace Theatre some years ago, during Mr. Morton's management, Mr. Roberts used to make all his changes at the back of the stage

(1) Leaving the stage in the character of a garrulous old landlady—
From a Photograph.

without such shelter as he now insists on having, and Mr. Morton frequently would bring down some of his friends to see the artiste at work behind the scenes. Among the visitors were the late Mr. Clement Scott, Mr. Hooley, the Maharajah of Mysore, and many others. The visitors would see an old woman come off the stage, and as she did so her garments would drop from her, leaving a man clad in tights. Then the man executed some movements with extraordinary rapidity amid a group of assistants, and from them he flashed out a dapper young man in modern garb, and was again on the stage three seconds after he left it. "It is the work of the evil one," was the Maharajah's comment, who stood the whole evening watching Mr. Roberts make every change in his sketch.

"I now require," said Mr. Roberts, "to have the entire stage to myself and under my control during my performance, and have backings and a shelter put up all round it. I make, as a matter of fact, all my changes in the dark. Every change is so thoroughly well rehearsed and practised by myself and my assistants that I can do this quite readily."

(2) He makes one of his most complete and rapid changes—
From a Photograph.

Briefly, here is the manner in which Mr. Roberts prepares and rehearses a set of quick changes. First of all he plays a sketch right through at home with the assistance of Mrs. Roberts, who, it may be noted, is his chief dresser and

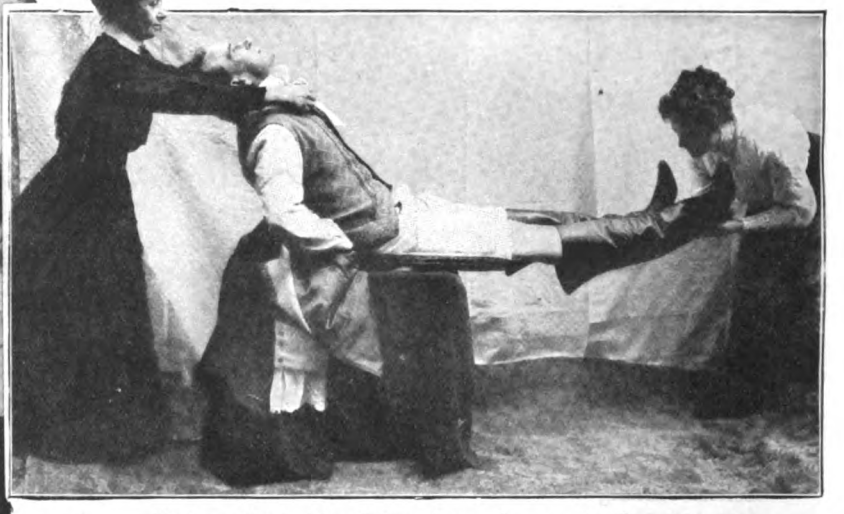
(3) Into the dress of a smart-looking young solicitor just about to start for a race-meeting—
From a Photograph

(4) The transformation being effected in the almost incredible time of one and a fifth seconds.
From a] [Photograph

(1) In changing from Dick Turpin to Old Sally—
From a Photograph.

general stage-manager. He has also the services of another assistant. The time each change takes to make without exercising any special haste is noted; it may be from five to seven minutes in each case. Then begins the work of bringing the time down to as many seconds, and finally to the lightning speed of a couple of seconds or less. This is done by no more recondite art than long and constant practice. It took Mr. Roberts two years, practising eight hours a day, before he could make all the changes in Dick Turpin in the average time of three seconds each. The change from Turpin to Old Sally occupied eight minutes the first time he tried it at his own home. When he produced the sketch he could make the change in two seconds and three-quarters.

One difficulty was getting off Turpin's clothes. He tried this in several ways, and at length hit upon the method shown in one of our illustrations. He flings himself down on a seat on leaving the stage, and in less than a second his two "dressers" have removed all Turpin's clothes. Then comes a jump into Old Sally's dress; her wig is put on by one dresser while the dress is fastened behind by the other, the last pull to the apron-strings being actually given as Old Sally makes her entrance on the stage.



(2) Immediately Mr. Roberts leaves the stage he flings himself on a seat, and in less than a second his two "dressers" have removed Turpin's clothes.
From a] [Photograph.

"Quickly as we work off the stage," said Mr. Roberts, "it would really be impossible to do these very rapid changes unless I was able to get through a certain amount of the work involved by the change whilst I am actually on the stage. In the case, for example, of my change from Turpin to Old Sally, whilst I am on the stage as Turpin I alter the lines on my face with my fingers, and at the moment I go off I am practically, so far as my face is concerned, 'made up' for the part of Old Sally. The audience do not suspect that I am doing anything of the sort, but to distract their attention from myself at such moments is one of the hardest and most vitally important parts of my work. A friend who has often watched me on purpose to see if he could detect me doing anything of this sort on the stage has never been able to do so except once, when he noticed me unbuttoning my waistcoat before going off the stage as the Major in 'Ringing the Changes.' I do not know whether anyone else ever did so, but I have been extremely careful how I do it ever since."

In the sketch just mentioned, Mr. Roberts makes one of his most rapid changes. He leaves the stage as the garrulous and bibulous landlady and comes on again in one and a fifth seconds as the smart-looking young solicitor who is just about to start for a race-meeting. How this change is made may be seen from our illustrations, and it will convey some idea of the speed at which Mr. Roberts works if the reader bears in mind that the movements shown in the photographs are got through in one and a fifth seconds. Before he leaves the stage in the character of a landlady he loosens the string in the dress and removes all the lines from his face. By the time the door closes on him the landlady's garments are off and he is half-way through the change; the time it occupies is reckoned from the moment the door closes on Mr. Roberts making his exit in the character of the landlady.

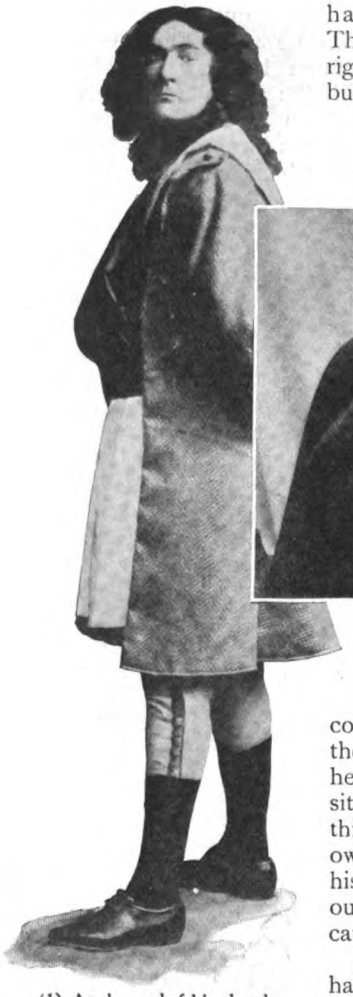
With every movement timed to the fraction of a second it is scarcely necessary to say that no allowance can be made for any fumbling or the slightest mistakes on the part of Mr. Roberts's assistants. They must be as deft and rapid in their own way as the artiste is in his; but human hands cannot be expected to work with the absolute accuracy of a machine, and on a few occasions the inevitable hitch has occurred. Once at the Palace Theatre, when Mr. Roberts was playing "Ringing the Changes," the coat he wears when playing the part of the Irish carman was left out by a dresser with one of the sleeves turned in, and by some unaccountable oversight neither Mrs. Roberts nor the other dresser, who examine every garment carefully, noticed the turned-in sleeve until Mr. Roberts, in rushing through the change, drove his

(3) Then comes a jump into Old Sally's dress; her wig is put on by one "dresser," while the dress is fastened behind by the other, the last pull to the apron-strings being given as—

From a Photograph.

(4) Old Sally appears on the stage two seconds and three-quarters after Dick Turpin has left it.

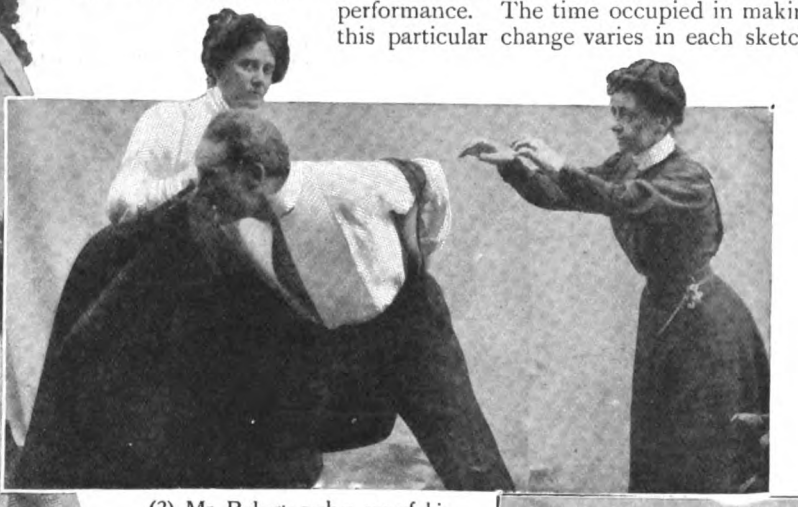
From a Photograph.



(1) At the end of his sketch, "Cruel Coppinger"—
From a Photograph.

hand against it. The sleeve was put right like a flash, but the artiste was completely upset by the incident, and all he could do was to sit down and "say things" (to use his own expression) to his assistants, and cut out the part of the carman that night.

But a hitch that had rather more painful consequences was one that occurred quite recently when he was playing "Cruel Coppinger." Some fresh lining had been put into the sleeves of Coppinger's coat by a dresser in rather a hurry, and she left her needle in it. When Mr. Roberts plunged his arms into the garment the needle drove up to the eye into his arm, causing him the most excruciating pain, but the incident did not delay him for the fraction of a second. He was on the stage exactly on time, and went through the remaining part of the sketch and several other changes with the needle in his arm. On another occasion, in the same sketch, a dresser pulled a belt round Mr. Roberts's waist several inches tighter than he ought to have done. The artiste went on the stage, and though in agonies got through the part all right, but when he came off he fainted. This happened fortunately at the conclusion of the sketch, but Mr. Roberts was unable to make his usual quick change into evening clothes, which he does at the end of every performance. The time occupied in making this particular change varies in each sketch, as Mr. Roberts can do it quicker from some characters than others, and a good deal also depends upon the manner in which the sketch ends. In "Cruel Coppinger," for example, the pirate is off the stage for three seconds before he returns to make his bow in dress clothes. The initial movement in the change is the same as in the change from Turpin to Old Sally. The two movements



(2) Mr. Roberts makes one of his most difficult changes—
From a Photograph.

(3) That into ordinary evening dress —in three seconds.
From a Photograph.

shown in our illustration are got through whilst Mr. Roberts is rushing to make his entrance from the wings. It took him three years' practice with Mrs. Roberts and another assistant to finish this change as he runs from the place of his last exit to the wings. So difficult is this change that Mr. Roberts makes it a rule never to let a day pass, even when on his holidays, without practising it once or twice, for fear he or his assistant should lose in the least degree the rapidity of action which they have acquired.

Mr. Roberts prepares his sketches with very considerable care, and most of the characters in them are from life studies. He found, for example, the woman that inspired Old Sally in a lunatic asylum.

He met the man that inspired the character of the solicitor by chance at dinner in a restaurant, and "Red Gorge" has been known to him for many years in the shape of an old sailor in Scarborough.

Recently he spent the whole day going over Dartmoor prison in search of material for a character for a new sketch he has in view, but was not successful in getting any inspiration from the convicts he came across. But he had a curious and rather dramatic experience nevertheless. A gang of convicts passed him returning from work; they all looked straight before them as they marched briskly towards the cells, guarded on either side by a squad of warders.

"I just caught a glimpse of the full face of one who had turned his head for an instant in our direction," said Mr. Roberts. "Seven years ago I had sat opposite that man at dinner. He was then a gay, careless, kind-hearted youth who had come in for a bit of money, and was spending it as fast as he could. He disappeared, and I often had wondered what had become of him.

"I subsequently learnt that he was serving a sentence of five years for obtaining money under false pretences.

"I had rather an amusing experience some years ago when I was preparing 'Ringing the Changes' for production. I heard that there was a lady who presided over a certain servants' registry office near Oxford, who was just the sort of person that would make a splendid study for the character of the landlady in my sketch. I accordingly went into the office one day to see her. Well, in appearance she was short and very fat, and bore no resemblance to the sort of landlady I had in my mind, but that was a small matter. My friend who told me about her no doubt meant to convey that in her mannerisms and conversations I should find some useful material for the development of the landlady's part. I opened the conversation by making an inquiry about the possibilities of obtaining a reliable cook, and from that branched into various other topics. In the middle of our conversation she suddenly turned from the desk where she was sitting and said, 'Now, I wonder, is your name Roberts?'

"I was too taken aback to deny it. 'Well, that is strange,' she said, looking modestly down at her feet, 'because a gentleman who was in here the other day on business said he was a fortune-teller, and told me that in a short time I might expect to be married for the third time to a gentleman who was soon coming to see me and that——' But I simply fled. Of course, it was obvious that my friend who told me to go to the registry office had played one of his little jokes at my expense."

Mr. Roberts, in the beginning of his career, had to contend against as adverse fortune as anyone in his profession has ever gone through; but his early experiences have, as he remarked, no special bearing on the subject matter of this article.

Yet it may not be out of place to relate one little incident which befell him when he came to London nearly twenty-five years ago without a penny in his pocket.

He had picked up an engagement at the Waterloo Rooms as an entertainer at one guinea a performance, which was never paid him. At the end of his first performance a gentleman and lady asked to be introduced to him, and they invited him to their flat to supper. Mr. Roberts had been twenty-four hours without food, so he did not hesitate about accepting the invitation. "It was a most enjoyable meal," said Mr. Roberts, "and I made a very big one; my host's little son, a keenly intelligent boy of thirteen, sat opposite to me and talked a great deal about the theatre. He told me he had made up his mind to go on the stage. I stayed at the house of my kind entertainers, who knew nothing about my circumstances, until long after midnight. As I bid them good-night, and glanced round at the pretty supper-table and bright fire in the grate, my heart sank, for I had nowhere to go that night. I slept, as a matter of fact, on the Embankment, and it was freezing terribly hard. The little boy who was so stage-struck has since become known to the world as Granville Barker, and recently he told me he remembered the Waterloo Rooms very well."

With the Best Intentions.

By C. H. BOVILL.

Illustrated by Alec Ball.

"IF you could only do papa some great service," said Miss Benweed, pensively; "something—you know—which would make him feel that he was under a tremendous obligation to you—so tremendous that he could refuse nothing you asked for—I believe that would help things along a lot."

"I'm sure it would," assented the young man at her side. He gazed at Miss Benweed as if lost in admiration of her ingenuity. "What a clever little woman you are to think of a thing like that!"

"Now Claude, dear, you really must try and be sensible for a few minutes," was the clever little woman's injunction when the prolonged tribute to her intellectual powers which he insisted upon paying had at last come to an end. Claude dear, whose surname was Whistlemore, knitted his brows and put his tie straight, as an indication that he was once more in full possession of his faculties. Miss Benweed went on:—

"As things are, you know, it would be hopeless to ask for papa's consent to our engagement. You would never get it."

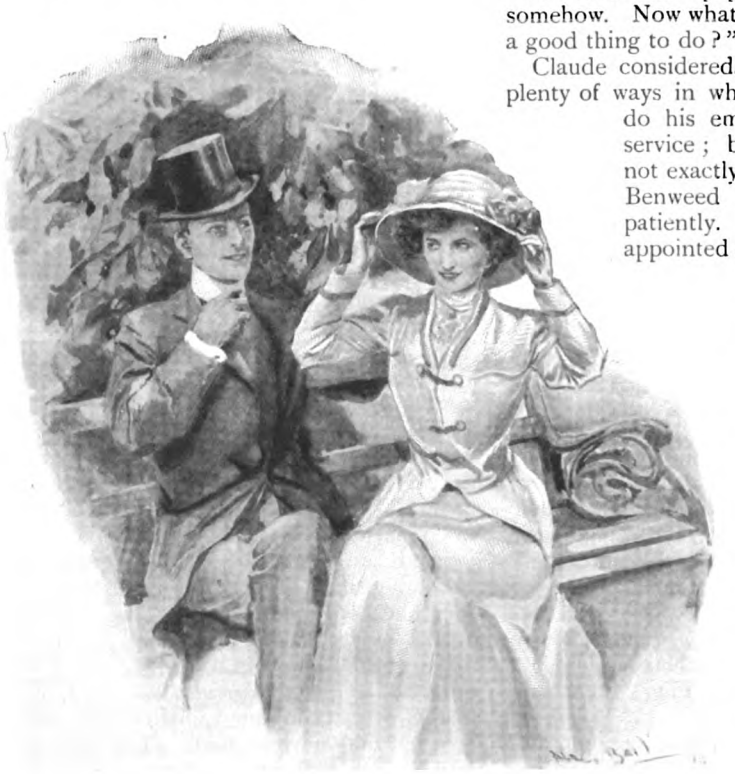
"Not much!" was the emphatic reply. "What I should get would be the sack."

"Very well, then, you must *do* something," rejoined Miss Benweed, very decidedly. "You must make papa your debtor for life—somehow. Now what do you think would be a good thing to do?"

Claude considered. No doubt there are plenty of ways in which a junior clerk can do his employer an incalculable service; but somehow they did not exactly leap to the mind. Miss Benweed tapped her foot impatiently. She was rather disappointed at the lack of readiness displayed by her lover. It seemed to her that having been given the main outline of so brilliant a scheme he ought not to have found it difficult to fill in the mere details.

"Couldn't you go to papa with some clever idea by which he could make a great deal of money?" she suggested.

"Oh, yes, I could go to him," admitted Claude, though in no very enthusiastic tone. He was trying to draw a mental picture of himself approaching Violet's father with a clever idea, and



"AS THINGS ARE, YOU KNOW, IT WOULD BE HOPELESS TO ASK FOR PAPA'S CONSENT TO OUR ENGAGEMENT."

somehow it did not come out very well. Mr. Benweed was a large merchant in every sense of the term, and somewhat abrupt in his treatment of those whom he suspected, rightly or wrongly, of trying to waste his time.

"Or how would it be"—there seemed to be no limit to the fertility of Miss Benweed's invention—"how would it be if you were to save papa's life at the risk of your own?"

"I think I like your other idea best," said Claude, after weighing them both very carefully in his mind. "Of course, this notion of saving your father's life at the risk of my own is very good—very good indeed; but the other strikes me as more practicable. Mind you, I shall keep my eyes open, and if a real good chance comes along for me to lay down my life for his, I shall snap it up, you may depend upon that. But your other scheme is the one I shall really concentrate my attention on, and work up for."

"Darling boy!" cooed Miss Benweed, convinced by his earnest tones that he really meant to make a big effort to place their love affairs upon a more satisfactory footing.

As the daughter of one of our foremost leather-sellers, Violet Benweed ought certainly to have looked higher than a junior clerk in her father's counting-house. If her father had known that she was secretly engaged to Claude Whistlemore there would probably have been an unparalleled convulsion on the leather market. Mr. Benweed had a poor opinion of the young gentlemen whom he employed as junior clerks, and marked it by the salaries which he paid them. Indeed, it was to that very circumstance that Claude owed his introduction to the adorable Violet. Having a premonition that young Whistlemore was working up to ask for an increase of salary, Mr. Benweed hastily instructed his wife to ask the boy to her annual garden-party. It seemed to Mr. Benweed that a clerk who has been loaded with hospitality and admitted to the exalted society of his employer's friends could hardly have the effrontery to bring forward the question of a rise for a long time to come.

Violet, inclined at first to be a little cold to a person whom her father had explained in a loud whisper to be "only one of the young men from the office, my dear," took very kindly to Claude when she discovered that he was the second cousin of the popular musical-comedy actress for whom it was the ambition of Miss Benweed's life to be mistaken. After Claude had told her that when he saw her first it gave him quite a shock ("I really thought you were Gertie, I did, indeed, Miss Benweed"), she came to the conclusion that he was one of the nicest young men she had ever met.

After that, things progressed until they reached a point at which, as we have seen, it became necessary to "do something" which would lead Mr. Benweed to suppose that Claude Whistlemore was just the sort of fellow he wanted for a son-in-law.

Claude's earlier efforts to earn the undying gratitude of Violet's papa were not quite so successful as he could have wished.

One day, at a crowded street crossing, he made a bold attempt to save his employer's life by pulling him quickly back by the coat-tails out of the path of an impending motor-bus. Unfortunately, in his zeal, Claude omitted to look where he was going, with the result that he caught his heel on the edge of the kerb, and succeeded in precipitating both himself and Mr. Benweed into a large collection of liquid mud, which an industrious street-cleaner had just been making. Few men place the preservation of an immaculate appearance before life itself; but Mr. Benweed—to judge by his remarks while he was being helped up out of the mud—was apparently one of the few.

"Dash it all, sir, I saved your life!" protested Claude, in an injured tone.

"Saved my life be hanged!" spluttered Mr. Benweed, his articulation a little impaired by the mouthfuls of mud he had involuntarily imbibed. "Ruined a brand-new suit and a silk hat which I paid a guinea for only this morning—that's what you've done! Do you think I don't know enough to get out of the way of a bus without your help—you blundering young ass, you? Don't you dare take such a liberty as to try and save my life again! Infernal presumption!" And with that Mr. Benweed clambered into a cab, leaving the mud-plastered Claude to grapple with the problem of how to get himself clean enough to keep an appointment in half an hour's time with Violet.

His next essay at acting as Mr. Benweed's guardian-angel was even less satisfactory.

"If it had been anybody but Mr. Rosenblitz!" sighed Violet, as she listened to the story of the base ingratitude displayed by her father, when Claude, seeing a flashily-dressed man abstracting the contents of Mr. Benweed's tail-pockets while the latter was waiting at a street-corner, had sprung upon the thief and borne him with a crash to the ground.

"It's Mr. Rosenblitz that papa gets all his

tips about investments from," she went on tearfully to explain. "But now he's so stuffy over the knocking-about you gave him—he was stunned, you know—that it's doubtful if he will ever put papa on to anything good again. Of course, I know you meant well, darling, but it's so difficult to make papa understand."

"Yes, I noticed that," said Claude, grimly, as the more salient features of the conversation he had enjoyed with Mr. Benweed after the episode in question recurred to his mind

"that picking one another's pockets is supposed to be a great joke on the Stock Exchange?"

"Oh, is it?" This was a piece of news. "Well, all I can say is that I think it's very bad form to introduce shop into one's jokes."

"HE SUCCEEDED IN PRECIPITATING BOTH HIMSELF AND MR. BENWEED INTO A LARGE COLLECTION OF LIQUID MUD."

"He seemed to think that I ought to have known that a man who was picking his pockets was one of the largest operators on the rubber market."

Miss Benweed kissed the bump, larger than a pigeon's egg, which stood on Claude's forehead as a monument to his well-meant efforts to be helpful.

"Don't you know, you silly boy," she said,

After this second *faux pas*, Claude made up his mind that in future, when what looked like a rosy chance to do Mr. Benweed a service presented itself, he would not be in too great a hurry to seize it. That was why, when he found a burglar busy at the big safe in Mr. Benweed's office, he was so very careful, before he did anything, to satisfy himself that there could be no mistake.

He was all alone in the office when he made the discovery. The other clerks had gone home a trifle earlier than usual owing to the fact that Mr. Benweed had telephoned in the morning to say that he was not coming to business that day. Claude had been one of the first to leave, but after meeting Violet at the accustomed tea-shop they discovered that he had left behind in his desk the tickets for the concert to which (without the knowledge of her parents) he was taking her that evening. There was nothing for it but that she should go back with him to the office and get them.

She waited down in the hall of Grinbold Buildings—that architectural bad dream on the fourth floor of which the offices of J. Benweed and Co. are situated—while Claude ran up the dark stairs.

He had expected to find the place in possession of the charwoman; but apparently that good lady was making one of her periodical excursions across the street to the White Lion. Mrs. Donk lived in a perpetual twitter as to what the right time might be; and it seemed that the private bar of the White Lion possessed one of the few really reliable timepieces in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Donk found this very 'andy.

As he groped his way to his desk Claude was surprised to see that there was a light in Mr. Benweed's private room, which opened out of that used by the clerks. He wondered who could be there. Peeping in to see, his surprise was increased. The safe, a great steel structure, tall enough for a man to stand upright in, was open, and, to judge from the sounds he could hear, someone was busy with its contents. Who that someone might be Claude could only conjecture; the open door of the safe concealed him from view, or, rather, it concealed all of him except his boots.

If Claude had not caught sight of those boots——

Large, coarse, hob-nailed, and bespattered with mud, they were as unlike the immaculately polished, well-cut boots habitually worn by Mr. Benweed as anything that could be imagined. As became a leather-seller, Mr. Benweed was very particular as to what he put upon his feet. A more carefully shod man did not tread the City's pavements. Similarly, the frivolous check trousering, of which Claude could see an inch or two, was the very antithesis of the decorous dark grey in which Mr. Benweed always swathed his impressive legs.

And then Claude saw, lying on the roll-top desk, a cap—a repulsive, garish, Hampstead-Heath-on-Bank-Holiday sort of cap — with monstrous ear-flaps. Never had Mr. Benweed been known to enter the City in anything but a silk hat of the most approved design. He was most particular about this. Claude had often heard him animadverting upon the unreliability of men who went up to business in any other form of headgear. Even a black bowler he regarded as indecorous.

The cap settled it, to Claude's mind. Whoever it was on the other side of the safe-door it was not Mr. Benweed. But nobody else had any business to be there.

Having once come to a decision, Claude was not slow to act. With one bound he was across the floor of the little room and had hurled all his weight against the open door of the safe. It swung quickly inwards and, catching the unsuspecting burglar amidships, bunted him with considerable violence into the interior of the safe. Claude heard him land with a crash amongst the ledgers and bags of money, most of which seized the opportunity to quit their shelves and come clattering down upon the intruder's head. Then the self-acting lock gave a click, and the prisoner was as safely jailed as if he had been in a dungeon of the Bastille.

Breathless with excitement, Claude flew down the stairs to tell Violet.

"A burglar! You've actually caught a burglar and locked him up in the safe! Oh, you great, brave, clever darling!" cried Miss Benweed, her eyes sparkling with admiration. "Father *will* be delighted!"

Claude said modestly he certainly had hopes that Mr. Benwood would be favourably impressed.

Binge, the night-porter of the Buildings, came by at the moment, and Claude called him over to hear the good news. Binge seemed rather put out about it. His attitude was highly suggestive of the seaside landlady whose attention has just been drawn to the presence on her premises of undesirable fauna.

"Burglars!" snorted Binge, irately. "I think you must have made an error, Mr. Whistlemore. *I* haven't been told nothing about no burglars bein' here!" As much as to say that if there did happen to be a burglar about the place he had taken a great liberty in coming in without first asking the night-porter's permission.

"Well, I can't understand it," he said, when Claude, to convince him, had told the whole story of what had happened upstairs.

"Where was Mr. Benweed when all this was happening?"

"My good Binge, Mr. Benweed hasn't been near the office all day," explained Claude. He felt rather nettled that the porter should show so little enthusiasm for his brilliant exploit. "This ruffian I've caught is probably a very expert criminal, who has been watching for weeks for this opportunity."

"I know all about Mr. Benweed not havin' been here all *day*," retorted Binge, sulkily. "But he's been here this evenin'. I seen him myself in this very hall—not half an hour ago. He spoke to me—told me not to let the woman go up to do the place out, because he was going to be busy and didn't want her snorkin' round and disturbin' him."

"Strange!" mused Claude. "There wasn't a sign of him when I was up there just now."

Suddenly a vague, undefined, but unspeakably horrible suspicion began to take hold of him.

"How—how was Mr. Benweed dressed when you saw him, Binge?" he asked, in a voice that faltered in spite of all his efforts to keep it steady.

"Oh, anyhow—old check suit and cap—not a bit like the style he comes to business in," was the dreadful reply that fell from Binge's lips. "But it was him right enough. Told me he'd been golfin'—and had come straight up from the links to see about somethink important he'd forgot last night."

Claude used to say afterwards that in that awful moment he realized exactly how a man must feel who has just fallen off the top of the Eiffel Tower. While he was thinking what in the world he should do, and wondering whether Violet had grasped the significance of what they had just heard, Binge, overcome by a sudden gush of sympathy for the burglar in whose existence he had hitherto shown no very robust faith, remarked that Claude had better go and let the pore feller out or he'd be smothered.

Violet, concerned for her lover's safety, suggested that wouldn't it be wiser to keep the burglar shut up a little longer—until he was too weak to be violent or got hitting anybody over the head with a life-preserver?

"I think, dear," said Claude, with a sickly smile, "that it would be more humane to release him as quickly as possible. Your idea of lessening his resistive powers is a very good one, of course; but there's always the danger that we might overdo it. I suppose, Binge," he went on, turning anxiously to the night-porter, "you don't happen to know how they get these safes open?"

"Why, haven't you got a key?" asked Binge, in surprise.

Claude shook his head. He had not got a key. There was only one key to the safe in existence, and that, as he knew, was never detached from Mr. Benweed's watch-chain.

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed Binge, recoiling in horror, "that you've gone and shut the pore feller up in that safe and don't know how to get him out again?"

Claude hung his head in shame. Violet, with the characteristic bloodthirstiness of her sex where burglars and blackbeetles are concerned, told him not to worry—he had only acted in self-defence. Very likely the burglar would have tried to murder him, given half a chance.

Binge, declaring that he personally wouldn't take ten thousand pounds as a set-off against the knowledge that the death of a fellow-creature could be laid at his door—even if that fellow-creature did happen to be a pore feller driven through want to steal—dashed out into the street to find a policeman. Policemen, however objectionable in some aspects, had at all events some vestiges of common humanity in their compositions.

"Come up to the office, Violet," said Claude, huskily, when Binge had disappeared, "I—I—I want to show you something, and ask you about it."

Violet was a little nervous.

"Isn't it rather dangerous, with that burglar about?" she demurred.

"He isn't about—he's in the safe," Claude reassured her. "He can't get out. I wish to goodness he could."

Violet kept very close to the young man's side as they entered her father's office. She could scarcely look at the safe without a shudder of apprehension. Neither, for the matter of that, could Claude.

He was, however, saved the trouble of asking her the question he had intended. Violet caught sight of the cap at once.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "that's father's!"

"Heavens!" cried Claude, his worst forebodings confirmed. "Then it *is* Mr. Benweed!"

"Where?" Violet paled visibly. Evidently she expected her father to appear suddenly with angry demands for an explanation of her being in the society of one of his clerks.

Claude pointed with a trembling finger to the safe.

"Haven't you guessed?" he groaned. "Your father is in there."

Violet stared at him, open-mouthed.

"I refuse to believe it!" she declared at last, with a resolute shake of the head. "It can't be papa. You know what he is when he's in a temper. He'd never sit quietly in that safe without saying a word."

"I expect he's saying all sorts of words," replied Claude, dismally. "Only, you see, the walls of the safe are so thick that even if he was shouting at the top of his voice—as indeed he probably is—we couldn't hear anything."

"I certainly can't hear a sound," Violet admitted, after listening intently for some moments. "I do hope he hasn't fainted, or anything dreadful! How you could be such an idiot as to make a mistake like that, I can't imagine! Of course, I know that when he has his golf suit on papa does look strange; but surely his face——"

"I never saw his face," interrupted Claude, hastily. "I went by his boots and that fearful cap. That cap is just the sort of thing a burglar would wear to terrify old ladies with. Burglars do that now, you know. They find it safer than using a revolver, and just as effective."

The sound of footsteps coming up the stairs outside became audible, and Violet ran out on to the landing.

"'HAVEN'T YOU GUESSED?' HE GROANED. 'YOUR FATHER IS IN THERE.'"

Binge and the policeman by whom he was accompanied were having an animated discussion, punctuated by pants, upon the extraordinarily high rate of mortality which obtains amongst people who get shut up in safes. The constable was just saying that he had only once heard of a case that recovered, and that was by no means authentic, when Violet called over the banisters:—

"You don't know what you're talking about, you stupid man! It's my father who's shut up in the safe—not a burglar at all."

The constable, after staring up at her in astonishment, admitted that, of course, that did make a difference.

"I should just think it did!" retorted Violet. Then she gave Binge a very peremptory order to go and fetch "the man" at once.

"What man, missie?" was Binge's not unnatural inquiry.

"The man who opens safes—how dense you are, to be sure! Be quick! Run!"

The constable, upon being appealed to, was inclined to agree with Binge that it was a locksmith, as likely as not, that the young lady wanted. Binge brightened up at this, and said that he knowed a locksmith just round the corner who was frequently quite sober up to nine o'clock of the evening, and hurried off to find him. Violet and the constable went into the inner office, where they found Claude looking doubtfully at a corkscrew, which he held in his hand, as if he were mentally measuring its strength against that of the safe. Violet, whom the crisis

"BINGE'S LOCKSMITH FRIEND WAS ANNOUNCING THAT HE WOULD OPEN THE SAFE IF IT TOOK HIM A MONTH."

had transformed into a bit of a martinet, told him to put that silly thing away at once and make himself useful. The people who had made the safe must be sent for, she said; they ought to be able to throw some light on how to get it open. Much searching of directories revealed the fact that the junior partner of the firm lived at Brixton. By dint of abject entreaty over the telephone, Mr. Graspwit was at last induced to put himself into a cab and come to the scene of action.

At the moment of his arrival Binge's locksmith friend (as to whose sobriety the forecast had turned out to lean unduly to optimism), having broken most of his tools, had lost his temper, and was announcing with some heat that he would open the safe if it took him a month. Judging by the amount of progress he had then made it looked as if he had rather under than over-estimated the amount of time that would be required for the completion of the job. The maker of the safe heard him with a pitying smile.

"You won't open *that* safe in a month, my lad," said Mr. Graspwit, evidently feeling no little pride in the impenetrability of his goods. "Those safes can't be opened, except of course with their proper keys. That's why we sell such a lot of them."

"Oh, don't say that!" cried Violet, clasping her hands in alarm. "Think of my poor father inside."

"Mr. Benweed inside the safe!" exclaimed Mr. Graspwit, in horrified accents. He had not been able to gather all the bearings of the situation from Claude's frenzied telephonic message. He had understood that someone was shut up and couldn't get out, and that was all. He had imagined it was the office-boy or someone who didn't particularly matter. To discover that the prisoner was Mr. Benweed himself, and to remember, in the same moment, that the safe had not yet been paid for by that gentleman, was not a little disturbing.

"Before anything else is done," was Mr. Graspwit's agitated injunction to the locksmith, "you must make a hole, somewhere about here"—he indicated a suitable spot—"and let some air in."

The locksmith got to work with a Gargantuan drill. At the end of half an hour's panting endeavour he announced that he was "through."

Directly the drill had been withdrawn, Claude called tremulously through the hole which it had made:—

"Mr. Benweed! Mr. Benweed! Sir! Can you hear me? Please—please tell us if you are alive!"

Weak and husky, but vibrant with indignation, was the voice that replied:—

"Wait till I get out and find the fellow who pushed me in here! You'll see if I'm alive!"

"He's not dead! He's not dead!" cried Claude, almost hysterical from the relief. He tottered over to a chair and sank limply into it. Violet, who on his withdrawal had placed her ear at the opening made by the drill, had a further message to deliver from the prisoner.

"Papa also says—Please don't let the person who has just pushed something sharp into the fleshy part of his nose go away until he has had a chat with him."

The locksmith glanced at the point of his drill, and then said hastily that he was afraid he must be getting home now. He had a job to go to early in the morning, he explained; it wouldn't do for him to get to bed too late. It took a lot of persuasion to induce him to remain and continue his operations.

Conversation with the prisoner—carried on under difficulties, owing to the fact that Mr. Benweed wanted to do all the talking—revealed that he had got the key of the safe in his pocket. The only thing, therefore, that remained to be done was to enlarge the hole already made sufficiently to admit of the key being pushed through it.

It was a long job, delayed by an effort which Claude insisted upon making to convey liquid nourishment to the famished captive. The attempt was not altogether a success. Mr. Benweed, misunderstanding what was said to him, unfortunately had his ear placed at his end of the hole at the moment when he ought to have had his mouth there; with the result that he derived the absolute minimum of benefit from the steaming hot Bovril with which Claude was trying to feed him. Violet had to go into the other room until the subsequent conversation came to an end.

Somewhere about two a.m. the untiring efforts of the drill-driver, reinforced by a couple of mates, produced an aperture large enough to admit the passage of the key. A cheer went up from all present as it fell tinkling to the floor. Mr. Graspwit picked it up and handed it with a gallant bow to Violet, saying:—

"You shall have the pleasure, Miss Benweed, of restoring your father to freedom."

Violet hesitated, and cast a doubtful glance at Claude, who hurriedly reached for his hat.

"I think I'll be toddling home now," said Claude, trying to speak in an unconcerned, matter-of-fact sort of voice. "It's awfully late; and I don't see how I can be of any further help. Besides, I daresay Mr. Benweed won't want to have a crowd round him when he comes out."

"Oh, I don't think papa would like you to go off without his having a chance to thank you for all you have done for him," said Violet, to the unbounded astonishment of all who heard her. Noticing the puzzled faces around her, she went on, innocently, "What I mean is, if you hadn't known that papa was shut up in there and told us, he might have been left there all night and suffocated—mightn't he?"

Binge broke the ensuing silence by admitting that one could look at it in that light, certainly.

When Mr. Benweed, a pale, dishevelled object, tottered at last from the safe, he displayed no anxiety whatever to thank anybody for anything. All he said, as he thrust aside

the willing arms that were held out for his support, was:—

"Where is the miscreant who pushed me into that safe? Where is he, I say? I'll give twenty pounds to anybody who will point him out to me."

Binge excused himself afterwards on the miserable plea that he had had a shocking week on the Turf, and the sudden temptation was too much for him; also that he was more than half asleep, and didn't rightly know what he was doing.

It was Violet who averted the tragedy that threatened to follow on Binge's infamous betrayal, by throwing herself with outstretched arms before Claude, and exclaiming dramatically:—

"Father, spare him! He is the man I love!"

She had seen a very similar situation in a play recently and remembered exactly how the heroine had looked and had spoken the stirring lines.

"WHERE IS THE MISCREANT WHO PUSHED ME INTO THAT SAFE?"

Mr. Benweed, unfortunately, never went to the theatre, so he did not do his part quite right. Instead of bursting into tears and forgiving everybody all round — as the father in Violet's play had had the good taste to do—all Mr. Benweed did was to announce his intention of immediately having young Whistlemore's life.

Weak as he was, it took the united efforts of all the men present (none lending their aid more readily than Claude) to frustrate the amiable design.

However, the course of true love ran smoothly enough in the end. The week which he had to spend in bed as the result of the exhaustion induced by his prolonged imprisonment gave Mr. Benweed, who had never had a day's illness in all his life before, an uncommonly bad fright. Violet, in a succession of tearful interviews, tried to make her father understand how thoroughly good Claude's intentions really were. This had the effect of making Mr. Benweed very apprehensive of what the boy might do next.

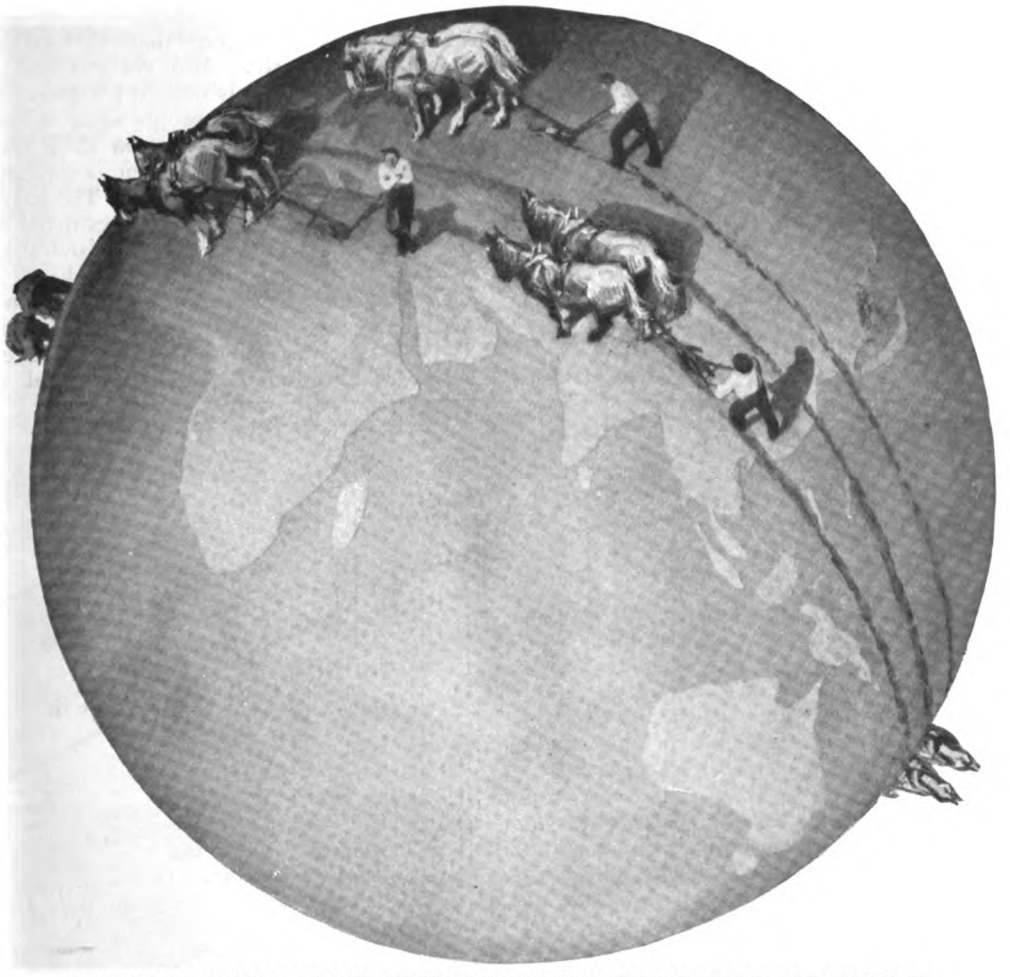
One evening, when he was feeling more than usually low, her father sent for Violet.

"Do you think, Violet, that if I were to consent to your engagement to this dangerous young ass Whistlemore he would give me a promise never to try to do me a service again?" asked Mr. Benweed, anxiously.

"I believe he would, papa," answered Violet, after pretending to think the matter over. "Of course, he would find it very hard, because he respects you deeply, and wants, more than anything in the world, to win your esteem. But I fancy that on the terms suggested he would consent to forego his ambition."

Mr. Benweed heaved a sigh of relief.

"Then write at once and ask him to dine here to-morrow night."

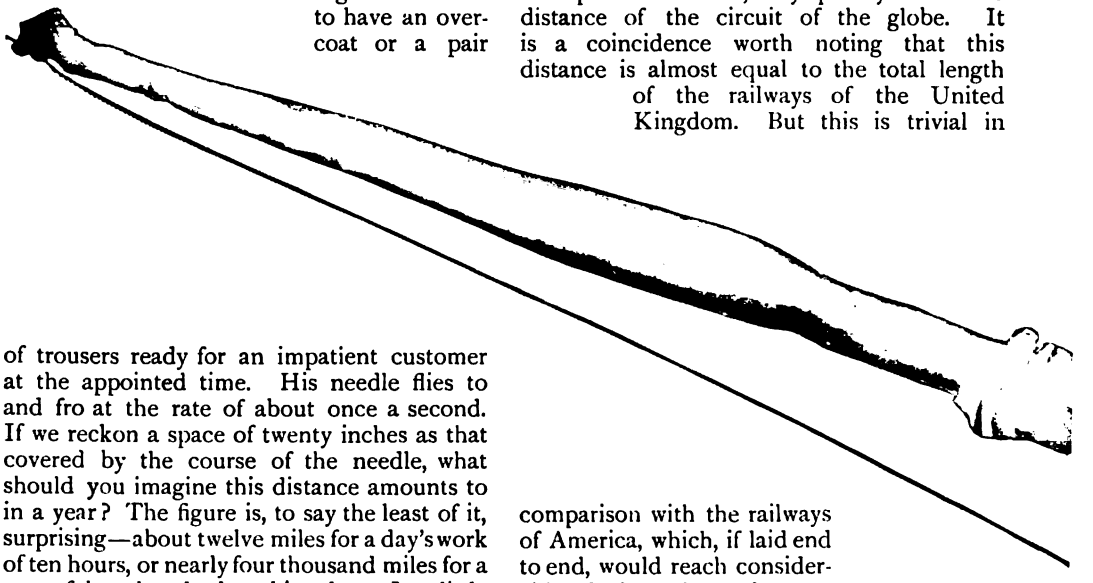


THE FARM LABOURER, MOVING AT THE RATE OF TWO MILES AN HOUR, WILL COVER IN FOUR YEARS A DISTANCE EQUAL TO THE CIRCUIT OF THE GLOBE.

How Far Have You Travelled?

HAVE you ever counted up the number of steps which you have made in the course of one day—in going to business, in walking from one room to another at home, and so on, throughout the course of the day? If you will take the trouble to do so, you will be surprised to find what a distance you have covered without realizing it. Multiply this distance by three hundred and sixty-five, and you will find that it will not require many years before you have made up the twenty-five thousand miles which is equal to the circuit of the globe. Most people would certainly be surprised if they were informed that during the course of their lives they have walked a distance as great as the length of the Equator. Yet, however sedentary we may be, however little inclined to gain the reputation of a globe-trotter or of an Alpine climber, most of us have, unknown to ourselves, covered a distance equal to the full circuit of the earth, or a climb to the highest mountain peaks in the world. More than that, we have accomplished a task still more colossal. Without having had occasion to explore the unknown regions beneath the crust of the earth, we have descended as far as the depths of the most unfathomable abysses, even as far as the very centre of the earth.

But there are many people who, without actual walking, are constantly moving some portion of their bodies, and these moving portions cover, in the aggregate, an amount of space which is absolutely astounding. Take the case of a man who scarcely moves at all—a tailor. Seated Turkish fashion, he plies his needle from morning to night in order to have an overcoat or a pair of trousers ready for an impatient customer at the appointed time. His needle flies to and fro at the rate of about once a second. If we reckon a space of twenty inches as that covered by the course of the needle, what should you imagine this distance amounts to in a year? The figure is, to say the least of it, surprising—about twelve miles for a day's work of ten hours, or nearly four thousand miles for a year of three hundred working days. In a little over six years the tailor's needle, and consequently his hand, will have covered a distance equal to the circumference of the globe!



Many trades, sedentary in appearance, are the cause of a vast amount of motion. The carpenter who drives his plane over the plank, the polisher who leaves it shining like a mirror, the gardener who sweeps the paths, the carpet-layer who drives his nails, the cellarman who puts the wine into bottles, the house-painter who sweeps the wall with his brush, the wood-cutter who wields his axe, the graceful typewriter who, in striking the keys of her machine, unceasingly raises and lowers her delicate fingers—all these people move or cause movement in a part of their person. Add together all these rapid and apparently trivial movements, and you will discover that they cover at least once in the course of a lifetime the long route round the earth. It has been calculated, and the calculation is easy to verify, that the writer with a facile pen who blackens the paper for five hours a day at the rate of thirty words a minute will thus cover a distance of about thirty thousand miles a year by, so to say, mere strength of wrist. That means a much greater distance than that of the circuit of the earth. And yet this unconscious hero has scarcely quitted his desk.

There are also many people who, without any great amount of action on their own part, cover in the course of their occupation huge distances at a high speed. The guard of a train, for instance, although restricted to the space of his van, very quickly covers the distance of the circuit of the globe. It is a coincidence worth noting that this distance is almost equal to the total length of the railways of the United Kingdom. But this is trivial in comparison with the railways of America, which, if laid end to end, would reach considerably farther than the two hundred and forty thousand miles which is the distance from the earth to the moon!

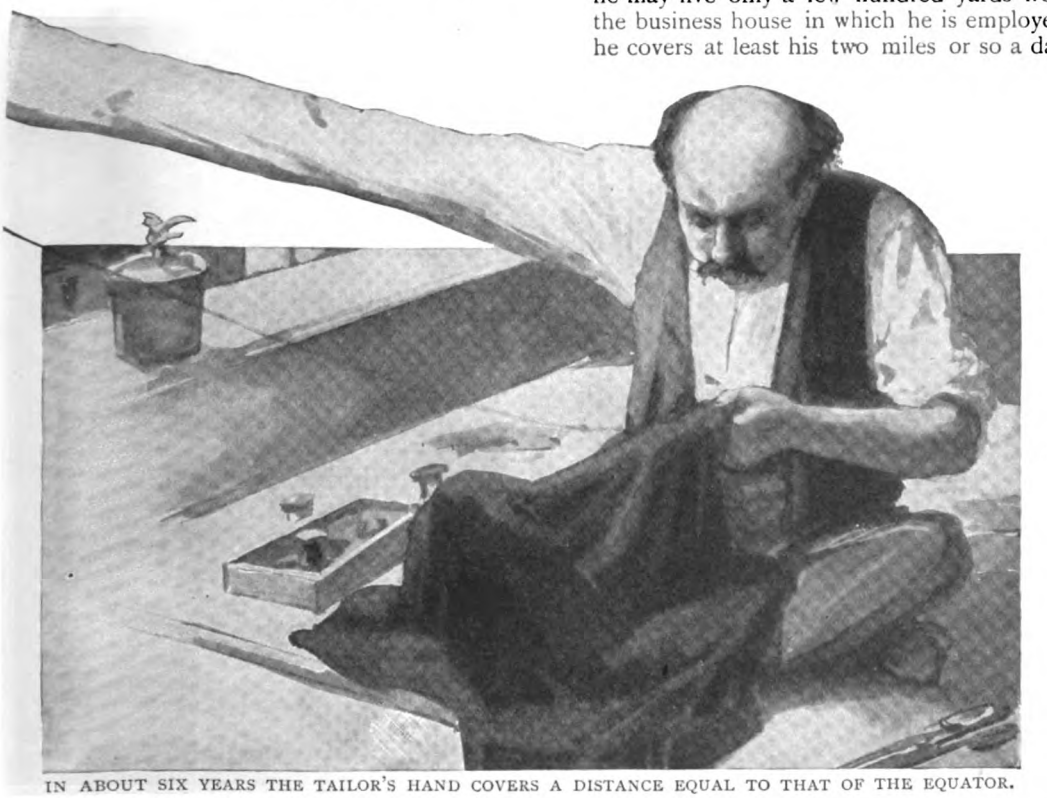
The case is much the same with the officers of an Atlantic liner. We may mention, for example, one who in the course of his career has covered about three million four hundred thousand miles, which represents one hundred and thirty-eight times the circuit of the globe at the Equator. The record-holder in question is Mr. H. Stevens, formerly the chief steward on the Cunard liner *Lucania*. He was in the service of the company from the time he started life as cabin-boy, and on his retirement he had passed forty years of his life in crossing and recrossing the Atlantic. We may also recall the case of Captain Bennett, who in fifty-three years crossed the Channel no fewer than thirty thousand times.

In the same category should be placed the Post Office letter-sorters on trains. Assuming one of these to travel, on an average, four nights out of seven from one year's end to the other. One of the longest English postal services is from London to Lancaster. Going and returning, a sorter on this journey covers

about four hundred and sixty miles, so that he will have accomplished, if we take an average of four journeys a week, seven thousand three hundred and sixty miles per month. That will make, in four months, more than the circumference of the earth, and within a year three times that distance. Thus an old sorter who has been twenty-five years in this service will then have travelled more than seventy-five times the circuit of the earth before retiring on his pension.

And now to return to the people whose occupation involves more or less of actual walking. Consider the humble country postman. Is there any path of life more circumscribed than his? All his life he goes from village to village, from house to house, on foot, or sometimes on a bicycle, with his bag of letters at his back. Starting always at the same hour of the morning, he returns home at the same hour every night. Little does *he* think of making the circuit of the globe, confined as he is to his little rustic pathway of life, which would not appear, at first sight, to extend to a very long line of route. Yet at the end of his career that line would stretch round the globe, not once, but ten or twelve times. Take, for example, the case of one village postman who, at the age of sixty-nine, is still carrying letters to the worthy villagers. He has behind him fifty years of honest, faithful service. He has worn out his thick-nailed boots over a distance of three hundred and thirty thousand miles. And, without having the slightest idea of what he has accomplished, he has made the circuit of the globe over thirteen times.

The postman, however, is a man of movement. He walks, like the Wandering Jew, every day of his life, and is walking from morning till night. Now consider the case of a man of more sedentary occupation, such, for example, as a City clerk. He leaves home in the morning for his office, he issues from it for luncheon, he returns to it, and finally quits it to go home at night. In the evening perhaps he takes a short walk. Although he may live only a few hundred yards from the business house in which he is employed, he covers at least his two miles or so a day, his six to seven hundred miles a year. If he begins business at eighteen and retires at sixty-five, this sedentary person at the end of his tranquil career will have more than covered the circuit of the globe. The calculation is easy to verify, yet no one would be



IN ABOUT SIX YEARS THE TAILOR'S HAND COVERS A DISTANCE EQUAL TO THAT OF THE EQUATOR.

more astonished than the man himself were it placed before his eyes.

Let us now give another example within our knowledge — that of an old workman employed in an ironworks, who has accomplished much more than this without being aware of it. For fifty-five years he has covered twice a day the distance from his village to his place of work and back again, that being about two and a half miles, or ten miles to be covered daily. Reckoning the year as three hundred working days, he has thus covered in fifty-five years a distance of one hundred and sixty-five thousand miles—that is to say, rather more than six and a half times the circumference of the globe. The

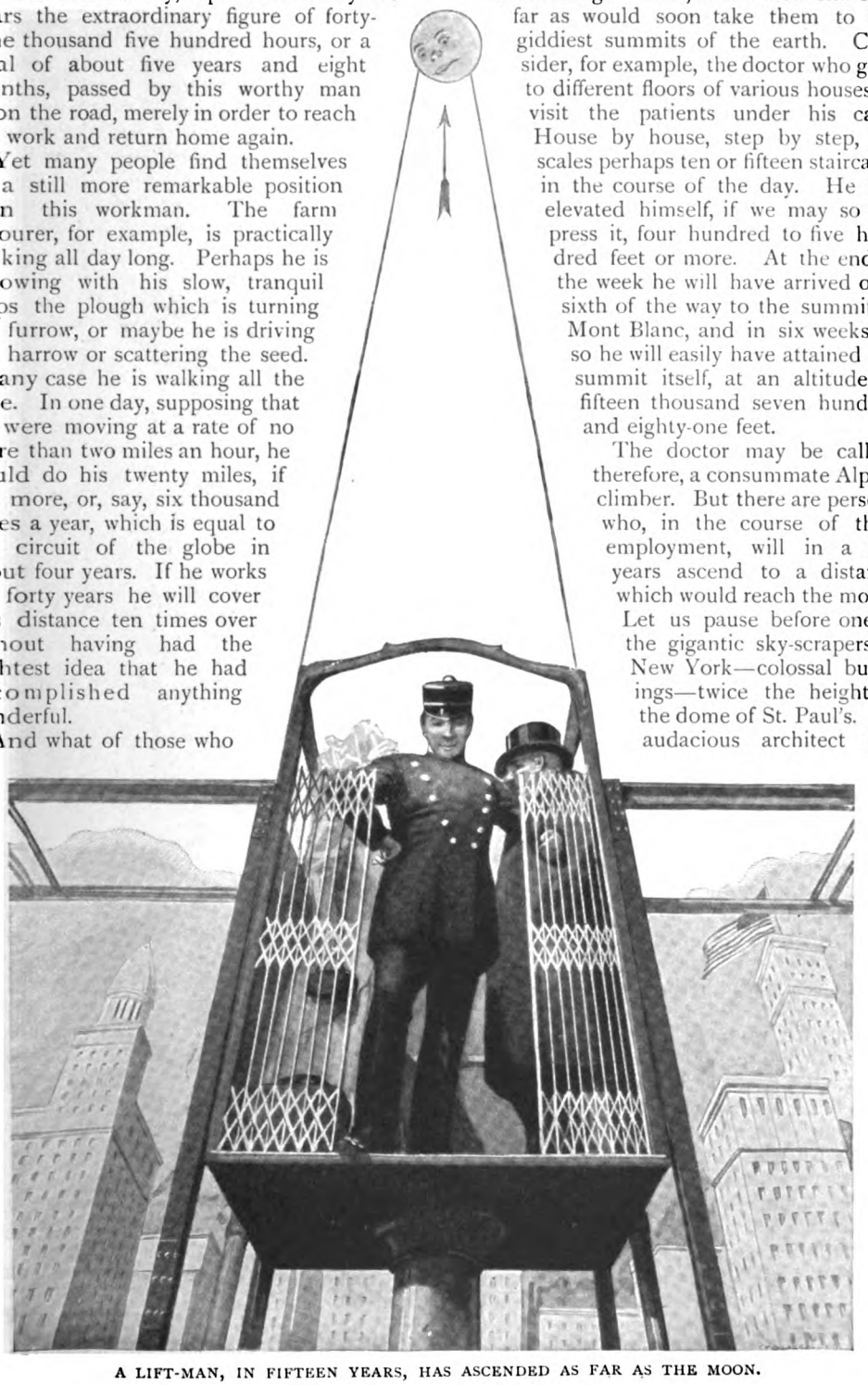
A DOCTOR ASCENDS AS MANY STEPS IN SIX WEEKS AS WOULD TAKE HIM TO THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC.

time which he has thus expended, reckoned at three hours a day, represents in fifty-five years the extraordinary figure of forty-nine thousand five hundred hours, or a total of about five years and eight months, passed by this worthy man upon the road, merely in order to reach his work and return home again.

Yet many people find themselves in a still more remarkable position than this workman. The farm labourer, for example, is practically walking all day long. Perhaps he is following with his slow, tranquil steps the plough which is turning the furrow, or maybe he is driving the harrow or scattering the seed. In any case he is walking all the time. In one day, supposing that he were moving at a rate of no more than two miles an hour, he would do his twenty miles, if not more, or, say, six thousand miles a year, which is equal to the circuit of the globe in about four years. If he works for forty years he will cover this distance ten times over without having had the slightest idea that he had accomplished anything wonderful.

And what of those who pass their existence in ascending and descending? Well, these men climb as far as would soon take them to the giddiest summits of the earth. Consider, for example, the doctor who goes to different floors of various houses to visit the patients under his care. House by house, step by step, he scales perhaps ten or fifteen staircases in the course of the day. He has elevated himself, if we may so express it, four hundred to five hundred feet or more. At the end of the week he will have arrived one-sixth of the way to the summit of Mont Blanc, and in six weeks or so he will easily have attained the summit itself, at an altitude of fifteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-one feet.

The doctor may be called, therefore, a consummate Alpine climber. But there are persons who, in the course of their employment, will in a few years ascend to a distance which would reach the moon. Let us pause before one of the gigantic sky-scrapers of New York—colossal buildings—twice the height of the dome of St. Paul's. An audacious architect has



A LIFT-MAN, IN FIFTEEN YEARS, HAS ASCENDED AS FAR AS THE MOON.

put forward a project to build one of these sky-scrapers to the height of the Eiffel Tower—nearly one thousand feet. Well, in this sky-scraper there will be from base to summit many lifts which will ascend and descend without ceasing, in order to set down at their respective doors the inhabitants of the gigantic hive.

Let us assign to these lifts ten ascents an hour—which is not excessive—making two hundred and forty for the twenty-four hours, or eighty-seven thousand six hundred ascents a year, representing nearly sixteen thousand miles, or much more than half the circuit of the globe. In less than fifteen years the attendant of one of these lifts will have covered nearly two hundred and forty thousand miles, which represents, approximately, the distance from the earth to the moon.

So much for the man as he ascends. As to his descents, he would have abundance of time by the end of the year not only to cover a distance equal to that which would be required to reach the centre of the earth, but virtually to traverse the earth from side to side.

Let us take another man whose work involves a considerable amount of descending—such, for instance, as a cellar-man. He descends the cellar steps perhaps twenty times a day. If we reckon twenty steps for each flight, this makes four hundred steps in order to descend about one hundred and eighty-five feet. At the end of six months he has unconsciously descended to a much greater depth than that of the most unfathomable gulf of the Pacific Ocean.

The miner, again, every day descends into the depths of the earth in search of coal or iron. Some descend to a depth of from one thousand two hundred feet to one thousand five hundred feet, enclosed in the cage of the lifts which mount and descend almost without ceasing. Ten or twenty times in the twenty-four hours the workman in charge of the cage makes the descent. If he descends, for example, ten times a day to a depth of one thousand two hundred feet, he will have covered twelve thousand feet. In a little more than four years he would, at this rate, have reached the centre of the earth.

A CELLAR-MAN DESCENDS, IN SIX MONTHS, TO A DEPTH GREATER THAN THAT OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

And so in your own case. Whatever your occupation in life may be, make the calculation of the distance you have covered in the course of it, and you will be amazed at the result.

A Tiny Flutter.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

THE REV. JAMES COMBERBATCH sighed deeply as he chipped his second egg and then examined it with a meticulous care quite warranted by his experience of the first. When you have to economize on eggs things are becoming serious. When your wife—whom admittedly you have married upon an income which some skilled mechanics would disdain—has been ordered to Teneriffe by a smug-faced doctor living in Harley Street things are not only serious, but desperate. The Rev. James was a fine specimen of muscular Christianity, who had played football for England, and subsequently engaged in a one-sided fight with disease, ignorance, and vice in a Whitechapel slum. Then Fortune had smiled, exhibiting what James described as a broad grin. He had fallen in love with the sweetest creature, and she had fallen in love with him—head over heels. Jim—nobody ever called him James—had good reason to trust his heels rather than his head. He was a sprinter, as the cups upon his modest sideboard bore witness, and the young lady of his affections moved also as swiftly as Atalanta. They had sprinted into holy matrimony because a distant cousin had offered Jim a small parish in Hampshire, most gratefully accepted. Jim became the vicar of Botley-on-the-Marsh, and within a month was justly esteemed as the most popular man in his parish. His bride became the most popular woman.

Then the jade Fortune made abominable grimaces, obliterating the grin. Mrs. Jim was attacked by influenza, followed by bronchial pneumonia. After many weeks she was to be seen on the vicarage lawn, looking as white and fragile as the blossoms of the Niphétos rose which was the pride of the small garden. To Jim's unspeakable distress she remained white and fragile, and when November came, with its bitter winds and chill rains, Jim took his wife to London and consulted the greatest living authority upon diseases of the throat and lungs. The consultant approved the treatment of the local doctor, but said emphatically that Mrs. Comberbatch must winter in Teneriffe. Jim nodded and took his wife back to Botley-on-the-Marsh.

Having finished his egg Jim read his letters. One in particular challenged his special attention. Messrs. Bosman, Geldenbaum, and Co. invited the Rev. James Comberbatch to entrust five pounds to their tender care, to be invested by them in Canadian Pacifics, in what the firm was pleased to term a Ten Day Trust. Within ten days the five pounds were certain to show a profit of anything between ten and fifty pounds. Messrs. B., G., and Co., so the letter ran, were in possession of gilt-edged inside information which they wished to share with new clients, who were urged to read the enclosed tributes from old clients, who had received during the past year from Messrs. B., G., and Co. cheques amounting to five hundred and forty-three thousand two hundred and one pounds fourteen shillings and sevenpence.

Jim read the tributes from grateful clients, of which we submit a fair sample:—

"Archdeacon Bulger begs to thank Messrs. Bosman, Geldenbaum, and Co. for their letter of yesterday's date, and to acknowledge cheque for two hundred and seventy-five pounds four shillings and elevenpence, being the profit upon the Ten Day Trust in Steels. The Archdeacon has much pleasure in enclosing his cheque for thirty pounds, representing three shares in the new Ten Day Trust in Trunks."

The envelope contained more printed matter, which the Rev. Jim perused with ever-increasing interest. Also there was a pamphlet entitled "Chats on Chances and Certainties." Mr. Emanuel Bosman, the able writer of this financial monograph, demonstrated, even to the intelligence of a country parson, that the chances were *nil* and the certainties illimitable provided clients took prompt advantage of the gilt-edged inside information which appeared to be the inalienable monopoly of Messrs. B., G., and Co.

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In letters of scarlet at the bottom of every sheet of paper, and stamped across the front page of the pamphlet, was this reassuring statement: "Your liability is limited—your profit is unlimited."

The Rev. James Comberbatch went to his den and lit a pipe. Parochial matters ought to have engaged his attention, but he read and re-read the letter, circulars, and pamphlet of Messrs. Bosman, Geldenbaum, and Co.

Being a Christian and a gentleman he became convinced of the *bona fides* (their own words) of Messrs. B., G., and Co. Being also as guileless and ingenuous a parson as ever used a safety razor, he was also convinced of his own sharpness and ability to detect and rebuke, if necessary, knaves and villains. As he stroked his smooth, rosy gills, he was reflecting pleasantly that God's good men were to be found everywhere. Bosman and Geldenbaum, for instance—he was beginning to think of them as personal friends—had obviously accumulated an enormous fortune, and were anxious on that account to share their prosperity with less successful fellow-men. Between the lines of every word written by Mr. Emanuel Bosman there breathed a fragrant spirit of philanthropy.

"I'll do it," said the Rev. Jim.

He unlocked a plain deal cupboard and lifted down from the top shelf a small tin box. It contained a note or two, a few sovereigns, many half-sovereigns, and a substantial pile of silver—in all, sixty pounds. This represented the capital of Jim and his wife, a sum laboriously collected. It was just enough to send Alice to Teneriffe for three months; but she would have to go alone, and she was not fit to go alone. The Rev. James subtracted a five-pound note and stared at it. Then he fingered a ten-pound note with trembling fingers. Then he exclaimed desperately, "It's neck or nothing."

Furtively he swept thirty pounds into his pocket and replaced the tin box. The thirty pounds travelled to London that night, confided to the care of Messrs. B., G., and Co.

It is significant that Jim did not tell his dearest little woman about the philanthropists lurking around, but never in, the Stock Exchange, and when he rushed upstairs to kiss her he reminded himself that women, nice women, ought never to be bothered with business.

That afternoon, to his horror and distress, he came within an ace of baptizing a healthy male infant with the name Can. Pacs.

He duly received a very courteous communication from the philanthropists, so courteous indeed, and so insidiously friendly, that the Rev. Jim wrote in reply quite a long letter, setting forth with entire frankness the state of his affairs and the immediate necessity of making sufficient money to take his dear wife to spend the winter and early spring in Teneriffe.

Throughout the following day he was so extremely cheerful that Alice asked him if he had discovered a gold-mine in Botley-on-the-Marsh. He laughed and kissed her thin hand.

"I have a presentiment," he replied. "It's tremendously strong. A bit of luck is on the way to us. This next summer you'll be all there and playing the game of your life at tennis."

Alice smiled faintly, wondering how Jim would play the game of his life if she were not all there.

"Teneriffe will turn you into a female Sandow."

"Teneriffe?"

"That's settled."

"Good gracious! When?"

"I wrote for sailings and so forth this very morning."

"You are sending me—alone?"

"Rather not. I'm going with you."

"But—how?"

"That is my little secret. This is a jolly old world, darling, and there are some good, clever people in it."

"If the good were always clever and the clever always good it would be jollier still."

She smiled maternally at her big, strong Jim; then she said softly, "You are not borrowing money?"

"Who would lend me money?" demanded Jim. "The only article of real value that I possess is a little woman who would be turned down as under weight."

On Sunday Jim had to confess that his attention sadly wandered when he was reading the Psalms, and in the middle of the Second Lesson he blushed to find himself wondering at what price Can. Pacs. would open on Monday. During Friday and Saturday these very active shares had remained "dull."

The *Daily Mail* did not reach Botley-on-the-Marsh till eleven o'clock in the morning, and at eleven precisely Jim happened to be sitting beside his wife's bed. She got up about midday, and Jim, if not otherwise engaged, was in the habit of reading aloud the morning's news. When the paper was brought he tore off the wrapper and glanced at his wife.

"They're expecting a boom in Canadian Pacifics," he remarked casually, as he turned to the second page.

"Who are they, Jim?"

"Men in the know," said Jim, carelessly.

"Why shouldn't he?"

"Does he?" she persisted.

"No—he doesn't."

"I'm glad of that," said Alice. "Alfred is a dear and very clever, but he lost the

"THIS REPRESENTED THE CAPITAL OF JIM AND HIS WIFE, A SUM LABORIOUSLY COLLECTED."

"Do you know men in the know?"

"I know your brother."

This was sinful prevarication, and the Rev. Jim grew still rosier about the gills.

"Does Alfred talk to you about Canadian Pacifics?"

little money he had speculating in Yankees. Now he writes about them, but he doesn't touch them. I was afraid he might have lured you on to—to——"

"To what?"

"To have a tiny flutter."

"What an idea!"

"I should be the last to blame you. Your life has been so dull."

"Till I met you," he amended.

"I have a touch of the gambler in me," continued Alice. "Life is one long or short gamble, anyway. Do I shock you, Jim?"

"Not at all, dearest."

"You look quite distressed."

"How ridiculous!"

From behind the discreet newspaper he wiped a few drops of perspiration from his honest brow. While his Alice was prattling about flutters he had glanced at the second page. Canadian Pacifics, which he had bought at one hundred and eighty-six, were down four points. The headline above the money article recorded the slump—"Sharp fall in Canadians. Strong bear attack."

He began to read aloud, and read steadily for an hour. Then he went to his study. Half the money so pinchingly collected had vanished. What was left would not be sufficient to send Alice even to Torquay. He tried to console himself with the thought that in any case she was not strong enough to go alone to Teneriffe. By the noon post came a letter from Messrs. B., G., and Co., who regretted that absolutely unexpected action upon the part of an unscrupulous New York syndicate had affected adversely a promising market. The margin of thirty pounds was gone, but Messrs. B., G., and Co. assured the Rev. James Comberbatch that it would be the easiest thing in the world to recover his loss and make a handsome profit by buying Rock Islands. A telegram form, thoughtfully made out, was enclosed: "Am posting (blank) pounds for operation recommended."

Jim tore up the letter and enclosure. At luncheon Mrs. Comberbatch said that she was expecting her brother Alfred to tea. Alfred, it appeared, would stop the night if his sister could put him up, and return to London on the morrow.

Between luncheon and tea-time Jim attended to parochial matters. When he got back to the vicarage Alfred was consuming a large whisky and soda, which he described, jocosely, as "cold tea." Somewhat to Alice's surprise, Jim said that he would drink "cold tea" also.

"CANADIAN PACIFICS WERE DOWN FOUR POINTS."

"You look pinched," remarked Alfred.

"It's so bitterly cold," Jim replied.

"How is the collection?" demanded Alfred.

"We have sixty pounds," Alice replied. "I can go alone to Teneriffe. Jim is such a dear old fusser."

"You have sixty-five," said Alfred, flipping a crisp note into his sister's lap. When

husband and wife had refused it and then been chaffed into reluctant acceptance, Alfred said, briskly: "The sooner you're out of Botley-on-the-Marsh the better."

"Yes," said Alice.

Jim stroked his chin. When he had finished the "cold tea," he said nervously to his brother-in-law :—

"Have a smoke in my den, old chap?"

"Thanks," said Alfred. "After dinner I shall give you a cigar—one of the best. That scoundrel Ikey Geldenbaum gave me a box."

"Ikey Geldenbaum?"

"Yes; the Ten Day Trust blackguard, exploiter of blind pools, bogus company-promoter, and world-famous thief."

"You take cigars from him?" asked his sister.

"My child, we journalists take from Ikey anything we can get; we get precious little—except soft soap. Ikey thinks that I might be tempted to write up one of his nefarious schemes. Therefore he presented me with a box of the best cigars as a 'feeler.' In my salad days I should have returned it. Ikey has had some of my shekels. When I wrote to thank him for the Rothschild Imperiales I said quite frankly that I was rejoiced at getting back a bit of my own."

He laughed and followed Jim into his den. A portentous sigh from his big brother-in-law provoked a rebuke :—

"Jim, my lad, what's the use of worrying? To my eye Alice looks a pound or two better. Remember, we're small, but tough. Buck up!"

Jim groaned aloud.

"What's wrong?"

"I've been criminally, fanatically foolish."

He told his story, and Alfred whistled. Then, having a sense of humour, Alfred laughed, although at heart he was as sore as Jim.

"I can't replace it, unless I steal it. I'd like to steal it. There's the organ fund."

"Don't talk rot," said Alfred. "How about insuring your life?"

"I couldn't pay the first premium."

"Your bank——?"

"Overdrawn to the limit. Alice's illness and all that."

"Um!"

"Why was I such a colossal fool?"

Alfred considered the question; then he spoke judicially, and with the authority of the journalist who has seen many men and many cities.

"It's not that you're colossally foolish, but they're so diabolically clever."

"How do they do it?"

"That I can tell you. I have studied this particular firm, and they represent all the other thieves. First and last they make money by advising the public to do the wrong thing. Their trusts and combines are all my eye. Such fellows dare not show their big noses inside the Stock Exchange. All transactions are dealt with in their own bucket-shops. They only deliver shares which are bought outright and paid for." He turned over the beautifully-printed pages of Mr. Emanuel Bosman's monograph. "Some of this is perfectly true. They have gilt-edged inside information. How they get it I'd like to know. They do get it, and then advise their clients to act contrary to it. See? When they lose they pay up, and advertise every cheque they sign. If things went utterly to pot they would skip, and begin operations elsewhere under another name. These particular robbers spend a fortune in advertising; they pester parsons and maiden aunts and schoolmasters and retired officers and all other green things of this earth. They know that your plucked pigeon pretends he's only moulting, and they always keep just within the law. You can't make them disgorge anything except cigars. Have one now?"

"It would choke me," said Jim.

"A man of your religious convictions can reflect that some day Emanuel Bosman will burn nearly as well."

"I must tell Alice."

"That is for you to decide. I shouldn't. Why cheapen yourself in the sight of the one and only who reckons you're perfection?"

"I could punch Geldenbaum's head."

"You could," said Alfred, critically. "Thousands throughout the land would love to see you do it. If the affair was properly handled, what a 'gate' we should have! It would be easy to fill the Albert Hall at half a crown a head."

"If you choose to poke fun——"

"I am quite serious. The thing can be pulled off privately. Ten men I know would weigh in with a tenner apiece if you promised to do the subject justice. Unfortunately—there's Alice and the ha'penny Press. I can visualize the headline, 'A Punch from a Parson; Chances, Certainties, and Comberbatch.' What a scoop!"

"I shall retrieve that thirty pounds," said Jim, setting his jaw.

"Never!"

"Within twenty-four hours."

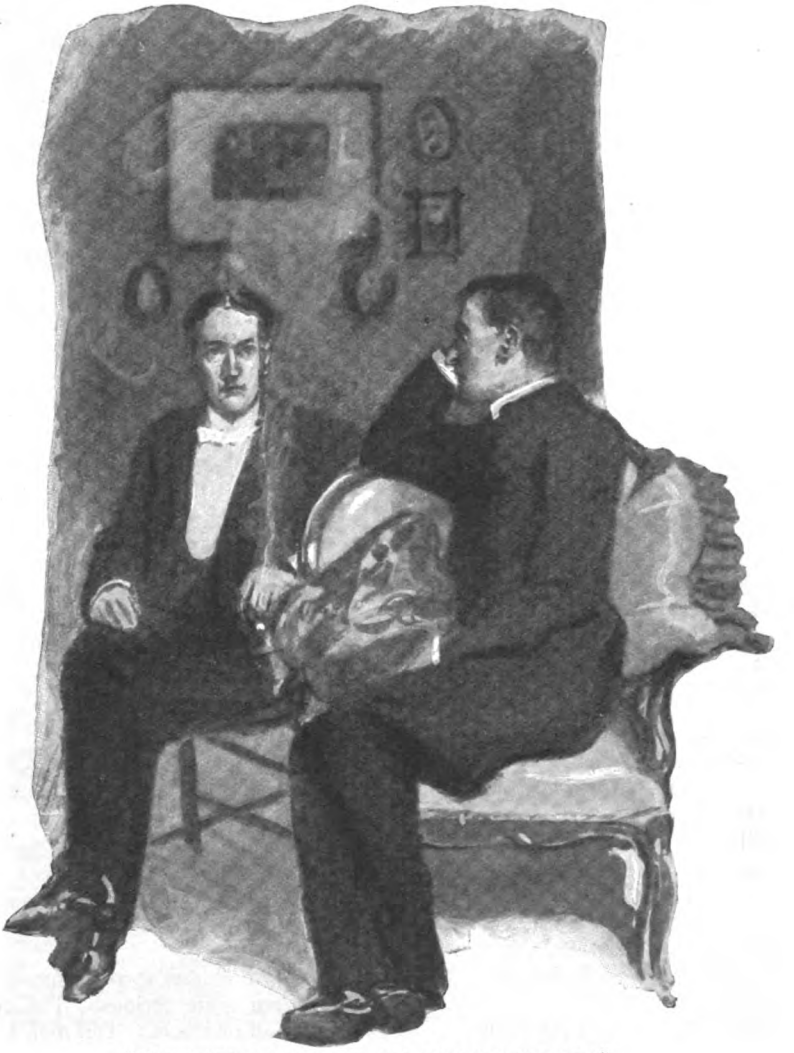
"Jim, old man, I've seen you go through

scrums with a couple of Internationals on your back. I've a most enormous respect for your muscular development, but my respect for Ikey's brains is even greater. You can't get even with him."

"I shall try." Jim clenched his fist and regarded it grimly; then he glanced at his

please. By the way, you dropped this money over Can. Pacs. G. and B. are amazing. Their information *is* gilt-edged."

Alfred departed by the early train, and the Rev. Jim, who saw him off, returned to the vicarage to make full confession of his folly



"I'VE BEEN CRIMINALLY, FANATICALLY FOOLISH."

right boot, as stout an article as ever came out of an honest cobbler's shop.

"In the end you'll discover that you've been hitting and kicking Alice."

"I suppose you're right."

"If you doubt it, submit the case to your bishop."

"I shall submit it to Alice."

"To-morrow morning, after I have left,

and be comforted with the sweet kisses of forgiveness. Alice would deal lightly with him, that he knew, but he could not deal lightly with himself, and the more he thought of what had passed the more intense became his conviction that nothing short of personal violence would meet the exigencies of the case. Jim summed up: "If I can't send my little woman to Teneriffe I'll kick

Emanuel Bosman to Jericho!" He ascended the stairs slowly instead of mounting them swiftly and two at a time. Alice raised her delicate brows when he entered.

"I believe you are ill," she said, anxiously. "I'm sure you have a high temperature."

"I'm simply boiling with rage," Jim answered, between his teeth. "Yesterday I was ready to rob my own church; to-day I want to commit murder."

Then he told his story for the second time, and Alice asked to see the letter, circulars, and the monograph upon "Chances and Certainties." Also she kissed Jim, and for the first time her kisses positively hurt him. He winced beneath her kind words and glances.

"That you should have married such an idiot!"

She kissed him again and then said: "Alfred thinks that B. and G. really know what is likely to happen, and then advise the public to do the wrong thing?"

"That's it—the scoundrels!"

She kissed him again, trying to smooth the wrinkles from his forehead. Just at that moment a sharp tap on the door drove the pair from the paradise which has no room for three.

"Come in," said Jim, irritably.

"A telegram, sir. The boy is waiting."

Jim opened the tawny envelope and read:—

"Big rise in Rock Islands absolute certainty. Will buy on wire from you. Ten pounds controls one thousand pounds. If cash follows wire, allow you personally thirty pounds credit. Gilt-edged opportunity.—BOSBAUM."

"Bosbaum" was the code address of the philanthropists.

"Tell the boy to go," growled Jim, as he handed the telegram to his wife. The maid saw that the fire needed attention. She put some coal on. As she moved to the door Alice said, decisively:—

"Tell the boy to wait, and bring me a telegram form."

"Yes, m'm."

"No use wiring what you think of 'em," said Jim, gloomily. "I thought of that."

Once more he clenched his mighty fist and glanced at his right boot.

Mary brought the form and a pencil. This is what Alice wrote:—

"Very many thanks for kind advice. Will act on it promptly.—COMBERBATCH."

"But——," said Jim, utterly confounded.

"Shush-h-h! That's all, Mary."

"Very good, m'm."

As the maid closed the door Alice said quietly, "In the memorandum book on my desk is Alfred's code address, which I have never used. Will you get it?"

Jim got it. There was a note in Alice's voice which somehow compelled obedience. When he handed her the book, which he had not found at once, he saw to his still further confounding that she had filled up two telegram forms. Without a word she handed them to her husband. He read, with his big, blue eyes popping out of his head:—

"Sell at once as many Rock Islands as a thirty-pound margin will cover and control. Money follows by post. Bosbaum urges buying. Thirty pounds no good to us. If slump follows close deal at your discretion. We want one hundred and twenty pounds.—JAMES AND ALICE COMBERBATCH."

"Get on your bike," said Alice, in the same quiet but commanding tone, "and see that my bad writing is dispatched correctly."

"But——"

"No time for talking. Act!"

Jim said afterwards that he felt as if a major prophet was speaking through his Alice's lips. He left the room, and his wife smiled when she heard a reassuring crash which meant that the old International had taken the first flight of stairs at one bound. She muttered to herself:—

"I always wanted one tiny flutter."

The telegram from Bosbaum had been received at eleven twenty-five. At a quarter-past twelve another message from the famous firm was delivered at Botley-on-the-Marsh.

"Cannot understand your telegram. Await further instructions. Reply paid.—BOSBAUM."

Alice, with what Jim described later as the smile of one who listens to celestial strains, filled in the blank form:—

"Have acted already on your kind advice. Thanks, and thanks again.—COMBERBATCH."

At luncheon a wire from Alfred gave to this loving pair a really remarkable appetite for an Irish stew not too admirably cooked:—

"Have sold a bear Rock Islands. Slump impending. Proud of both of you.—ALFRED."

"I feel extraordinarily well," said Alice, as she watched Jim attacking the cheese. "You have kept me so quiet that perhaps this tiny flutter was just the tonic I needed." As she spoke her pretty eyes sparkled, and into her wasted cheeks flowed the faintest, most delicate tinge of pink.

Three exciting days followed. Rock

"THE OLD INTERNATIONAL HAD TAKEN THE FIRST FLIGHT OF STAIRS AT ONE BOUND."

Islands fell, tried to struggle upwards, and fell again. Alfred had sold at forty-five, and eventually he bought in at thirty-seven. The cheque which he delivered in person at Botley-on-the-Marsh was a few shillings short of a hundred and fifty pounds.

And the surprising thing is that Alice did not go to Teneriffe after all. The tiny flutter healed her lungs; and next summer, as Jim had predicted, Alice played the game of her life at tennis, and Jim, no mean performer, giving and owing fifteen, had his work cut out to beat her. She says now that the miracle of healing began when she wrote to Messrs. Bosman, Geldenbaum, and Co. the letter which we venture to set forth unabridged. It ran:—

"Dear Sirs,—My husband, the Rev. James Comberbatch, and I feel that our cordial thanks are due to your firm. Immediately after our first business transaction in Canadian Pacifics we became convinced that your 'inside' information was indeed gilt-edged. With absolute confidence in your ability to predict which way the Yankee cat was likely to jump, we read your letter of recent date and the telegrams which followed urging us to *buy* Rock Islands for a substantial rise. Without losing a precious minute we instructed our own broker to *sell* this particular stock, and reaped thereby a very handsome profit. Please continue sending us your circulars and telegrams. We have had our tiny flutter, but we promise to circulate your printed matter amongst less fortunate neighbours. Anything from the able pen of your Mr. Emanuel Bosman will have most careful attention.

"It may interest you to learn that our new Persian cat—a terror to all country mice—will be known hereafter as Emanuel. The youngest, greediest, and fattest of our litter of piglets has just been christened Ikey. The thoroughbred Yorkshire tyke, bought with a portion of our profits—a terrier of really un-Christian acuteness — answers proudly to the name of Bosbaum. Thus we shall try to keep ever green the memory of your courtesy and kindness.

"With deepest gratitude,

"Very thankfully yours,

"ALICE COMBERBATCH."

Fashions That Have Failed.

By A. DRYSDALE-DAVIES.

"SO, monsieur," remarked the Marquise d'Hautpoul to M. Worth on a famous occasion, "this is the robe you wish me to wear?"

"*Madame est la reine des modes*," responded the costumier.

"Possibly," rejoined the lady, dryly, "but the Queen of Fashion does not wish to precipitate a revolution in the Rue de la Paix." The dress was removed, the materials were refashioned, and thus perished another "creation" which might have set all Paris, London, Vienna, and New York by the ears.

Curious indeed, could it be written, is the story of fashions that have failed. All the year round a thousand dressmakers are busy ringing the changes on that one ingenious general design which a little coterie of Parisian couturiers, aided and abetted by some lady in high life conspicuous for her sartorial taste, have evolved. This general design is called the "feature" or the "outline" *à la mode*. Even now the "feature" for 1911 is being decided—whether woman's dress shall be full or close-fitting, whether high-waisted or low-waisted, short in the skirt or long; copious or scant as to sleeve. And then, after much deliberation, the great lady who is to introduce it may refuse to wear it; and so, after a struggle to save it by an actress or two, the new "feature" vanishes into the limbo of failures.

THE "BALLOON HIPS" MODE.

Within the past five years there have been many such failures. For a time it seemed as if the Empire mode would never secure favour; then the "hobbled skirt" had its critical moment, and even now it cannot be said fully to have succeeded.

Indeed, it is a question whether the unsuccessful inventions of the dress-makers are not to the fashions that have triumphed in the proportion of ten to one. Five years ago there was an attempt to put through what was described as "balloon hips." Many and frequent have been the efforts since to introduce this style, but so far without success. The principle is shown in many of the fashion-plates which accompany this article, all, be it observed, representing actual designs of

DESIGNED FOR MISS LILY ELSIE, BUT DISCARDED AS "TOO PRONOUNCED."

EVENING TOILETTE WITH TRIANGULAR COIFFURE.

"fashions that have failed." Perhaps its most exaggerated and bizarre form is to be seen in our first illustration, and yet it cannot be said that there is anything repellent or ungraceful about the general effect. Compare it with the inflated farthingale of Elizabethan fashion! As to the hat displayed therewith, it would appear to be inspired by the shovel-hat of the priests, the interior of the shovel being filled by a mass of plumes. An evening variant of the balloon-hipped skirt is seen in the next plate, whose wearer also exhibits a style of coiffure which may properly be described as flamboyant. A truly Elizabethan fullness is not lacking in the design on the next page, the overskirt apparently being extended by crinoline, the tenuity of the skirt

proper lending an aspect of far greater grace to this style than that of the mid-Victorian. Indeed, though this fashion was stifled at its birth, if it may ever have been born at all, it is not improbable that it will, like many others here shown, ultimately secure a vogue. For intrinsically there is nothing more extravagant in these modes than in those which have actually obtained currency.

At the time when "Chantecler" promised to be the rage the Parisian dressmakers were at their wits' end to devise something which should express a flamboyant grace and a

A COSTUME OF ELIZABETHAN OPULENCE WITH HIGH-CROWNED HAT.

TWO COSTUMES WHICH SHOW THE DISTENDED OVERSKIRT—NOTE THE PLUME IN THE "MORION" CAP.

sort of gallinaceous impudence, and this gave rise to the three or four suggested styles illustrated. The main "feature" is the bell-shaped overskirt, the brown and green silk of the one with the feather in her crest having a decidedly hen-pheasant appearance. The bell of another skirt is achieved by flounced gradations; and here, too, we are afforded a first glimpse of the pointed head-gear which only needs a beautiful duchess or two to render the prevailing fashion.

A famous sartorial authority is said to have remarked: "The modern woman has foolishly given up ribbons. She had better return to them, for there is great beauty in a ribbon." He was probably thinking, not of finicking little ribbons, but of the broad and graceful sweep of the sash ribbon, or, perhaps, of the opulent love-knot on the shoulder, as depicted on the following page. At all events, the broad ribbon at the neck has already come into vogue, although so far the wearing of it to the extent of a yard or two suspended from the back of the hat, the bosom, or the shoulder has not received fashionable encouragement. But why should it not? It is undeniably graceful, and if of black lends a marked touch of contrast to the general attire.

It is curious that the high conical hat is about the only shape that has not met with the favour of the elect. Yet, as we may see, there are effective possibilities in this style, whether of felt with a broad brim or the turban variety. Another style which may secure the favour which was denied it at first is the high crown narrow-brimmed Charles II. hat, for which success is ultimately predicted because it is so suitable for a certain order of beauty.

For autumn coats, redingotes, spencers, and benjamins many varieties have been designed which the

A "CHANTECLER" EFFORT THAT FAILED.

A FLAMBOYANT CONFECTION IN VARIOUS SHADES OF GREEN WHICH MIGHT HAVE PROVED POPULAR.

high-priestesses of fashion have obstinately refused to wear. Take, for instance, the fetching pale-green surtout, with the flowing skirt, frogged and gold-braided, and with lapels faced with darker green, of the same hue as the sash belt. Could anything on a chill autumn day be more seductive? The full coal-scuttle hat of brown straw, with a green feather, does it not provide becoming and umbrageous shelter to a pretty face? Of another, a triple-decked benjamin, bound by a sash, much, too, might be said; although, of course, much depends upon the wearer. But is this not true of any extreme fashion, even those that are at this moment current amongst us? At all

SUGAR-LOAF TURBAN WITH TRIPLE-GATHERED SKIRT.

A REMINISCENCE OF ELIZABETHAN AND CAROLEAN COSTUME.

events, here the conical hat, with a feather starting saucily from its apex, has enough intrinsic merit, if only of novelty, to become popular. Perhaps the same cannot be said of the tailor-made coat, something of military cut, which appears a thought too mannish when donned in conjunction with a coiffure suggestive of Liszt or Rubinstein, and the Charles II. sugar-loaf hat.

Which brings us to the subject of coiffure. Coiffures are perpetually changing. One year the hair of womankind shows an amazing and fertile exuberance. Next year the "crowning glory" of the sex staggers and grows pale and thin. One season it leaps protuberant from her brow; in another it retires in Greek confusion. So far the "Russian mediæval hair-cut," as it is called in America, has been confined to children, but already one or two pretty Parisiennes have made a public appearance in a coiffure on these lines,

A BROWN STRAW OF ORIGINAL DESIGN.

A CONICAL HAT WHICH MAY YET SUCCEED.

which may, one fears, become prevalent. Again, is there not plenty of room for lateral expansion? Not long since Europe was threatened with the Merode coiffure, which, after all, was not so different from the mid-Victorian idea in its simplicity, not to say severity. Depend upon it, however, some of the old coiffures, timidly tried every year and rejected, will eventually return for a further spell of prosperity.

As for the Elizabethan ruff, that is bound to recur. Brought in modestly at first, as it has been occasionally during the past twenty years, it may in all likelihood attain such proportions that the Virgin Queen herself would be the first to cry, "Out upon such fashions, they make us women more absurd than zanies at the fair!"

Such then are the vicissitudes of feminine fashion. It is an ancient axiom that a pretty woman looks pretty in anything, no matter how extravagant. And as for those who are not blessed with beauty, there is still the charm of novelty. Change is the normal rule of life, and were woman's wits and fingers not constantly employed in ringing the changes in her outer garb, this world would be a far less exciting place than it is.

AN AUTUMN COAT WITH FLOWING SKIRT WHICH NEVER SAW THE LIGHT.

A FETCHING SEASIDE COSTUME VANISHED INTO LIMBO.

A TREBLE-DECKED SKIRT AND NOVEL HAT FOR STREET WEAR.

A Palace for the King.

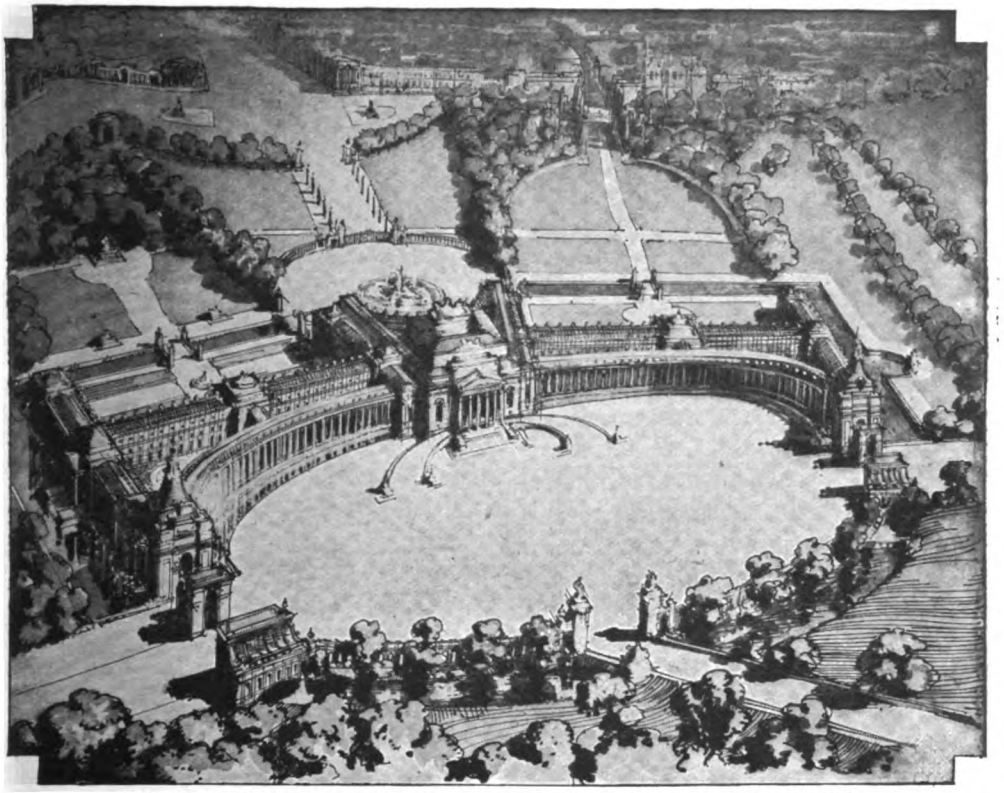
THE remark attributed to the late Queen Victoria, in conversation with the Duchess of Sutherland, "I live in a house and call it a palace; you live in a palace and call it a house," only expresses an obvious truth. The British Empire, the greatest and most opulent the world has ever seen, lodges its monarch in the Empire's memorial of His late Majesty Edward VII. Buckingham Palace, where he dwelt and died, should be rebuilt on a scale of fitting splendour, has aroused great interest in art circles. Numerous plans have been proposed publicly and privately, which resolve themselves into some half-a-dozen definite ideas. These ideas have been carried out for the purposes of this article in THE STRAND MAGAZINE by Mr. Adrian Berrington.

THE CAPITOL DESIGN, THE POSITION BEING THE SAME AS THAT OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.
"Nothing is comparable to it in sheer majesty."

populous capital in a style befitting a third-rate Power. Nothing so disappoints the friendly stranger, nothing has evoked so much criticism, as that bare, brown, and gloomy pile known as Buckingham Palace.

The suggestion, therefore, that as a

There is every reason to believe that England is waking up to an appreciation of its architectural needs. London within the last decade or two is becoming rapidly filled with beautiful buildings. The imposing character of many of these, such as the

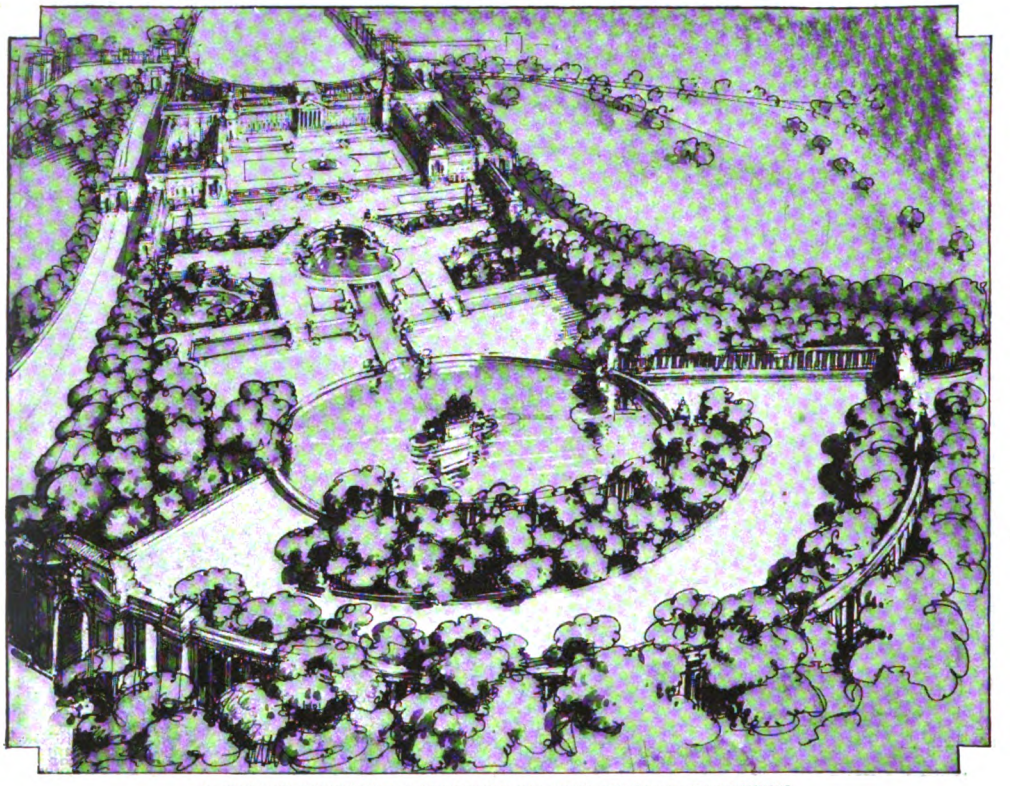


THE NEW BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LOOKING TOWARDS HYDE PARK CORNER.
"We should have the most imposing palace in the world at a cost of ten million pounds."

Imperial Institute, the Westminster Cathedral, the Victoria and Albert Museum, even of many of the hotels, shops, and theatres, only serves to emphasize the shortcomings of the dwelling we assign as a residence to the greatest monarch in the world, the head and symbol of the might and majesty of the British Empire. Buckingham House was purchased by George III. in 1761 for twenty-one thousand pounds and presented to his youthful Queen, Charlotte. Her Majesty, we are told, was so much pleased with it as a town residence that it was immediately fitted up with selected furniture from the other palaces, and ornamented with some of the best pictures in the Royal collection. The intention of the Royal pair in thus selecting a residence distinct from the official palace, as St. James's may be styled, was evidently to retire from Court etiquette to domestic tranquillity, except when the forms of State required the assumption of regal ceremony. Gradually Buckingham Palace became enlarged and improved, especially within, and the present extensive grounds added, until it is what we see it to-day.

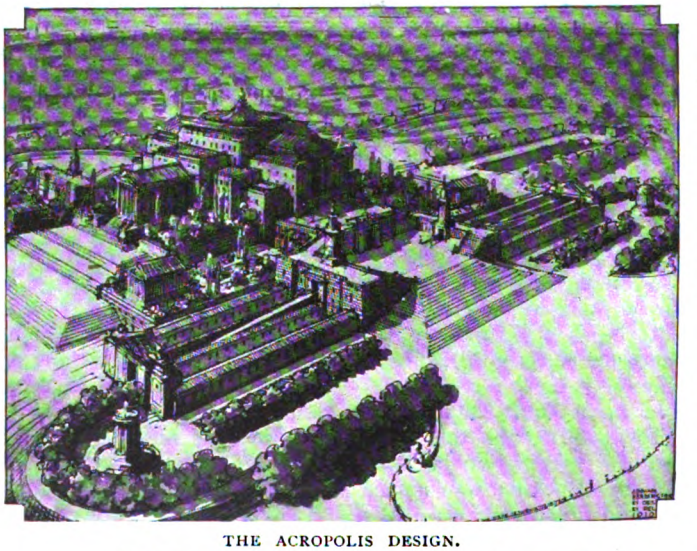
Upon one thing certain designers of a Royal palace are agreed—that Buckingham Palace should form the groundwork and basis of the new pile. There is the site; there is even a palatial interior, full of spacious and splendid apartments, galleries, and staircases, with pillared porticoes and frescoed ceilings. How to utilize this site and this interior to the greatest advantage and most striking effect? Others believe it should be wholly superseded, and only the materials employed. In one quarter the "Capitol design" shown on the first page of this article is favoured. The architect who favours it writes: "If America had borrowed nothing more from ancient Rome than this dome-capping Empire idea in public architecture the debt would be great, for nothing is comparable to it in sheer majesty. I would suggest that the dome be surmounted by the Imperial orb, and that the building be much farther back than the present Palace, the site of which would afford a large open space in front."

Think of what it would mean to Londoners, to Englishmen, to visitors from afar, if such an imposing structure as this, well worthy



A PALACE DESIGNED ACCORDING TO THE ITALIAN TRADITION.
"This magnificent pile would be built at the north end of the site, with a series of terraced gardens to the south."

of Imperial London, were set in its midst. The capital of the British Empire has been called a congeries of villages. There is no great public work, no great building to dominate it as the Capitol at Washington dominates that city. Yet St. Paul's certainly dominates the City proper, and the Houses of Parliament the Westminster quarter. But when we come to the buildings in what we might call the palatial district of London there is little which is truly impressive to meet the eye. Buckingham Palace may have served admirably for the eighteenth century; but in view of the great growth in metropolitan art and splendour an advance—even one as marked as this—is demanded.



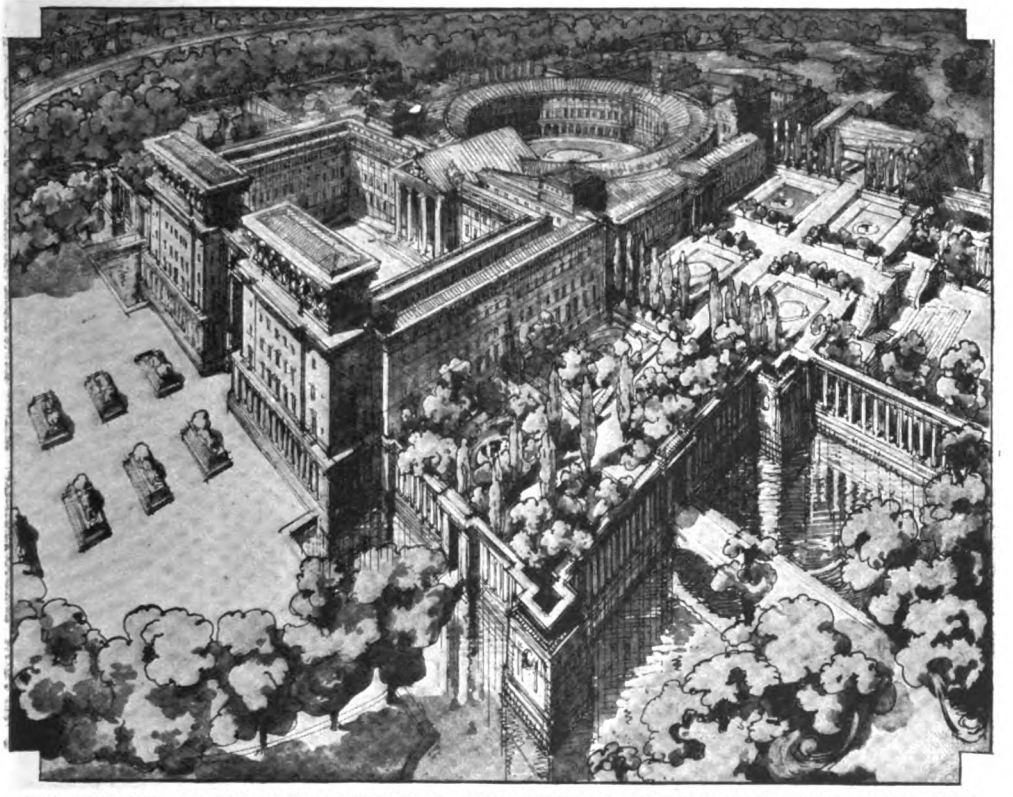
THE ACROPOLIS DESIGN.
"Much may be said for this idea on the score of grandeur."

Another suggests the Acropolis idea. The distinguishing feature of this would be innumerable courtyards, a "skyline" of temple above temple, and choragic monuments. "I offer this suggestion as that of a truly Imperial palace. In its main lines it could be designed by an Imperial architect, the Colonies and dependencies supplying details of the component parts, thus giving variety and maintaining interest with emulation on the part of the 'sister-nations' contributing." Certainly much may be said for the idea on the score of grandeur.

Why, indeed, should not the Colonies, the great British Empire, contribute to a work of art which should surpass Versailles and the palaces of the Louvre and Luxembourg? Imagine the Londoner of the good mid-Victorian days travelling by a rumbling penny 'bus drawn by jaded horses in a thick nineteenth century fog and suddenly, as the fog lifted and the sun peered through, being confronted with such a vision of architectural drawing as this. He would indeed think that the capital had made a staggering advance. Yet it would require the standpoint—or should we say the sitting point?—of an aeroplane or an airship to grasp all the essential features of such a wondrous pile.

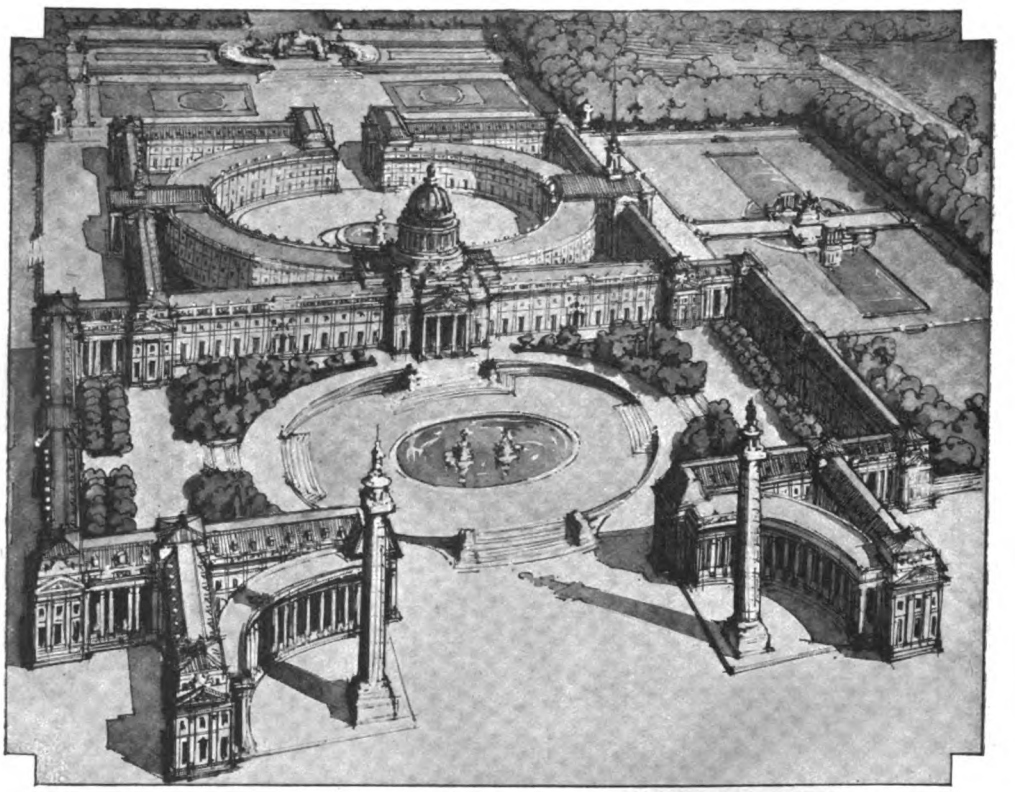
There are others, however, who regard it as essential that the whole quarter of the Palace should be reconstructed and a large oval space be created, bounded on the north by the Palace and on the south by an extension of the lake in St. James's Park. On the east of this oval space the Mall would run, and on the west a continuation of Eaton Square. "If this were adopted," writes its enthusiastic proposer, "we should have the most imposing palace in the world." He adds that the cost would be great—say, ten million pounds—but that there are "many of the King's subjects—say, the Duke of Westminster or Lord Strathcona—who could, if they chose, build such a place for themselves."

Others who would like to see a nobly-built palace will be attracted by a plan carrying on



ONE SCULPTOR OF THE NEW BUCKINGHAM PALACE GOES BACK TO THE EGYPTIAN CONCEPTION.
"Magnitude is magnificence. A 'place' with an avenue of couchant lions, pylons and forecourt being constructed to a huge scale."

the Italian tradition of palaces. This magnificent pile it is proposed to build at the north end of the site, with a series of terraced gardens to the south. Instead of the oval place of the foregoing conception, there would be a circular lake with a road going round south of it, severed from the garden by a colonnade and trees. Further rows of trees and colonnades would shut off Buckingham Gate and Victoria.



A DESIGN, FACING DUE SOUTH, IN THE STYLE OF INIGO JONES'S SCHEME FOR WHITEHALL.
"The main entrance would be flanked by triumphal columns representing the Navy and Army."

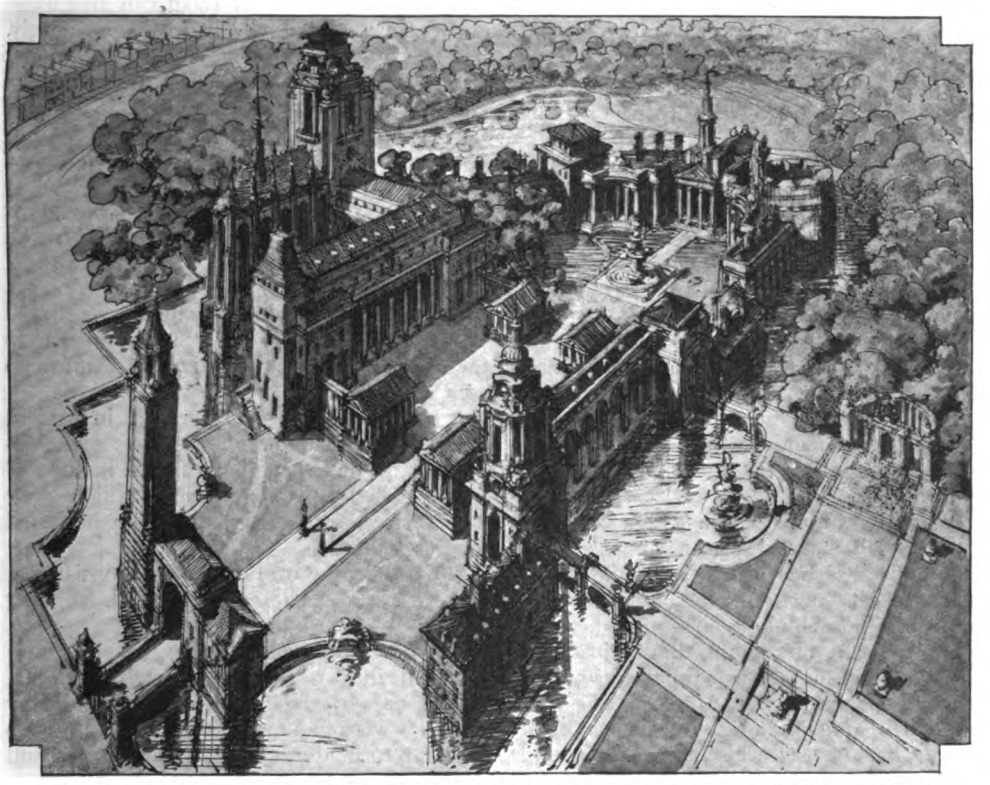
"Too much Greece and too much Rome" is the judgment of one eminent artist on the foregoing plans. "In going back to Egypt and the 'temple' idea the sculptor of the new Buckingham Palace would be doing a much finer — a much grander thing and one appealing more powerfully to history and imagination. Briefly, the conception is that of a 'place' with an avenue of couchant lions, pylons and forecourt being constructed to a huge scale. "Magnitude is magnificence." The first court shown in this particular design would be for the multitude; the second, the circular one, for those more privileged, or the specially invited. The third court, situated on higher ground, would contain the Royal residence proper. Beyond is shown a garden so lofty as not to be overlooked, with terraced gardens on either side. Naturally, to carry out such a scheme as this would involve an enormous expenditure, and, although the result would be one of the wonders of the world, it is doubtful whether, in this age of utility, such expenditure would receive countenance, labour being with us not the trivial consideration it was to the rulers of Egypt.

A far more practical and less extravagant idea for a palace is that of the Restoration tradition, which is understood to be favoured by several members of the Royal Academy. This would be built in the same style as Inigo Jones's design for Whitehall, of which we possess a worthy sample in the Banqueting Hall, Whitehall. The main entrance would be flanked by triumphal columns representing the Navy and Army, and would be looking

southward and out upon a "place," as in the third design reproduced.

To those with whom none of the plans we have discussed find favour, there may be something to commend itself in that next given, which might not unfairly be described as "romantick and fantastickal." The nearest similitude to such a building extant, though, of course, on a much smaller scale, is that of the palace of Chantilly, which King Edward is known to have much admired. But the great feature—really the essential—of such designs the moat plays a prominent part. Although much thought has been expended upon the Palace itself, water and trees are very properly regarded as a powerful component and essential to all the schemes.

Interesting as it would be to know which Palace most meets the favour of STRAND readers, still more interesting would it be to learn the opinion of the proposed Royal occupant, His Majesty himself. Would not the very magnificence—the opulence of scale and lavishness of material itself—be too over-



A PALACE ON THE DESIGN OF THAT AT CHANTILLY SO GREATLY ADMIRED BY KING EDWARD.
"The buildings embody the accretions of many epochs—growing slowly from age to age; only then, it is to be feared, do they become really beautiful and significant."

buildings as that of Chantilly is that they are not planned as a whole. Their success is due to the fact that they embody the accretions of many epochs—growing slowly from age to age; only then, it is to be feared, do they become really beautiful and significant. Yet it cannot be denied that such a Buckingham Palace as this would be beautiful, and one can only regret that one of our Norman Kings did not centuries ago lay the nucleus of such a structure.

It will be noticed that in three of these powering? Unless, indeed, behind these imposing façades, in the depths of this wilderness of marble, there was hidden the true dwelling of as simple, home-loving a monarch as was his ancestor George III., where the unpretentious essentials of domestic comfort, the modest accessories of the true British home might be found and enjoyed. The setting might then be as gorgeous as British art could execute and British pride demand, so long as the arcanum and jewel were there and intact.

QUITS.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

Illustrated by S. Davis.

THEY were both presumably seeking shelter, only whereas the girl achieved it in a scientific and exceedingly feminine fashion, the man stood half exposed to the driving rain, and with the drops from a chink in the awning falling fast down his neck. There came a time—she was proverbially a soft-hearted little woman—when she could stand it no longer.

"Monsieur will be wet through!" she exclaimed, timidly. "There is plenty of room. Here where I am standing it is quite dry."

He moved his position slightly with some muttered word of thanks, half careless, half sulky. Then he chanced to catch a glimpse of her face by the light of the glittering gas-jet, and he was at once ashamed of his surliness. He raised his hat and did his best to seem grateful.

"Very kind of you to notice," he said. "I will come and stand by you, if I may."

By his side she appeared smaller than ever. He was not only tall, but broad in proportion; good-looking enough in a negative, boyish sort of fashion, though just now the scowl upon his face would have disfigured the countenance of an Adonis. She was quite small, quietly but somewhat shabbily dressed, her cheeks white with the pallid complexion of an unhealthy life, large, soft brown eyes, and a tremulous mouth. The man, as was common with him—his best quality, perhaps—forgot himself.

"You seem tired," he remarked.

"Not more than usual," she replied. "I think I am hungry. I was on my way to dinner when the rain came on."

She looked anxiously outside. The young man seemed struck with a sudden idea.

"Do you know," he said, "I believe that's what's the matter with me. Let's go and dine somewhere together."

"Thank you," she answered; "I could not do that."

"Why not?" he urged. "I have just one five-pound note left in the world, and I am longing to spend it. Come with me, and we'll get the best dinner Luigi can give us."

She frowned at him a little disapprovingly.

"If you were thinking of spending five pounds upon a dinner," she declared, "I consider that you are very reckless. I should not think," she added, severely, "of going anywhere with anybody who had such ideas."

He looked her over curiously.

"Come, then," he said, "you were going somewhere to dine. Why mayn't I go with you?"

She laughed softly.

"You wouldn't care to," she answered.

"Try me," he begged. "If I am really to take care of my five-pound note, I must go somewhere cheap."

"I generally go to Pierelli's, in Oxford Street," she told him. "One pays eighteenpence, and there is a glass of wine included."

He hailed a passing taxicab, which drew up before them. Even then she hesitated for a moment.

"I pay for my own dinner," she insisted.

"Just as you like," he answered, laughing at her.

In the restaurant, which was hot and crowded, they were lucky enough to find a retired corner, which a noisy little company of diners were just evacuating. There was no ordering to be done. They just sat still and waited for what was brought to them.

"Macaroni!" he exclaimed. "How good it is, too! I certainly was hungry. Listen, little mortal!"

"I am listening," she assured him.

"I am going to introduce myself," he said. "My name is Clifford Ford. I am twenty-five years old, and I have been a failure at everything I have tried. To tell you the truth, I have been waiting for the last three years for an uncle to die and leave me fifty thousand pounds. He died last month and left me—a hundred pounds."

"And what have you done with the hundred pounds?" his very practical companion demanded.

He leaned back in his seat and roared

with laughter "I have spent it," he declared at last, "all except the five-pound note I told you about. I haven't even been able to pay my bills."

She looked at him for a moment with a little less favour.

"My name," she said, "is Gertrud Huber. I come from Switzerland, as I dare say you could tell from my accent. I am a typist at the Milan Hotel. I earn only thirty-two shillings a week, but I live with a very pleasant family at Denmark Hill, and I take care never to owe anything. I do not think it is right to owe money one cannot pay."

"I don't suppose it is," he admitted, suddenly sobered. "It depends upon one's bringing up, though, doesn't it?"

"Perhaps so," she assented. "My father and my mother were very strict when we were children. I think that it is best so."

The head waiter, in passing, stopped to pay his respects to her. Clifford Ford took the opportunity to watch her for a moment unnoticed. She was very neat, but she wore no ornaments. Her pallor was unnatural. It spoke of bad ventilation, lack of fresh air and exercise. It was a pity. She would have been so pretty.

"You dine here every night, I suppose?" he asked, when the man had passed on.

"Nearly every night," she answered.

"And alone?"

She flushed—most becomingly, but she was not pleased.

"I do not think that you should ask me that," she replied.

He apologized humbly. She inclined her head.

"It was foolish of me, perhaps, to mind," she said, slowly. "If it interests you really to know, I had three invitations to dinner this evening."

"And you did not accept one of them?" he remarked, curiously. "You chose to dine here alone? Why?"

"I will tell you, if you like," she answered, simply. "The invitations came from my clients—the men for whom I do typing in the hotel. I should never dream of accepting favours from any one of them. I have nothing to give in return. I do not care to be under an obligation. I came here with you—but I pay for myself. It is different. You looked lonely and I was lonely. And I thought—I thought," she added, hesitatingly, "that you looked unhappy. I thought, perhaps, that you had lost your situation, or were in trouble of some sort. I do not think that I quite understood."

"Dear Miss Huber," he said, earnestly, "you understood better than you imagined. If I am not quite the sort of person you believed me, it is my misfortune. I was at least lonely enough, and if it had not been for you I should certainly have done very stupid things with myself and my five-pound note."

She frowned at the laughter in his eyes, and regarded his broad shoulders and sunburnt cheeks a little disparagingly.

"Why do you talk so foolishly?" she exclaimed. "You ought to find some work to do."

"Can't get anything," he answered, promptly.

"You were well educated, I suppose?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Public school and Oxford—only, you see, I was in the eleven and played cricket all the time."

"That was very idle of you," she said, severely.

Clifford Ford, to whom this was a new point of view, looked at her doubtfully.

"I suppose it was idle," he admitted. "No one seemed to think so there, though."

"What are you going to do with yourself, then?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I have a good many friends and some relations down in the country who are decently well off," he remarked, vaguely. "I suppose I shall have to look some of them up. Perhaps between them they'll be able to find me a job of some sort."

She frowned at him severely.

"You mean that you will have to go to your relations," she said, "and ask favours, or borrow money from them?"

"Can you suggest any alternative?" he asked, feeling suddenly small.

"Certainly," she replied, with a swift look at his shoulders. "I should work."

He was half amused, half bitter. To be lectured by a little Swiss typist in a cheap eating-house was distinctly a new experience for him. Yet there was something in her words which stung.

"Come," he said, "tell me what you think would be a suitable post for me?"

"You are young and strong," she replied. "There are many places you could take."

"You mean work with my hands?"

She seemed surprised.

"Why not—if you are not clever enough for the other things?"

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed, flushing up to his temples.

"Is it not what you call false shame," she asked, "to mind what manner of work you do, so long as it is honest and you are paid for it?"

"I suppose it is," he admitted.

"For myself," she continued, "I learned shorthand and typewriting. That is what I do now. It is not much that I earn, but every week I send five shillings to my mother, who is not well off, and I save something too."

He looked at her and felt his sense of manhood weaken. She was such a small being, her dress, her gloves, her hat, all so very cheap, so very tidy. Even the little white bow at her throat, spotlessly clean, was worn and shrunken. Her boots were thick and ready-made. And withal there was the too great delicacy of her complexion, the hollow cheeks, the tired eyes, the many evidences of an ill-nurtured body. Yet life, and the desire of life, flowed in her veins as in the veins of those others—the whole army of gaily-dressed young women who went blindly through life with their hands open to receive what it might bring; who had their young men, their clothes and cheap jewellery, their theatres, and all the pleasures they could gather in. He suddenly felt very humble.

"You are right," he said. "I have been looking at this matter from a wrong point of view. I would break stones to-morrow if someone would offer me a job."

She smiled at him approvingly. It was astonishing how pretty she was.

"Do you really mean that?" she asked.

"I do," he replied.

"You would not mind carrying things about—trunks and luggage?" she persisted. "You look so beautifully strong."

"I shouldn't care a bit," he declared.

"Very well, then," she went on; "I am quite friendly with Mr. Dennis, the head porter at the hotel where I am engaged, and I will speak to him about you to-morrow morning. I know that he is two men short. He may engage you at once.'

Clifford Ford laughed till the tears were in his eyes. Then he saw the perplexed frown gathering upon her forehead, and he stopped abruptly.

"The Milan Hotel," he explained; "that's where my cousin, to whom my uncle left the money instead of to me, has taken a suite. Shall I have to wear a uniform, little woman?"

"After you have been there a month, if you suit them, you will have to," she told him. "It is a very nice uniform, and I wish you would not laugh so much. You will get a pound a week and your meals, to start with, and there are the tips."

"The tips," he repeated, wiping the tears from his eyes. "I hope the other tenants are more generous than Ralph, or I am afraid they won't amount to much."

She opened her purse and counted out one and ninepence, which she placed upon the table.

"Please pay the bill," she directed. "Wait one moment, though."

She took it from his fingers, and in fluent French pointed out a mistake of a penny to an apologetic waiter. She watched her companion produce his share of the amount, and frowned severely at the size of the tip which he gave.

"It was too much," she objected, as they passed out into the street. "You should have given him sixpence—no more."

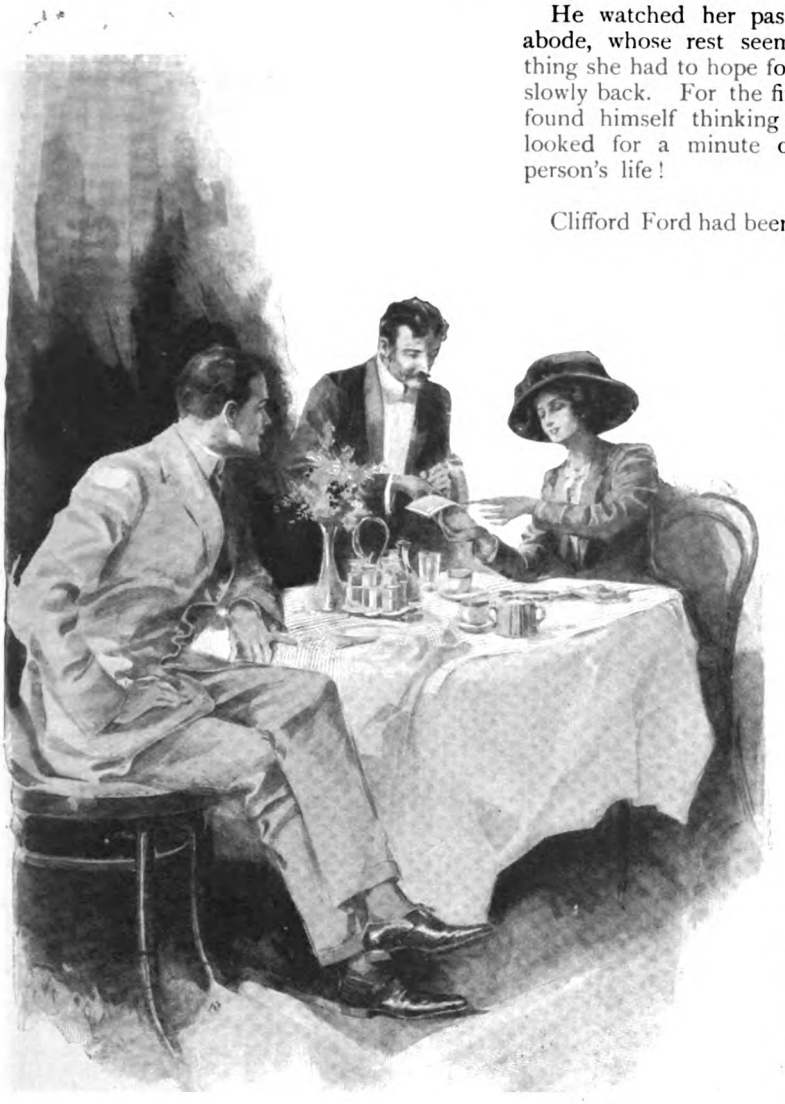
"I am sorry," he answered. "I'm afraid I am a bit careless in those things."

"It is wicked not to think of money," she told him; "wicked to spend or give away more than you can afford. It means that later on in life someone has to help you. Whilst one is young, one should save."

"Don't you ever spend anything on yourself?" he asked.

"Of course I do," she replied. "I bought a pair of gloves last week and a new umbrella. It seemed terribly extravagant," she sighed, "but I had to have the umbrella. Mine was all holes. Would you like to walk home with me, Mr. Ford? You see, it is quite fine now."

Clifford Ford did like. In fact, he felt that at that moment there was nothing else he wanted so much to do. They were creatures of very different worlds, and yet he thoroughly enjoyed that walk and their conversation. She described, with many little bursts of enthusiasm, her home, the village under the mountains, their simple customs, the intimate social and family life of the people, their many innocent gaieties, of which she spoke wistfully, with kindling eyes. Her father was dead, and her mother was hard put to it to bring up a second family. Gertrud had been her only child until she had married again—now it was she who helped in the struggle. Seven children to feed and educate! The little figure who walked by his side was eloquent about their needs and tastes. It was for their sake that she toiled in this ugly London—ill-fed, ill-clothed, and without the simplest of pleasures. And she told it all unconsciously. When they parted before a dreary



"SHE POINTED OUT A MISTAKE OF A PENNY TO AN APOLOGETIC WAITER."

house in an ugly back street, Clifford Ford shook hands with her, and his bared head meant something more than ordinary courtesy. He felt as he had never done before to any human being towards this strange little mortal, whose cheeks were a trifle flushed now with the walk, and whose eyes were bright with interest.

"To-morrow, then, at twelve o'clock," she told him. "If you can get a character of any sort you had better bring it."

"I will do the best I can," he answered, clasping her fingers; "and I sha'n't forget."

He watched her pass into that gloomy abode, whose rest seemed to be the only thing she had to hope for in life, and walked slowly back. For the first time for years he found himself thinking seriously. He had looked for a minute or two into another person's life!

Clifford Ford had been porter at the Milan Hotel for more than three weeks before he saw his cousin. Then they met face to face in a narrow corridor, and Clifford dropped a heavy trunk within a few inches of his cousin's toes. Mr. Ralph Ford was nervous. He first jumped and then swore heartily.

"You clumsy idiot!" he exclaimed. "What the mischief are you doing?"

"Jolly heavy trunk, this," Clifford answered, wiping his forehead. "You might give me a hand."

Ralph gazed at his cousin in blank amazement. Then he began to laugh contemptuously.

"Clifford!" he cried. "Well, I'm dashed!"

He passed on without further speech, but still laughing, into his apartments. A young man—dressed in the height of fashion, with sleepy, dissipated eyes—was lolling upon a sofa, awaiting him.

"Halloa, Ralph! What's the joke?" he asked.

Ralph grinned again.

"One you'll appreciate, Sidney," he answered. "Whom do you think I just passed outside, carrying a heavy trunk? Seems he's engaged as a porter here."

"No idea."

"My cousin Clifford!"

Ralph began to laugh again, but suddenly stopped. There was no answering gleam of amusement in his companion's face. On the contrary, Mr. Sidney Lenton had the appearance of a young man altogether thunderstruck.

"What the dickens is the matter with you, Sid?" his friend demanded.

The young solicitor was ill at ease.

"You mean really that Clifford's here working as a porter?" he asked.

Ralph assented.

"Got up in the uniform, too. Why, what are you looking like a scared rabbit about it for? Funniest thing I ever knew!"

"Give me a drink, Ralph," his friend said, shortly.

Ralph produced a bottle of brandy, some soda-water, and two glasses from a cupboard. All the time he watched his visitor curiously.

"Well?" he inquired, as the latter set his tumbler down empty.

Sidney Lenton lit a cigarette and leaned towards his friend. "Look here, Ralph," he declared, "we're pals, and it goes without saying that I'm more interested in your affairs than any ordinary client's. I am going to do something which is beastly unprofessional. If the governor knew it, or ever found it out, he'd kick me out of the office."

"Anything about Clifford?" Ralph asked, uneasily.

His friend nodded.

"It's that codicil," he said. "It was to be opened in two months, you know."

Ralph was suddenly serious.

"Go on," he muttered.

"I know what's in it," Lenton continued. "Only the governor and I know, and you can guess what would happen to me if it ever got about that I'd given it away. It provides—— Listen, Ralph! It provides that if at any time before it is opened Clifford has held any post of any sort whatever for one month, and been paid a salary, that he is to share equally with you."

"It can't be true!" Ralph faltered.

"There's no doubt about it," his friend insisted, impatiently. "Tell me, how long has Clifford been here?"

"I have no idea," Ralph replied. "Can't be long, anyhow, or I should have seen him."

"We must get him the sack—or, rather, you must," Sidney Lenton declared. "You're a resident here; it ought to be quite easy. Complain about him all the time—anything will do. Bring all the girls he used to know here to see him. Get Lily and that lot to come and laugh at him. Get him to realize what a fool he's making of himself. . . . Who the mischief is this?"

Ralph turned quickly round. With her note-book in her hand, Gertrud was standing just inside the door.

"RALPH GAZED AT HIS COUSIN IN BLANK AMAZEMENT."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Ford," she said. "I knocked twice, and I thought that I heard you say, 'Come in.'"

"That's all right," Ralph answered her. "Please sit down for a moment. I shall be disengaged directly."

He thrust his arm through his friend's and led him out into the passage.

"Come back to luncheon, Sid," he said. "We'll think out some scheme."

"Who's the girl?" the young solicitor asked, suspiciously.

"Oh, she's all right," Ralph declared. "She types my letters for me. Good-

looking little thing, too, in her way. I ordered her up for eleven o'clock. Even if she heard anything, she wouldn't understand. So long!"

Ralph re-entered his sitting-room. Gertrud was still standing up. He wheeled an easy-chair towards her.

"Now, then, Miss Gertrud," he began, with a smile which he did his best to make ingratiating, "come and make yourself comfortable while I think out my letter."

She sat down, choosing, however, an ordinary chair.

"I am quite ready, Mr. Ford," she replied, quietly.

The young man frowned; her manner was certainly not encouraging.

"Wonder why you're always so unkind to me, Miss Gertrud?" he remarked, throwing himself on to the sofa and lighting a cigarette.

She looked at him with faintly uplifted eyebrows.

"I do not understand," she replied. "I am here to take down your letters and then to type them. I am always anxious to do my duty properly. Please begin. I have another appointment presently."

"Can't collect my ideas all at once," he declared. "Look at me, please, Miss Gertrud. Why, what have you been doing to yourself? You look quite smart."

She looked at him steadily without any change of countenance, and then glanced away out of the window. Ralph laughed softly. He was of the order of young men who do not recognize snubs.

"Don't be unkind, please, Miss Gertrud," he begged, rising to his feet. "Tell me, when are you coming out to dinner with me?"

"Never," she answered, firmly. "You know that quite well. If you have no letters to give me, I will go."

"But I have some letters," he assured her. "Wait for one moment, please. I want to ask Dennis a few questions."

He went to the telephone in the next room, and returned almost at once.

"I am ready now," he announced. "Please take this down: 'To Sidney Lenton, Esquire, 17, Jermyn Street. Dear Sidney, — I have made all inquiries. C. has been here a month next Saturday. I feel sure we'll be able to get rid of him, though. I have been making complaints already. Come up to lunch. I am asking Flo and some of the girls, and giving them the tip what to do. So long!'"

"Any copy?" she inquired, calmly.

He shook his head.

"Bring it back yourself as soon as you've done it," he directed.

In ten minutes she was back again. Ralph looked through the letter and signed it.

"I said 'no copy,'" he remarked. "This sheet feels quite damp."

"'I BEG YOUR PARDON, MR. FORD,' SHE SAID. 'I KNOCKED TWICE, AND I THOUGHT THAT I HEARD YOU SAY, "COME IN."'"

"I quite forgot, sir," she answered. "I will destroy the copy."

He laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Very careless of you, Gertrud," he declared. "You'll have to pay a fine."

She moved contemptuously toward the door. He followed her.

"If you touch me, Mr. Ford," she exclaimed, "I shall cry out!"

Ralph laughed unpleasantly.

"I wouldn't," he said.

He caught her by the wrist and held her. She called loudly for help, and before he could raise her head the door was opened. A moment later Ralph was lying on the carpet, and a porter in the hotel uniform standing over him.

"Your old tricks, eh, Ralph?" Clifford exclaimed, contemptuously. "What an unpleasant brute you are!"

He turned away and joined Gertrud, who was waiting for him in the passage. She clutched at his arm.

"Mr. Clifford," she begged, "promise me something."

He nodded. "All right. What is it?"

"Don't leave here—don't let them send you away, whatever happens—not this week, at any rate. Promise."

"I haven't the slightest idea of going," he assured her.

She was trembling still. He took her hand in his and found it for a moment passive. Then she drew it away.

"Please don't," she whispered. "I feel just a little foolish."

She ran away down the corridor and he knew that there were tears in her eyes, tears which she hated to show. He looked back and shook his fist in the direction of Ralph's room.

At three o'clock that afternoon he met her in the front hall. He was carrying an immense portmanteau, which he at once swung to the ground.

"Miss Gertrud," he said, "I was hoping to see you. You've got to let me off that promise."

She looked at him steadfastly. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes unnaturally bright.

"That brute of a cousin of mine," he explained, "is taking the meanest sort of revenge. He's been asking all the people I used to know here to lunch, and pointing me out."

"Do you mind that?" she asked, coldly.

"Of course I mind it," he answered, impatiently. "I don't think I am a snob, but it isn't exactly pleasant to have a lot of people one used to know, the girls one used to take out to lunch oneself, come and stare at me in this beastly uniform, and have that cad of a Ralph hand me a shilling for taking a note. You'll have to let me off that promise, Miss Gertrud."

"I should not worry about friends who thought the less of you for working in an honest situation," she declared.

"Little girl," he insisted, "you don't understand. I know they're not worth taking notice of. They're the sort who like you when you're up, and haven't a word for you when you're down; but it hurts all the same. And to-night," he continued, "that sweet cousin of mine has asked some people to dinner—a young lady especially whom I used to fancy that I cared for. I'll look for work, honestly—anything I can get; but you'll have to let me off that promise, please."

She shook her head firmly.

"I shall not do that."

He frowned.

"But, Miss Gertrud," he protested, "you don't want to be unreasonable, do you? My uncle's solicitor, or, rather, his son, was here a few minutes ago. He said that it was a great shock to his father to hear what I was doing, and he offered to lend me fifty or a hundred pounds for immediate use, and to find me a place in an estate agent's office, if I cared to stay in England. I don't think I shall accept anything, but it's decent of them to offer it, all the same. And, Miss Gertrud," he went on, "the long and short of it is, I want to clear out quick, before the dinner to-night. Coming, sir. Coming at once."

Clifford hurried off and helped load a bus, with zest. He accepted a half-crown tip from an elderly American lady with complete *sang-froid*, and stood on the pavement to watch the vehicle out of sight, with a quite professional interest in the piled-up trunks. When he turned back he found Gertrud still in the hall, pretending to study a time-table. She called him to her.

"Mr. Ford," she said, "I have always been told that the promise of an English gentleman is a very sacred thing. Is that not so?"

"Certainly," he answered; "but——"

"Please let that be enough," she interrupted. "I claim the fulfilment of your promise. You must remain here until Saturday."

She left him standing there, swearing softly to himself. Sidney Lenton came up and touched him on the shoulder. Ralph was by his side.

"Do your duties here include a flirtation with the typist?" Lenton inquired, smiling.

"Miss Huber is an old friend of mine," Clifford answered.

Lenton nodded.

"What time are you off?" he asked.

"Not at all to-day," Clifford replied. "I have made up my mind to stay till Saturday."

Ralph came forward, frowning.

"What, you mean that you will let Mrs. Lethbridge and Alice, and all of them, see you in that infernal livery!" he exclaimed, angrily.

Clifford did not even flush.

"I shall keep out of the way if I can," he said. "If not, they can please themselves whether they speak to me or not."

Ralph was very pale. He drew out his pocket-book. Lenton pushed him on one side.

"Look here, Clifford," he said; "can't you see that it's deuced unpleasant for Ralph to have you here? Now, it can't make any real difference to you. Go and have a few days' holiday. I'll slip a fifty-pound note into your waistcoat-pocket."

Clifford shook his head.

"I am sorry, he replied. "I tell you frankly I'd like to go, but I've given my word of honour to stay until Saturday, and I can't break it."

The two young men exchanged glances. Suddenly Ralph understood.

"To Miss Huber!" he exclaimed.

Clifford turned away.

"It doesn't matter. I have given my word. I shall stop."

Lenton did not at once understand. Ralph took his arm.

"We are done," he muttered. "She typed that letter to you."

Ralph Ford was a young man of mean disposition, and he went straight to the manager's office.

"Mr. Krudlong," he said, "I have a complaint to make."

The manager was sorry to hear it, and waited, gravely attentive.

"This morning," Ralph continued, "I engaged a young lady typist from your office — Miss Gertrud Huber. She took down an important letter for me, and has since divulged its contents to a person in this hotel."

"This is a very serious charge, Mr. Ford," the manager answered, ringing the bell.

"The young lady will not be able to deny it," Ralph replied.

In a moment or two she appeared. Her lips trembled when she saw who it was, and, if possible, she was paler than ever. This was the one thing which she feared in life—dismissal.

"Miss Huber," the manager said, "this gentleman believes that you have divulged the contents of a letter, which he dictated to you, to a person in this hotel."

"That is not true," Gertrud answered.

"Put it another way," Ralph broke in, unpleasantly. "She has given advice to a person, founded upon her knowledge of that letter, in a way very prejudicial to my interests."

"Is this a fact?" the manager asked. "Please be careful, Miss Huber. We have been so satisfied with your services."

"It is true," she admitted, "that I did advise someone because of what I had seen in the letter, but——"

The manager interrupted. He was holding the door open.

"You need not continue, Miss Huber."

"It was an injustice!" she exclaimed. "A conspiracy!"

The manager shook his head.

"Even if that were so," he said, "there is no excuse. A week's salary shall be sent to your address, Miss Huber. Kindly leave within ten minutes."

She walked out of the office with her head in the air and a little flush in her cheeks. She pinned on her hat and drew the cheap veil down over her eyes with trembling fingers. It was not until she was out in the Strand and on the way to her lodgings that the tears came.

Ralph Ford's first attempt at making himself disagreeable was a success; his second a failure. The manager absolutely declined his request to send Clifford away. The head porter spoke well of him; there was no authentic complaint which could be made. Ralph played his last card in despair. He made a personal appeal to the manager.

"The fact of it is, Mr. Krudlong," he explained, "he's a distant connection of mine, and we can't both remain here. There you have it straight. Which is it to be?"

"As a matter of principle, Mr. Ford," the manager answered, gravely, "I cannot send away a servant who is doing his duty, even to oblige a client."

"You prefer to lose me, then?" Ralph declared, furiously.

The manager bowed.

"We shall hear of your departure with much regret, Mr. Ford," he said. "You will excuse me now."

Ralph's dinner guests fell in with his wishes more readily. They certainly made themselves as disagreeable as a little company of ill-bred people could do. Only one—an American chorus-girl whom Clifford knew slightly—listened to his cousin's story and took her own course. She went up to where Clifford was standing by the lift and held out her hand.

"Mr. Ford," she exclaimed, "I want to tell you that I am very glad to see you!"

Clifford had stood everything else, but this almost upset him. As soon as she was gone, however, he knew that her words had done him good. For the rest of the evening he thought of nothing but his work. There was only one really sore feeling in his heart. For the first time he was angry with Gertrud for holding him to his promise. He did not even, after he had changed his clothes, wait for her in the Strand as he usually did when he was not on night duty.

Three weeks later Clifford Ford, who had resumed his accustomed appearance, drove up in a taxi to the Milan Hotel, and, to the head porter's great embarrassment, insisted upon shaking him by the hand.

"Seen anything of my amiable cousin lately?" he asked.

"Not lately, sir," Dennis replied. "Mr. Ford left here very soon after you."

Clifford laughed.

"The poor beggar's fifty thousand pounds worse off than he expected," he remarked. "Is Miss Gertrud about anywhere, do you know?"

Dennis looked a little surprised.

"Miss Gertrud Huber, sir? Why, she left on the Thursday before you left on Saturday."

"Left!" Clifford exclaimed, thunderstruck.

Dennis leaned towards him confidentially.

"I understand, sir, that there were some complaints made by Mr. Ford," the man told him. "She was accused of divulging the contents of a letter Mr. Ford had written to his solicitor."

The place swam round for a moment with Clifford. Then his heart began to ache. If only he had understood!

"The hound!" he muttered. "Get me a taxicab at once, please, Dennis—a good one."

He drove down to Denmark Hill and found out her rooms. The lady of the family with whom Gertrud had boarded was there, but Gertrud herself had gone.

"This very day, monsieur," the woman announced—"this very day she left me. It is most unfortunate."

"Left you!" Clifford repeated. "But where has she gone? Where can I find her?"

"For the last three weeks," madame declared, "she has tried for a situation every day, in vain. It was the fault of the hotel, who refused her a character. Behaviour the most extraordinary! Never, monsieur," the woman continued, energetically, "had I a young lady in this house so regular, so careful, so thoroughly respectable. Yet from that hotel they sent her away without a character. It was infamous!"

"But I must find her," Clifford persisted. "It was my fault that she was turned away."

Madame was much interested.

"Only last night," she continued, "Miss Gertrud decided to give it up and return home. Indeed, it was the best thing, for the poor girl was half starved, and she would accept nothing from anyone without payment. Only the day before she was sent away she received a letter from her mother with some bad news, and she sent all her savings to Switzerland. To-day she had even to sell some of her clothes to buy her ticket. She has gone by the two-twenty."

"Does she owe anything?" Clifford asked, with his hands in his pockets.

"Not one penny, sir," the woman replied, vigorously. "There never was such a young lady for refusing to get into debt. She was one in a thousand was Mlle. Gertrud."

Clifford reached Charing Cross at a quarter-past two, and hurried on to the platform. He found her wedged in a third-class carriage, looking very white and miserable, with a German commercial traveller on one side, a waiter on the other, and four other people of various nationalities in the compartment. She gave a little cry as she saw him and half jumped up, eagerly. The guard blew his whistle.

"Good-bye!" she faltered. "Oh, Mr. Clifford, you are just in time to say good-bye!"

"Good-bye be hanged!" he answered, lifting her bodily out of the carriage.

The guard called out angrily.

"The young lady is not going on," Clifford remarked.

She was quite speechless. The train was now moving out of the station. She looked after it with a helpless air.

"My luggage!" she cried. "And my bag is in the carriage."

"Let it go," he laughed. "We'll buy your trousseau this afternoon, after we are married."

The colour streamed again into her cheeks.

"Mr. Clifford!" she exclaimed.

He nodded.

"I've got the licence in my pocket," he declared. "Now kiss me and say you are glad."

She had never looked more charming, though her eyes were misty and her cheeks hollower than ever. He had kissed her for the first time in his life, boldly, here upon the platform! She had to keep on telling herself that it was not a dream.

"You can't mean it," she faltered.

He almost carried her out to a taxicab.

"We'll be married in half an hour," he said, "buy clothes till five, come to the hotel here, dine quietly, do a theatre, and start for Switzerland to see your people to-morrow. How does that sound?"

"'WE'LL BE MARRIED IN HALF AN HOUR,' HE SAID."

The taxi was moving now. It was real! She crept into his arms. Such happiness for her was incomprehensible, a thing undreamed of, a thing to be read about and wondered about, but to happen—never!

"I am quite poor," she whispered. "I ought not to marry you."

He laughed.

"I owe you fifty thousand pounds," he declared. "We'll divide it and call it quits."

The Charles Dickens Testimonial.

Look Out for the Dickens Stamp!

S THE DICKENS STAMP IN YOUR COPY OF DICKENS? That will soon be the question of the hour. Is it in each and every copy of the Master's works you possess? Is it in that soiled and battered Tauchnitz "Copperfield" your grandfather picked up on a Continental bookstall on his honeymoon fifty years ago and which has now become a cherished family relic? Is it in the brand-new "Pickwick" with full morocco binding recently acquired at the sale of a deceased nobleman's library? It is only by this universality of the tribute that we may make it a worthy testimonial to the great writer whose popularity is still well-nigh immeasurable, and who literally wore himself out in order to make provision for those he loved.

"I rest my claims," wrote Charles Dickens in his will, "to the remembrance of my country upon my published works." It is this phrase which is the rock-bottom and foundation of this Dickens Centenary Tribute.

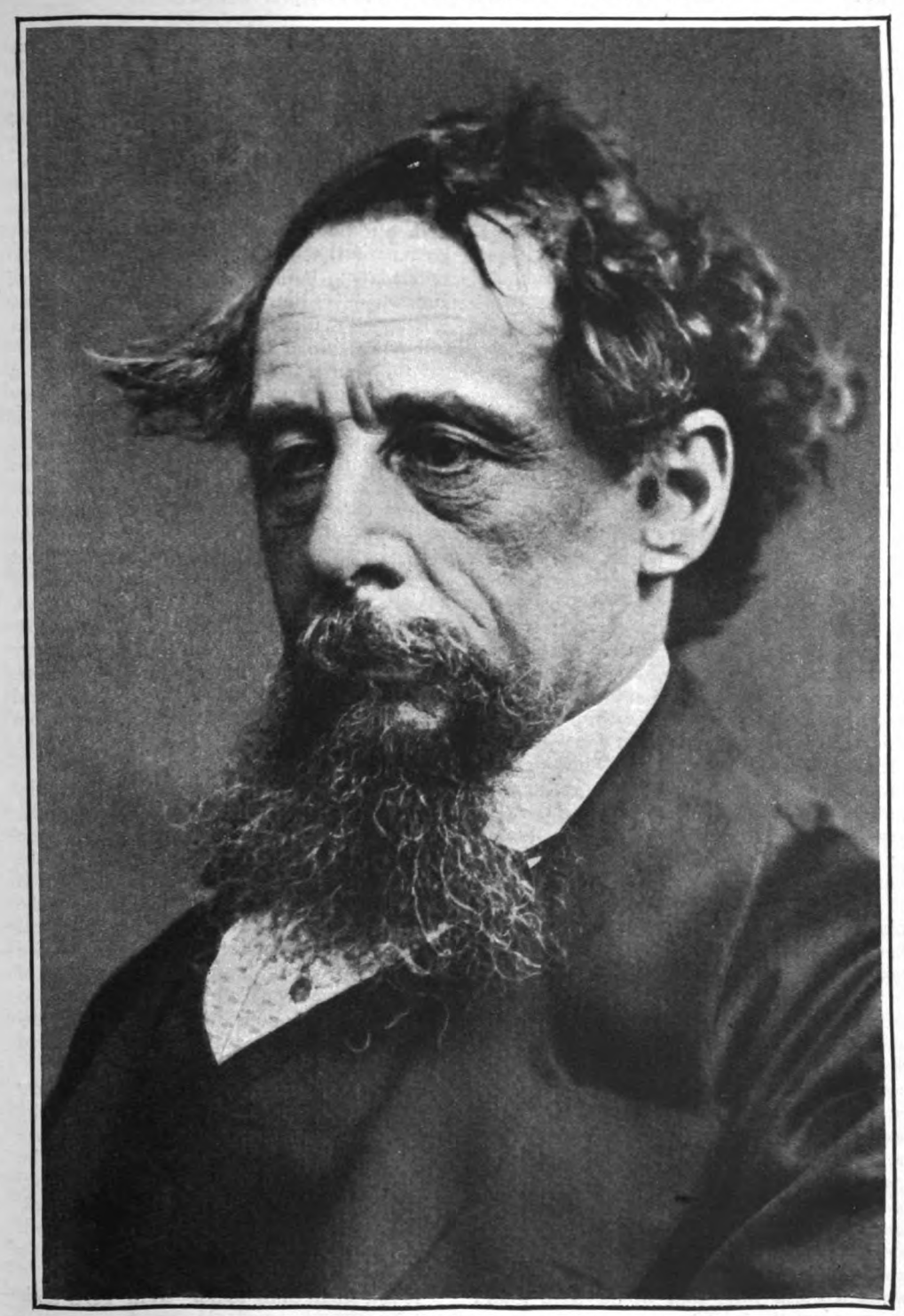
"It enables," writes Professor A. C. Benson, "all Dickens-lovers in a simple and natural way to put into the hands of the great man's representatives a portion at least of the pecuniary advantage which circumstances compelled him to forego, and to do this without undue strain on any one individual's resources."

Nothing that we could say here would furnish greater testimony to the inherent merit of the idea or be a more powerful guarantee of its success than the mere list of those who have hastened to join the Dickens Centenary Testimonial Committee and are responsible for the issue of the Dickens Centenary Testimonal Stamp. As this number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE goes to press, it consists of the following:—

EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.
LORD ALVERSTONE, Lord Chief Justice of England.
LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON.
LORD AVEBURY.
LORD TENNYSON, President of the Royal Literary Fund.
LORD BURNHAM.
LORD NORTHCLIFFE.
HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.
Sir LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.
A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK, Esq.
J. ASHBY-STERRY, Esq.
ROBERT BARR, Esq.
HAROLD BEGBIE, Esq.
HILAIRE BELLOC, Esq., M.P.
A. C. BENSON, Esq.
HALL CAINE, Esq.
G. K. CHESTERTON, Esq.
W. L. COURTNEY, Esq.
WALTER CRANE, Esq.
WILLIAM DAVIES, Esq., Editor of the *Western Mail.*
WILLIAM DE MORGAN, Esq.
FRANK DICKSEE, Esq., R.A.
ROBERT DONALD, Esq., Editor of the *Daily Chronicle.*
Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.
Sir JOHN DUNCAN, Editor of the *Cardiff Daily News.*
T. NICOL DUNN, Esq.
Sir LUKE FILDES, R.A.
PERCY FITZGERALD, Esq.
HARRY FURNISS, Esq.
TOM GALLON, Esq.
A. G. GARDINER, Esq., Editor of the *Daily News.*
H. A. GWYNNE, Esq., Editor of the *Standard.*
H. RIDER HAGGARD, Esq.
THOMAS HARDY, Esq.
Sir JOHN HARE.
HILDEBRAND HARMSWORTH, Esq., Editor of the *Globe.*
W. W. JACOBS, Esq.
RUDYARD KIPLING, Esq.
ANDREW LANG, Esq.
Hon. H. W. LAWSON.
H. F. LE BAS, Esq., Chairman Caxton Publishing Co.
SIDNEY LEE, Esq.
J. M. LE SAGE, Esq., of the *Daily Telegraph.*
THOMAS MARLOWE, Esq., Editor of the *Daily Mail.*
B. W. MATZ, Esq., Secretary of the Dickens Fellowship.
JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Esq.
ARTHUR MORRISON, Esq.
Sir FRANK NEWNES, Bart.
Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.
T. P. O'CONNOR, Esq., M.P.
Sir ARTHUR W. PINERO.
Sir GEORGE RIDDELL, Managing Editor of the *News of the World.*
BRITON RIVIÈRE, Esq., R.A.
OWEN SEAMAN, Esq., Editor of *Punch.*
CLEMENT K. SHORTER, Esq., Editor of the *Sphere.*
G. R. SIMS, Esq.
Hon. W. F. D. SMITH.
SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, Esq., R.A.
J. A. SPENDER, Esq., Editor of the *Westminster Gazette.*
M. H. SPIELMANN, Esq.
W. T. STEAD, Esq.
J. ST. LOE STRACHEY, Esq., Editor of the *Spectator.*
Sir WILLIAM TRELOAR.
Sir ADOLPH TUCK, Bart.
Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.
FABIAN WARE, Esq., Editor of the *Morning Post.*
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, Esq.

The actual design for the stamp has been evolved by a sub-committee, comprising Lord Alverstone and Messrs. Briton Rivière, R.A., H. Rider Haggard, Clement K. Shorter, and Sir Adolph Tuck, Bart.

In the course of the present month the stamps will be issuing by hundreds of thousands from the press. The stamp itself is a work of art. It was decided by the committee that nothing cheap or mean or commonplace could be offered to the public. If the stamp was to commemorate



AN UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH OF DICKENS.

This most interesting and characteristic portrait is reproduced from a photograph taken at Birmingham by Thrupp during the novelist's last reading tour in 1869, the negative of which is in possession of Mr. B. W. Matz, the Editor of *The Dickensian*, with whose permission it is here published.

so notable an event it should have an intrinsic value of its own. Accordingly the design, carefully prepared under the direction of the committee, has been engraved on steel—a slow process involving a delay of weeks, and it is printed on special hand-made paper. In order to prevent the possibility of forgery each stamp bears a water-mark. "I do not think," says Sir Adolph Tuck, than whom there is no greater authority, "that any stamp superior to this in quality has been, or could be, produced in this country." If we compare it with the current British postal issues the superiority will be manifest at once. At all events, the purchaser of the Dickens stamp has an intrinsic value for his money.

Probably many of our readers may expect that a further description of the aims and objects of the committee should be given. This we cannot do better than by quoting as fully as our space permits the article which recently appeared in a leading London newspaper by Mr. Arthur Waugh, President of the Dickens Fellowship, a body which numbers thousands of ardent Dickens-lovers all over the world, and whose organ is *The Dickensian.*

"Probably," writes Mr. Waugh, "a good many people will be unfamiliar with the present system of copyright, so a few words may be said here in explanation. The copyright in a printed book in this country has hitherto been limited in time. For forty-two years after publication, or for the author's life and seven years after his death (whichever is the longer period), a book is copyright, and no one may reproduce it in any form without permission of the owner of the copyright. But when that period is past the fruit of a man's brain becomes public property, and anyone can take it and reprint it.

"Obviously it is a great injustice, and the descendants of Charles Dickens have unquestionably suffered by it. The copyrights in nearly all Dickens's works have now lapsed, and, one by one, as they fell out, the books have been reproduced by houses of business, some of whom have never paid a farthing to the source of their inspiration nor raised a finger in recognition of the genius upon whose products they have been profiting. Suppose even a penny a copy had been paid to Dickens's executors upon the sale of these honorary editions, what a warm little sum would have found its way into the bank!

"This, then, is the scheme which certain energetic enthusiasts have brought forward, and to which the Dickens Fellowship is about to lend its countenance. Everyone who possesses a volume of Dickens is to be given the opportunity of contributing to the celebration of his centenary. A Dickens memorial stamp is to be issued, suitably designed and about the size of an ordinary bookplate. It will cost one penny for each impression, and all lovers of Dickens are invited to put a copy of the stamp into every volume of Dickens which they own. Booksellers are to be invited to join the scheme, and, whenever they sell a volume of Dickens, it is hoped that they will induce the purchaser to buy a stamp at the same time.

"Of course, the scheme would entail a certain amount of trouble, and at a busy time like Christmas, when the sales of Dickens are at their highest, the process may very likely prove inconvenient. But the trouble is surely worth taking as a tribute of honour and a labour of love, when one considers all the money which various branches of the book trade have made out of Dickens, without the slightest risk or anxiety to themselves. In one case, indeed, and that, I think, a notable one, the booksellers will be saved trouble in the matter and the public will be saved expense. Dickens's original publishers, Chapman and Hall, who purchased all his copyrights from his literary executors, have decided, in the case of their new Centenary Edition, to make a free-will offering to the fund by supplying a stamp in every volume sold, free of charge to the public, thus paying on this particular edition a fresh royalty to the author's descendants. In other cases, it is to be hoped that the public will rally to the scheme, and that in a very short time it will be regarded as an act of literary justice to have in your library those volumes of Dickens's works which have paid toll to that court of honour which seeks to celebrate the stored-up gratitude of a hundred years of illimitable benefits.

"We who were not privileged to know Dickens face to face can only with difficulty surmise what sort of tribute he would have liked or disliked. But I do not think he would have disliked this. 'I rest my claims,' he said, 'upon my published works.' Well, it is just these published works that will bring in the tribute. Let us do our little best to make that tribute a worthy one."

It is a small thing to do. Will YOU do it now?

"I happen to own two complete sets of Dickens," writes an eminent author to THE STRAND, "and I am putting the twenty-

eight penny royalty stamps in these volumes because I think it is an honest thing to do. I would gladly do more if more were demanded on behalf of heirs of Dickens, but I cannot do less."

That is the attitude of thousands—quite apart from the Testimonial.

Another writes: "If all bought the penny stamp who owned a copy of Dickens none need do more, and yet enough would be done to do full honour and pay worthy tribute to Dickens."

By every post there reaches us shoals of letters from all parts of the world, telling of the affection in which the writers hold Dickens, and how grateful they are of the opportunity of showing it.

A wonderful sidelight on the popularity of Dickens is furnished by Mr. Hedley F. Le Bas, chairman of the Caxton Publishing Company. There is, he remarks, a consistency in the public taste in books, and the loyalty of the British-speaking people to the four Masters of Literature — Dickens, Scott, Shakespeare, and Thackeray—was specially marked. Year after year the demand for the works of these great writers was as regular as clockwork. It would astonish many who thought the public cared only for sensational novels to know that the Caxton Company had sold two hundred thousand volumes of Dickens within the past year, and the demand was continuous and increasing. Dickens was four times as popular as Thackeray and twice as popular as Shakespeare. Scott came next to Dickens in public estimation. Following Dickens, the popularity of these masters, as shown by the Colonial as well as the home sales, was in the order—Scott, Shakespeare, and Thackeray, each coming twenty-five per cent. under his predecessor.

A great increase in the sale of Dickens is expected in the centenary year, and Dickens lovers and the supporters of THE STRAND MAGAZINE Memorial will rejoice to learn not only that the famous firm of Chapman and Hall, Dickens's old publishers, intend to place the stamp in each copy of their Centenary Edition, but that the Caxton Publishing Company will do so in every copy of Dickens issued by them throughout the coming year.

Much misapprehension exists as to the novelist's profits from his books in America. It is true that several leading American publishing firms paid him comparatively large sums—not in royalties, for international copyright did not then exist—but for the advance sheets of his works, these in some cases being a thousand pounds. It reflects the greatest credit on these firms that any money was paid. Altogether, Dickens received from America, during thirty-two years, something like seven thousand pounds, or an average of about two hundred and twenty pounds a year. During this time, and thirteen years subsequently, twenty-five million copies of the novels had circulated in America alone, upon which the royalties could hardly work out at less than one million sterling.

In a letter to his Boston publisher Dickens himself said:—

"For twenty years I am perfectly certain that I have never made any other allusion to the reprinting of my books in America than the good-humoured remark 'that if there had been international copyright between England and the States I should have been a man of very large fortune, instead of a man of moderate savings always supporting a very expensive public position'; nor have I ever been so ungenerous as to disguise or suppress the fact that I have received handsome sums for advance sheets."

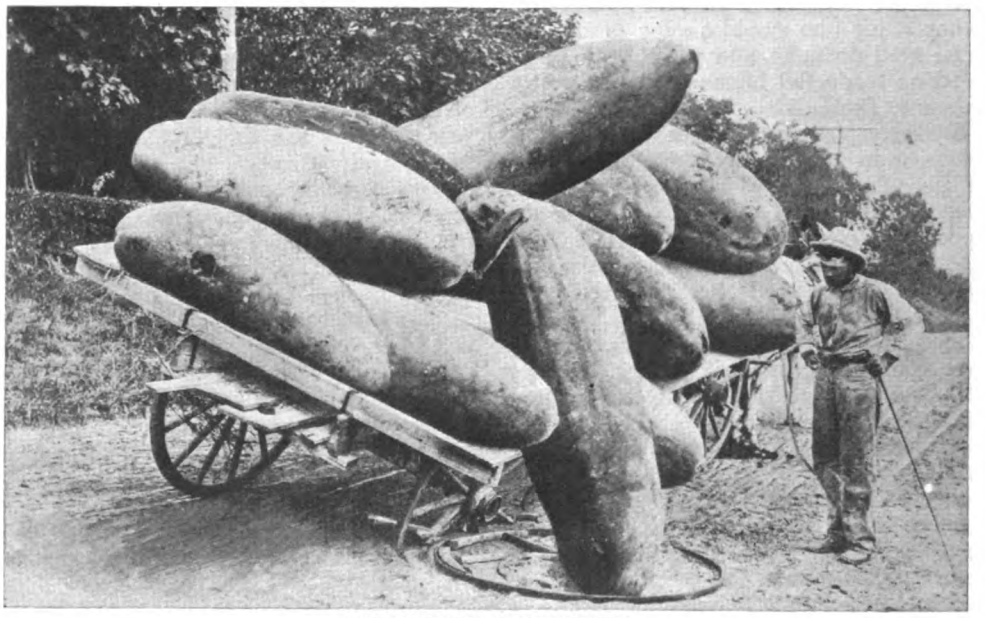
As was to be expected, American people have greeted the stamp scheme with extraordinary enthusiasm. One of the first to join the committee was ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, and after him Mr. Gaynor, the Mayor of New York, and the Hon. Whitelaw Reid. Leading literary men, the heads of great publishing houses, all showed themselves willing to aid in the movement.

THE DICKENS STAMP.

It remains to be mentioned that the American stamp bears in the lower corners the denomination "2c.," instead of the English "1d." Otherwise they are identical.

All through the world the stamps will soon be on sale, singly or in sheets of twelve for one shilling. If there should be a little delay, owing to the increased advance orders, it must be recalled that the Dickens stamps will be on sale at all booksellers' and stationers' during the whole of the coming year; until, indeed, the hundredth birthday of Dickens.

Vegetables from Brobdingnag.



A BREAKDOWN IN CUCUMBERS.

WE have all heard of the natural wonders of our Colonies—animal, vegetable, and mineral. It is not merely a question of tickling Mother Earth with a hoe so that she laughs with a harvest, but her harvests are in those favoured parts of the globe of a Brobdingnagian character.

"I say," remarks one Australian, pleasantly, to another, in the hearing of a railway compartment full of Englishmen, "do you remember that load of turnips we got off that farm near Adelaide?"

"Do you mean the stone turnips or the half-stone turnips?"

"The stone ones, of course."

"Excuse me," interjects a fellow-traveller in spectacles, "but I never heard of any turnips with stones."

At this ignorance the two Antipodeans roar consumedly.

"Neither did we. We were talking of South Australian turnips, size number one. Weigh fourteen pounds apiece, you know."

Tall tales will continue to be told by travellers; and occasionally Dame Nature will really surpass herself in latitudes more favourable to vegetation than England is, especially during the past summer. But, as Mr. Bernard Shaw reminds us, what is Nature to Art? If Nature can grow forty-pound pumpkins, Art can manufacture them twice and thrice that size. Not many weeks ago an Englishman returned from Canada with some photographs of farm produce calculated to evoke unmitigated amazement in the bosom of Baron Munchausen himself, or of that other traveller who reported having visited a country where the bees were the size of sheep.

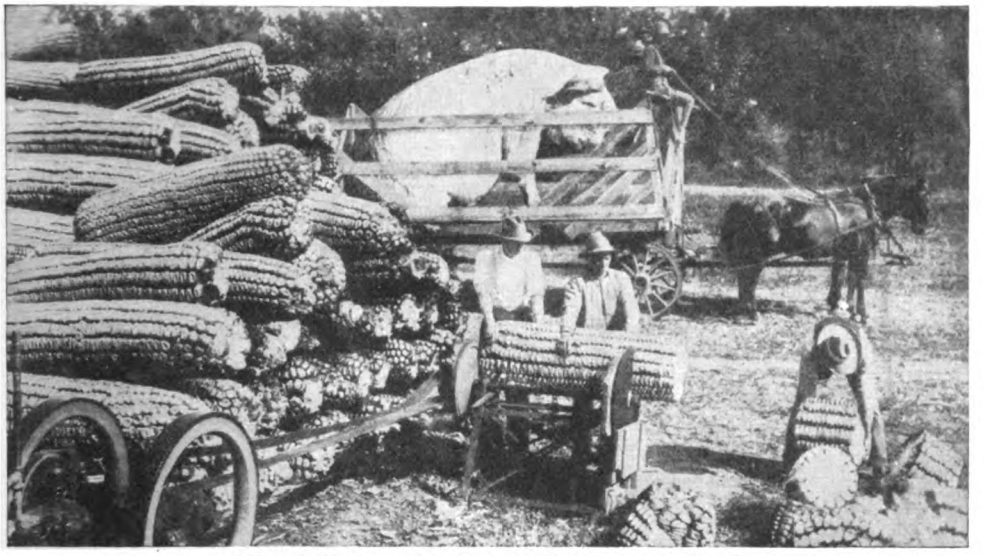
"If the bees are as big as sheep," gasped an auditor, "what is the size of the hives?"

"Oh, just the usual size," was the answer.

This Englishman has a friend in Surrey who prides himself on his cucumbers. When this friend had duly exhibited his gigantic prize cucumbers, the returned Imperialist asked placidly:—

"Are these your largest?"

"Largest? Why those are the biggest cucumbers grown."



CUTTING MAIZE ON THE EDGE OF THE MAIZE FOREST.

"In Surrey?"

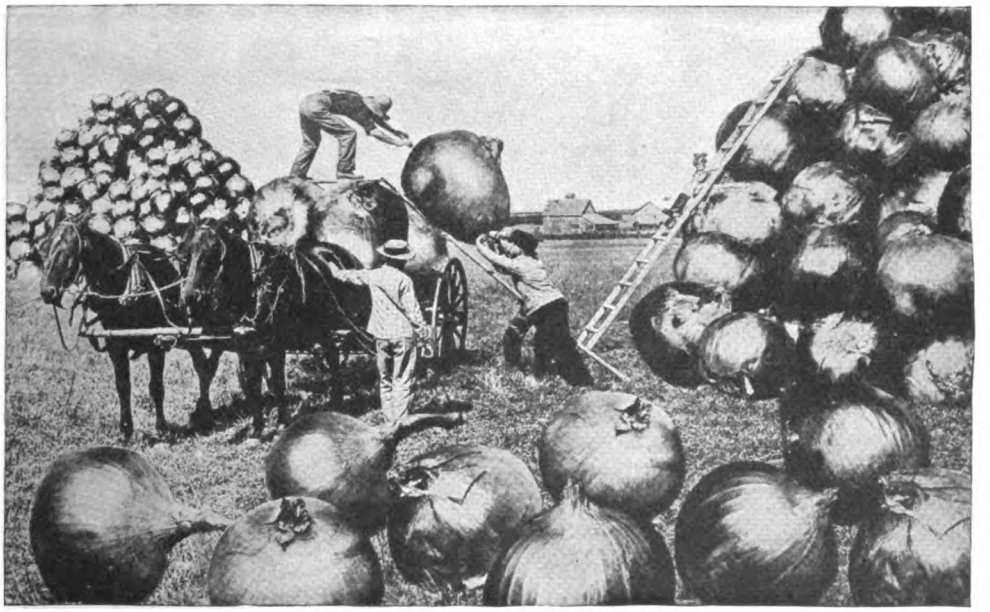
"In Surrey! No, in England! In the world!"

"My dear fellow," returned the other, "I hate to hurt your feelings, but you're quite mistaken. If you want to see large cucumbers, you should go to Canada. I wouldn't like to tell you how large they are, for you probably wouldn't believe me; but I happen to have a little photograph here of an accident the other day in Ontario."

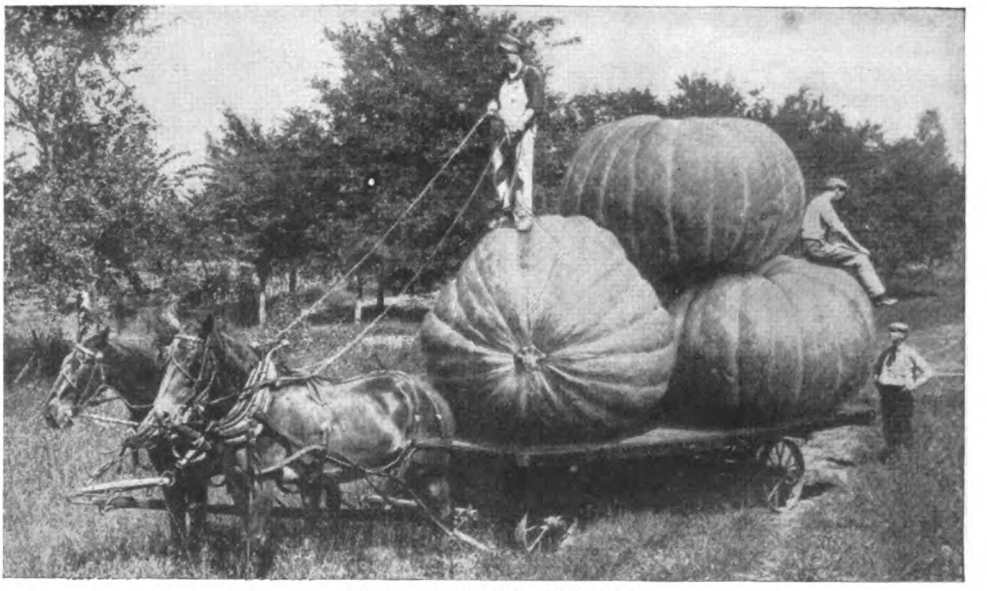
"An accident? What kind of an accident?"

"Oh, a cucumber accident," replied the traveller, drawing the photograph from his pocket. "Farmer tried to load thirteen Ontario cucumbers in a two-horse dray, and of course the dray broke down. Besides, thirteen is an unlucky number."

It is needless to describe his interlocutor's astonishment over this photograph or over the others which follow.



CANADIAN ONIONS FOUR TO THE LOAD.



A TRIO OF TITANIC PUMPKINS.

Here we are shown Canadian corn or maize being cut up for feeding to a pig the size of a buffalo—each ear being sawn by a saw such as lumberers use. Prodig-i-o-us! as Dominie Sampson would say. That is not all. There are giant onions, monster eggs, and poultry so huge as to require the efforts of several active men to lasso them for market.

How is all this done—done in so realistic a manner as to challenge our credulity? Here, certainly, Art is superior to Nature, and the mendacity of the camera is brilliantly contrived. These photographs are the work of the Brothers Stedman, of Brantford, Ontario, and have been pronounced by photographic experts in this country to be the cleverest things of the kind ever attempted. It is impossible, even with a microscope, to see the "joins" where the contact between the fact seen twenty feet off and the fact seen twenty inches off has taken place. For, of course,

WHERE POULTRY-FARMING IS A DELIGHT—NOTE THE POTATO IN THE REAR OF THE CAR.

EXCITING SPORT—LASSOING ELEPHANTINE POULTRY.

in each picture, although strict facts are represented, there are two sets of facts. The purely normal facts of one negative are removed to make way for other and equally indisputable facts, but the combination makes, in the language of the indignant chief of the Ojibways, recorded by Fenimore Cooper, one big lie. They are thus not property eggs, or onions, or cucumbers, but the genuine article in each case, carefully photographed in the exact position and with the lighting corresponding to the space it was to occupy in the previously photographed scene. It may be mentioned that in a task of this kind weeks were consumed and many failures inevitably occurred before an absolutely satisfactory result was obtained. Photograph-faking on this scale is not to be recommended to amateurs.

[NOTE.—We are asked to state that post-cards of the foregoing amusing photographs have been prepared and are to be obtained from Messrs. A. and G. Taylor, 9, Long Lane, London, E.C.]

APPLES TOO PONDEROUS FOR MOTHER EVE TO LIFT.

THE MAGIC CITY.

A Story for Children. By E. NESBIT.

Illustrated by Spencer Pryse.

CHAPTER XI.

THE END.

THE Halma men were not naturally lazy. They were, in the days before the coming of the Great Sloth, a most energetic and industrious people. Now that the Sloth was obliged to work eight hours a day, the weight of his constant and catching sleepiness was taken away, and the people set to work in good earnest.

So now the Halma men were as busy as ants. Some dug the channel for the new stream, some set to work to restore the buildings, while others weeded the overgrown gardens and ploughed the deserted fields. The head Halma man painted in large letters on a column in the market-place these words:—

"This city is now called by its ancient name of Briskford. Any citizen found calling it Somnolentia will not be allowed to wash in water for a week."

In the evening a banquet was, of course, given to the Deliverers. The banquet was all pineapple and water, because there had been no time to make or get anything else. But the speeches were very flattering, and Philip and Lucy were very pleased.

"I don't know how we're to get back to the island," said Philip next day, "now we've lost the *Lightning Loose*."

"I think we'd better go back by way of Polistopolis," said Lucy, "and find out who's been opening the books. If they go on they may let simply anything out. And if the worst comes to the worst, perhaps we could get someone to help us to open the *Teal* book again and get the *Teal* out to cross to the island in."

"Lu," said Philip, with feeling, "you're clever; really clever. No, I'm not kidding. I mean it. And I'm sorry I ever said you were only a girl. But how are we to get to Polistopolis?"

It was a difficult problem.

"If we could get a motor-car?" said Philip. "If you can get machines by wishing for them——"

"The very thing," said Lucy; "let's find the head-man. *We* mustn't wish for a motor, or we should have to go on using it. But perhaps there's someone here who'd like to drive a motor—for his living, you know?"

There was. A Halma man, with an inborn taste for machinery, had long desired to leave the gathering of pineapples to others. He was induced to wish for a motor, and a Lanchester sixty horse-power snorted suddenly in the place where a moment before no motor was.

And so, at last, they came near to Polistopolis.

They said good-bye warmly to the Halma motor-man and went quietly towards the town, Max and Brenda keeping to heel in the most praiseworthy way, and the parrot nestling inside Philip's jacket.

The whole party was very tired. Max walked with drooping tail, and Brenda was whining softly to herself from sheer weariness and weak-mindedness. The parrot alone was happy—or, at least, contented—because it was asleep.

At the corner of a little square planted with southernwood trees in tubs Philip called a halt.

"Where shall we go?" he said. "Let us put it to the vote."

And even as he spoke he saw a dark form creeping along in the shadow of the houses.

"Who goes there?" Philip cried, with proper spirit; and the answer surprised him.

"I go here—I, Plumbius, captain of the Old Guard of Polistopolis."

"Oh, it's you!" cried Philip; "I *am* glad. You can advise us. Where can we go to sleep? Somehow or other I don't care to go to the house where we stayed before."

The captain made no answer. He simply caught at the hands of Lucy and Philip,

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dragged them through a low arched doorway, and, as soon as the long lengths of Brenda and Max had slipped through, closed the door.

"Safe," he said, in a breathless way, which made Philip feel that safety was the last thing one could count on at that moment.

"Now, speak low; who knows what spies may be listening? I am a plain man. I speak as I think. You came out of the unknown. Are you the Deliverer?"

"I hope so," said Philip, modestly.

"Of course he is," said the parrot, putting its head out from the front of Philip's jacket; "and he has done six deeds out of the seven already."

"It is time that deeds were done here," said the captain. "I'll make a light and get you some supper. I'm in hiding here; but the walls are thick and all the shutters are shut."

He bolted a door and opened the slide of a dark lantern.

"Some of us have taken refuge in the old prison," he said; "it's never used, you know, so her spies don't infest it as they do every other part of the city."

"Whose spies?"

"The Destroyer's," said the captain, getting bread and milk out of a cupboard; "at least, if you're the Deliverer she must be that. But she says she's the Deliverer."

He lighted candles and set them on the table as Lucy asked, eagerly:—

"What Destroyer? Is it a horrid woman in a motor-veil?"

"You've guessed it," said the captain, gloomily.

"It's that Pretenderette," said Philip. "Does Mr. Noah know? What has she been doing?"

"Everything you can think of," said the captain; "she says she's queen, and that she's done the seven deeds. And Mr. Noah doesn't know, because she's set a guard round the city, and no message can get out or in."

"The hippogriff?" said Lucy.

"Yes, of course I thought of that," said the captain. "And so did she. She's locked it up and thrown the key into one of the municipal wells."

"But why do the guards obey her?" Philip asked.

"They're not *our* guards, of course," the captain answered. "They're strange soldiers that she got out of a book. She got the people to pull down the Hall of Justice by pretending there was fruit in the gigantic books it's built with. And when the book

"PLUMBIUS, CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD."

was opened these soldiers came marching out. The Sequani and the Aedui they call themselves. And when you've finished supper we ought to hold a council."

Some twenty or thirty people presently gathered in that round room from whose windows Philip and Lucy had looked out when they were first imprisoned. There were, indeed, all sorts—match-servants, domino-men, soldiers, china-men, Mr. Noah's three sons and his wife, a pirate, and a couple of sailors.

"What book," Philip asked Lucy, in an undertone, "did she get those soldiers out of?"

"Cæsar, I think," said Lucy. "And I'm afraid it was my fault. I remember telling her about the Barbarians and the legions and things after father had told me—when she was my nurse, you know. She's very clever at thinking of horrid things to do, isn't she?"

The council talked for two hours, and when everyone was quite tired out everyone went to bed.

It was Philip who woke in the night in the grasp of a sudden idea.

He got up and went out. There was a faint greyness of dawn now which showed him the great square of the city on which he and Lucy had looked from the prison window, a very long time ago as it seemed. He found without difficulty the ruins of the Hall of Justice.

And among the vast blocks scattered on the ground was one that seemed of grey marble, and bore on its back in gigantic letters of gold the words, "De Bello Gallico."

Philip stole back to the prison and roused the captain.

"I want twenty picked men," he said, "without boots—and at once."

He got them, and he led them to the ruins of the Justice Hall.

"Now," he said, "raise the cover of this book; only the cover, not any of the pages."

The men grasped the marble slab that was the book's cover and heaved it up. And as it rose Philip spoke softly, urgently.

"Cæsar!" he said. "Cæsar!"

And a voice answered from under the marble slab.

"Who calls?" it said. "Who calls upon Julius Cæsar?"

And from the space below the slab, as it were from a marble tomb, a thin figure stepped out, clothed in toga and cloak, and wearing on its head a crown of bays.

"*I* called," said Philip, in a voice that trembled a little. "There's no one but you who can help. The Barbarians of Gaul hold this city. I call on great Cæsar to drive them away. No one else can help us."

Cæsar stood a moment silent in the grey twilight. Then he spoke.

"I will do it," he said. "You have often tried to master Cæsar, and always failed. Now you shall be no more ashamed of that failure, for you shall see Cæsar's power. Bid your slaves raise the leaves of my book to the number of fifteen."

It was done, and Cæsar turned towards the enormous open book.

"Come forth!" he said. "Come forth, my legions!"

Then something in the book moved suddenly, and out of it, as out of an open marble tomb, came long lines of silent, armed men who ranged themselves in ranks, and, passing Cæsar, saluted. And still more came, and more and more, each with the round shield and the shining helmet and the javelins and the terrible short sword. And on their backs were the packages they used to carry with them into war.

"The Barbarians of Gaul are loose in this city," said the voice of the great commander. "Drive them before you once more as you drove them of old."

"Whither, O Cæsar?" asked one of the Roman generals.

"Drive them, O Titus Labienus," said Cæsar, "back into that book wherein I set them more than nineteen hundred years ago, and from which they have dared to escape. Who is their leader?" he asked of Philip.

"The Pretenderette," said Philip, "a woman in a motor-veil."

"Cæsar does not war with women," said the man in the laurel crown; "let her be taken prisoner and brought before me."

Low-voiced, the generals of Cæsar's army gave their commands, and with incredible quietness the army moved away, spreading itself out in all directions.

"She has caged the hippogriff," said Philip; "the winged horse, and we want to send him with a message."

"See that the beast is freed," said Cæsar, and turned to Plumbius, the captain. "We be soldiers together," he said. "Lead me to the main gate. It is there that the fight will be fiercest." He laid a hand on the captain's shoulder, and at the head of the last legion Cæsar and the captain of the soldiers marched to the main gate.

Philip tore back to the prison, to be met at the door by Lucy.

"Come on," said Philip; "we can hide in

the ruins of the Justice Hall and see everything. I noticed there was a bit of the gallery left standing. Come on. I want you to think what message to send by the hippogriff to Mr. Noah."

"Oh, you needn't trouble about that," said Lucy, in an off-hand manner. "I sent the parrot off *ages* ago."

And together they ran back to the Justice Hall.

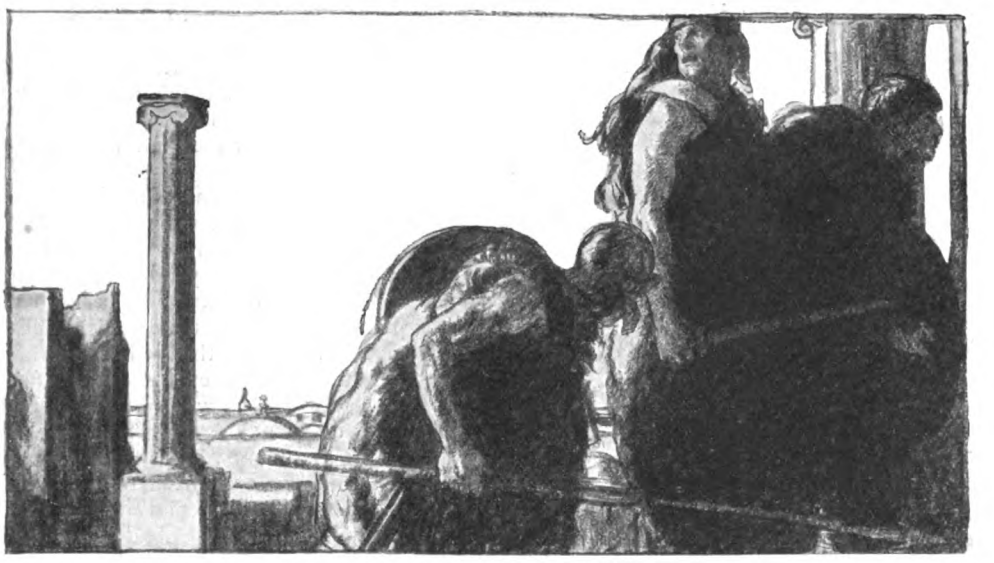
The light was growing every moment, and the ordinary sounds of a town's awakening came to Lucy and Philip as they waited; crowing cocks and barking dogs, and cats mewing faintly for the morning milk.

So through those homely and familiar sounds they listened, listened, listened; and very gradually, so that they could neither of them have said at any moment "Now it has begun," yet quite beyond mistake, the sound for which they listened was presently loud in their ears. And it was the sound of steel on steel, the sound of men shouting in the breathless moment between sword-stroke and sword-stroke, the cry of victory, and the wail of defeat.

And, presently, the sound of feet that ran.

And now a man shot out from a side street and ran across the square towards the Palace of Justice, where Lucy and Philip were hidden in the gallery. And now another and another, all running hard and making for the ruined hall as hunted creatures make for cover. Rough, big, blond, their long hair flying behind them and their tunics of beast-skins flapping as they ran, the Barbarians fled before the legions of Cæsar. The great marble-covered book that looked like a marble tomb was still open, its cover and fifteen leaves propped up against the tall broken columns of the gateway of the Justice Hall. Into that open book leapt the first Barbarian—and the next; and then by twos and threes and sixes and sevens they leapt in and disappeared.

"WHO CALLS UPON JULIUS CÆSAR?"



"THE BARBARIANS FLED."

Then from all quarters of the city the Roman soldiers came trooping, and as the last of the Barbarians plunged headlong into the open book the Romans formed into ordered lines and waited while a man might count ten. Then advancing between their ranks came the spare form and thin face of the man with the laurel crown.

Twelve thousand swords flashed in air and wavered a little like reeds in the breeze; then steadied themselves, and the shout went up from twelve thousand throats:—

"Ave Cæsar!"

And without haste and without delay the Romans filed through the ruins to the marble covered book, and two by two entered it and disappeared. Each as he passed the mighty conqueror saluted him with proud, mute reverence.

When the last soldier was hidden in the book Cæsar looked round him, a little wistfully.

"I must speak to him, I must," Lucy cried. "I *must!* Oh, what a darling he is!"

She ran down the steps from the gallery and straight to Cæsar. He smiled when she reached him, and gently pinched her ear.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" said Philip. "How splendid you are! I'll swot up my Latin like anything next term so as to read about you."

"Are they all in?" Lucy asked. "I do hope nobody was hurt."

Cæsar smiled.

"A most unreasonable wish, my child, after a great battle," he said. "But for once the unreasonable is the inevitable. Nobody was hurt. You see, it was necessary to get every man back into the book just as he left it, or what would the schoolmasters have done? There remain now only my own guard, who have in charge the false woman who let loose the Barbarians. And here they come."

Surrounded by a guard with drawn swords, the Pretenderette advanced slowly.

"Hail, woman!" said Cæsar.

"Hail, whoever you are!" said the Pretenderette, very sulkily.

"I hail," said Cæsar, "your courage."

Philip and Lucy looked at each other. Yes, the Pretenderette had courage—they had not thought of that before.

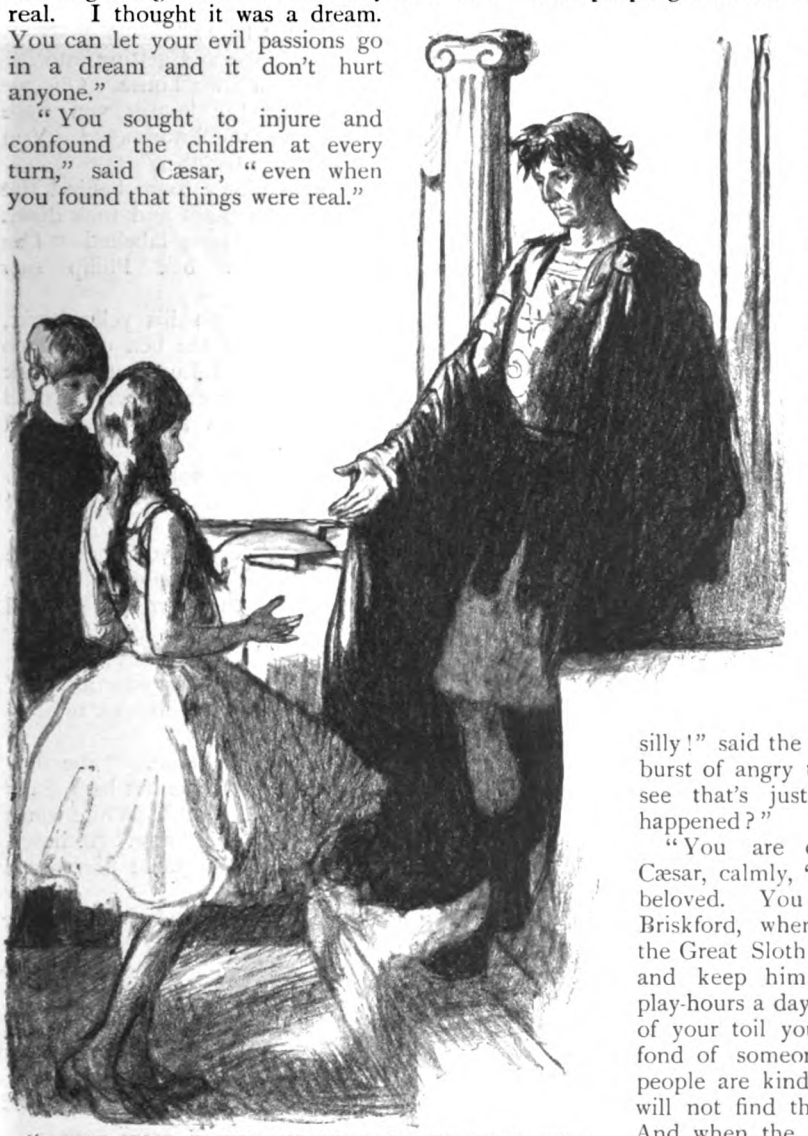
"And I demand to know how you came here."

"When I found he'd been at his building again," she said, pointing a contemptuous thumb at Philip, "I was just going to pull it down; and I knocked down a brick or two with my sleeve, and, not thinking what I was doing, I built them up again, and then I got a bit giddy, and the whole thing seemed to begin to grow—candlesticks and bricks and dominoes and everything, bigger and bigger and bigger, and I looked in. It was as big as a church by this time, and I saw that boy losing his way among the candlestick pillars, and I followed him and I listened. And I thought I could be as good a Deliverer as anybody else."

"You tried to injure the children," Cæsar reminded her.

"I don't want to say anything to make you let me off," said the Pretenderette; "but at the beginning I didn't think any of it was real. I thought it was a dream. You can let your evil passions go in a dream and it don't hurt anyone."

"You sought to injure and confound the children at every turn," said Cæsar, "even when you found that things were real."



"CÆSAR STOOD FACING THE CHILDREN, HIS HAND HELD OUT IN FAREWELL."

"I saw there was a chance of being queen," said the Pretenderette, "and I took it. Seems to me you've no occasion to talk if you're Julius Cæsar—the same as the bust in the library. You took what you could get right enough in your time, when all's said and done."

"I hail," said Cæsar again, "your courage."

"You needn't trouble," she said, tossing her head; "my game's up now, and I'll speak my mind if I die for it. You don't understand. You've never been a servant, to see other people get all the fat and you all the bones. What d'you think it's like to know, if you'd just been born in a gentleman's mansion instead of in a model workman's dwelling, you'd have been brought up a young lady and had openwork silk stockings and lace on your underpetticoats?"

"You go too deep for me," said Cæsar, with the ghost of a smile. "I now pronounce your sentence. But life has pronounced on you a sentence worse than any I can give you. Nobody loves you."

"Oh, you old silly!" said the Pretenderette, in a burst of angry tears; "don't you see that's just why everything's happened?"

"You are condemned," said Cæsar, calmly, "to make yourself beloved. You will be taken to Briskford, where you will teach the Great Sloth to like his work, and keep him awake for eight play-hours a day. In the intervals of your toil you must try to get fond of someone. The Halma people are kind and gentle. You will not find them hard to love. And when the Great Sloth loves his work, and the Halma people are so fond of you that they feel they cannot bear to lose you, your penance will be over and you can go where you will."

Lucy would have liked to kiss the Pretenderette and say she was sorry, but you can't do that when it is all other people's fault and *they* aren't sorry. And, besides, before all these people it would have looked like showing off. You know, I am sure, exactly how Lucy felt.

The Pretenderette was led away. And now Cæsar stood facing the children, his hand held out in farewell. The growing light of early morning transfigured his face, and to Philip it suddenly seemed to be most remarkably like the face of that man, Mr. Peter Graham, whom Helen had married. He was just telling himself not to be a duffer, when Lucy cried out in a loud, cracked-sounding voice, "Daddy! oh, daddy!" and sprang forward.

And at that moment the sun rose above the city wall, and its rays gleamed redly on the breastplate and the shield and the sword of Cæsar. The light struck at the children's eyes like a blow. Dazzled, they closed their eyes; and when they opened them, blinking and confused, Cæsar was gone and the marble book was closed—for ever.

Three days later Mr. Noah arrived by elephant, and the meeting between him and the children is, as they say, better imagined than described. Especially as there is not much time left now for describing anything. Mr. Noah explained that the freeing of Polistopolis from the Pretenderette and the Barbarians counted as the seventh deed, and that Philip had now attained the rank of king, the deed of the Great Sloth having given him the title of Prince of Pineapples. His expressions of gratitude and admiration were of the warmest, and Philip felt that it was rather ungrateful of him to say, as he couldn't help saying:—

"Now I've done all the deeds, mayn't I go back to Helen?"

"All in good time," said Mr. Noah. "I will at once set about the arrangements for your coronation."

The coronation was an occasion of unexampled splendour. There was a banquet, of course, and fireworks, and all the guns fired salutes and the soldiers presented arms, and the ladies presented bouquets. And at the end Mr. Noah, with a few well-chosen words which brought tears to all eyes, placed the golden crown of Polistarchia upon the brow of Philip, where its diamonds and rubies shone dazzlingly.

There was an extra crown for Lucy, made of silver and pearls and pale silvery moonstones.

You have no idea how the Polistarchians shouted.

"And now," said Mr. Noah, when it was all over, "I regret to inform you that we must part. Polistarchia is a republic, and, of course, in a republic kings and queens are not permitted to exist. Partings are painful things, and you had better go at once."

He was plainly very much upset.

"This is very sudden," said Philip; and Lucy said, "I do think it's silly. How shall we get home—all in a hurry like this?"

"How did you get here?"

"By building a house and getting into it."

"Then build your own house. Oh, we have models of all the houses you were ever in. The pieces are all numbered. You only have to put them together."

He led them to a large room behind the Hall of Public Amusements and took down from a shelf a stout box, labelled "The Grange." On another box Philip saw "Laburnum Cottage."

Mr. Noah, kneeling on his yellow mat, tumbled the contents of the box out on to the floor, and Philip and Lucy set to work to build a house with the exquisitely-finished little blocks and stones and beams and windows and chimneys.

"I cannot bear to see you go," said Mr. Noah. "Good-bye! good-bye! Remember me sometimes!"

"We shall never forget you," said the children, jumping up and hugging him.

"Good-bye!" said the parrot, who had followed them in.

"Good-bye! good-bye!" said everybody.

"I wish the *Lightning Loose* was not lost," Philip even at this parting moment remembered to say.

"She isn't," said Mr. Noah. "She flew back to the island directly you left her. Sails are called wings, are they not? White wings that never grow weary, you know. Relieved of your weight, the faithful yacht flew home like any pigeon."

"Hooray!" said Philip. "I couldn't bear to think of her rotting away in a cavern."

"I wish Max and Brenda had come to say good-bye," said Lucy.

"It is not needed," said Mr. Noah, mysteriously. And then everybody said good-bye again, and Mr. Noah rolled up his yellow mat, put it under his arm again, and went—for ever.

The children built the Grange, and when the beautiful little model of that house was there before them, perfect, they stood still a moment, looking at it.

"I wish we could be two people each," said Lucy, "and one of each of us go home and one of each of us stay here. Oh!" she cried, suddenly, and snatched at Philip's arm. For a slight strange giddiness had suddenly caught her. Philip, too, swayed a little un-

"THE CHILDREN BUILT THE GRANGE."

certainly and stood a moment with his hand to his head. The children gazed about them bewildered. The room was gone, the model of the Grange was gone. Over their heads was blue sky, under their feet was green grass, and in front stood the Grange itself, and on the steps Helen and Mr. Peter Graham.

That telegram had brought them home.

You will wonder how Lucy explained where she had been when she was lost. She never did explain. There are some things, as you know, that cannot be explained.

When the four people on the doorstep of the Grange had finished saying how glad they were to see each other—that day on the steps when Philip and Lucy came back from Polistarchia, and Helen and Mr. Peter Graham came back from Belgium—Helen said :—

"And we've brought you each the loveliest present. Fetch them, Peter, there's a dear."

Mr. Peter Graham went to the stable-yard and came back followed by two dogs, who rushed up to the children in a way they well knew.

"Why, Max! Why, Brenda!" cried Philip. "Oh, Helen! are they for us?"

"Yes, dear, of course they are," said Helen; "but how did you know their names?"

That was one of the things which Philip could not tell, then.

But he told Helen the whole story later, and she said it was wonderful; and how clever of him to make all that up, and that when he was a man he would be able to be an author and to write books.

"And do you know," she said, "I *did* dream about the island—quite a long dream, but when I woke up I could only remember that I'd been there and seen you. But no doubt I dreamed about Mr. Noah and all the rest of it as well, only I have forgotten it."

And Max and Brenda, of course, loved everyone. Their characters were quite unchanged. Only the children had forgotten the language of animals, so that conversation between them and the dogs was for ever impossible. But Max and Brenda understand every word you say—anyone can see that.

You want to know what became of the red-headed, steely-eyed nurse, the Pretenderette, who made so much mischief and trouble? Well, I suppose she is still living with the Halma folk, teaching the Great Sloth to like his work, and learning to be fond of people—which is the only way to be happy. At any rate, no one that I know of has ever seen her again anywhere else.

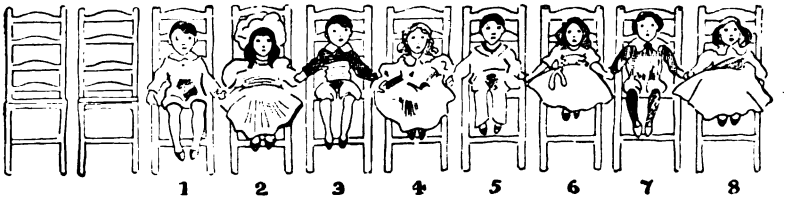
PERPLEXITIES.

A Page of Puzzles. By Henry E. Dudeney.

19.—BOYS AND GIRLS.

IF you mark off ten divisions on a sheet of paper to represent the chairs, and use eight numbered counters for the children, you will have a fascinating pastime. Let the odd numbers represent boys and even numbers girls, or you can use counters of two colours or coins.

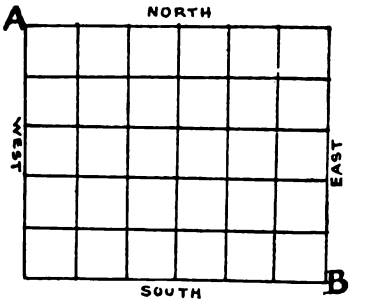
The puzzle is to remove two children who are occupying adjoining chairs and place them in two empty chairs, making them first change sides; then remove a second pair of children from adjoining chairs and place them in the two now vacant, making them change sides; and so on, until all the boys are together and all the girls together, with the two vacant chairs at one end as at present. To solve the



puzzle you must do this in five moves. The two children must always be taken from chairs that are next to one another, and remember the important point of making the two children change sides, as this latter is the distinctive feature of the puzzle. By "change sides," I simply mean that if, for example, you first move 1 and 2 to the vacant chairs, then the first (the outside) chair will be occupied by 2 and the second one by 1.

20.—THE TRAVELLER'S PUZZLE.

THE diagram represents a Puzzle-land road map. A traveller wishes to go from A to B, but he will only travel due South or due East. How many different routes are there from which he may select?



21.—THE MYSTIC ELEVEN.

CAN you find the largest possible number containing any nine of the ten digits (calling 0 a digit) that can be divided by 11 without a remainder? Can you also find the smallest possible number produced in the same way that is divisible by 11? Here is an example, where the digit 5 has been omitted: 89674301 2. This number contains nine of the digits and is divisible by 11, but it is neither the largest nor the smallest number that will work.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

16.—THE DUTCHMEN'S WIVES.

THE money paid in every case was a square number of shillings, because they bought 1 at 1s., 2 at 2s., 3 at 3s., and so on. But every husband pays altogether 63s. more than his wife, so we have to find in how many ways 63 may be the difference between two square numbers. These are the three only possible ways: the square of 8 less the square of 1; the square of 12 less the square of 9; and the square of 32 less the square of 31. Here 1, 9, and 31 represent the number of pigs bought and the number of shillings per pig paid by each woman, and 8, 12, and 32 the same in the case of their respective husbands. From the further information given as to their purchases, we can now pair them off as follows: Cornelius and Gurtrün bought 8 and 1; Elas and Katrün bought 12 and 9; Hendrick and Anna bought 32 and 31. And these pairs represent correctly the three married couples.

17.—THE TUBE RAILWAYS.

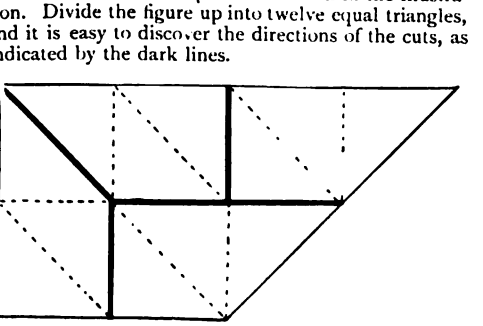
THERE are only four different routes (or eight if we count the reverse ways), as follows:—

A I P T L O E H R Q D C F U G N S K M B A
A I P T S N G L O E U F C D K M B Q R H A
A B M K S N G L T P I O E U F C D Q R H A
A I P T L O E U G N S K M B Q D C F R H A

If the inspector takes the first route he will make C his 12th station (counting A as 1); by the second route C is his 13th station; by the third route his 16th station; and by the fourth route his 17th station. If he goes the reverse way, C will be respectively his 10th, 9th, 6th, and 5th stations. Then it is very evident that if the inspector wishes to put off his visit to C as long as possible he must take the last route, reading from left to right.

18.—A LITTLE DISSECTION PUZZLE.

THE solution to this puzzle is shown in the illustration. Divide the figure up into twelve equal triangles, and it is easy to discover the directions of the cuts, as indicated by the dark lines.



CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are acceptea.*]

A MODERN ATLAS.

IN the woods a short distance from the Palisade road, some two miles above Fort Lee, New Jersey, U.S.A., there is a tree, about one foot and three inches in diameter, on the trunk of which, about five feet from the ground, an excrescence or burl has grown, measuring over eleven feet in circumference, thus making quite a remarkable natural curiosity. On a recent occasion it was visited by a small party

of cyclists, and one of the ladies posed under the burl in the position of the fabled "Atlas supporting the world upon his shoulders," and was photographed as shown in the picture. The tree above the burl not showing distinctly on account of the bright sunlight, and the lady standing in front of the part below the burl obscuring that part of the tree entirely, makes the illusion that the lady is really holding a large ball upon her shoulders almost complete.—L. R. Kidder, Hotel Cadillac, 43rd Street and Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

A LIVELY LOBSTER.

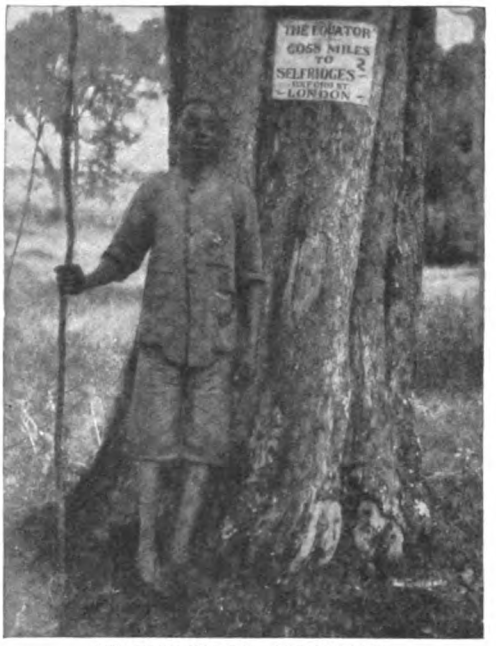
HERE is a photograph of a curious figure in my possession, which is made from a single lobster, the big claw forming the head. It is, I think, remarkably lifelike in its pose.—Mr. A. D. Grace, Harcourt House, Anerley.

ENGINE MADE BY A BLIND MAN.

SEEING in a recent number your photograph of an engine made of odds and ends, I send you a picture of one made solely by a blind man. He is seen standing behind the machine, which he uses for driving a gramophone. It is not driven by steam, but by three gramophone springs working together inside the wooden boiler. It may be thought that the engine is somewhat primitive, but when it is remembered that this man has lived all his life in a village of about twelve houses, at a distance of five miles from a railway station, and that he has not seen daylight since he was eight years old, I think you will agree with me that it is a most wonderful piece of work.—Mr. C. Simmonds, 34, Rushmore Road, Clapton, N.E.

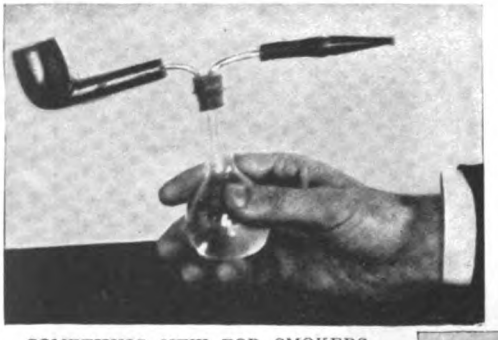
CAN YOU DO THIS?

THE photographs you have recently published, showing some extraordinary instances of flexible fingers, must be my excuse for sending you this picture. Both my son and myself have always been able to bend our fingers in the manner shown by your other contributors, but I have never yet met anyone able to bend the thumb down so that it touches the wrist, as shown in this photograph.—Mrs. C. Lees, 11, Zetland Road, Bristol.



AN EQUATORIAL SIGNBOARD.

I RECENTLY received this curious photograph from my brother in British East Africa, but how or why this announcement found its way to the Equator is more than I can say. However, there it is in the Londioni Ravine Road, British East Africa, where it doubtless causes any Londoners who happen to catch sight of it to think longingly of home and the delights of shopping.—Mr. Johnson S. Jeffree, 57, Lea Bridge Road, Leyton, Essex.



SOMETHING NEW FOR SMOKERS.

MY photograph may be of interest and use to many of your readers who pay homage to My Lady Nicotine. Having experienced great difficulty in getting a clean and cool smoke from many pipes, I rigged up a small water-flask, half filled with water, and made the smoke pass through the water chamber. It is quite compact. The parts can be removed at once, and it is surprising what a pleasant smoke it provides. It is, of course, a homely adaptation of the principle of the Oriental hookah or "hubble-bubble." It is not quite suitable for carrying in the pocket, but most of us enjoy a clean cool smoke in our rooms at evening time with, say, THE STRAND to while away the weary hour.—J. R., Castleknock, Dublin.

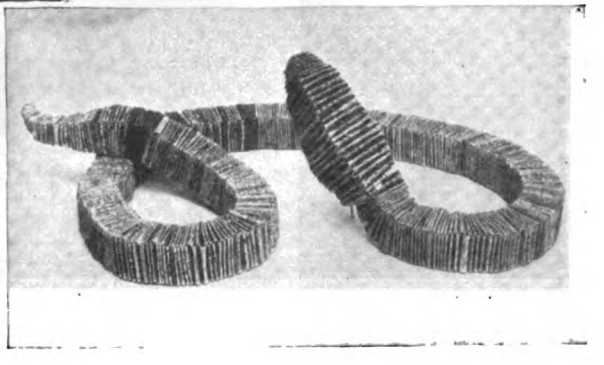
MONUMENT IN A RIVER.

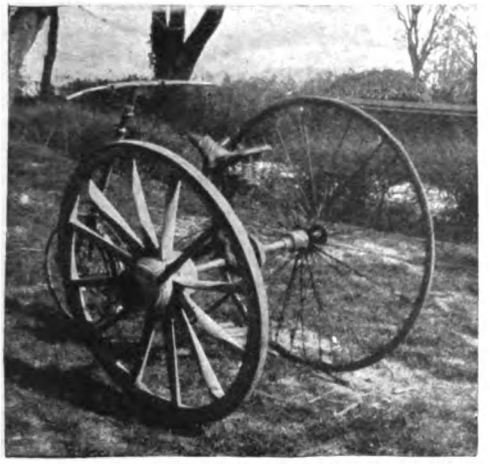
THERE are monuments in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, but the one in the following photograph is unique in that it was erected in a river. It stands in the Parramatta River, New South Wales, a stream known the world over for the rowing events

that have taken place upon it. This monument, which is in memory of the world-famed rower, Searle, is also unique from the fact that it has been used as the winning-post for many of the races for the world's championship, and is still used as such for local events.—Mr. F. T. Charles, Cowles Road, Morman, N.S.W.

A NEW USE FOR TRAM-TICKETS.

THIS snake, made of about seven hundred and fifty tram-tickets, is probably the first of its kind ever constructed, and is the work of a boy eleven years of age. As may, perhaps, be seen from the photograph, the snake is made by placing the tickets crossways one over the other and folding over the edges.—Mr. H. J. Jones, 127, Holmesdale Road, South Norwood.





A REAL BONE-SHAKER.

THOUGH this antique tricycle certainly looks as if it might have been in use a thousand years ago in the South Sea Islands, it was photographed by myself only a few weeks since at a farm in Essex, little more than thirty miles from London. It is of the kind a curio-dealer would speak of as a "fine museum piece."—Mr. Miller Christy, 115, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

MESMERIZED LOBSTERS.

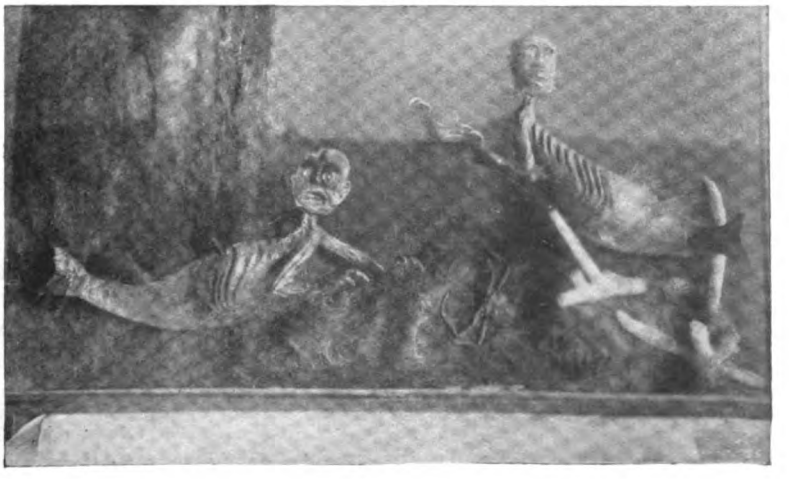
HERE is a photograph illustrating a curious and little-known experiment that can be made with live lobsters. It is quite impossible to stand a lobster up in the position shown unless it is first put to sleep, which is done by slowly stroking its tail downwards with the hand two or three times, when the fish is at once thrown into a state of coma, or deep sleep, and remains in that position, without a movement of any kind, for about ten minutes. Even its eyes are fixed, and it has every appearance of being dead. Another curious thing is that when one lobster wakes up the noise it makes in falling down wakes up all the others; and the effect of one or more waking up is very strange. —Mr. P. H. Ridge, Favonius, Forest, Guernsey.

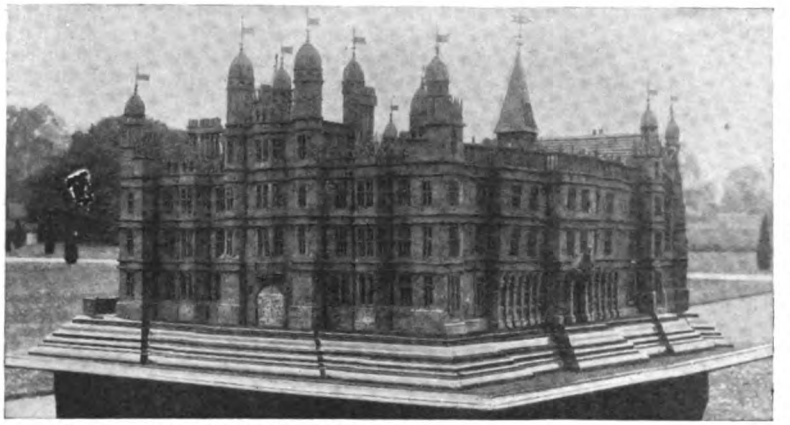
TREE TRUNK AS BANDSTAND.

THE hollow stump of a red cedar, which is estimated to be about two thousand years old, is used as a bandstand in Wright Park, Tacoma, Washington, U.S.A. Across the concrete foundation it is thirty feet wide, and the diameter at the top is twenty feet. Inside it is furnished with seats and tables, and is a popular resort for picnic parties. At the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition held in Seattle, Washington, it was placed inside the huge Forestry Building, and served as a real estate office—Mr. B. K. Daniels, No. 2,112, Steele Street, Tacoma, Washington.

VERY QUEER FISH!

THESE strange fish are stated to be of an extinct species known as "monkey fish," and to have been caught some seventy years ago in the Indian Ocean. Opinions differ as to their being genuine specimens, but their owner is asking a very high price for them. I photographed them in an auctioneer's in Belgravia.—Mr. B. Chamberlain, 24, Hugh Street, Victoria, S.W.





CORK, PERSEVERANCE, AND GLUE.

WITH these ingredients Mr. Charles Hawkins, of Peterborough, has succeeded in building a series of most interesting models, the chief of which is a large and comprehensive model of Burghley House, the historic seat of the Marquis of Exeter, near Stamford. As may be imagined from the accompanying photograph, this proved to be no light task. It took Mr. Hawkins, in his spare time, ten years to complete, during which time he walked nearly three thousand miles in repeated visits to the house in order to secure accuracy. The model measures five feet in length, four feet in width, and three feet in height, and no fewer than half a million bottle corks were used in its construction.—Mr. Henry Walker, Public Library, Stamford.

BIRD'S NEST IN A LETTER-BOX.

I VENTURE to send you an interesting photograph of a rural letter-box near Barnet containing a bird's nest with the bird actually sitting on the eggs. This box was cleared three times every day, and the letters, when dropped into it, fell on to the nest. I may add that I am the postman who cleared this box, and that the photograph was taken by myself.—Mr. W. G. Stringer, 19, Carnarvon Road, Barnet.

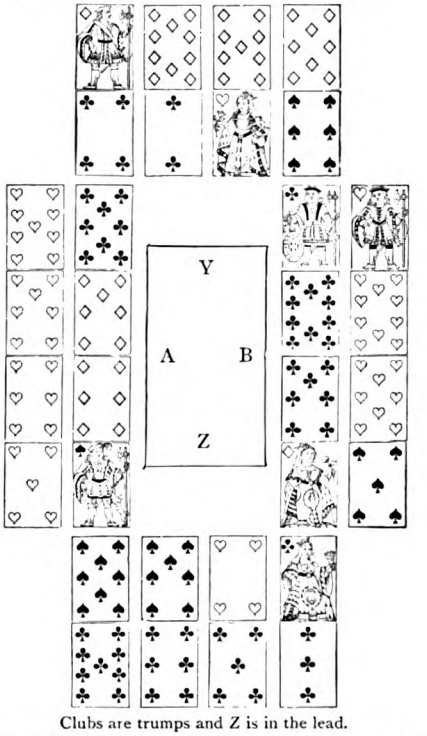
AN EASY CIPHER.

HOW many readers of THE STRAND can decipher this sentence? It is, like most ciphers, simple enough, being made by using a small typewriter that has a shift-key for figures, etc., and writing a sentence according to the keyboard, but with the shift-key down. The beauty of the cipher is that by merely reversing the process the receiver of a message can, on a similar machine, decipher the message

;92 8½ 5@3 58_3 "94 ¼&&
?99£ _3; 59 /9_3 59 5@3
½8£ 9" 5@384 0¼456.

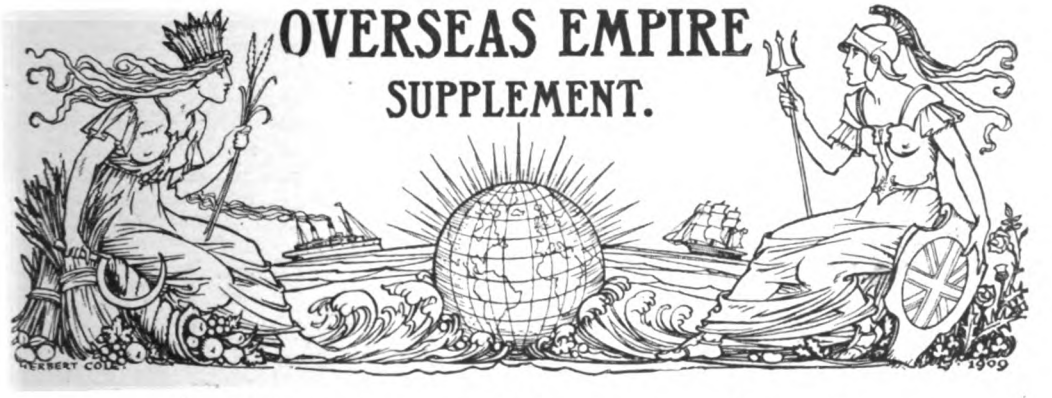
mechanically.—Mr. Alfred B. Cornish, Kingston Street Station, L. and N.W.R., Hull.

A PROBLEM FOR BRIDGE-PLAYERS.



Clubs are trumps and Z is in the lead.

Y and Z want six out of these eight tricks. How do they get them regardless of any defence open to A and B? The solution will be given next month.—Mr. Frank Roy, Watervliet, New York.



A Chapter of Creative Canada.

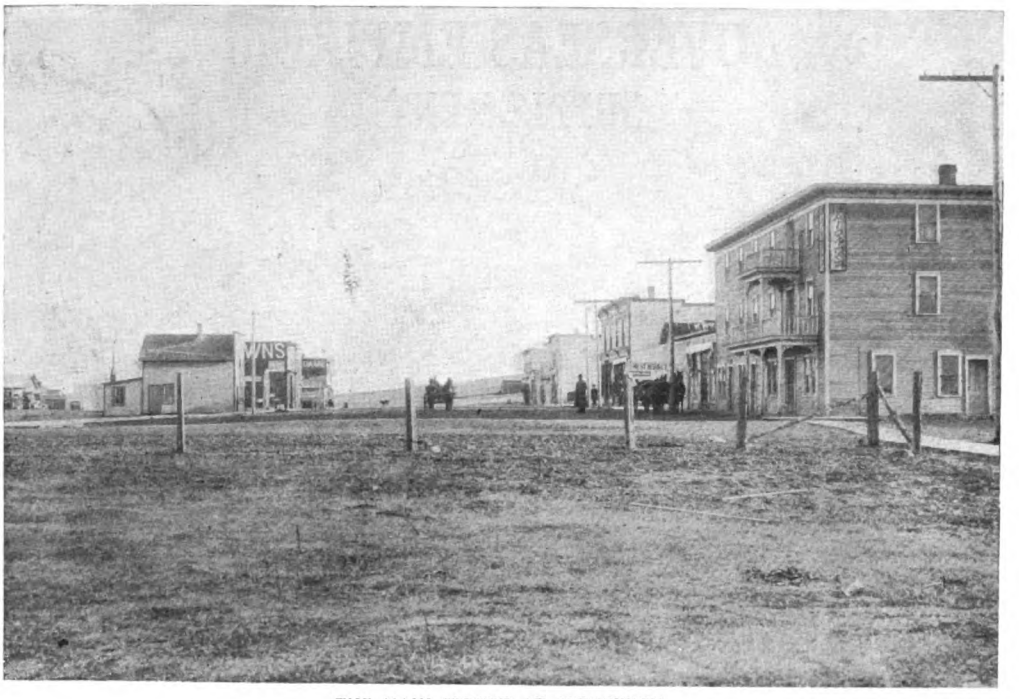
By J. OBED SMITH.

"AND then God said, 'Let there be a nation!' and there was a nation in a night and a morning." To the writer this is the most striking passage in Mrs. Humphry Ward's new book, "Canadian Born," and no matter how much of this startling figure of speech may be allowed as the right of a famous story-teller, there is an element of actuality that is very obvious to the casual visitor to Canada, and much more so to the observant pioneer and resident. There is no more wonderful story than the almost creative development of that Dominion.

Canada's capacity for creating a good manhood, a good nationhood, and a good prosperity is a tale that is by no means told, although the telling has commenced.

"Rome was not built in a day" is an accepted truism, and it may be impossible to discover, even amongst the oldest inhabitants, anyone who has seen the commencement of any village or town in the Old Land. Indeed, history, ancient and modern, has covered the Old World towns and cities so completely that no one seems to busy himself about the real beginnings. But in the New World every few days vacant places are giving birth to new communities and prospective towns, destined to be the home and business centres of ones and twos, then hundreds, and perchance thousands. Settlement on the land demanded a business centre, and Canada's creative capacity responded immediately to the request. In England towns merge into each other and the countryside is without gaps, but in Central Canada it is different. The great prairies with unbroken soil, waiting for man to discover their virtues and bountiful crops, are a real inducement for incoming thousands; and centres of commerce, small though they be, are the natural consequence. The growth of towns in the Dominion has been likened to mushrooms; and flamboyant as this figure of speech seems, it is beyond question that the commencement of hundreds of towns has been evident overnight, when the identical moment arrived, and someone said, "Here shall be a town," and the next day appeared the first-fruits.

The prairies of Central Canada—so silent from the beginning of things, and until this generation hardly trodden by the foot of man—are themselves the basic evidence of wealth and possibility that can only be realized by him who knows that the first and true source of wealth is land. On these prairies the earth and sky meet, and only the steel threads for the iron horse make it possible to continue towns and communities every few miles along its ever-extending length. First the survey, then the grade and the steel, and, lastly, the train; but often has a town been planned and platted by some enterprising member of the survey party, who believed his ideal town site lay before him; survey stakes mark out corner lots, and then appears the first trader—the man with a tent and groceries, and other articles of everyday use—the keg of nails, the coil of rope, the window-sash, etc., such as pioneers on the land most need. If it should happen the location of the railway be moved, this "oldest



THE MAIN STREET AT SEDGEWICK.

inhabitant" loads up his tent and goods; or if he has in the meantime erected a building, and been joined by his fellows with other buildings, they haul the buildings and their goods to the new town site of the railway. The new location of the town is not allowed to lose the pioneer his first advantage, and the moving of a hundred buildings from one town site to another is not an unusual proceeding in Canada. Sometimes one wonders if it would not be a good thing for industrial England if some of her town sites could be moved to more remunerative localities.

It is common enough to see a couple of tents staked down by an embryo shopkeeper on the "bald-headed prairie," near the location of a prospective town, indicated by the approaching grade of the railway itself, and in these he shelters himself and his goods from all kinds of weather. His customers are the homesteaders and farmers who have been the forerunners in this adventurous age of the railway itself, and when the town exists in fact he will be one to realize financial benefit. A string of new stations along the new lines of railway in Canada means, in effect, a new town site every ten miles. Indeed, in one year no fewer than one hundred town sites were thus established.

The birth of a town is typical, and its progress illustrative of the activity of Western life. One day the sky-line is unrelieved by even a solitary shack; the next the temporary canvas structure of the courageous pioneer tradesman, who dares the conditions and the elements to be first in the field, is seen. A few days afterwards another business man arrives with a load of building material from a far-away station, if perchance the railway is not yet planned. This may be to build his own house or shop, or it may be for sale. The traveller by train is mystified with the almost daily increase in building operations, and the sound of hammer and saw strikes him at every town. Nothing daunts men of this class, who — modestly unconscious — are features in the foundation work of the Empire.

Following closely on the advent of the railway is the arrival of the man to open a "stopping-place," or hotel, for travellers and erstwhile farmers, who seem to arrive by magic when such a convenience is established. Given a general store and boarding-house, a lumber-yard and blacksmith's shop, the town may be considered started; its progress is so rapid that in two years the population reaches from 500 to 1,000, and town lots originally bought for 200dols. or

3oodols. are sold from ten to twenty times that sum. The keen man of business sees financial advantage in early buying. By this time the "oldest inhabitant" has seen gathered round his humble beginnings several general and hardware stores, a church and school, a furniture shop, a doctor, and a lawyer; drug store, stationery and fancy goods store, the necessary flour and feed store, confectioners' and bakers' shops, an implement warehouse, some lumber-yards, with building materials for sale; livery-stables, where conveyances can be hired or where the visiting farmer can bait his horses; fuel or coal yard, a jeweller's shop (because people there early learn to live well), a harness-maker, a butcher, a restaurant, the inevitable real-estate office, a newspaper and printing office, a branch of a chartered bank, a veterinary surgeon, a schoolmaster; and, perhaps most important of all, two or three grain elevators, at which the farmer can obtain cash in hand for his grain on delivery there at any time of the year.

By this time the business men have formed themselves into an active Board of Trade, and the town has probably become incorporated, while a mayor and council are beginning to levy taxation for public purposes, including fire protection, which up to this time has probably been limited to the bucket brigade. Sidewalks and graded streets appear, a town hall and civic offices help to complete the modern corporate appearance, and then the town may be considered safely on its way to a progress which is a replica of prosperity of the farming land in the district, which has increased in value four or five times. Such enhancement is the result of human energy, plus good soil.

The virgin land was given gratis by the Government, the sky was the only thing above the grass, and yet in two years there is an established progressive farming and business community—clear evidence of the creative capacity. Something for nothing. These results are largely due to the unfailing industry of optimistic inhabitants. Hope is a real asset in Canada, and valuable in its plenitude. Without it one would miss the predominant feature of all successful business life there; with it all things seem

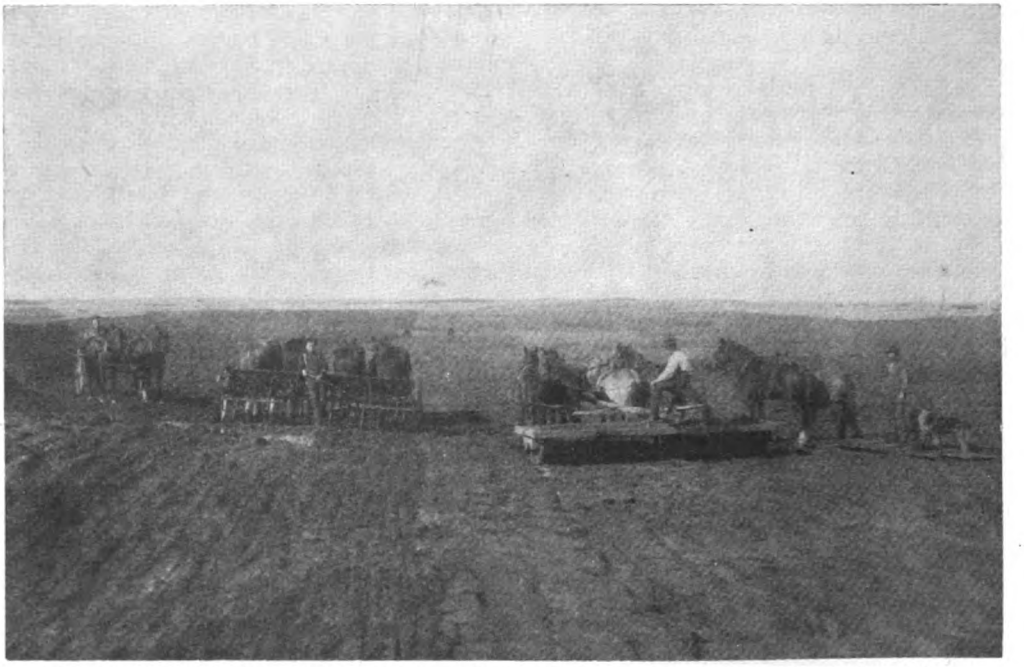
THE STATION, SHOWING THE ALBERTA PACIFIC GRAIN ELEVATOR IN THE REAR.

possible, and each town seems to its inhabitants a very metropolis, and the neighbouring communities mere specks permitted to exist.

A record shipment from grain elevators in a large town is a million bushels of wheat. If one-half the land within a radius of seven miles round any town on the central prairies was cropped it would average more than a million bushels each year, so the future possibilities of these newly-created centres, considering their number, open up a vast field for comfortable reflection.

A typical town is Sedgewick, on the addition to the original Sedgewick town site. Such is the story of other towns similarly situated.

At a district fair held in January last year, winter wheat weighed 66¼lb. to the bushel, spring wheat 67¼lb., and oats 45½lb. Table vegetables grow in abundance, and small native fruits are in wild profusion. Cucumbers, green corn, tomatoes, and citron are provided for the townspeople by the farmers around, affording another instance of how quickly the uncomfortable vicissitudes of pioneer life give place to creature comforts in creative Canada.



HOW THE LAND IS PREPARED FOR SEED—A VIEW ON A FARM ONE MILE EAST OF SEDGEWICK.

Canadian Pacific Railway from Winnipeg to Edmonton. It came into existence before any railway was in sight, and until a short while ago was only reached by rail eastward from Wetaskiwin, but is destined to be the railway junction for the capital of Alberta. It is now the detraining point for those securing "ready-made farms" from that great railway corporation. This would mean an added impetus to the already prosperous conditions of this business centre, which is situated in the very heart of the rich Alberta Park country, and comprises river and woodland, hill and dale. Settlement has been so rapid that it has been necessary to make an

The creamery in operation has 125 patrons among the farmers. Coal may be purchased at 5s. a ton; but, of course, the settler has to help load his wagon and team it himself.

Apart from the shops in the town, a number of general stores and post-offices are to be found scattered throughout the territory where the "ready-made farms" are located. The advent of new-comers is of immense value, because every additional acre of crop means additional business; and after viewing such a condition one's mind reverts to a few years ago, when there was no railway and nothing between the grass and the blue sky.

Nov., 1910.

FASHIONS OF THE MOMENT

By "EvE"

FASHIONS in velvet are delightful in prospect, but Parisian modistes have been quick to see that a combination of soft satin will relieve its weightiness and warmth when in wear.

The alliance of the thinner fabric is extremely becoming and adds even a richer touch to an already rich material, while the added comfort it gives is more than a pleasing change, seeing that we shall have to wear it for some little time yet if we would be in the mode.

This applies, however, only to indoor dresses and blouses, the smartest of walking costumes in this fabric being destitute of trimming of any sort, except that slight touch which is imparted by large ornamental buttons. These are in most cases of oxidized silver or fancy steel, and cut jet examples are also seen.

While fancy silk braids, and particularly the plain military variety, will appear on most outdoor cloth costumes this winter, this form of trimming is used very sparingly on the velvet suits.

Full revers, big cuffs, and loosely-fitting shapes characterize the latest of the velours costumes, and this material is just as popular for children's garments as for their elders.

Children's overcoats, protective coats, tunic suits, and pinafore frocks are all fabricated in it, and suit the little wearers to perfection.

An old fashion revived is that of the deep border of fur or astrachan with which some of the handsome long coats are now edged. A narrower continuation of the same trimming up the front to join under a deep collar and revers of the fur trimming is smart in the extreme and—expensive, the cuffs and muff, of course, matching.

Fig. 1.—The original of this Paris blouse model was seen at the *magasin* of one of the leading *couturières* there, and was composed of black velvet allied to powder-blue satin, with covered buttons of the same, and collar and cuffs of the fashionable dyed embroidery to match. The satin ribbon peeping coquettishly from beneath the side fastening is flatly pleated and edged with oxidized silver fringe.

Fig. 2.—This charming evening toilette is another French example. "built" of pale pink chiffon, with overskirt of pink charmeuse, the hem of which is gathered into a huge gold embroidery buckle. The underskirt was also faced up with gold embroidery as a deep hem. Gold-spotted pale green chiffon, mounted over soft silk of the same shade, composed the elegant wrap, the voluminous edges of which were bordered with chinchilla.

Chinchilla, tailless ermine, Persian lamb, seal coney, bear cub, and grey squirrel are the most fashionable varieties of peltry for this winter for the composing of toques, muffs, and scarves, while the first-named variety is to be much seen on silken evening wraps.

Materials are richer and more ornate than ever for evening wear. Silver, gold, and oxidized threads are darned through exquisite dyed silk laces, soft satin is veiled with bead-besprinkled tulle, and embroideries are jewelled, particularly with pearls and dull paste.

Such an early revival of the Empire and Directoire styles was hardly to be looked for this season, though not surprising, since the amalgamation of the two styles, which really comprise the present mode, is extremely becoming, and is generally more graceful in its combined form. These styles have also called up revivals of old-time materials, striped velvets, brocade, and the like now being much seen in Paris.

In the matter of colours, the newest shades are more than usually beautiful. Mulberry and strawberry, or *fraise*, have quite ousted the *vieux rose* of a while since, and mustard-yellow has given place to golden or Egyptian sand. Tarragona red and rowanberry are also lovely new colours, while all other blues have given place to the variety designated "Swallow."

For those who love the quietness of grey, yet deplore sometimes its unbecomingness to the complexion—this is often the brunette's lament—there is the new cygnet grey, which manages to comprise depth and brightness in its folds while retaining its subdued hue.

Then, also, we are treated to bright flashes of really tropical colours — just tiny suggestions on otherwise sedate gowns, such as the merest little turnover collar of parrot green or bright red on a dark blue indoor dress. A touch of flamingo, orange or lemon, is also successfully applied to black and black and white dresses.

Aluminium and burnished gold trimmings are much beloved of the smart Frenchwoman at the moment, these appearing in the form of alluring little neck finishes, buckles, belts, military braid, and millinery lace.

Ribbon in several varieties plays an important part, contrary to expectation this season, in the millinery world, plain glacé, moiré, and velvet-backed satin being the chief of these. Hat shapes of satin and chiffon velvet are trimmed solely with glacé ribbon loops, massed in a huge bunch or tied in a

large bow with long spiked ends upstanding, in the form of a bird's wings.

Muffs of the large, flat variety, a few of which made their appearance last season, are to be universally worn this winter.

It is comforting to know that the length for evening skirts will for the most part be of the even-all-round, just-clear-the-ground length, to permit a peep of dainty little satin shoes of the same colour as the toilette.

A very pretty idea for the fastenings of evening shoes is now seen on the latest silk or satin models. Narrow ribbon strands of the same colour are attached to the back of the shoe, then brought round, crossed in front, then at back, then again brought round and tied in front, after the style of bathing-shoes.

Fig. 3.—A seal coney coat heavily trimmed with chinchilla. The drapery on this hat is light in the extreme, being of oxidized gauze finished with one of the new suède roses dyed a rich wine colour.

STYLES THAT ARE SMARTLY SIMPLE

Fig. 4.—A delightfully *chic* costume for a young girl, of velvet, ornamented with large buttons of oxidized silver. The gauntlet cuffs and shawl collar are noticeable features on this suit. The stretched satin hat shape of this young wearer's was trimmed with glacé silk ribbon, the inside of the brim having a softening touch of narrow gathered lace.

The new cashmere or Paisley designs are only suitable for the slim and fairly tall woman. The unusually large and brilliantly-coloured patterns are trying to the most perfect figures. They are charming combined with chiffon in plain shades, but the colours must be sparingly used or skilfully covered by the veiling of chiffon forming a part of the design of the gown. Almost every unnecessary detail in the way of trimming is suppressed in the latest Parisian models, while the arrangement of the colour scheme and the clever combining of fabrics are made to supply the place of superfluous ornament.

The charmeuse is one of the best qualities of the new satins. It has a slightly twilled weave, and is lovely for gowns and cloaks.

PARIS HAT

Fig. 7.—A useful little silk-covered toque, the brim being covered with rows of stitching, and a big bow of soft satin ribbon being its sole adornment.

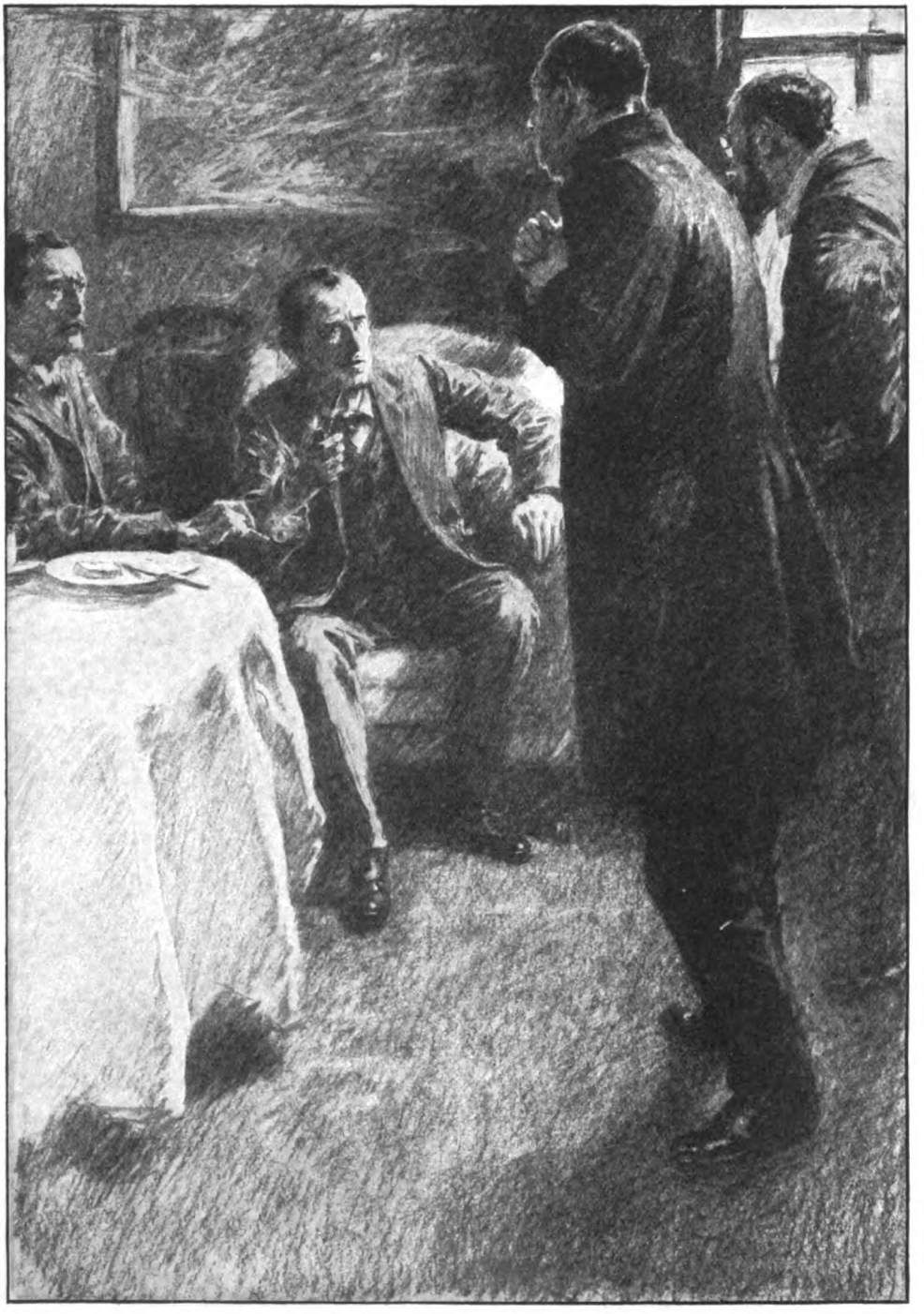
Fig. 6.—This practical model, designed for hard wear, is of silk-finished felt, with soft satin ribbon trimming and a large enamel buckle.

DESIGNS

Among other practical silks which may be used in combination with cashmeres and woollens for costumes, and also for separate coats, is ottoman. The new ottomans are as soft as chiffon cloth, and quite unlike those with which we have been familiar.

The new fancy silk brocade is a stately-looking silk, and has been softened to a chiffon texture. It is very lovely combined with plain satin and chiffon for evening gowns. For dressy afternoon gowns the very soft, light-weight broché silks are charming, made up in combination with chiffon.

Fig. 5.—A miroir velvet-covered shape in golden brown, lined with gauged pale coral chiffon. A band of burnished gold embroidery is secured beneath two glorious shaded brown and cream plumes.



"'THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY AND TRAGIC AFFAIR HAS OCCURRED DURING THE NIGHT,' SAID THE VICAR."

(*See page* 641.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

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A REMINISCENCE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

The Adventure of the Devil's Foot.

By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday.

IN recording from time to time some of the curious experiences and interesting recollections which I associate with my long and intimate friendship with Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I have continually been faced by difficulties caused by his own aversion to publicity. To his sombre and cynical spirit all popular applause was always abhorrent, and nothing amused him more at the end of a successful case than to hand over the actual exposure to some orthodox official, and to listen with a mocking smile to the general chorus of misplaced congratulation. It was indeed this attitude upon the part of my friend, and certainly not any lack of interesting material, which has caused me of late years to lay very few of my records before the public. My participation in some of his adventures was always a privilege which entailed discretion and reticence upon me.

It was, then, with considerable surprise that I received a telegram from Holmes last Tuesday—he has never been known to write where a telegram would serve—in the following terms: "Why not tell them of the Cornish horror—strangest case I have handled." I have no idea what backward sweep of memory had brought the matter fresh to his mind, or what freak had caused him to desire that I should recount it; but I hasten, before another cancelling telegram may arrive, to hunt out the notes which give me the exact details of the case, and to lay the narrative before my readers.

It was, then, in the spring of the year 1897 that Holmes's iron constitution showed some symptoms of giving way in the face of constant hard work of a most exacting kind, aggravated, perhaps, by occasional indiscretions of his own. In March of that year Dr. Moore Agar, of Harley Street, whose dramatic introduction to Holmes I may some day recount, gave positive injunctions that

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the famous private agent should lay aside all his cases and surrender himself to complete rest if he wished to avert an absolute breakdown. The state of his health was not a matter in which he himself took the faintest interest, for his mental detachment was absolute, but he was induced at last, on the threat of being permanently disqualified from work, to give himself a complete change of scene and air. Thus it was that in the early spring of that year we found ourselves together in a small cottage near Poldhu Bay, at the farther extremity of the Cornish peninsula.

It was a singular spot, and one peculiarly well suited to the grim humour of my patient. From the windows of our little whitewashed house, which stood high upon a grassy headland, we looked down upon the whole sinister semicircle of Mounts Bay, that old death-trap of sailing vessels, with its fringe of black cliffs and surge-swept reefs on which innumerable seamen have met their end. With a northerly breeze it lies placid and sheltered, inviting the storm-tossed craft to tack into it for rest and protection. Then comes the sudden swirl round of the wind, the blustering gale from the south-west, the dragging anchor, the lee shore, and the last battle in the creaming breakers. The wise mariner stands far out from that evil place.

On the land side our surroundings were as sombre as on the sea. It was a country of rolling moors, lonely and dun-coloured, with an occasional church tower to mark the site of some old-world village. In every direction upon these moors there were traces of some vanished race which had passed utterly away, and left as its sole record strange monuments of stone, irregular mounds which contained the burned ashes of the dead, and curious earthworks which hinted at prehistoric strife.

"HOLMES SPENT MUCH OF HIS TIME IN LONG WALKS AND SOLITARY MEDITATIONS."

The glamour and mystery of the place, with its sinister atmosphere of forgotten nations, appealed to the imagination of my friend, and he spent much of his time in long walks and solitary meditations upon the moor. The ancient Cornish language had also arrested his attention, and he had, I remember, conceived the idea that it was akin to the Chaldean, and had been largely derived from the Phœnician traders in tin. He had received a consignment of books upon philology and was settling down to develop this thesis, when suddenly to my sorrow, and to his unfeigned delight, we found ourselves, even in that land of dreams, plunged into a problem at our very doors which was more intense, more engrossing, and infinitely more mysterious than any of those which had driven us from London. Our simple life and peaceful, healthy routine were violently interrupted, and we were precipitated into the midst of a series of events which caused the utmost excitement not only in Cornwall,

but throughout the whole West of England. Many of my readers may retain some recollection of what was called at the time "The Cornish Horror," though a most imperfect account of the matter reached the London Press. Now, after thirteen years, I will give the true details of this inconceivable affair to the public.

I have said that scattered towers marked the villages which dotted this part of Cornwall. The nearest of these was the hamlet of Tredannick Wollas, where the cottages of a couple of hundred inhabitants clustered round an ancient, moss-grown church. The vicar of the parish, Mr. Roundhay, was something of an archæologist, and as such Holmes had made his acquaintance. He was a middle-aged man, portly and affable, with a considerable fund of local lore. At his invitation we had taken tea at the vicarage, and had come to know, also, Mr. Mortimer Tregennis, an independent gentleman, who increased the clergyman's scanty resources by taking rooms in his large, straggling house. The vicar, being a bachelor, was glad to come to such an arrangement, though he had little in common with his lodger, who was a thin, dark, spectacled man, with a stoop which gave the impression of actual physical deformity. I remember that during our short visit we found the vicar garrulous, but his lodger strangely reticent, a sad-faced, introspective man, sitting with averted eyes, brooding apparently upon his own affairs.

These were the two men who entered abruptly into our little sitting-room on Tuesday, March the 16th, shortly after our breakfast hour, as we were smoking together, preparatory to our daily excursion upon the moors.

"Mr. Holmes," said the vicar, in an agitated voice, "the most extraordinary and tragic affair has occurred during the night. It is the most unheard-of business. We can only regard it as a special Providence that you should chance to be here at the time, for in all England you are the one man we need."

I glared at the intrusive vicar with no very friendly eyes; but Holmes took his pipe from his lips and sat up in his chair like an old hound who hears the view-hallo. He waved his hand to the sofa, and our palpitating visitor with his agitated companion sat side by side upon it. Mr. Mortimer Tregennis was more self-contained than the clergyman, but the twitching of his thin hands and the brightness of his dark eyes showed that they shared a common emotion.

"Shall I speak or you?" he asked of the vicar.

"Well, as you seem to have made the discovery, whatever it may be, and the vicar to have had it second-hand, perhaps you had better do the speaking," said Holmes.

I glanced at the hastily-clad clergyman, with the formally-dressed lodger seated beside him, and was amused at the surprise which Holmes's simple deduction had brought to their faces.

"Perhaps I had best say a few words first," said the vicar, "and then you can judge if you will listen to the details from Mr. Tregennis, or whether we should not hasten at once to the scene of this mysterious affair. I may explain, then, that our friend here spent last evening in the company of his two brothers, Owen and George, and of his sister Brenda, at their house of Tredannick Wartha, which is near the old stone cross upon the moor. He left them shortly after ten o'clock, playing cards round the dining-room table, in excellent health and spirits. This morning, being an early riser, he walked in that direction before breakfast, and was overtaken by the carriage of Dr. Richards, who explained that he had just been sent for on a most urgent call to Tredannick Wartha. Mr. Mortimer Tregennis naturally went with him. When he arrived at Tredannick Wartha he found an extraordinary state of things. His two brothers and his sister were seated round the table exactly as he had left them, the cards still spread in front of them and the candles burned down to their sockets. The sister lay back stone-dead in her chair, while the two brothers sat on each side of her laughing, shouting, and singing, the senses stricken clean out of them. All three of them, the dead woman and the two demented men, retained upon their faces an expression of the utmost horror—a convulsion of terror which was dreadful to look upon. There was no sign of the presence of anyone in the house, except Mrs. Porter, the old cook and housekeeper, who declared that she had slept deeply and heard no sound during the night. Nothing had been stolen or disarranged, and there is absolutely no explanation of what the horror can be which has frightened a woman to death and two strong men out of their senses. There is the situation, Mr. Holmes, in a nutshell, and if you can help us to clear it up you will have done a great work."

I had hoped that in some way I could coax my companion back into the quiet which had been the object of our journey; but one glance at his intense face and contracted eyebrows told me how vain was now the expectation. He sat for some little time

in silence, absorbed in the strange drama which had broken in upon our peace.

"I will look into this matter," he said at last. "On the face of it, it would appear to be a case of a very exceptional nature. Have you been there yourself, Mr. Roundhay?"

"No, Mr. Holmes. Mr. Tregennis brought back the account to the vicarage, and I at once hurried over with him to consult you."

"How far is it to the house where this singular tragedy occurred?"

"About a mile inland."

"Then we shall walk over together. But, before we start, I must ask you a few questions, Mr. Mortimer Tregennis."

The other had been silent all this time, but I had observed that his more controlled excitement was even greater than the obtrusive emotion of the clergyman. He sat with a pale, drawn face, his anxious gaze fixed upon Holmes, and his thin hands clasped convulsively together. His pale lips quivered as he listened to the dreadful experience which had befallen his family, and his dark eyes seemed to reflect something of the horror of the scene.

"Ask what you like, Mr. Holmes," said he, eagerly. "It is a bad thing to speak of, but I will answer you the truth."

"Tell me about last night."

"Well, Mr. Holmes, I supped there, as the vicar has said, and my elder brother George proposed a game of whist afterwards. We sat down about nine o'clock. It was a quarter-past ten when I moved to go. I left them all round the table, as merry as could be."

"Who let you out?"

"Mrs. Porter had gone to bed, so I let myself out. I shut the hall door behind me. The window of the room in which they sat was closed, but the blind was not drawn down. There was no change in door or window this morning, nor any reason to think that any stranger had been to the house. Yet there they sat, driven clean mad with terror, and Brenda lying dead of fright, with her head hanging over the arm of the chair. I'll never get the sight of that room out of my mind so long as I live."

"The facts, as you state them, are certainly most remarkable," said Holmes. "I take it that you have no theory yourself which can in any way account for them?"

"It's devilish, Mr. Holmes; devilish!" cried Mortimer Tregennis. "It is not of this world. Something has come into that room which has dashed the light of reason from their minds. What human contrivance could do that?"

"I fear," said Holmes, "that if the matter is beyond humanity it is certainly beyond me. Yet we must exhaust all natural explanations before we fall back upon such a theory as this. As to yourself, Mr. Tregennis, I take it you were divided in some way from your family, since they lived together and you had rooms apart?"

"That is so, Mr. Holmes, though the matter is past and done with. We were a family of tin-miners at Redruth, but we sold out our venture to a company, and so retired with enough to keep us. I won't deny that there was some feeling about the division of the money and it stood between us for a time, but it was all forgiven and forgotten, and we were the best of friends together."

"Looking back at the evening which you spent together, does anything stand out in your memory as throwing any possible light upon the tragedy? Think carefully, Mr. Tregennis, for any clue which can help me."

"There is nothing at all, sir."

"Your people were in their usual spirits?"

"Never better."

"Were they nervous people? Did they ever show any apprehension of coming danger?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"You have nothing to add, then, which could assist me?"

Mortimer Tregennis considered earnestly for a moment.

"There is one thing occurs to me," said he at last. "As we sat at the table my back was to the window, and my brother George, he being my partner at cards, was facing it. I saw him once look hard over my shoulder, so I turned round and looked also. The blind was up and the window shut, but I could just make out the bushes on the lawn, and it seemed to me for a moment that I saw something moving among them. I couldn't even say if it were man or animal, but I just thought there was something there. When I asked him what he was looking at, he told me that he had the same feeling. That is all that I can say."

"Did you not investigate?"

"No; the matter passed as unimportant."

"You left them, then, without any premonition of evil?"

"None at all."

"I am not clear how you came to hear the news so early this morning."

"I am an early riser, and generally take a walk before breakfast. This morning I had hardly started when the doctor in his carriage overtook me. He told me that old

Mrs. Porter had sent a boy down with an urgent message. I sprang in beside him and we drove on. When we got there we looked into that dreadful room. The candles and the fire must have burned out hours before, and they had been sitting there in the dark until dawn had broken. The doctor said Brenda must have been dead at least six hours. There were no signs of violence. She just lay across the arm of the chair with that look on her face. George and Owen were singing snatches of songs and gibbering like two great apes. Oh, it was awful to see! I couldn't stand it, and the doctor was as white as a sheet. Indeed, he fell into a chair in a sort of faint, and we nearly had him on our hands as well."

"Remarkable — most remarkable!" said Holmes, rising and taking his hat. "I think perhaps we had better go down to Tredannick Wartha without further delay. I confess that I have seldom known a case which at first sight presented a more singular problem."

Our proceedings of that first morning did little to advance the investigation. It was marked, however, at the outset by an incident which left the most sinister impression upon my mind. The approach to the spot at which the tragedy occurred is down a narrow, winding country lane. While we made our way along it we heard the rattle of a carriage coming towards us, and stood aside to let it pass. As it drove by us I caught a glimpse through the closed window of a horribly-contorted, grinning face glaring out at us. Those staring eyes and gnashing teeth flashed past us like a dreadful vision.

"My brothers!" cried Mortimer Tregennis, white to his lips. "They are taking them to Helston."

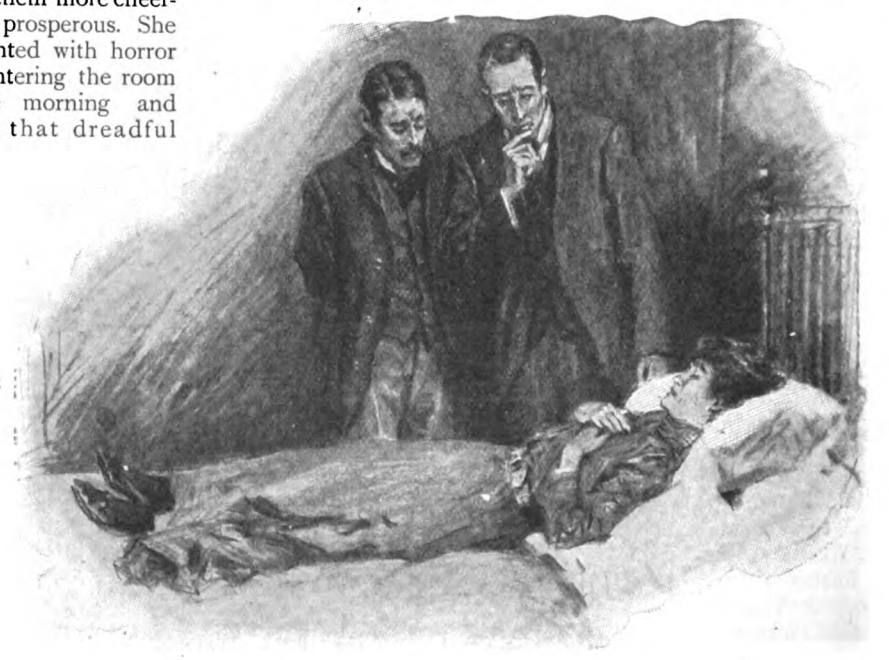
We looked with horror after the black carriage, lumbering upon its way. Then we

"THOSE STARING EYES AND GNASHING TEETH FLASHED PAST US LIKE A DREADFUL VISION."

turned our steps towards this ill-omened house in which they had met their strange fate.

It was a large and bright dwelling, rather a villa than a cottage, with a considerable garden which was already, in that Cornish air, well filled with spring flowers. Towards this garden the window of the sitting-room fronted, and from it, according to Mortimer Tregennis, must have come that thing of evil which had by sheer horror in a single instant blasted their minds. Holmes walked

slowly and thoughtfully among the flower-plots and along the path before we entered the porch. So absorbed was he in his thoughts, I remember, that he stumbled over the watering-pot, upset its contents, and deluged both our feet and the garden path. Inside the house we were met by the elderly Cornish housekeeper, Mrs. Porter, who, with the aid of a young girl, looked after the wants of the family. She readily answered all Holmes's questions. She had heard nothing in the night. Her employers had all been in excellent spirits lately, and she had never known them more cheerful and prosperous. She had fainted with horror upon entering the room in the morning and seeing that dreadful emotion. From her bedroom we descended to the sitting-room where this strange tragedy had actually occurred. The charred ashes of the overnight fire lay in the grate. On the table were the four guttered and burned-out candles, with the cards scattered over its surface. The chairs had been moved back against the walls, but all else was as it had been the night before. Holmes paced with light, swift steps about the room; he sat in the various chairs, drawing them up and reconstructing their positions. He tested how much of the garden was



"WE ASCENDED THE STAIRS AND VIEWED THE BODY."

company round the table. She had, when she recovered, thrown open the window to let the morning air in, and had run down to the lane, whence she sent a farm-lad for the doctor. The lady was on her bed upstairs, if we cared to see her. It took four strong men to get the brothers into the asylum carriage. She would not herself stay in the house another day, and was starting that very afternoon to rejoin her family at St. Ives.

We ascended the stairs and viewed the body. Miss Brenda Tregennis had been a very beautiful girl, though now verging upon middle age. Her dark, clear-cut face was handsome, even in death, but there still lingered upon it something of that convulsion of horror which had been her last human visible; he examined the floor, the ceiling, and the fireplace; but never once did I see that sudden brightening of his eyes and tightening of his lips which would have told me that he saw some gleam of light in this utter darkness.

"Why a fire?" he asked once. "Had they always a fire in this small room on a spring evening?"

Mortimer Tregennis explained that the night was cold and damp. For that reason, after his arrival, the fire was lit. "What are you going to do now, Mr. Holmes?" he asked.

My friend smiled and laid his hand upon my arm. "I think, Watson, that I shall resume that course of tobacco-poisoning

which you have so often and so justly condemned," said he. "With your permission, gentlemen, we will now return to our cottage, for I am not aware that any new factor is likely to come to our notice here. I will turn the facts over in my mind, Mr. Tregennis, and should anything occur to me I will certainly communicate with you and the vicar. In the meantime I wish you both good morning."

It was not until long after we were back in Poldhu Cottage that Holmes broke his complete and absorbed silence. He sat coiled in his arm-chair, his haggard and ascetic face hardly visible amid the blue swirl of his tobacco smoke, his black brows drawn down, his forehead contracted, his eyes vacant and far away. Finally, he laid down his pipe and sprang to his feet.

"It won't do, Watson!" said he, with a laugh. "Let us walk along the cliffs together and search for flint arrows. We are more likely to find them than clues to this problem. To let the brain work without sufficient material is like racing an engine. It racks itself to pieces. The sea air, sunshine, and patience, Watson—all else will come.

"Now, let us calmly define our position, Watson," he continued, as we skirted the cliffs together. "Let us get a firm grip of the very little which we *do* know, so that when fresh facts arise we may be ready to fit them into their places. I take it, in the first place, that neither of us is prepared to admit diabolical intrusions into the affairs of men. Let us begin by ruling that entirely out of our minds. Very good. There remain three persons who have been grievously stricken by some conscious or unconscious human agency. That is firm ground. Now, when did this occur? Evidently, assuming his narrative to be true, it was immediately after Mr. Mortimer Tregennis had left the room. That is a very important point. The presumption is that it was within a few minutes afterwards. The cards still lay upon the table. It was already past their usual hour for bed. Yet they had not changed their position or pushed back their chairs. I repeat, then, that the occurrence was immediately after his departure, and not later than eleven o'clock last night.

"Our next obvious step is to check, so far as we can, the movements of Mortimer Tregennis after he left the room. In this there is no difficulty, and they seem to be above suspicion. Knowing my methods as you do, you were, of course, conscious of the somewhat clumsy water-pot expedient by which I obtained a clearer impress of his foot than might otherwise have been possible. The wet, sandy path took it admirably. Last night was also wet, you will remember, and it was not difficult—having obtained a sample print—to pick out his track among others and to follow his movements. He appears to have walked away swiftly in the direction of the vicarage.

"If, then, Mortimer Tregennis disappeared from the scene, and yet some outside person affected the card-players, how can we reconstruct that person, and how was such an impression of horror conveyed? Mrs. Porter may be eliminated. She is evidently harmless. Is there any evidence that someone crept up to the garden window and in some manner produced so terrific an effect that he drove those who saw it out of their senses? The only suggestion in this direction comes from Mortimer Tregennis himself, who says that his brother spoke about some movement in the garden. That is certainly remarkable, as the night was rainy, cloudy, and dark. Anyone who had the design to alarm these people would be compelled to place his very face against the glass before he could be seen. There is a three-foot flower-border outside this window, but no indication of a footmark. It is difficult to imagine, then, how an outsider could have made so terrible an impression upon the company, nor have we found any possible motive for so strange and elaborate an attempt. You perceive our difficulties, Watson?"

"They are only too clear," I answered, with conviction.

"And yet, with a little more material, we may prove that they are not insurmountable," said Holmes. "I fancy that among your extensive archives, Watson, you may find some which were nearly as obscure. Meanwhile, we shall put the case aside until more accurate data are available, and devote the rest of our morning to the pursuit of neolithic man."

I may have commented upon my friend's power of mental detachment, but never have I wondered at it more than upon that spring morning in Cornwall when for two hours he discoursed upon celts, arrowheads, and shards as lightly as if no sinister mystery was waiting for his solution. It was not until we had returned in the afternoon to our cottage that we found a visitor awaiting us, who soon brought our minds back to the matter in hand. Neither of us needed to be told who that visitor was. The huge body, the craggy

and deeply-seamed face with the fierce eyes and hawk-like nose, the grizzled hair which nearly brushed our cottage ceiling, the beard —golden at the fringes and white near the lips, save for the nicotine stain from his perpetual cigar—all these were as well known in London as in Africa, and could only be associated with the tremendous personality of Dr. Leon Sterndale, the great lion-hunter and explorer.

We had heard of his presence in the district, and had once or twice caught sight of his tall figure upon the moorland paths. He made no advances to us, however, nor would we have dreamed of doing so to him, as it was well known that it was his love of seclusion which caused him to spend the greater part of the intervals between his journeys in a small bungalow buried in the lonely wood of Beauchamp Arriance. Here, amid his books and his maps, he lived an absolutely lonely life, attending to his own simple wants, and paying little apparent heed to the affairs of his neighbours. It was a surprise to me, therefore, to hear him asking Holmes, in an eager voice, whether he had made any advance in his reconstruction of this mysterious episode. "The county police are utterly at fault," said he; "but perhaps your wider experience has suggested some conceivable explanation. My only claim to being taken into your confidence is that during my many residences here I have come to know this family of Tregennis very well—indeed, upon my Cornish mother's side I could call them cousins—and their strange fate has naturally been a great shock to me. I may tell you that I had got as far as Plymouth upon my way to Africa, but the news reached me this morning, and I came straight back again to help in the inquiry."

Holmes raised his eyebrows.

"Did you lose your boat through it?"

"I will take the next."

"Dear me! that is friendship indeed."

"I tell you they were relatives."

"Quite so—cousins of your mother. Was your baggage aboard the ship?"

"Some of it, but the main part at the hotel."

"I see. But surely this event could not have found its way into the Plymouth morning papers?"

"No, sir; I had a telegram."

"Might I ask from whom?"

A shadow passed over the gaunt face of the explorer.

"You are very inquisitive, Mr. Holmes."

"It is my business."

With an effort, Dr. Sterndale recovered his ruffled composure.

"I have no objection to telling you," he said. "It was Mr. Roundhay, the vicar, who sent me the telegram which recalled me."

"Thank you," said Holmes. "I may say, in answer to your original question, that I have not cleared my mind entirely on the subject of this case, but that I have every hope of reaching some conclusion. It would be premature to say more."

"Perhaps you would not mind telling me if your suspicions point in any particular direction?"

"No, I can hardly answer that."

"Then I have wasted my time, and need not prolong my visit." The famous doctor strode out of our cottage in considerable ill-humour, and within five minutes Holmes had followed him. I saw him no more until the evening, when he returned with a slow step and haggard face which assured me that he had made no great progress with his investigation. He glanced at a telegram which awaited him, and threw it into the grate.

"From the Plymouth hotel, Watson," he said. "I learned the name of it from the vicar and I wired to make certain that Dr. Leon Sterndale's account was true. It appears that he did indeed spend last night there, and that he has actually allowed some of his baggage to go on to Africa, while he returned to be present at this investigation. What do you make of that, Watson?"

"He is deeply interested."

"Deeply interested — yes. There is a thread here which we have not yet grasped, and which might lead us through the tangle. Cheer up, Watson, for I am very sure that our material has not yet all come to hand. When it does, we may soon leave our difficulties behind us."

Little did I think how soon the words of Holmes would be realized, or how strange and sinister would be that new development which opened up an entirely fresh line of investigation. I was shaving at my window in the morning when I heard the rattle of hoofs, and, looking up, saw a dogcart coming at a gallop down the road. It pulled up at our door, and our friend the vicar sprang from it and rushed up our garden path. Holmes was already dressed, and we hastened down to meet him.

Our visitor was so excited that he could hardly articulate, but at last in gasps and bursts his tragic story came out of him.

"We are devil-ridden, Mr. Holmes! My poor parish is devil-ridden!" he cried.

"Satan himself is loose in it! We are given over into his hands!" He danced about in his agitation, a ludicrous object if it were not for his ashy face and startled eyes. Finally he shot out his terrible news.

"Mr. Mortimer Tregennis has died during the night, and with exactly the same symptoms as the rest of his family."

Holmes sprang to his feet, all energy in an instant.

"Can you fit us both into your dogcart?"

"Yes, I can."

"Then, Watson, we will postpone our breakfast. Mr. Roundhay, we are entirely at your disposal. Hurry—hurry, before things get disarranged."

The lodger occupied two rooms at the vicarage, which were in an angle by themselves, the one above the other. Below was a large sitting-room; above, his bedroom. They looked out upon a croquet-lawn which came up to the windows. We had arrived before the doctor or the police, so that everything was absolutely undisturbed. Let me describe exactly the scene as we saw it upon that misty March morning. It has left an impression which can never be effaced from my mind.

"BESIDE IT SAT THE DEAD MAN, LEANING BACK IN HIS CHAIR."

The atmosphere of the room was of a horrible and depressing stuffiness. The servant who had first entered had thrown up the window, or it would have been even more intolerable. This might partly be due to the fact that a lamp stood flaring and smoking on the centre table. Beside it sat the dead man, leaning back in his chair, his thin beard projecting, his spectacles pushed up on to his forehead, and his lean, dark face turned towards the window and twisted into the same distortion of terror which had marked the features of his dead sister. His limbs were convulsed and his fingers contorted, as though he had died in a very paroxysm of fear. He was fully clothed, though there were signs that his dressing had been done in a hurry. We had already learned that his bed had been slept in, and that the tragic end had come to him in the early morning.

One realized the red hot energy which underlay Holmes's phlegmatic exterior when one saw the sudden change which came over him from the moment that he entered the fatal apartment. In an instant he was tense and alert, his eyes shining, his face set, his limbs quivering with eager activity. He was out on the lawn, in through the window, round the room, and up into the bedroom, for all the world like a dashing foxhound drawing a cover. In the bedroom he made a rapid cast around, and ended by throwing open the window, which appeared to give him some fresh cause for excitement, for he leaned out of it with loud ejaculations of interest and delight. Then he rushed down the stair, out through the open window, threw himself upon his face on the lawn, sprang up and into the room once more, all with the energy of the hunter who is at the very heels of his quarry. The lamp, which was an ordinary standard, he examined with minute care, making certain measurements upon its bowl. He carefully scrutinized

with his lens the talc shield which covered the top of the chimney, and scraped off some ashes which adhered to its upper surface, putting some of them into an envelope, which he placed in his pocket-book. Finally, just as the doctor and the official police put in an appearance, he beckoned to the vicar and we all three went out upon the lawn.

"I am glad to say that my investigation has not been entirely barren," he remarked. "I cannot remain to discuss the matter with the police, but I should be exceedingly obliged, Mr. Roundhay, if you would give the inspector my compliments and direct his attention to the bedroom window and to the sitting-room lamp. Each is suggestive, and together they are almost conclusive. If the police would desire further information I shall be happy to see any of them at the cottage. And now, Watson, I think that perhaps we shall be better employed elsewhere."

It may be that the police resented the intrusion of an amateur, or that they imagined themselves to be upon some hopeful line of investigation; but it is certain that we heard nothing from them for the next two days. During this time Holmes spent some of his time smoking and dreaming in the cottage; but a greater portion in country walks which he undertook alone, returning after many hours without remark as to where he had been. One experiment served to show me the line of his investigation. He had bought a lamp which was the duplicate of the one which had burned in the room of Mortimer Tregennis on the morning of the tragedy. This he filled with the same oil as that used at the vicarage, and he carefully timed the period which it would take to be exhausted. Another experiment which he made was of a more unpleasant nature, and one which I am not likely ever to forget.

"You will remember, Watson," he remarked one afternoon, "that there is a single common point of resemblance in the varying reports which have reached us. This concerns the effect of the atmosphere of the room in each case upon those who have first entered it. You will recollect that Mortimer Tregennis, in describing the episode of his last visit to his brothers' house, remarked that the doctor on entering the room fell into a chair? You had forgotten? Well, I can answer for it that it was so. Now, you will remember also that Mrs. Porter, the housekeeper, told us that she herself fainted upon entering the room and had afterwards opened the window. In the second case—that of Mortimer Tregennis himself—you cannot have forgotten the horrible stuffiness of the room when we arrived, though the servant had thrown open the window. That servant, I found upon inquiry, was so ill that she had gone to her bed. You will admit, Watson, that these facts are very suggestive. In each case there is evidence of a poisonous atmosphere. In each case, also, there is combustion going on in the room—in the one case a fire, in the other a lamp. The fire was needed, but the lamp was lit—as a comparison of the oil consumed will show—long after it was broad daylight. Why? Surely because there is some connection between three things—the burning, the stuffy atmosphere, and, finally, the madness of death of those unfortunate people. That is clear, is it not?"

"It would appear so."

"At least we may accept it as a working hypothesis. We will suppose, then, that something was burned in each case which produced an atmosphere causing strange toxic effects. Very good. In the first instance—that of the Tregennis family—this substance was placed in the fire. Now, the window was shut, but the fire would naturally carry fumes to some extent up the chimney. Hence, one would expect the effects of the poison to be less than in the second case, where there was less escape for the vapour. The result seems to indicate that it was so, since in the first case only the woman, who had presumably the more sensitive organism, was killed, the others exhibiting that temporary or permanent lunacy which is evidently the first effect of the drug. In the second case the result was complete. The facts, therefore, seem to bear out the theory of a poison which worked by combustion.

"With this train of reasoning in my head I naturally looked about in Mortimer Tregennis's room to find some remains of this substance. The obvious place to look was the talc shield or smoke-guard of the lamp. There, sure enough, I perceived a number of flaky ashes, and round the edges a fringe of brownish powder, which had not yet been consumed. Half of this I took, as you saw, and I placed it in an envelope."

"Why half, Holmes?"

"It is not for me, my dear Watson, to stand in the way of the official police force. I leave them all the evidence which I found. The poison still remained upon the talc, had they the wit to find it. Now, Watson, we will light our lamp; we will, however, take

the precaution to open our window to avoid the premature decease of two deserving members of society, and you will seat yourself near that open window in an arm-chair—unless, like a sensible man, you determine to have nothing to do with the affair. Oh, you will see it out, will you? I thought I knew my Watson. This chair I will place opposite yours, so that we may be the same distance from the poison, and face to face. The door we will leave ajar. Each is now in a position to watch the other and to bring the experiment to an end should the symptoms seem alarming. Is that all clear? Well, then, I take our powder—or what remains of it—from the envelope, and I lay it above the burning lamp. So! Now, Watson, let us sit down and await developments."

They were not long in coming. I had hardly settled in my chair before I was conscious of a thick, musky odour, subtle and nauseous. At the very first whiff of it my brain and my imagination were beyond all control. A thick black cloud swirled before my eyes, and my mind told me that in this cloud, unseen as yet, but about to spring out upon my appalled senses, lurked all that was vaguely horrible, all that was monstrous and inconceivably wicked in the universe. Vague shapes swirled and swam amid the dark cloud-bank, each a menace and a warning of something coming, the advent of some unspeakable dweller upon the threshold, whose very shadow would blast my soul. A freezing horror took possession of me. I felt that my hair was rising, that my eyes were protruding, that my mouth was opened, and my tongue like leather. The turmoil within my brain was such that something must surely snap. I tried to scream, and was vaguely aware of some hoarse croak which was my own voice, but distant and detached from myself. At the same moment, in some effort of escape, I broke through that cloud of despair, and had a glimpse of Holmes's face, white, rigid, and drawn with horror—the very look which I had seen upon the features of the dead. It was that vision which gave me an instant of sanity and of

"WE LURCHED THROUGH THE DOOR, AND AN INSTANT AFTERWARDS HAD THROWN OURSELVES DOWN UPON THE GRASS PLOT."

strength. I dashed from my chair, threw my arms round Holmes, and together we lurched through the door, and an instant afterwards had thrown ourselves down upon the grass plot and were lying side by side, conscious only of the glorious sunshine which was bursting its way through the hellish cloud of terror which had girt us in. Slowly it rose from our souls like the mists from a landscape, until peace and reason had returned, and we were sitting up on the grass, wiping our clammy foreheads, and looking with apprehension at each other to mark the last traces of that terrific experience which we had undergone.

"Upon my word, Watson!" said Holmes at last, with an unsteady voice, "I owe you both my thanks and an apology. It was an unjustifiable experiment even for oneself, and doubly so for a friend. I am really very sorry."

"You know," I answered, with some emotion, for I had never seen so much of Holmes's heart before, "that it is my greatest joy and privilege to help you."

He relapsed at once into the half-humorous, half-cynical vein which was his habitual attitude to those about him. "It would be superfluous to drive us mad, my dear Watson," said he. "A candid observer would certainly declare that we were so already before we embarked upon so wild an experiment. I confess that I never imagined that the effect could be so sudden and so severe." He dashed into the cottage, and, reappearing with the burning lamp held at full arm's length, he threw it among a bank of brambles. "We must give the room a little time to clear. I take it, Watson, that you have no longer a shadow of a doubt as to how these tragedies were produced?"

"None whatever.'

"But the cause remains as obscure as before. Come into the arbour here, and let us discuss it together. That villainous stuff seems still to linger round my throat. I think we must admit that all the evidence points to this man, Mortimer Tregennis, having been the criminal in the first tragedy, though he was the victim in the second one. We must remember, in the first place, that there is some story of a family quarrel, followed by a reconciliation. How bitter that quarrel may have been, or how hollow the reconciliation, we cannot tell. When I think of Mortimer Tregennis, with the foxy face and the small, shrewd, beady eyes behind the spectacles, he is not a man whom I should judge to be of a particularly forgiving disposition. Well, in the next place, you will remember that this idea of someone moving in the garden, which took our attention for a moment from the real cause of the tragedy, emanated from him. He had a motive in misleading us. Finally, if he did not throw this substance into the fire at the moment of leaving the room, who did do so? The affair happened immediately after his departure. Had anyone else come in, the family would certainly have risen from the table. Besides, in peaceful Cornwall, visitors do not arrive after ten o'clock at night. We may take it, then, that all the evidence points to Mortimer Tregennis as the culprit."

"Then his own death was suicide!"

"Well, Watson, it is on the face of it a not impossible supposition. The man who had the guilt upon his soul of having brought such a fate upon his own family might well be driven by remorse to inflict it upon himself. There are, however, some cogent reasons against it. Fortunately, there is one man in England who knows all about it, and I have made arrangements by which we shall hear the facts this afternoon from his own lips. Ah! he is a little before his time. Perhaps you would kindly step this way, Dr. Leon Sterndale. We have been conducting a chemical experiment indoors which has left our little room hardly fit for the reception of so distinguished a visitor."

I had heard the click of the garden gate, and now the majestic figure of the great African explorer appeared upon the path. He turned in some surprise towards the rustic arbour in which we sat.

"You sent for me, Mr. Holmes. I had your note about an hour ago, and I have come, though I really do not know why I should obey your summons."

"Perhaps we can clear the point up before we separate," said Holmes. "Meanwhile, I am much obliged to you for your courteous acquiescence. You will excuse this informal reception in the open air, but my friend Watson and I have nearly furnished an additional chapter to what the papers call the Cornish Horror, and we prefer a clear atmosphere for the present. Perhaps, since the matters which we have to discuss will affect you personally in a very intimate fashion, it is as well that we should talk where there can be no eavesdropping."

The explorer took his cigar from his lips and gazed sternly at my companion.

"I am at a loss to know, sir," he said, "what you can have to speak about which affects me personally in a very intimate fashion."

"The killing of Mortimer Tregennis," said Holmes.

For a moment I wished that I were armed. Sterndale's fierce face turned to a dusky red, his eyes glared, and the knotted, passionate veins started out in his forehead, while he sprang forward with clenched hands towards my companion. Then he stopped, and with a violent effort he resumed a cold, rigid calmness which was, perhaps, more suggestive of danger than his hot-headed outburst.

"I have lived so long among savages and beyond the law," said he, "that I have got into the way of being a law to myself. You would do well, Mr. Holmes, not to forget it, for I have no desire to do you an injury."

"Nor have I any desire to do you an injury, Dr. Sterndale. Surely the clearest proof of it is that, knowing what I know, I have sent for you and not for the police."

Sterndale sat down with a gasp, overawed for, perhaps, the first time in his adventurous life. There was a calm assurance of power in Holmes's manner which could not be withstood. Our visitor stammered for a moment, his great hands opening and shutting in his agitation.

"HE SPRANG FORWARD WITH CLENCHED HANDS TOWARDS MY COMPANION."

"What do you mean?" he asked, at last. "If this is bluff upon your part, Mr. Holmes, you have chosen a bad man for your experiment. Let us have no more beating about the bush. What *do* you mean?"

"I will tell you," said Holmes, "and the reason why I tell you is that I hope frankness may beget frankness. What my next step may be will depend entirely upon the nature of your own defence."

"My defence?"

"Yes, sir."

"My defence against what?"

"Against the charge of killing Mortimer Tregennis."

Sterndale mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. "Upon my word, you are getting on," said he. "Do all your successes depend upon this prodigious power of bluff?"

"The bluff," said Holmes, sternly, "is upon your side, Dr. Leon Sterndale, and not upon mine. As a proof I will tell you some of the facts upon which my conclusions are based. Of your return from Plymouth, allowing much of your property to go on to Africa, I will say nothing save that it first informed me that you were one of the factors which had to be taken into account in reconstructing this drama——"

"I came back——"

"I have heard your reasons and regard them as unconvincing and inadequate. We will pass that. You came down here to ask me whom I suspected. I refused to answer you. You then went to the vicarage, waited outside it for some time, and finally returned to your cottage."

"How do you know that?"

"I followed you."

"I saw no one."

"That is what you may expect to see when I follow you. You spent a restless night at your cottage, and you formed certain plans, which in the early morning you proceeded to put into execution. Leaving your door just as day was breaking, you filled your pocket with some reddish gravel which was lying heaped beside your gate."

Sterndale gave a violent start and looked at Holmes in amazement.

"You then walked swiftly for the mile which separated you from the vicarage. You were wearing, I may remark, the same pair of ribbed tennis shoes which are at the present moment upon your feet. At the vicarage you passed through the orchard and the side hedge, coming out under the

window of the lodger, Tregennis. It was now daylight, but the household was not yet stirring. You drew some of the gravel from your pocket, and you threw it up at the window above you——"

Sterndale sprang to his feet.

"I believe that you are the devil himself!" he cried.

Holmes smiled at the compliment. "It took two, or possibly three, handfuls before the lodger came to the window. You beckoned him to come down. He dressed hurriedly and descended to his sitting-room. You entered by the window. There was an interview—a short one—during which you walked up and down the room. Then you passed out and closed the window, standing on the lawn outside smoking a cigar and watching what occurred. Finally, after the death of Tregennis, you withdrew as you had come. Now, Dr. Sterndale, how do you justify such conduct, and what were the motives for your actions? If you prevaricate or trifle with me, I give you my assurance that the matter will pass out of my hands for ever."

Our visitor's face had turned ashen grey as he listened to the words of his accuser. Now he sat for some time in thought with his face sunk in his hands. Then, with a sudden impulsive gesture, he plucked a photograph from his breast-pocket and threw it on the rustic table before us.

"That is why I have done it," said he.

It showed the bust and face of a very beautiful woman. Holmes stooped over it.

"Brenda Tregennis," said he.

"Yes, Brenda Tregennis," repeated our visitor. "For years I have loved her. For years she has loved me. There is the secret of that Cornish seclusion which people have marvelled at. It has brought me close to the one thing on earth that was dear to me. I could not marry her, for I have a wife who has left me for years, and yet whom, by the deplorable laws of England, I could not divorce. For years Brenda waited. For years I waited. And this is what we have waited for." A terrible sob shook his great frame, and he clutched his throat under his brindled beard. Then with an effort he mastered himself and spoke on.

"The vicar knew. He was in our confidence. He would tell you that she was an angel upon earth. That was why he telegraphed to me and I returned. What was my baggage or Africa to me when I learned that such a fate had come upon my darling? There you have the missing clue to my action, Mr. Holmes."

"Proceed," said my friend.

Dr. Sterndale drew from his pocket a paper packet and laid it upon the table. On the outside was written, "*Radix pedis diaboli*," with a red poison label beneath it. He pushed it towards me. "I understand that you are a doctor, sir. Have you ever heard of this preparation?"

"Devil's-foot root! No, I have never heard of it."

"It is no reflection upon your professional knowledge," said he, "for I believe that, save for one sample in a laboratory at Buda, there is no other specimen in Europe. It has not yet found its way either into the pharmacopœia or into the literature of toxicology. The root is shaped like a foot, half human, half goatlike; hence the fanciful name given by a botanical missionary. It is used as an ordeal poison by the medicine-men in certain districts of West Africa, and is kept as a secret among them. This particular specimen I obtained under very extraordinary circumstances in the Ubanghi country." He opened the paper as he spoke, and disclosed a heap of reddish-brown, snuff-like powder.

"Well, sir?" asked Holmes, sternly.

"I am about to tell you, Mr. Holmes, all that actually occurred, for you already know so much that it is clearly to my interest that you should know all. I have already explained the relationship in which I stood to the Tregennis family. For the sake of the sister I was friendly with the brothers. There was a family quarrel about money which estranged this man Mortimer, but it was supposed to be made up, and I afterwards met him as I did the others. He was a sly, subtle, scheming man, and several things arose which gave me a suspicion of him, but I had no cause for any positive quarrel.

"One day, only a couple of weeks ago, he came down to my cottage and I showed him some of my African curiosities. Among other things, I exhibited this powder, and I told him of its strange properties, how it stimulates those brain centres which control the emotion of fear, and how either madness or death is the fate of the unhappy native who is subjected to the ordeal by the priest of his tribe. I told him also how powerless European science would be to detect it. How he took it I cannot say, for I never left the room, but there is no doubt that it was then, while I was opening cabinets and stooping to boxes, that he managed to abstract some of the devil's-foot root. I well remember how he plied me with questions as to the amount and the time that was needed for its effect, but I

little dreamed that he could have a personal reason for asking.

"I thought no more of the matter until the vicar's telegram reached me at Plymouth. This villain had thought that I would be at sea before the news could reach me, and that I should be lost for years in Africa. But I returned at once. Of course, I could not listen to the details without feeling assured that my poison had been used. I came round to see you on the chance that some other explanation had suggested itself to you. But there could be none. I was convinced that Mortimer Tregennis was the murderer; that for the sake of money, and with the idea, perhaps, that if the other members of his family were all insane he would be the sole guardian of their joint property, he had used the devil's-foot powder upon them, driven two of them out of their senses, and killed his sister Brenda, the one human being whom I have ever loved or who has ever loved me. There was his crime; what was to be his punishment?

"Should I appeal to the law? Where were my proofs? I knew that the facts were true, but could I help to make a jury of countrymen believe so fantastic a story? I might or I might not. But I could not afford to fail. My soul cried out for revenge. I have said to you once before, Mr. Holmes, that I have spent much of my life outside the law, and that I have come at last to be a law to myself. So it was now. I determined that the fate which he had given to others should be shared by himself. Either that, or I would do justice upon him with my own hand. In all England there can be no man who sets less value upon his own life than I do at the present moment.

"Now I have told you all. You have yourself supplied the rest. I did, as you say, after a restless night, set off early from my cottage. I foresaw the difficulty of arousing him, so I gathered some gravel from the pile which you have mentioned, and I used it to throw up to his window. He came down and admitted me through the window of the sitting-room. I laid his offence before him. I told him that I had come both as judge and executioner. The wretch sank into a chair paralyzed at the sight of my revolver. I lit the lamp, put the powder above it, and stood outside the window, ready to carry out my threat to shoot him should he try to leave the room. In five minutes he died. My God! how he died! But my heart was flint, for he endured nothing which my innocent darling had not felt before him. There is my story, Mr. Holmes. Perhaps, if you loved a woman, you would have done as much yourself. At any rate, I am in your hands. You can take what steps you like. As I have already said, there is no man living who can fear death less than I do."

Holmes sat for some little time in silence.

"What were your plans?" he asked, at last.

"I had intended to bury myself in Central Africa. My work there is but half finished."

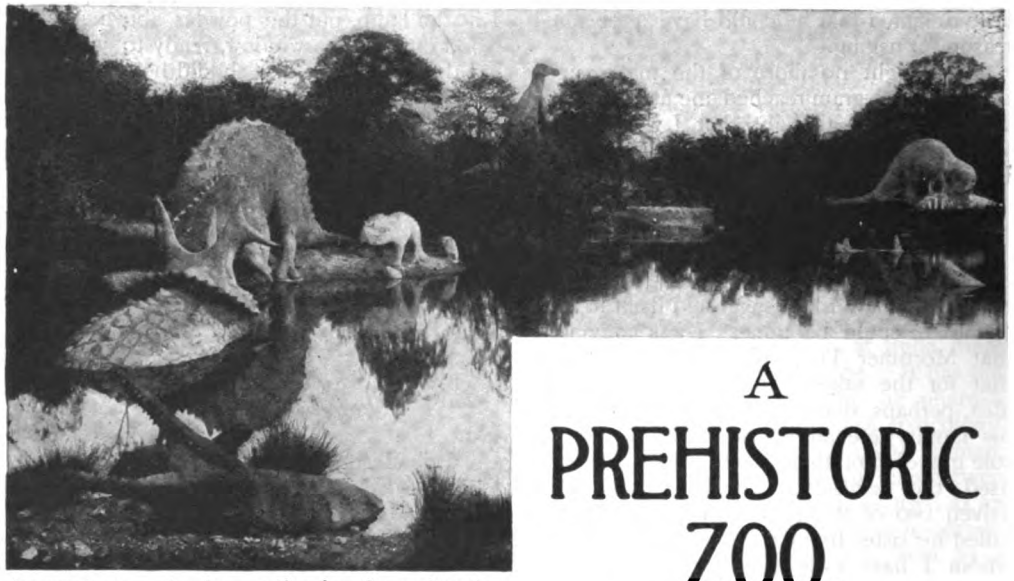
"Go and do the other half," said Holmes. "I, at least, am not prepared to prevent you."

Dr. Sterndale raised his giant figure, bowed gravely, and walked from the arbour. Holmes lit his pipe and handed me his pouch.

"Some fumes which are not poisonous would be a welcome change," said he. "I think you must agree, Watson, that it is not a case in which we are called upon to interfere. Our investigation has been independent, and our action shall be so also. You would not denounce the man?"

"Certainly not," I answered.

"I have never loved, Watson, but if I did, and if the woman I loved had met such an end, I might act even as our lawless lion-hunter has done. Who knows? Well, Watson, I will not offend your intelligence by explaining what is obvious. The gravel upon the window-sill was, of course, the starting-point of my research. It was unlike anything in the vicarage garden. Only when my attention had been drawn to Dr. Sterndale and his cottage did I find its counterpart. The lamp shining in broad daylight and the remains of powder upon the shield were successive links in a fairly obvious chain. And now, my dear Watson, I think we may dismiss the matter from our mind, and go back with a clear conscience to the study of those Chaldean roots which are surely to be traced in the Cornish branch of the great Celtic speech."



Among the trees by the water's edge the prehistoric beasts have quite a natural appearance.
From a Photograph.

A PREHISTORIC ZOO.

By Harold J. Shepstone.

THE latest attraction at Mr. Carl Hagenbeck's famous animal park at Stellingen, near Hamburg, is a series of wonderful and striking life-like representations of the great monsters that inhabited this earth in the distant past. In all, some thirty have been erected, but more are to follow, until we have a complete prehistoric zoo.

These weird beasts of the past rightly occupy a portion of the grounds to themselves. They have been built up of cement by a well-known Continental animal sculptor, Mr. J. Pallenburg, around the shores of a delightful little lake, some three acres in extent. The animals are depicted standing by the water's edge amid the shrubs and trees, while in the lake itself are shown huge crocodiles and strange-looking creatures, half fish and half mammal. Additional realism is added by representing a few of the beasts in the act of battling with specimens of their kind.

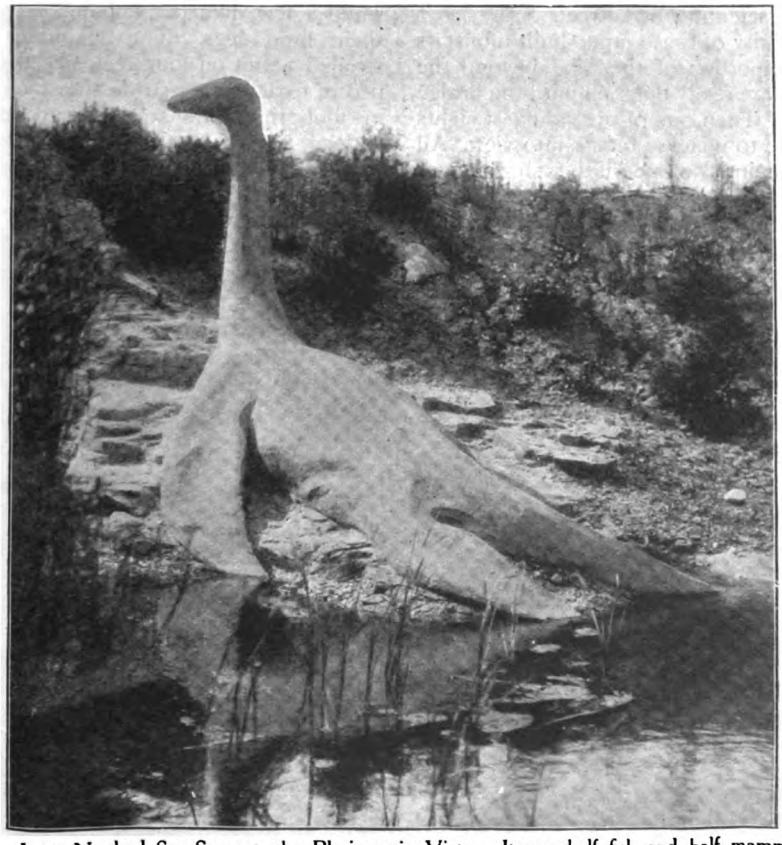
There are several representations of the dinosaurs, or "thunder lizards," including the iguanodon, which towers some twenty-five feet into the air, making the trees around look quite small; the diplodocus, whose length of sixty-six feet and height of eighteen feet render the modern elephant a mere pigmy; the stegosaurus, with its bony plates on its back and spikes on its tail; the triceratops, with its three horns on its face and huge collar of spikes around its neck; as well as representations of the sloth, dodo, and mammoth. Then we

A carnivorous Dinosaur forty-eight feet long.
From a Photograph.

The Triceratops, which had a head like a rhinoceros, but with three horns, and a collar of spikes around its neck.
From a [*Photograph.*

have huge flying reptiles with an enormous spread of wings, birds with formidable teeth, not to mention giant lizards, tortoises, and toads, compared to which the present living specimens are, in size, no more than a dog to a cart-horse. Some of these tortoises and toads are twelve feet and more in length.

The idea of the proprietor of this wonderful park in presenting in this novel manner realistic and life-size specimens in stone of the biggest creatures that ever lived on land or in air or sea is certainly a happy one. During the last few years the science of palæontology has made wonderful strides.



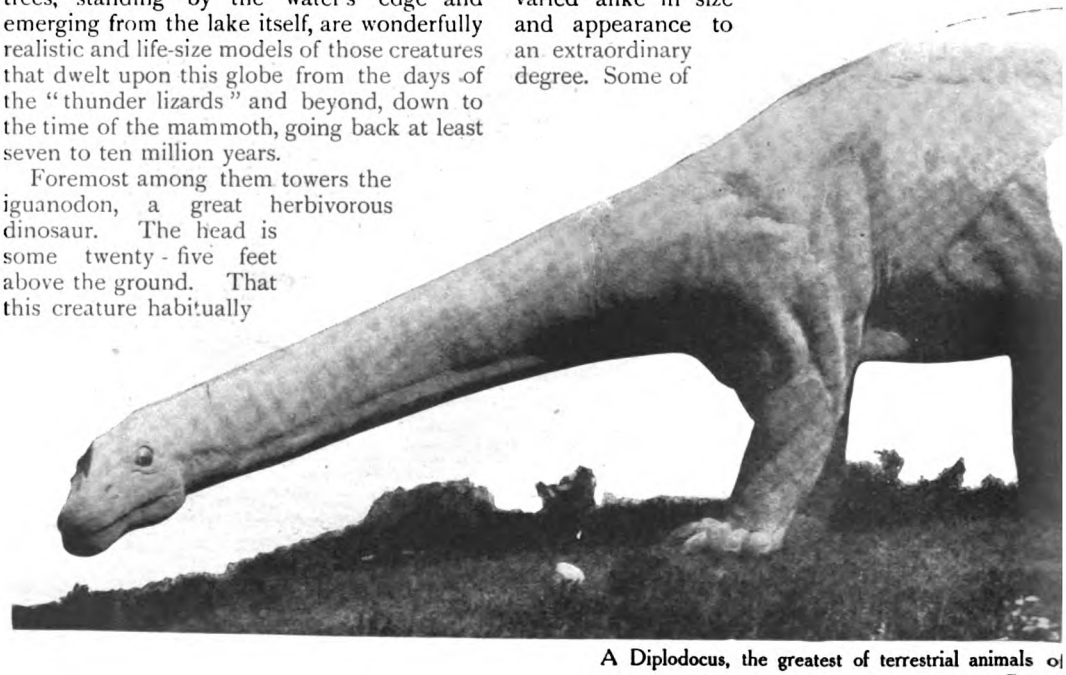
The Long-Necked Sea-Serpent, the Plesiosauria Victor—It was half fish and half mammal
From a Photograph.

Fossil remains of many extinct beasts have been discovered, thus enabling man to reconstruct with marvellous accuracy the mighty beasts of bygone ages. Every care, too, has been taken to render the representations accurate. Before the sculptor commenced operations at the park he spent twelve months in preparatory work. He visited all the leading museums in Europe, including the one at South Kensington, consulted with leading naturalists, and made extensive drawings and sketches of the bones of those beasts which have been unearthed by the fossil-hunters. The American Museum of Natural History in New York rendered particularly valuable services in supplying drawings as well as measurements. Before work was actually commenced in the grounds models were built up in clay, casts taken of them, and these were submitted to leading authorities for opinion. When it was found that they differed the models were remade and submitted again until they met with the desired approval. In this way the prehistoric animals at Stellingen may be regarded as scientifically correct.

The majority of these stone-built monsters occupy that portion of the lake beyond the bridge, and are really not seen until the bridge is reached. Then one of the strangest sights it is possible to imagine bursts into view. All around, peeping out amid the shrubs and trees, standing by the water's edge and emerging from the lake itself, are wonderfully realistic and life-size models of those creatures that dwelt upon this globe from the days of the "thunder lizards" and beyond, down to the time of the mammoth, going back at least seven to ten million years.

Foremost among them towers the iguanodon, a great herbivorous dinosaur. The head is some twenty-five feet above the ground. That this creature habitually walked on its bird-like hind legs, as depicted in the stone representation, is unmistakably proved by the great tracks or prints found in the Weald of Sussex. Some of them are thirty inches in length and four to five feet apart. In the year 1898 no fewer than twenty-five specimens, in the form of fossil remains, of this great beast were brought to light from the colliery of Bernissart, in Belgium, a discovery quite unique of its kind. Every bone of this creature's skeleton has been cast in plaster of Paris, so that the exact form of the animal is now known beyond dispute. This beast had a most remarkable dagger-like thumb, so big and pointed in shape that at one time, when discovered by itself in England, it was considered to be the iguanodon's horn! The thumb of the one under notice is eighteen inches in length.

On the other side of the lake, almost facing this towering giant, is another species of the dinosaur—the diplodocus. These creatures were nothing less than huge lizards who lived upon this globe some eight to ten million years ago. They all possessed four limbs, while a few, like the iguanodon, walked on their hind legs. The majority, however, strolled about on four feet, like the quadruped of to-day, every stride they took resulting in foot-prints one square yard in extent! Indeed, these were the biggest terrestrial and semi-aquatic creatures that ever lived. They varied alike in size and appearance to an extraordinary degree. Some of



A Diplodocus, the greatest of terrestrial animals o
From c

them had smooth skin—like the diplodocus—while others wore a defensive armour of bony plates, still others being adorned with spines and horns. Some were vegetable feeders and others were carnivorous.

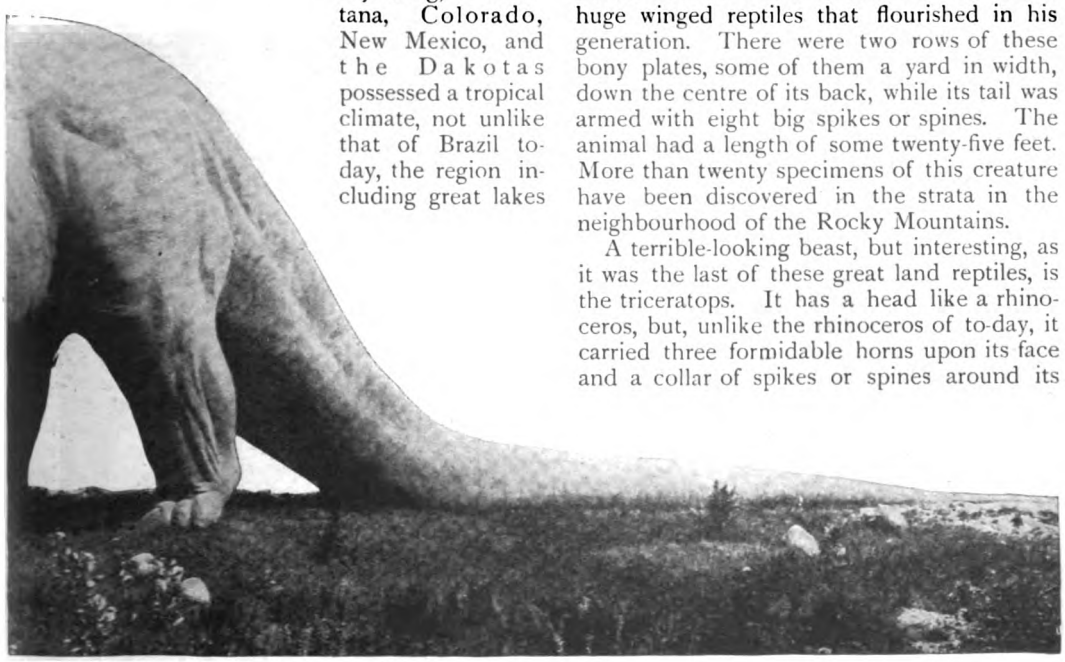
The diplodocus at Stellingen measures some sixty-six feet in length, and is virtually a duplicate of the skeleton in the American Museum of Natural History with the flesh on. At the Natural History Museum at South Kensington is a skeleton of the Diplodocus Carnegii, the largest of the dinosaurs, measuring some eighty-four feet from snout to tip of tail, and towering some thirty feet in height. It was decided, however, to build a specimen on the New York model, this being known to be correct. Indeed, over seven-tenths of the skeleton of this wonderful beast in the New York Museum is built up of the animal's own bones.

The skeleton was obtained in 1899 from the famous Bone Cabin Quarry in Central Wyoming—a veritable graveyard of prehistoric animals and the richest deposit of fossil remains known. Like many other great finds, it was discovered by accident. Indeed, fossil-hunting is like prospecting for gold, for the collector never knows when he is going to unearth some treasure and strike it rich. In the days when this animal and its fellows were alive the country which now comprises Wyoming, Montana, Colorado, New Mexico, and the Dakotas possessed a tropical climate, not unlike that of Brazil to-day, the region including great lakes of salt or brackish water, the sedimentary remains of which form the "Bad Lands" of our day.

As will be seen from Hagenbeck's representation, this creature had a long, thick tail, like a lizard; a long, flexible neck, like the ostrich; a thick, short, slab-sided body, and straight, massive, post-like limbs, suggesting the elephant. When alive, such a creature would turn the scale at twenty-five to thirty tons. The animal was amphibious, living chiefly in shallow water, feeding upon the abundant vegetation. Although the biggest creature that ever walked on four legs, it was singularly ill-fitted for holding its own in the struggle for existence and was, no doubt, killed off by the smaller but more powerfully-built carnivorous dinosaurs of that day. It possessed a very small brain, and even in those early days it was brain and not bulk that told in the long run.

Indeed, the atmosphere in those far-off times must have been continuously rent with the roars of these huge beasts as they engaged one another in mortal combat. Although they had the earth to themselves they were anything but a happy family, and were continuously at war. No doubt, the stegosaurus, one of the strangest of the dinosaurs, found the great plates forming a ridge, like roof-tiles upon its back, useful in warding off attacks from the carnivorous lizards and huge winged reptiles that flourished in his generation. There were two rows of these bony plates, some of them a yard in width, down the centre of its back, while its tail was armed with eight big spikes or spines. The animal had a length of some twenty-five feet. More than twenty specimens of this creature have been discovered in the strata in the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains.

A terrible-looking beast, but interesting, as it was the last of these great land reptiles, is the triceratops. It has a head like a rhinoceros, but, unlike the rhinoceros of to-day, it carried three formidable horns upon its face and a collar of spikes or spines around its



the past—its length is sixty-six feet six inches.
Photograph.

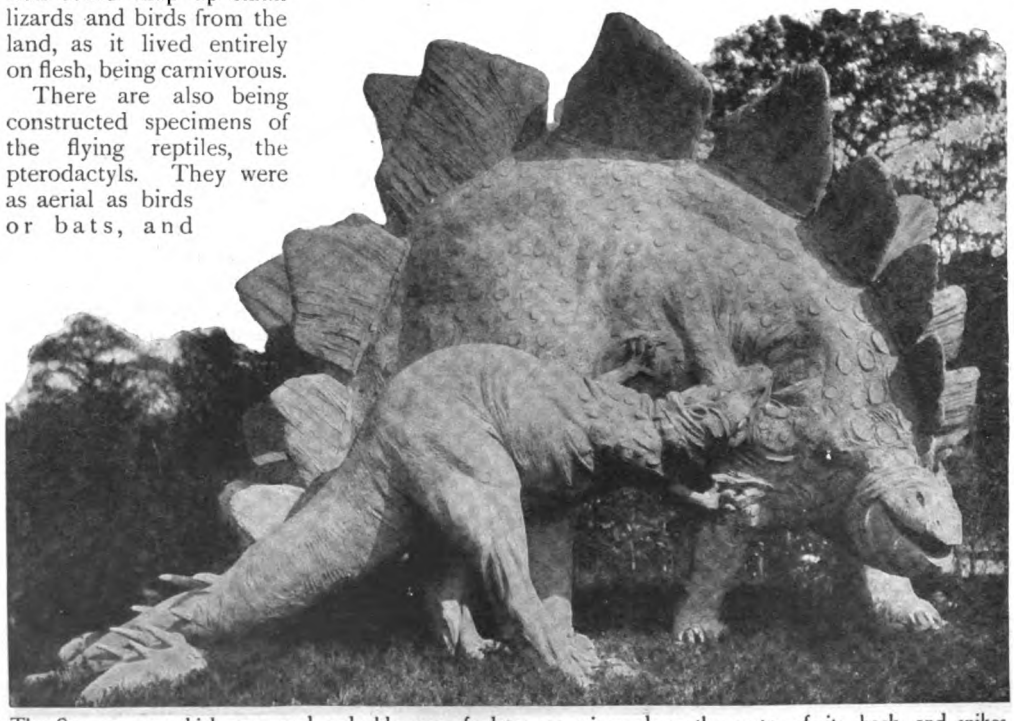
neck. Skulls of this creature which have been unearthed measure seven feet and more in length. The animal had a total length of some twenty-five feet. It is the opinion of Professor Marsh, a great authority on prehistoric beasts, that we have here a dinosaur trying to become a mammal. It is the opinion of this expert, too, that the creature got too "specialized," and therefore died out—the usual end of a too great ambition!

Strictly speaking, I should not have taken the "thunder lizards" first in point of chronological order. Before they came those strange marine monsters, the plesiosauria and the ichthyosauria, and then the flying reptiles, were the masters of the world. But the dinosaurs are better known, and by their great bulk attract more attention. Of the water-dwelling reptiles we have at Stellingen a particularly fine example in the reproduction of the plesiosauria Victor. This strange beast, half mammal and half fish, possessed a long neck like a serpent, the head of a lizard, the teeth of a crocodile, the ribs of a chameleon, and the paddles of a whale. It is, however, slightly smaller than the whale of to-day, being some twenty-two feet in length. It probably could swim under water as well as on the surface, and when in the latter position could snap up small lizards and birds from the land, as it lived entirely on flesh, being carnivorous.

There are also being constructed specimens of the flying reptiles, the pterodactyls. They were as aerial as birds or bats, and varied considerably in both size and shape. Some were no larger than sparrows, while others towered eight or nine feet in height, with a total wing expanse of eighteen feet and more. Two of the larger species of these wonderful and strange creatures are now almost complete. Wings of these dragons of the air have been found well preserved in rock, each consisting of a membrane spread from one enormously big elongated finger to the side of the body and little hind legs. Some of these birds possessed formidable teeth, and captured their prey by enclosing it in their wing-membrane, like the bat does to-day.

Then we have prehistoric crocodiles, prehistoric fishes, and curious fin-backed lizards. These latter have comparatively small bodies, and a curious erection down the centre of their back like a frill. It is perfectly rigid, and extends to a height of some sixteen to eighteen inches. A complete skeleton of one of these creatures was recently unearthed in Texas. This frill-like construction consists of numerous spines, and is actually a continuation of the vertebral column.

The fossil remains of these animals would not have been preserved and handed down to us through the ages had they been exposed



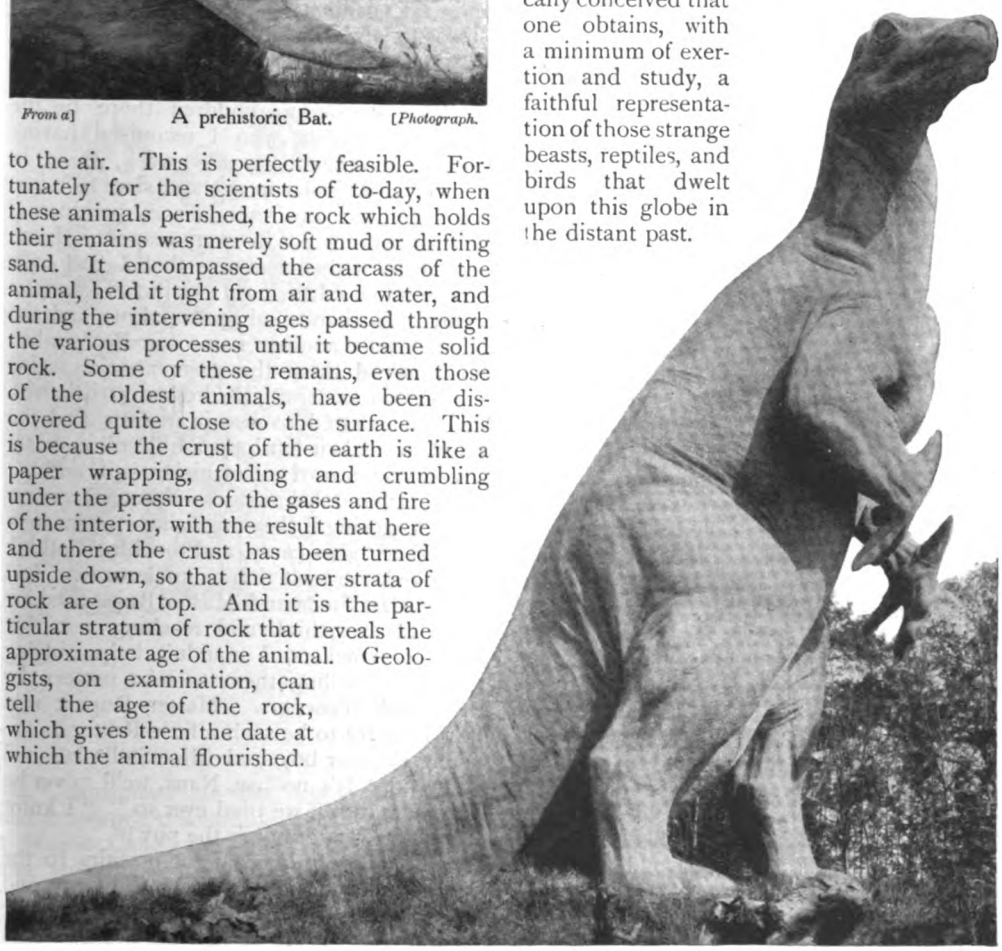
The Stegosaurus, which possessed a double row of plates, or spines, down the centre of its back, and spikes upon its tail. This animal was twenty-five feet long.
From a] [Photograph.

From a] A prehistoric Bat. *[Photograph.*

to the air. This is perfectly feasible. Fortunately for the scientists of to-day, when these animals perished, the rock which holds their remains was merely soft mud or drifting sand. It encompassed the carcass of the animal, held it tight from air and water, and during the intervening ages passed through the various processes until it became solid rock. Some of these remains, even those of the oldest animals, have been discovered quite close to the surface. This is because the crust of the earth is like a paper wrapping, folding and crumbling under the pressure of the gases and fire of the interior, with the result that here and there the crust has been turned upside down, so that the lower strata of rock are on top. And it is the particular stratum of rock that reveals the approximate age of the animal. Geologists, on examination, can tell the age of the rock, which gives them the date at which the animal flourished.

Just beyond the huge stone-built diplodocus rises the insect-house of the park. The outside wall of this structure is composed of massive boulders, and upon these have been placed a collection of prehistoric insects. Thus we have huge dragon-flies, bees, and beetles. There are also numerous birds, including specimens of the archæopteryx, the most remarkable of extinct birds. It was no larger than a good-sized pigeon and had a short head, no beak, but jaws armed with teeth. This bird had three distinct fingers, each armed with a claw. Its legs were like a living bird's and it had four toes. Its tail was like a lizard's, with two rows of feathers on it.

Altogether, it is a wonderful aggregation of prehistoric wild-life which Mr. Hagenbeck has constructed in his park. Then it is both valuable and instructive, as well as novel and picturesque. The animals have been so realistically conceived that one obtains, with a minimum of exertion and study, a faithful representation of those strange beasts, reptiles, and birds that dwelt upon this globe in the distant past.



The Iguanodon, a herbivorous Dinosaur that walked on its hind legs and possessed a dagger-like thumb.
From a Photograph.

The Changelings.

By F. ANSTEY.

Illustrated by H. M. Brock, R.I.

LETTER No. 1.

FROM Jane Busbridge, Upper Nurse at 135, Prince's Gardens.

To the Rev. Adrian Worlingworth, care of James Allerby, Esq., K.C.M.P., 210, Eaton Square.

By Special Messenger—Urgent.

Tuesday Night, Jan. 4th.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Pardon the liberty I humbly take in writing, likewise the Goliwog at the top of the notepaper, not having no more serious stashonary at present so obliged to borrow some of Miss Stella's. But indeed I do not know who else to consult in the truely awful trouble I am in, and you when calling the other afternoon to inquier how I was getting on in the situation as upper nurse here obtaned by Mrs. Worlingworth's kind recomendation happening to mention as you was staying for a few days with Miss Mildred [as was] and her husban at Eaton Square, I thought this might find you if sent first thing to-morrow morning.

You may reclect me telling you that the Master and Mrs. Dering was away winter-sporting at a place called Grindlewald, Switserland, and the children, Miss Stella, Master Rupert, and Miss Molly, left at home in my charge, and a mercy almost their poor Papa and Mamma is not expected home till next week, though unless some change for the better before then a dreadful blow in store for their return. But I am in hopes that you, dear and Rev. sir, being a clergyman will know what is proper to be done, even if no simular case has ever come under your notice, which is only too likely for had I not beheld it with my own eyes should certanly have said it was beyond all possibility, still happen it has and me at my wit's end which is the reason I write to you.

I had better give you the ezact narative of what took place so as you can judge for yourself how far I am risponsible, which however I may be to blame have been bitterly punished.

This afternoon, Mrs. Dering having accepted for them before her departure, I took the children to a juvenile party at Mrs. Champney's, Sussex Square, acrost the Park, and as custimary helped with the other nurses to give the children their tea in the Dining-Room and looking after my own three in particlar.

There were some children there by the name of Posener, who I reconised having seen at another party last week, three in number and similar in age and sizes to mine, but otherwise no resemblance, conducting themselves different in every respect. I was so struck by their manners that I had took occasion to hold them up to mine as examples when more than usual opstropolous, and the Nursery only another name for Beargarden. So I noticed them the more special seeing them again, the two girls dressed artistic with their hair platted so neat in pigtails, and the boy with his hair left long, a frill collar, cream silk blouse, brown velvet nicker suit, and tan stockings, and behaving as beautiful as ever at table, asking if they might have warm milk instead of tea or caufy, and touching nothink as looked the least rich or unolesome. And seeing Miss Stella and Master Rupert taking twice of everythink and reaching out that bold for crackers, I couldn't help nidging them, and telling them to take pattern by them little Poseners. Master Rupert said he'd be sorry to be such a little Rotter as the young Posener boy, and Miss Stella laughed and said, "It's no use, Nana, we'll never be like them, not if we tried ever so." "I know it," I says, "and more's the pity!"

Soon afterwards we went upstairs to the drorin-room, where they had a Cunjeror, and the moment that Cunjeror comenced I felt oncomfortable. It wasn't his tricks, which though clever enough were nothink out of

the way, but his eyes were that peircing they went right through you and took in everythink. Master Rupert come forward and asisted him in his performance, and Miss Stella and Miss Molly *would* nurse a rabit as he took out of their brother's westcoat, but though I frowned at them not to make themselves so konspicuous, I didn't like to interfere. The Posener nurse, who was standing next me by the door, said what a treat it was to see children so lively and natural as mine. I will own to feeling proud of them myself, though I kep from showing it. All I said was that you might have too much liveliness and high spirits, and there were times when my head fairly went round with them. Just then the Cunjeror took and made a cake in Mr. Champney's tall hat, which he cut up and a downright scramble for it, saying it was a Magic Cake, and them as ate a piece and wished would either have their wish granted, or else they wouldn't—he wouldn't garantee which not knowing the gentleman's hatter.

When I saw Miss Stella the first to get hold of a bit and bring it to me, I *had* to speak to her. "How can you act so unladylike?" I said, "And after the tea you had, too! You don't see the little Miss and Master Poseners behaving like that!"

"I got it for *you*, Nana, not for myself," she says. "Didn't you hear that it's a magic cake? So praps if you eat it and wish, your wish'll come true."

"Then," I says to her, improving the occasion like, "I'll wish this. I'll wish you and Rupert and Molly were more like some children that shall be nameless!" And so saying, I swolloed a piece of the cake, and all but choked, for I saw that Cunjeror had heard and had his eye full upon me.

"IT'S A MAGIC CAKE."

She went back to her seat without a word, but I could see what I'd said had took effect, for she made herself quite friendly to the little Poseners, particularly the boy, who was glad enough to be took notice of by her and small wonder, Miss Stella being far the hansomest child in the room, or any room

she goes into for that matter, and she got Master Rupert and Miss Molly to talk to him and his sisters, too, which was more than I expected.

As soon as she had gone that Posener nurse says: "Whyever did you speak to your young lady so harsh? I'm sure you've no reason to wish them any different."

"I may have, or I may not," I says, "that's *my* affair. And I only spoke for her good, and she well knows I don't mean half I say to her. Not but what I should like to see my three children taking more after yours."

"If I was you," she says, "I'd be satisfied with what they are."

"Thanking you kindly for your advice," I says, "though not required."

The Cunjeror had done by then, and there was going to be dancing, so I slipped downstairs to have a chat with the housekeeper, being acquainted, and there in the hall was the Cunjeror with his traps in a bag waiting for a taxi. I was meaning to pass him, not caring to meet those eyes of his again even under a bowler hat, but he seemed to know me. "Bright jolly little kiddies those of yours, Nurse," he says; "just what kiddies ought to be."

"That's according," I says, not desiring compliments from him; "they're not so good but what they might be better."

He give me a sardinic glance. "Take my word for it," he says, "you'll be a lucky woman if they're never no worse." And with that he took up his bag and went out.

At the time I didn't think much of what he'd said, beyond the liberty, and I sat talking in the Housekeeper's room till astonished when told the party was breaking up. I went back to the Drorin-room which was almost empty and my children nowhere to be seen, nor yet the little Poseners, though their nurse was there hunting all about for a mitting which it seems one of her young ladies thought she had dropt.

Passing through the hall I saw them Posener children waiting all muffled up and good as gold, and I was going on to the cloakroom, when informed by Mrs. Champney's manservant as our motor was at the door and my children already got in, which, as I told them as soon as I was in myself, they didn't ought to have done without me there, and the little Misses and Master Posener would never have behaved so thoughtless and independent.

They didn't answer me back beyond making a sort of choke, having their shawls tight round their heads and over their mouths, which I never encourage talking on the way home, motors being catchcoldy concerns of a night, even with the windows up, and for once they kep still as mice till they got home, going up to the nursery in their wraps and very sedate, instead of two stairs at a step as was their usual habit.

But when their hoods and cloaks and that were off them, "Why," I says, "you don't belong to me—you're the little Master and Miss Poseners. It's my belief as Stella and Rupert put you up to this, for never would you have done it of yourselves."

They looks at me as solemn as so many images, and one of them says: "We shouldn't have come," she says, "if you hadn't wished for us instead of them."

"Wished?" I says, "stuff and nonsense! A nice trick you've played me between you. Not as I blame *you*. You'd better stay here for the present, while I go down and arrange for your being took home."

Down I went and found Corbyn our butler, and says, "Mr. Corbyn," always treating him civil though not intamit, "will you oblige me by seeing if there's any party on the tellephone list by the name of Posener?" Which he ascertained there was at West Hampstead, and give me their tellephone number. "Put me on to Mrs. Posener," I says, "and I can do the rest myself." "You seem put out, Miss Busbridge," he says. "Nothink wrong, I hope?"

Naturally I was not wishful to own how I'd been took in, so I told him I'd brought back some things belonging to her by mistake and wanted it put right, which I'm thankful now I didn't say no more.

Corbyn he got put on, the cook at the Poseners answering that her Missus and Master were both away for the night. "Ask for the nurse," I told him, but the reply was that she had taken the children to a party in Sussex Square and they hadn't returned yet. "Tell her to ring me up the minute they're back," I said, "and then I needn't trouble you no further."

I find I have come to the end of Miss Stella's paper, so must continue on pages out of one of her copybooks, which of course, dear and Rev. Sir, you will pay no attention to the morrels on the top lines.

Well, I waited there by the instrumint I don't know how long before being rung up, the fourwheeler of course taking more time than a motor, and Hampstead so to speak in the wilds, but at last I heard the bell, and when I put my ear to the trumpet thing, reconised the Posener nurse's voice asking who I was.

"I'm Mrs. Dering's head nurse," I says, "and as you're probly aware by now you've been and brought home my children in mistake for yours."

"I'm not aware of having done nothink of the kind," I heard her say rather stiff. "Whyever should I do such a thing as that for?"

It wasn't till then that I began to feel realy uneasy. "You may have done it unbeknown," I says. "Anyway, those I've brought back are the living images of yours, so for mercy's sake see if it isn't mine as you've got"

"They've run upstairs now," she says,

"THEY KEP STILL AS MICE, GOING UP TO THE NURSERY VERY SEDATE."

"and I certainly haven't noticed any difference. But just to ease your mind, I'll go and take a look at them, and you hold on to the line till I come back."

I didn't see no line, but I held on to that trumpet, and hours it seemed before I heard her voice again, though less distinct. But I made out, though even then I couldn't hardly credit it, that it *was* her children all right, and she'd just given them their supper, and didn't see no reason for worrying.

"My good woman," I says, "how am I to help worrying? Can't you understand my position? If your children are all right, it's more than mine are. They're turned into reglar little charickter cures!"

She anserd back rather short that, whatever they were, it didn't

"'PUT ME ON TO MRS. POSENER,' I SAYS."

lay with me to find fault, having ony myself to thank for it. I says "What do you mean?"

"Didn't you say yourself," she says, "as you wished you had children more like mine? Now you've got 'em, so you'd better make the best of them."

"Anser me," I says, "you don't think that Cunjeror's cake had anythink to do with it? It wasn't more than just a morsel I took."

It may have been somethink inside that tellephone, but it sounded like her laughing, and then she said somethink about parties not always liking to be took at their word. "You might have some feelinks," I said, "instead of ony jeering, and me in such a state of mind as I am! I don't know who or what these children are now, and however I'm to break it to their poor Pa and Ma, I can't think!"

The instrument began buzzing and popping louder than ever, but as far as I could hear, she advised me to keep calm, and put up with it, as it was too late now, and if they came round next morning no need to tell their parents anythink, and I was just telling her what I thought about her taking it so heartless—for how did *she* know if the poor children would ever "come round" as she called it, when she rung off sudden, and not another word could I get through to her.

I was more dead than alive when I got up to the Day Nursery, and none of the usual racket there, but them three setting wispering together as wierd as whiches. "For goodness sake," I says, "don't stare at me so owlish! Can't you beyave more like yourselves, even if you don't look it?"

For my idea was that they were still my Miss Stella and Molly and Master Rupert, in spite of being altered so, but as I stood there it come upon me all of a sudden that it was worse even than that. Those three were nothink else but changelings, sent to fill their places as a judgment on me, and what is more they knew it, and the thought of it set me a-trembling from head to foot. They feature the little Poseners, it is true, and dressed much the same though more fantastickle—but, even if I did not know that the real little Poseners were safe at home, I could tell by the unearthly looks and ways of them that they were never no human children!

Their names are enough, for not knowing what to call them, I asked, and the eldest girl's, according to her, is "Mellysand," and the other's "Easold," and the boy's "Sintrim," which I could have sworn they had never been cristened, and they own to it.

I tried to get out of them where my poor Stella and Rupert and Molly had been sperited away to, but it was no good, they ony snickered and asked if I wasn't pleased to have them instead, being more what I

liked children to be, which made me downright shudder.

Nor yet they wouldn't say when the change was made, but my belief is it was while we were in the motor on the way home; for I remember noticing them quiver while I was scolding of them, but being so wropt up, their cloaks and that prevented me discovering the alteration till later.

In what had been Master Rupert's overcoat I found a quantity of rings and pins and broaches off the crackers, but that Sintrim and his sisters wouldn't have nothink to do with them, saying they were ony shams, and shams was bad art, which of course it is not likely that changelings would care for innercent things such as crackers, which Master Rupert and Miss Stella and Molly had used to think a deal of.

I knew Dorcas the undernurse would be up soon with the supper-tray, so I slipped out and waited for her at the top of the servants' stairs. "Dorcas," I says, "if the children aren't quite what you'd expect, remember it's not your place either to show surprise nor yet pass remarks. Above all, as you value your place, not a word below-stairs."

Which she promised faithful—but all the same, when she came in and see them three looking that old at her, I thought she would have dropped the tray. But to do the girl justice, she *said* nothink, though it would have made your blood run cold as it did ours to hear the way they went on about their food, asking if the milk had been sterialised, and talking of basilisks and microbuses as seem to be a sort of imps that they know quite familiar. Aperently Changelings are brought up on some stuff called Protides, and their drink Snattergin, which spirits may suit *them* but would be poison for any human children.

Next they took notice of Dorcas wearing large round spectacles, as the being that calls himself Sintrim told her was caused by aridity, and her Pa and Ma both having poor sight. "They never ought to have married one another," he says, and seeing the poor girl put out of countenance, I told him to hush and not talk about subjects that were not fit for the likes of him. But he declared that it was a subject he'd been taught to know all about. "If I'm not careful about my elth" he says, nodding at me like some little gobling, "I can't expeck when I grow up to have elthy children."

They wouldn't say no grace after meals, as they told me they hadn't been brought up to believe in it, being little Acrostics, which it upset me to hear at the time, though after all ony to be expected from such.

After supper I told Dorcas she could put the youngest of them to bed, letting the other two stay up half an hour and amuse themselves. But all they did was to set down by the fire-guard and talk mysterous below their breath, and when in their bedrooms would have the windows wide open—why, unless for convenence if the fancy took them to fly off wherever they came from, I can't think. It was against all my prinsiples, but I let them have their way, for indeed it would be a relief to find them gone by morning, if only Miss Stella and Molly and Master Rupert could be sent in their place.

Having written so far, I have just been into the night nurseries, hoping agenst hope to find they had changed, but no difference at present, except that when asleep anyone who did not know might almost have took them for the real little Poseners, ony a very little salower and more wisend like in the face.

But after reading this account you, dear and Rev. Sir, cannot doubt that whichcraft in *some* shape and form have been employed, as it cannot be denied there are whitches in the Old Testament, so why not in these days if less frequent? I know for a fact from Mamsell Berth the French maid, as Mrs. Dering herself, who was educated most expensive, ocashunaly consults soothsayers and such in Bond Street, though never did I expect myself to be brought in contack with Powers of Darkness, least of all, in the form of Changelings!

It may be that you have never been called upon to deal with a similar case before, but being a clergyman, Rev. Sir, you will certanly know some way of exercising these unwholy little cretures, for it cannot be any more dificult than laying ghosts, which has often been performed by bishops when required. But if that is too much to ask, I shall be thankful for your advice and suport in this aweful triall, if you will kindly step round tomorrow as soon as you can and see these changelings with your own eyes if still to be seen. I shall endevor to keep the matter quiet as long as possible, and not write to Mrs. Dering till I see or hear from you, but I feel that I cannot stand the strane of it much longer, being half distracted as it is, so do not delay a moment longer than you can help.

Yours respecfully with Duty,

JANE BUSBRIDGE.

LETTER No. 2.
From the Same to the Same.
Wednesday Morning, Jan. 5th.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Percy the knife-boy have just returned with the news that you had returned to the Rectory yesterday afternoon, which it came as a dreadful blow, though promised my letter would be sent on immediate for there have been no change for the better since I last wrote. The three are now up, and I have made them put on Miss Stella's and the others' morning clothes, which sights is no word for them, yet I must say they do not look quite so unhuman as overnight, leading me to believe that they may praps not be changelings as I thought, but my Miss Stella and Molly and Master Rupert, ony altered like them little Poseners as I was wicked enough to wish for.

I have done the girls' hair loose, though thin compared to what it was, which was lions' manes for quantity, and at times I half think I ketch a look of their old selves. And I'd sooner it was so than think they were somewheres else, but otherwise small comfort. If it is realy Master Rupert, he certanly does not look the little gentleman he did in his tweed Norfok jacket and nickers. But they won't own to any other names but the ones they give themselves last night, and my apinion is that they have no reclection of what they once were. Not a mouthful would they eat at brekfast of their nice olesome poridge and golden sirup, saying they were accustomed to some outlandish fruit called 'grape-nuts' nor yet they won't touch any animile food, which will mean trouble with Cook, who is short-tempered at the best of times, when I have to arrange about the Nursery dinner.

What I went through with them at brekfast I cannot describe, putting questions to me and Dorcas such as "would I call it more corect to say: 'The yoke of eggs *are* white, or *is* white?'" which of course I gave it in favour of "are," when they cakled that impish and told me they always thought the yoke of an egg was *yellow*. And finding fault with my grammer, which they never would if their natural selves, and so gahstly polite with it all I dursn't hardly open my mouth at last!

They always have three quarters of a hour after brekfast to amuse themselves before lessons begin, but from the way these went on I am in horid doubts again whether they can be anythink excep changelings, and if so, what may not my own poor dear lambs be suffering this moment wherever they may be? These girls ony just looked into the dolls house, and turned away, saying the rooms was papered so unartistic it made them downright ill, and the Sintrim thing wouldn't put on Master Rupert's toy elmet and curass and sword, because he said they ony excited some evil spirit as he calls "Millitrism" and has been taught to beware of.

It frightened me to hear him also declaring there were things he named as "jurms" lurking behind the pictures as arbored them, and advising me to have them took down, likewise objecting to their subjecs being mostly sporting, and telling me if he had *his* way he would put a stop to pursecuting a poor armless thing like a fox. And to think that ony last September, when at his grandpapa's place, Master Rupert came home from cubunting his first day with the brush tied to his cob's bridal, and Miss Stella, so Checkley the coachman has often told me, with as pretty a seat and hands as he ever saw on a child.

But none of these will even get on the rockingorse for fear of spraning themselves internal. They are now laying flat on the floor practicing somethink they call "deep brething," and whether mearly transformed or Changelings in the true sense of the word, I cannot see how the unhappy parents can ever get reckonsiled to finding them so diferent.

I still trust that when you arive you will find some means of restoring them to their proper selves and save me being compelled to write to Mrs. Dering and break the callamity.

I must now stop, dear and Rev. Sir, as I must go down and intersept Miss Dudlow the daily governess and send her away, for let her see the children as they are I dare not, for I do not trust her discression, being but a young person and sure to let the cat out of the bag if given the chance. So I shall get this posted at once, and write again should anythink fresh develop, though hoping to see you before then if you take the next train to town after getting my first letter, as I beg and pray you will do, for you will surely reconise that there is somethink unhalowed in all this, which who knows but a few sollem words from you would put to flight with Duty.

Yours respecfully,
JANE BUSBRIDGE.

From the Same to the Same.
Wednesday Evening, Jan. 5th.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,—Not having seen or heard from you I hope you have recieved

"THEY ARE NOW LAYING FLAT ON THE FLOOR PRACTICING SOMETHINK THEY CALL 'DEEP BRETHING.'"

the wire I sent to say all was now well and unnecessary to trouble you further. I will now go on from where I left off, or I shall ony get everythink mixt up.

As soon as I see Miss Dudlow from the Dining-room winder I went and let her in myself, taking her into the Libry, right at the back of the house, and explaining as Miss Stella and Master Rupert wouldn't be able to have their lessons in consequent of having been to a party overnight. That didn't satisfy her, as it should have done, coming from me, and question on question did she put as to what was the matter with them, and me on tenderhooks to get rid of her. I was that worn out with the strain that I had to leave her to let herself out of the house, for go as far as the hall I could not, but forced to set down on the libry sofa. I couldn't have been there above a minute or two when the libry door opened, and all of a sudden who should walk in but Lady Wantley, as is own sister to Mrs. Dering, and living close by in Queen's Gate.

I jumped up with my heart in my mouth.

"Oh, my lady," I says, "I wasn't aware you'd called, not having heard the visitors' bell." . . . "Miss Dudlow was just leaving the house as I come up the steps," she says, "and told me I should find you here. And I should like to know what all this means about the children being too unwell to have their lessons?"

I told her they seemed a little out of sorts, and I'd considered it best not to have them troubled with the governess that morning.

"Realy," she says. "Then I had better go up and have a look at them."

"I wouldn't indeed, your ladyship," I says, feeling all in a pulpitation. "I'd sooner they were kep' quiet for the present."

She looks at me very sharp. "Busbridge," she says, "you're keeping somethink from me. You'd better tell me the truth at once."

"Whatever it is, my lady," I told her, "I

do assure you it's nothink infecshus. But, indeed, while they're like this they didn't ought to see visitors, however near relations."

"Nonsense!" she says, in her masterful way. "I don't believe a single word you've said, and as I promised your mistress to keep an eye on them I am going up to the nursery immejit."

And out she sweeps into the hall, and was halfway up the first flight of stairs before I could move a step to stop her. It wasn't till the second landing that I caught her up. "My lady," I says, half beside myself, "it's nothink but my duty to tell your ladyship——"

"I do not wish to hear another word from you," she says. "I intend to see into this myself." And on she goes, making straight for the nursery.

"But your ladyship *must* hear me!" I says. "I can't let such a shock burst on you unprepared. You won't find the children like what you expect. Who and what they now are is not for me to say—but they've changed too awful for words!"

"Don't talk rubbadge," was all she said, and flung open the Day Nursery door, and storked in, with me after her. "Where on earth have you come from?" I heard her beginning, and I was just about to try to tell her when I stopped sudden.

For I'd seen that them three children weren't Changelings no longer, but my very own Miss Stella and Master Rupert and Miss Molly, and dressed too the same as they'd been at the party.

"My darlings," I says, rushing at them, "I've got you back at last. I *knew* the dear good Rector was to be depended on to do it if possible!" (thinking, dear and Rev. Sir, that you might have interseded even if in the country). And I hugged them close, and they hugged me, and I all but broke down with the relief of it.

"I understood you to say, nurse," said her ladyship, "that the children were unwell. They appear to me to be in their usual health"

"They do now, my lady," I says, "and thank Heaven for it. But if your ladyship had only seen them—or I should say what was supposed to represent them—not a quarter of a hour ago."

"I *did* see them," she says; "they drove past me in a four-wheel cab with a portmanter on top. And I should be glad to hear how you reconsile that with what you told Miss Dudlow and me about their being too ill to have their lessons."

I don't know what I should have said, but just then the door to the Night Nurseries opened, and in came that Posener nurse with them three as I'd took for Changelings, looking less strange now they'd got their own morning clothes on, though still oldfashioned enough.

"And pray who are *these* young people?" asks her ladyship.

"It's Mellysand and Easold and Sintrim Posener, Aunt," puts in Miss Stella; "you see, we agreed to change nurseries just for the night because—well, for fun, you know. We shouldn't have done it only we knew it would please Nana."

And then it all came out. Miss Stella and Master Rupert had talked over them little Poseners into exchanging wraps with them and getting into the motor while me and the other nurse were out of the way, me busy in the housekeeper's room and her sent upstairs on a wild goose hunt for a mitting that hadn't never been lost.

"What I can't understand," says her ladyship, "is why you two nurses, when you discovered the trick these naughty children had played, didn't bring them back last night."

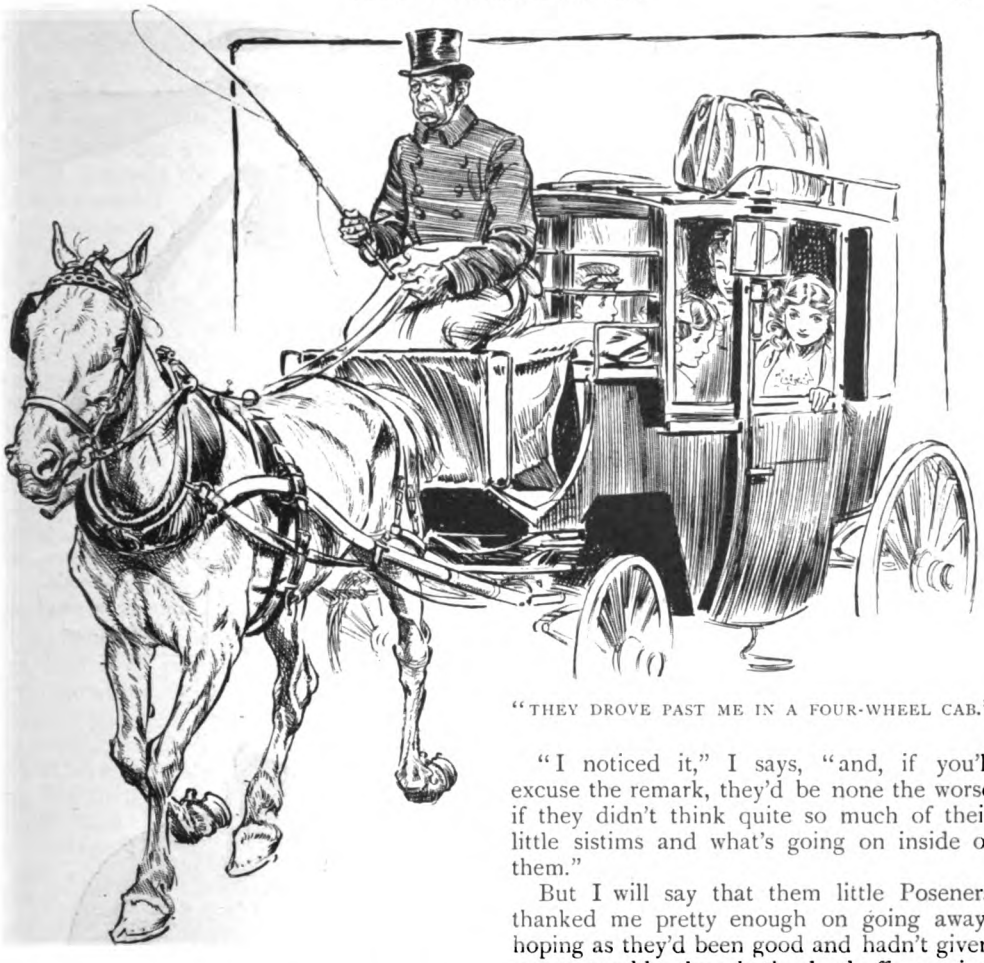
"Miss and Master Derings kep so quiet in the cab," says the Posener nurse, "that I hadn't found them out when Miss Busbridge rung me up on the tellephone last night, and at first I couldn't believe she wasn't joking. Then I went up and saw it was true enough, but they begged so hard to stay, and it being a long drive from West Hampstead to Prince's Gardens and back I took on myself to tell Miss Busbridge that her children were all right, and it was too late to change now, so the ony thing to do was to make the best of it, and they should come round this morning."

That was *her* story, and all I can say is that it's a pity she couldn't speak more distink, for it stands to reason that if I'd understood her correct I should have been spared all this anxiety and trouble. But my own belief is that woman did it delibrit, to pay me out for being so short with her at the party. I heard that little Sintrim telling Miss Stella that they'd done azactly as she'd told them, and kep the secret.

"But your nurse," he says, "didn't seem so glad to have us as what you said she would," says he, "and we *much* prefer our own nursery."

"So do we ours," says Miss Stella. "And as for your medsin, it's simply beasly!"

I can't say I was sorry to find they'd had things to put up with, though the medsin (as



"THEY DROVE PAST ME IN A FOUR-WHEEL CAB."

I took leave to tell the Posener nurse) a liberty all the same with other parties' children, even if ever so armless a seditive.

"To tell you the truth, Miss Busbridge," she says, "I thought they'd better have somethink to quiet them down after playing 'Peter Pan' and pillerfighting till I don't know how late. I've not been used to such perceedings."

"I can well believe it," I says. "There was no pillerfighting *here* last night, nor yet being Pirits out of 'Peter Pan,' which I don't expect your young ladies and gentleman was ever took to."

"They did go once," she told me, "but came home low-spirited at having acted a falsehood by clapping their hands out of peliteness as a sign they believed in fairies, which they do not, knowing they are fabulus. They're wonderful grown up and thoughtful compared to your children, owing to being brought up by sistim," she says.

"I noticed it," I says, "and, if you'll excuse the remark, they'd be none the worse if they didn't think quite so much of their little sistims and what's going on inside of them."

But I will say that them little Poseners thanked me pretty enough on going away, hoping as they'd been good and hadn't given me no trouble, though the load off my mind when I'd seen the last of them no words can describe! Even now I can't believe but what that Cunjeror hadn't a finger in it somehow, for his eyes were like no ordinary eyes, nor yet his cake.

Not a word have I said to Miss Stella and the other two on what I have been thro since yesterday evening. But I'm afraid they have guest that I've had a warning against rash wishing as will last me for life. Her ladyship have give them a good talking to, though I could see more amused like than downright angry, and promising not to tell their parents, which I have likewise agreed to say nothink. I am sure, dear and Rev. sir, you will excuse me for taking up your valuable time, and be glad to hear that your services are no longer required, the children being quite themselves again, and having their tea with Duty.

Yours respecfully,

JANE BUSBRIDGE.

FROM THE LIVING WING TO THE AEROPLANE.

By P. HACHET-SOUPLET.

Illustrated by A. Moreaux.

A stag-beetle carrying a small balloon-car.

AFTER the recent marvellous performances in aerial flight, there is one thought which arises naturally in every mind; the short space of four years has been sufficient to pass from the first flight of Santos-Dumont, over a distance of ten yards, in 1906, to the recent flights of flying-men of over five hundred miles. How has it happened that a result which was regarded as impossible for so many centuries has come to pass so quickly? No doubt the decisive invention was that of the light motor furnished with a screw—and this is to the credit of the engineer; but, on the other hand, it was essential that observers of Nature should have obtained a working knowledge of the fundamental laws which govern bodies in motion through the atmosphere. Methodical and minute comparison of the wings of birds and insects with the mechanism of an aeroplane will show us how closely artificial flight is modelled on natural flight.

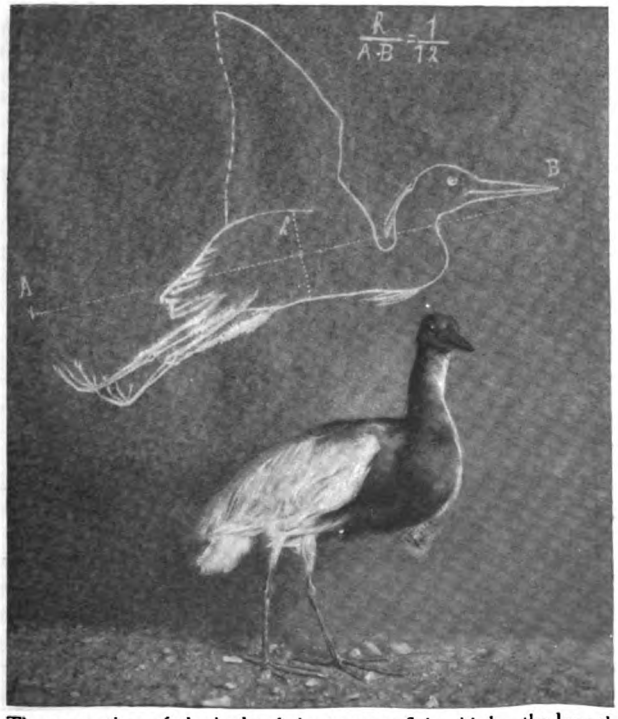
In order to rival the bird, man has only one course—to discover its secret. Therein lies the history of the recent extraordinary conquest of the air. The construction of flying-machines owes almost everything to the study of flying animals.

The great school of aviation is beside the marshes where the dragon-flies skim over the surface of the water, or in the open field where the butterflies pursue their zigzag and uncertain flight, or again on the lofty cliffs over which great sailing sea-birds swoop down in descending curves to the surface of the sea. Whether it is a question of starting, rising, progressing, changing direction, or alighting, birds and insects are the masters of flight, and the planes of the flying-machine have been designed upon the model of living wings. Generally speaking, the structure of a bird's wing is little known. Ask a man of ordinary education to draw on paper a plan of a bird's wing. It is very rarely that he will produce anything approaching the reality.

The reason is because the wing when folded displays little of its form, and that when a bird is flying the movements of the wing prevent it from being seen. Its motion is too quick for the eye to follow. In gliding flight it assumes the simple form of a circumflex accent.

It is easier to imagine than to realize the wing of an insect, which, except in certain species, constantly preserves its form and is not bent upon itself, like a bird's wing. It is a sort of plane, formed by horny nerves covered with a membrane, which is generally transparent. Its form is comparatively simple.

Now let us consider what is the secret of the flight of birds and insects. The fastest flying birds pass before our eyes with such dazzling speed that we are unable to detect anything of the mechanism which sustains and moves them. Let us, therefore, choose a slow-flying bird, as, for example, a hen. She starts her flight by a short and rapid run, then springs into the air as high as possible, beating her wings wildly. The effort is so great, and even painful, that she often vents her feelings in a series of loud cackles. This is easily explained. She takes a run because the greater her horizontal speed the better she will overcome the weight which tends to bring her to the ground; and if the movement of her wings is painful, it is because their surface is so small. A hen's wings can only find sufficient air-support by moving them at great speed and with extreme energy. On the other hand, birds having a large wing-surface, such as eagles, vultures, frigate-birds, and the like, although they also are obliged to take a spring when leaving level ground, have no need to beat their wings so strongly. The large extent of wing-surface compensates for the comparative slowness of its movement.



The proportions of the body of the strongest-flying birds—the length A B is equal to about six times the height (h).

The beating wing of a bird supports itself on the air as it descends; but how is it that it does not destroy its own impulse when ascending? The reason is that in descending the atmospheric pressure, acting upwards from below, renders all the feathers close and solid, the free edge of each of them supported throughout its length under the resisting rib of the next plume; while, on the contrary, when the wing is ascending, the free edge of each feather, meeting no support, yields, and passes freely through the air. Moreover, the wing bends slightly, and in consequence offers a smaller surface. This fact the instantaneous photographs of Professor Marey have shown with perfect clearness.

Among insects whose wings are of a single piece no action of this kind is possible, and for a long time it was a disputed question as to how they could sustain themselves in the air. It is to Professors Pettigrew and Marey that we owe the explanation of this phenomenon.

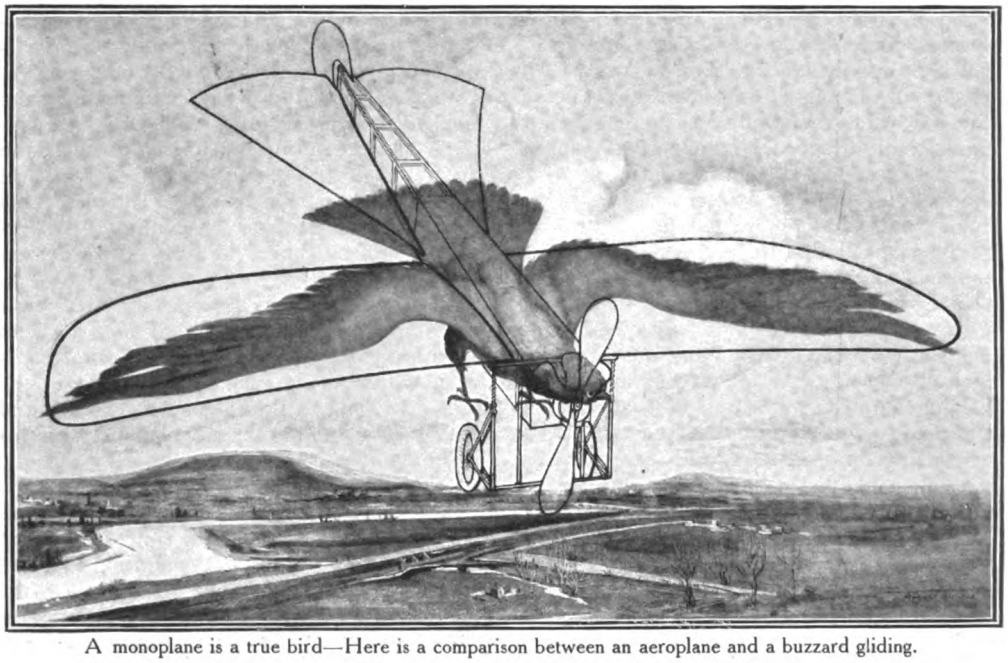
Although their theories differ in some points, these eminent scientific men succeeded, at almost the same time, in demonstrating that the extremities of the wings of insects describe a figure 8. The wing presents, in its descent, its longest surface, thus finding its support on the resisting air; while mounting it presents its edge in such a way as to cleave the air. This is not absolutely the movement of a screw, which the continuity of living tissue does not permit, but it is a movement which produces the same effect. It is owing to this screw-like movement that the rigid-winged insect can sustain

itself in the air. An insect, therefore, does not beat its wings after the manner of a bird. The beating wing, in fact, is a very imperfect method of flight. Most of the chief flying birds, which are furnished with wide wings, only beat them for some special purpose, as when they are obliged to rise from level ground. These are the *gliding* or *sailing* birds, properly so called.

"On the horizon," says Professor Drzewiecki, "in tropical countries there often appears a small black point visible only to the practised eye. The point increases in size as it approaches. It is the sailing bird *par excellence*, the vulture, returning to its hollow in the rock a dozen miles away. A glider, who sails magnificently upon its outstretched wings, without a beat, without the slightest deviation from its perfectly straight track, it thus traverses the space from one horizon to the other, again becomes an imperceptible point, and disappears, leaving the spectator marvelling at the simplicity with which Nature solves a problem of mechanics which appeared impossible to man."

When one observes a sea-eagle perched upon a lofty cliff, it may be remarked that in order to quit its eyrie it waits until a gust of wind arises, then it lets itself fall forward with extended wings, gives a beat or two as it turns, brings itself to face the wind, and thus mounts without a wing-beat hundreds of yards high. What is the secret of this feat?

Leonardo da Vinci had penetrated the mystery even in the fifteenth century. "Birds of passage," he wrote, "rise *against* the wind, which thus supports them." In fact, a gliding bird so sets its wings that the air-currents make an angle with their plane. The wind thus sustains its weight and gives it at the same time a forward movement. If its force is stronger than is necessary to obtain these two effects, it produces a third effect—the bird mounts into space without a wing-beat. If the air suddenly became calm the bird would fall, but the fall would be astonishingly slow. Professor Drzewiecki has calculated that a gliding bird, at a height of twelve hundred yards, at the moment when it commences to descend with motionless wings, can, by setting them at the most favourable angle, touch the ground at a horizontal distance of about fifteen miles! If the wind falls, large birds can always, with a few wing-beats, attain an altitude where they will find a wind which will permit them to continue their journey "on the glide."



A monoplane is a true bird—Here is a comparison between an aeroplane and a buzzard gliding.

The gusts and eddies of the wind are, of course, great disturbers of flight, and few birds attempt to struggle with a tempest. Even the strongest flyers have not, from this point of view, so much boldness as they generally get credit for. Thus, the Stormy

Petrel is so named, not because it braves the storm, but because, as soon as a storm threatens, it will often seek for refuge on a ship's rigging, and thus foretell the tempest. And if the albatross loves the stormy waves it is only because it frequently alights upon the water, where it often sleeps securely to the rocking of the billows.

The maintenance of equilibrium, which is vital in the case of flight, requires a vast number of instinctive movements, perfectly adapted to the moment's needs; and very precise experiments have been required in order to ascertain the compensating movements which birds make, usually with their necks, in order to preserve their balance in the air.

M. José Weiss has made some very curious investigations on this subject, which have since been followed up by other observers. It is sufficient, for example, to fit a common house-fly with a little collar enclosing the vertebræ of the neck in order to render its flight erratic and uncertain, and soon to bring it tumbling to the ground. It is certain, therefore, that the neck acts as a sort of balancer, at least as useful in flight as a bird's tail.

Insects seem, for the most part, to use their abdomens for balancing; some, such as wasps, appear to employ this method not only for alighting, but also to alter the direction of their flight. But experiments made on this subject have not hitherto been very numerous, and further investigations must be awaited.

On the subject of alighting, close observations have been made. Generally speaking, birds, in order to alight, raise their bodies, lifting the head and increasing the vertical resistance of the air, while carrying the wing feathers perpendicular to the ground and spreading the tail feathers. Insects obtain the same result by thrusting forward the abdomen.

The information furnished by the observers of flying animals, from Leonardo da Vinci to Marey, has the utmost possible value to future aviators. They have taught them, above all, two vital things: in order to fly it was sufficient for man to drive forward, with a speed which may be calculated, a slightly inclined plane, the forward part being the most elevated, while the most practical method to obtain motion was by means of a motor-driven screw. That is to say, it was necessary, in order to construct a flying-machine, to follow the example of birds as far as regards the supporting planes, and the screw-like movements of insects as regards the means of propulsion. The Blériot monoplane is, of all actual flying-machines, that which most closely approaches the aspect of a gliding bird.

It may be added, and the fact is extremely curious, that the back pair of an insect's wings are not always indispensable to their owners.

Professors Pettigrew, Girard, Jousset de Bellesme, and Kumckel d'Herculais have attempted to ascertain which are the really useful parts of the flying apparatus of insects. Professor Kumckel d'Herculais has been able to remove the back wings of certain insects, such as bees, wasps, ants, and so forth, without depriving them of the power of flight.

"Having had collected and taken to my cabinet," writes this learned entomologist, "all the bumble-bees which could be captured in the course of a day in the Botanical Gardens of Paris, I stupefied them with an anæsthetic, and, being sure of being able to operate on them without injury, I carefully cut off their back wings. The window was wide open and the weather was fine. The amputated insects came to themselves one after the other and took to flight without appearing to be in the least affected at the loss of two of their members. Next day I captured some of them on the flowers in a garden some hundred yards away."

Other experiments have proved that it is possible to remove, without injuring the flight of the insect, the back portions of the first pair of wings of a butterfly.

How insects fly—By placing against the wing of a captive insect trying to fly a small rod of smoked glass, Professor Marey discovered from the marks on the glass that the wing acts in the manner of the screw of an aeroplane.

We will conclude with a striking example of the value to the aviator of the study of animal flight -- an example of the greater interest

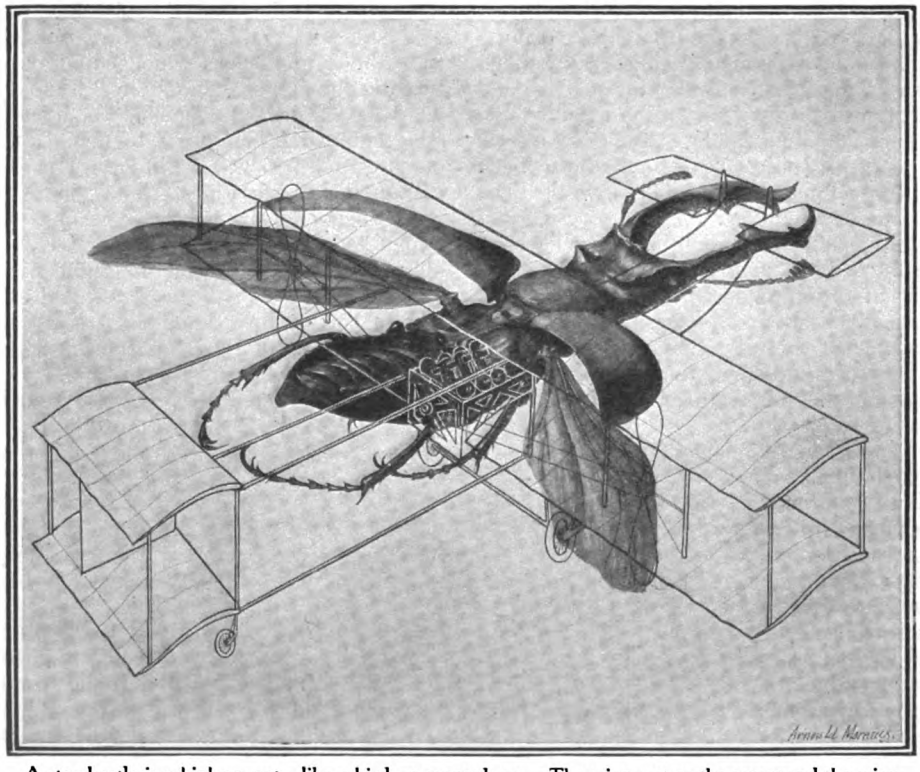
as it sets forth a new and original idea in design.

The working of the rudder at the back of the machine is always rather dangerous. It may risk loss of balance, or bring about some breakage of the delicate apparatus. For this reason Dr. Amans, who has made a profound study of the geometry of the organs of flight, asked himself whether it was not possible to employ, in the forward part of the machine, an appendage resembling a bird's wing which might control the angles of the flying plane.

There is now actually being constructed, from the plans of Dr. Amans, an "Aero Express," in the form of an elongated, egg-shaped body, carrying small wings, and of which the principal power of support will be given by the form of the ovoid itself. This aeroplane will be able to carry several passengers, and will be, in fact, a sort of air-omnibus. In principle it will resemble certain insects like the stag-beetle, which is also capable of carrying a weight greater than its own. Captured stag-beetles have been trained to fly from one point to another bearing small balloon-cars, as shown in the illustration at the head of this article. As they are very fond of honey, they lend themselves easily to this form of training.

Insects of this kind, with their rigid wing-cases in the shape of a rounded cover, keep themselves in the air without wing-beats, the covers providing sustaining planes resembling those of an aeroplane, while the back wings drive the insect forward after the manner of the screw. In the apparatus of Dr. Amans the place of the latter will be taken by beating wings like those of birds. In this consists the originality of the idea.

In conclusion, it has, we think, been made clear that the study of flying animals has provided engineers with information of inestimable value. No doubt it would be almost impossible to equal the admirable balance of a bird or an insect, and, above all, their rapid alterations in direction of flight, but those who can best understand their secrets will also discover the best solution of the problem of aviation.



A stag-beetle is a biplane, not—like a bird—a monoplane. The wings act as the screw and the wing-covers as sustaining planes.

By E. BLAND.

Illustrated by Dudley Hardy, R.I.

I.

ALL three of them were young, and none of them was very wise. Also they lived in mid-Victorian times, when all well-brought-up young women were expected to be really romantic, and the young men were not ashamed to be romantic too. The influence of Heine and Haynes Bayly was still strong in our midst. The thing could only have happened in the age of crinoline and white stockings, of ringlets and harp-playing, when young ladies drew landscapes carefully in pencil, and made cut-paper lamp-shades; when archery was popular because with discreet revelation it displayed the figure; when it was as shocking in a man to smoke "before ladies" as it would have been to swear before them, and when girls were chaperoned by chaperons, and not by married persons having dyed hair and painted faces, with the manners of men, the minds of mice, and the morals of monkeys.

Sybilla's hair was brown and soft—soft as her heart, which, by the way, was much too soft. She had every charm you can think of, and her only fault was the iron egoism of the soft-hearted. She knew that she was enjoying herself, though in her intimate correspondence she called it being "racked by conflicting emotions." The fact that the other two were wretched was a great pity, of course, but it could not be helped. A really womanly girl could not be expected to know her own mind all in a moment. As for her heart—the heart of woman was a mystery, so she was assured by all the poetry and most of the prose which she had read. She revelled in the conflicting emotions, and almost spoiled a hand-screen in embossed cardboard on which she was painting fuchsias and auriculas with a pencil background, by dropping a hard-wrung tear on to the smooth red surface of the leading fuchsia.

Sybilla's heart had not been a mystery to her in the spring when Harry Combermere was teaching her all about archery. The way he strung the bow for her; the way he looked . . . "Oh, my dear," she wrote to a friend at Tunbridge Wells, "you should have seen his eyes! What marvels of respectful admiration in their depths! And I do like fair whiskers, do not you? with the hair slightly long, and a velvet collar to the surtout. His eyes are blue as the heavens, and I am sure it is Heaven's truth that beams from them. I am indeed a fortunate girl. He hasn't exactly said anything, but one always knows, does one not?"

The friend replied that indeed one always did know, giving details of a chestnut-coloured whisker and hazel eyes, also true as Heaven.

"Sybilla, my dear," said her mother, looking up from her tatting, "I hope you are not encouraging Mr. Combermere, unless you feel a sincere attachment for him. I should not like to think that my daughter could stoop to encourage hopes which she did not mean to fulfil."

"Oh, no, indeed, mamma," murmured Sybilla, inevitably vague but consciously ingenuous. "Mr. Combermere is a very agreeable acquaintance. No more, I assure you, dear mamma."

So the mother, soothed, tatted placidly on, to the music of a pleasant refrain, "Three thousand a year, three thousand a year," which happened to be Mr. Combermere's income, and quite a little fortune in those frugal days.

Sybilla, after a decent interval of conversation with the canary in his green cage, went out to meet Mr. Combermere by accident in the shrubbery.

"'WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?' HE HAD TO ASK AT LAST."

"Ah!" said Mr. Combermere, just as you and I might have done yesterday in similar circumstances.

And Sybilla answered: "I didn't see who it was, at first"—just as she might have yesterday answered to you or me.

And then there was a pause; and then she walked on, and he walked beside her, thrilled. The otto of rose from her handkerchief was wafted intoxicatingly across his face, and the steels of her enormous crinoline veiled by blue barège brushed the side of his knee as they walked. It was a divine moment. He had never felt so near to her.

They walked through the shrubbery and down towards the lodge, the blue barège swaying and intoxicating.

"Which way are you going?" he had to ask at last.

"I am going into the village to distribute some tracts for mamma," she said; and her voice was the voice of an angel.

"How good you are!" he said, breathless.

"Oh, *no*," she said; "it is only my duty."

"Only!" he said; and his voice had almost the value of a declaration.

That was the conversation's climax. For by this time they had reached the road, and the vicar overtook them, went with them on the tract-delivery, and came back with them to take tea with mamma. But the talk is recorded just to show where the two were—in the country of the emotions—when Piercy Raymond came upon the scene.

He was the vicar's nephew, and he had been abroad. Also he was a poet—a much rarer bird then than now. He had fine, flashing black eyes that melted when they rested on you.

"Oh, my dear," wrote Sybilla to the Tunbridge Wells friend, "his eyes go through you like silky, soft, delicious daggers. He has *no* whiskers, and that gives him such a distinguished air, and he is tall with a slight stoop. He reminds me of Manfred. When he shakes hands he does not do it *hard*, like people who have never been abroad, but softly—softly—and yet you feel he is never going to let you go again. Of course, he does let you go in the end, but it feels like that. The iron hand in the velvet glove, you know. And he has brought a new

game called croquet, in a box, and we are going to play it to-morrow afternoon at the vicarage, and all to wear the same colours as our balls. Isn't it a sweetly pretty idea? Blue, pink, black, yellow, brown, orange, green, red. He said I must be blue—true blue, you know—and he looked at my eyes. And when he asked what colour he should have I said black, and I am afraid I looked at *his*. It was very forward and unmaidenly of me, was it not? Oh, dearest, do write by return of post and tell me you do not wholly despise your own distracted Sybilla."

The friend replied suitably, mentioning two agreeable and aspiring lieutenants from Maidstone. Sybilla went to the croquet party, and Mr. Piercy Raymond taught her how to hold her mallet. Harry was taught by the vicar's aunt. Towards the end of the game he contrived to murmur:—

"You are not angry with me about anything, Miss Seymour?" on a plaintive, interrogative note.

And Sybilla replied:—

"Oh, no, Mr. Combermere. Why should I be? Excuse me, but I think it is my turn."

He drew back bowing frigidly, so frigidly that she was frightened and sorry—she had a soft heart, as I told you. And when, after supper, there was dancing on the lawn, she danced three times with Harry, and when he said that strangers could never be quite the same as old friends, she answered:—

"Oh, *no*," most convincingly.

She only danced twice with Piercy Raymond. But then she sat out one dance with him—no dark corners or seats in shrubberies, but a hard, red rout-seat, full in the public eye. It was then that she agreed with Mr. Raymond that sometimes one feels as though one had met people before in some other life, and that those one had known longest might sometimes be the greatest strangers. He quoted "Strangers Yet," and she gave him a piece of lemon verbena from the window-box. Be sure that he found an opportunity to let her surprise him, later on, in the very act of kissing it, tenderly, reverently.

"MR. PIERCY RAYMOND TAUGHT HER HOW TO HOLD HER MALLET."

It was Harry who saw her and her mother and the aunt home. But she perceived dark eyes and a pale face gleaming from between two laurel bushes as she passed in at the lodge gate, and knew that Mr. Piercy Raymond had raced across three fields and climbed a sunk fence to get one more last least sight of her.

So she went to bed duly flattered and fluttered. She dreamed of Harry, but when she woke up in the night she thought of Mr. Piercy Raymond, and her

hand still thrilled to that odd way he had of shaking hands.

You see the situation? Time and the innocent intimacy of well-to-do families living in the same village developed it. The players were keen, and two at least believed the game to be the game of life.

Mr. Piercy Raymond was smiled upon by mamma. His income was rather larger than Harry's, and he had a second cousin who was a baronet. Harry also was smiled on; he was an old acquaintance, and, after all, you never knew, did you?

Then came the fancy fair. Even in those days there were bazaars, only they were called fancy fairs—at least, this one was. There were marquees, and tents, and stalls set out under trees, and a band; and Lady Blank patronized the fair, and Lord Dash was interested in it, and all the girls wore their prettiest frocks and sold rosebuds for half a crown apiece, just as they do now.

Now, fortune-telling was not then the weary commonplace that it now is at all bazaars. And when Mr. Piercy Raymond set up a tent under the weeping ash in the middle of the front lawn at the vicarage, and hired a real gipsy from the real caravan that happened to be encamped on the common, he was considered to have done something very daring and original, so much so that no one dared to go near the fortune-telling tent till Lady Dash had said openly that she should have her fortune told.

Mr. Piercy Raymond was very anxious that Sybilla should have her fortune told. So was Harry Combermere, though he pretended to think it was all nonsense. Each gentleman had already consulted the witch. And each thought he had made her his instrument. But the witch appears to have been, like Lord Bacon, bribable, but incorruptible.

You see the pretty scene—the ballooning muslin dresses, the fluttering scarves and ribbons, the dappled shadows of the trees on the trim green lawn. There is Sybilla in the white muslin with cherry-coloured ribbons. She wears a mushroom hat—most of the other girls of her age wear spoon bonnets—and under it her blue eyes sparkle and languish. Her small pink mouth smiles guardedly. Her hands, ungloved because she has been selling flowers, play with a rose she wears; the tradition survives in our stage *ingénues*. The two young men, in their tightly-strapped peg-top trousers and high cravats, stand one on each side of her. For once they are of one mind. Miss Seymour must, simply must, consult the fortune-teller. Each adviser, you see, is confident of having squared the priestess of the mysteries.

"Very well," said Sybilla, looking down her pretty nose, in the way that must, I think, have been taught in schools, along with deportment, *les grâces*, and the use of the gloves, "I will go in. But I feel dreadfully timid. And suppose she said anything really—really *interesting*, and someone was to be passing outside the tent and heard it?"

"Impossible," said Piercy. "Mr. Combermere and I will stand on each side of the tent at ten paces distant and warn off all intruders."

"Besides," said Harry, "she whispers it all in your ear."

The two young men took their places. Sybilla gave a last glance to Harry, a last glance to Piercy, waved her hand, smiled dazzlingly, lifted the flap of the tent, and entered.

The inside of the tent was quite dark, and she stood still, uncertain. Presently she saw a swarthy woman with a handkerchief knotted under her chin, an orange handkerchief with a border of red roses. The woman was sitting with her elbows on a little table, the *papier-mâché* chess-table from the vicarage drawing-room; Sybilla recognized it. And the woman's eyes met Sybilla's.

"Give me your hand," said the woman, and Sybilla gave it, the pretty little hand that had just waved a farewell to two enamoured young gentlemen.

"Kneel down," said the woman, and Sybilla knelt. The woman bent her head over the soft, pink palm.

Then she began to speak.

II.

THE comedy is now played out, and the curtain is up for the tragedy.

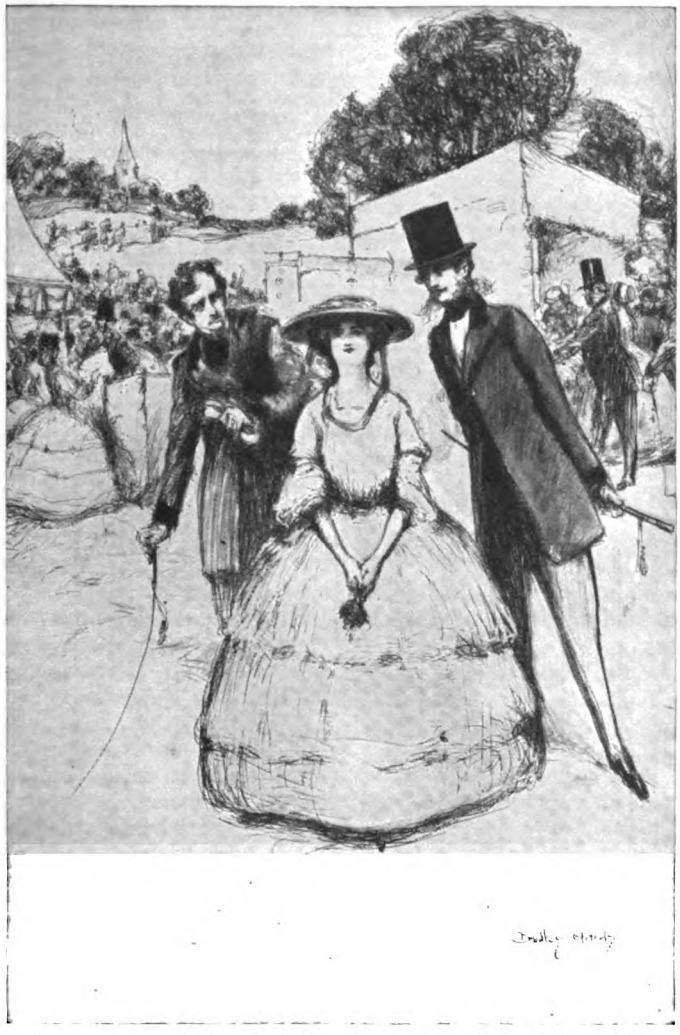
Sybilla went into the tent under the sentimental weeping ash; she looked back, arch with the archness of the ringleted ideal, brilliant, triumphant, alluring. Without her two lovers watched, each confident that he had bought the witch within.

There came no word of whisper from the tent. The shadows of the trees had shifted. The interview in the tent was long. Suddenly the flap lifted and Sybilla came out. The two men moved towards the white and cherry-coloured apparition, and as they drew near each felt a quick thrill of something that hurt. Sybilla's cheeks were pale, her lips were pale, her eyes were afraid, and the whole sweet shape of her drooped like a lily in the sun.

"Could you find mamma?" she said. "I

am tired. I want to go home." She sank into a rustic chair—gracefully, of course.

There was a moment's hesitation. Each hoped the other would go first. Neither did. So the two men went together. They found and brought mamma, and Sybilla said how her head ached and how silly it was of her, and did mamma mind?—but she thought if she went straight home now she would be all right by dinner-time. Mamma took her home, made her lie down, and put eau-de-Cologne on her head, kissed her lingeringly, and went away.



"MISS SEYMOUR MUST, SIMPLY MUST, CONSULT THE FORTUNE-TELLER."

As soon as mamma's footstep had died along the corridor Sybilla sprang up; the eau-de-Cologned handkerchief fell with a flop on the carpet. The cold air crawled on her forehead. She went straight to the looking-glass and gazed long at herself. Her head was aching now in good earnest, so she let her hair down, and even at that awful moment she thought how pretty it looked. She was quite right. It was pretty.

Then she went to her little purple-covered writing table in the window and wrote a letter to the girl at Tunbridge Wells. It was a long letter and rather incoherent. Here is some of it:—

"And they are both dining here and staying the night, and I don't know how to face them. That hateful gipsy! The first thing she said when she looked at my hand was, 'This is a murderer's hand!' I should have thought I should have screamed, would not you? But I did not. And then she went on. She told me *all* about both of them—everything almost they'd ever said to me—things I'd quite forgotten. And then she said it was girls like me that destroyed people out of wicked vanity. And it's not true—you know it isn't true. And she said, 'You'll be the death of both your lovers, and then perhaps you'll be satisfied.' Isn't it terrible? Of course, I don't believe a word of it; but, all the same, I am trembling so I can hardly write."

She watched the trembling of her hand a moment, and then went on:—

"Suppose it were true! Oh, dearest, I wish you were here. If only I could tell someone." With much more to the same effect.

When she had finished the letter she read it through, and then tore it up and burned the pieces with the utmost care.

And presently it was time to dress. You, fair reader, if you were scared out of your little wits by a gipsy's warning that your charms would be the death of your lovers, would, of course, seek to modify those charms — do your hair in some new and ugly way, and put on your most unbecoming frock. Sybilla was not like that. She put on her white tarlatan ball-dress trimmed with looped garlands of pink roses, arranged the accustomed enhancement of ringlets, set the pink rose-wreath on her head, and took her spangled pink fan and the short white gloves with the little silk tassels. There was to be a dance to end the evening. Thus she had intended to dress for the dance. She saw no reason to revise the intention.

When she and her mother had driven away the two young men turned each on the other to the music of the band of the fancy fair. The time had come when nothing would satisfy either but what the Americans prettily call a heart-to-heart talk with the other.

Heaven knows what foolishness was trembling on the lips of each as they walked through the crowd of gay buyers and sellers towards the rustic chair where Sybilla had sat. But before either could speak they saw that the gipsy was standing in the tent door, beckoning to them.

So they went to her. She looked at Harry and said:—

"You gave me a pound to tell the young lady to marry you."

Raymond ground his teeth.

"And you," she said to him, "gave me five pounds for the same thing. I shall keep your money, both of you. And I'll give you a bit of advice in return for it. Make friends with each other and drop the girl. You're worth fifty of her, either of you."

"What did you tell her?" Harry asked, white with anger.

"The truth," said the woman, mildly, "and you saw how she liked it. But it needn't be the truth unless you like. Shake hands betwixt yourselves, dear gentlemen, and don't you go a-nigh her any more, and you'll have got your six pounds' worth over and over again."

Before the men could answer a bright, silly lady pushed between them.

"Oh, *is* that the gipsy?" she said. "I *must* have my fortune told."

"I've told all I mean to tell," the gipsy answered, frowning, and strode off across the lawn.

The silly lady had to be consoled.

Thus it happened that the two did not get their heart-to-heart talk till very late that night, when the dance was over, and they had driven their host, Sybilla's brother, to bed and outstayed all the other guests in the billiard-room.

Sybilla had danced with both; she had been pale and sad-eyed, and thus, of course, had had for her lovers a new irresistible appeal. Each had told his love—both in the conservatory. And to each Sybilla had said that she did not know her own heart. If she had sought for a year and a day to find the most fatal reply to make, this, of course, would have been the result of her search. When she had said it to Piercy he kissed her hands. When she said it to Harry he caught her in his arms and kissed her cold cheek.

And now the two men were alone. Harry spoke.

"We must have it out," he said. "I love her, and you know it. Until you came she cared for me."

"That's as may be," said Piercy, "but she does not care for you now."

"You think perhaps she cares for you?"

"If she did I should hardly choose you for my confidant."

There was a silence full of hate.

"It was all right till you came, I swear it was," said poor Harry, trying to fight down the hate in his heart and give the other man a chance to behave, as he phrased it to himself, "like a gentleman."

"I think you flatter yourself, Mr. Combermere," said Piercy.

"Then you come with your cursed dish-wash about poetry and the moon, and make eyes at her and——"

"Pray complete the complimentary indictment," said Piercy, with a sneer that almost showed his teeth.

"Curse you!" said Harry. "I tell you Sybilla——"

"Stop!" said Piercy, very sharp and sudden. "If you dare to take her name on your lips I shall kill you—with my hands!"

"You'd better try," said Harry, like some badgered schoolboy.

Then they stood looking at each other, in a second silence, full of something deeper and less simple than mere hatred.

"Will you give her up?" Harry said, at last.

"I will not give up my chance of her," said Piercy, carefully. "Will you?"

"I have kissed her," said Harry," who now no longer knew what he was saying, "and she shall never be another's."

"I believe you lie," said Piercy; "but if that is true, there is not room for us both on the same earth. We will fight it out."

"There are pistols in the gun-room," said Harry, eagerly.

"Pistols are noisy and—uncertain," said Piercy, coldly. "And a duel without seconds is awkward for the survivor. Yet, perhaps—— Look here. There's a way I learned in Italy. It makes no fuss — no one knows. It looks like an accident."

"Any way you like," said Harry, savagely, "so that I get a chance to wipe you out."

Piercy leaned against the billiard-table and spoke slowly.

"We take two bits of paper — one is blank. We mark the other with a cross. We put them in two envelopes. I shuffle them — you shuffle them, as many times as you like. Then I take one and you the other; we say good night and go to bed. When we get to our own rooms we open the envelopes. The one who finds the paper marked with the cross must die. He can choose his own way out. And the other—still has his chance."

"THE GIPSY WAS STANDING IN THE TENT DOOR, BECKONING TO THEM."

Harry stood thinking.

"You shall have first choice," said Piercy, impatiently, answering the other's thought.

It is not easy to believe, I know; but Harry got two envelopes and Piercy two bits of paper, and they sealed them up and shuffled them each in turn. Then at last Piercy threw them on the table.

"Now, choose," he said.

But Harry could not choose.

"I don't know," he said. "I—— Do you mind if we go to the gun-room and get those pistols first. If I were to draw the cross—I might not be able to stick to it if I had too long to think about it. Do you mind?"

"Not in the least," said Piercy, courteously. "I think you are right. I will take a pistol myself. But I think, if I may say so, that it ought not to be done in the house."

"Of course not," said Harry. He wanted to say: "Look here, are we both mad? Let's chuck it now and talk it over in the morning." And again the other man read his thoughts and said: "Afraid?"

And of course that settled it. They went quietly through dark corridors to the gun-room. Raymond carried a candle in its heavy silver candle-stick. The gun-room is at the other end of the house, and the house is a big one.

The moment they had left the billiard-room something moved in it—something behind the screen that masked its second door, the door leading to the servants' quarters. And someone came out into the room Of course, it was Sybilla. She flew to the table, caught up the envelopes with cold hands that trembled, pulled two new ones out of the paper rack, tore a scrap of blank paper for each envelope, pushed them in, closed and wafered the envelopes, laid them down and fled, holding the two other envelopes clenched in her hand. A flush of delight in her own cleverness warmed her like fire or wine.

She had come down because she knew in her newly-awakened heart that these men would quarrel about her. And she feared the upshot of that quarrel for the man she loved. For those kisses in the conservatory, on hand and cheek, had taught her to know her own heart. She had been very angry with both

her lovers, but she knew now whose lover *she* was. And this knowledge had brought with it a certain wisdom and discernment new to her. The Sybilla of yesterday would have rushed between the two at the beginning of the quarrel, imploring her two lovers to be friends for her sake The new Sybilla perceived that thus most surely could she precipitate a tragedy The only thing to do, she now felt, was to know what was happening. Then she could, somehow, save the man she loved, but not by melodramatic appeals.

Now, arrived at her own room, she stood in the darkness clutching the envelopes, listening, listening, listening. There was the sound of the billiard-room door closing, steps on the stairs, two doors that shut softly away on the upper corridor.

That was well; each would find in his envelope the blank paper that spelt Life, and would be safe for that night. And to-morrow when they found out—oh, things would look different in the morning; they always did. All the same she could not sleep, and when in the early morning the sound of a distant shot broke the grey stillness her heart only checked for a moment. Then she remembered that her brother and cousin meant to go out early after wood-pigeons. And so when the sun shone in at her window she fell asleep, almost confident that, given this respite, given time, she could "manage" the two men who loved her. She was clever; she knew she was.

But there was no need of management, because when those two came back from the gun-room, each carrying a blue-barrelled pistol —Piercy said, with half a laugh:—

"It ought to have been a black spot, not a cross. The cross is the symbol of life, not death."

"Let's call it that," Harry said, impatiently. He was trying to keep a steady mouth. "Let's have it that the blank paper spells death."

And they had it so.

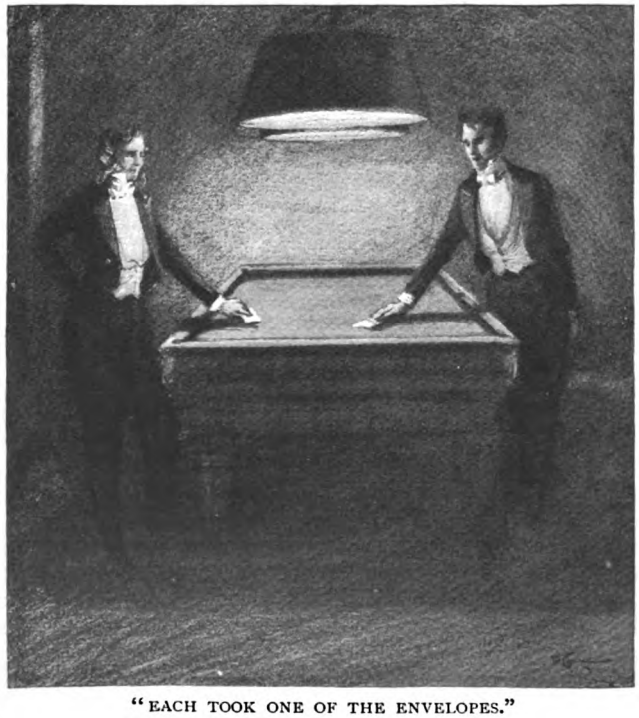
And each took one of the envelopes.

Thus when each, alone in his room, opened the envelope each found the blank paper which the clever Sybilla had put there. And each read on it the sentence of death.

The brother and cousin had been too tired to go out after wood-pigeons, and the shot Sybilla heard was the shot that killed Harry Combermere.

Piercy, always thoughtful for others, was discreet even in his dying. He waited till his man came at eight with his shaving-water, gave directions as to the suit he wished to have put out, and went down to the river to bathe. He never came back. His clothes were found on the river bank, and his body later below the weir.

You don't really care, of course, what happened to Sybilla? You do? You think she was only silly, not really wicked—not responsible, when all's said and done, for the ending of her two love stories? Well, perhaps you are right. Sybilla, at any rate, grew in time to believe she had been the innocent, helpless sufferer from an unpreventable tragedy. Within a year she was certain that she was not to blame. Within two she became the blushing bride of an opulent sugar-broker—an ending which might have been achieved, one cannot help seeing, at a much lighter cost than the lives of two men, each of whom was worth, as the gipsy pointed out, at least fifty Sybillas.



"EACH TOOK ONE OF THE ENVELOPES."

Artists Who Draw Their Own Christmas-Cards.

By J. Sydney Boot.

MR. LAWSON WOOD'S CHRISTMAS-CARD.

THE selection of a suitable card wherewith to send one's Christmas greetings is one of the minor domestic problems incidental to the festive season, and one which is, for most of us, each year the cause of no little perplexity. In the case of the artist, however, the difficulty does not exist; he simply takes a sheet of paper, his brush or his pencil, sits down, and dashes off a clever sketch which cannot fail to delight its lucky recipient. The ordinary mortal has, perforce, to employ other methods, the usual one being to procure from the local stationer his bulky specimen-book of alleged "artistic, exclusive, and up-to-date" Christmas-cards at so much per dozen, including name and address on the fly-leaf. Then ensue a prolonged period of cogitation, vexation, the weeding-out of the many absolutely hopeless examples, and finally, with bewildered brain, the despairing selection of one that is comparatively harmless.

MR. FRED BUCHANAN'S CHRISTMAS-CARD.

We are able to give examples of the

MR. S. H. SIME'S QUAINT NOTION FOR A CARD.

Christmas-cards of some celebrated artists, and we think that our readers will agree that they have executed these little mementoes a great deal better than anyone else could have done it for them. These cards, of course, have never been published.

Mr. Lawson Wood is a young artist with a big reputation whose work is certain to be much in evidence in the weekly and monthly Christmas numbers this year. At the present time we have none too many humorous artists,

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS FROM MR. STARR WOOD.

THE LATE MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE'S IDEA FOR A CARD.

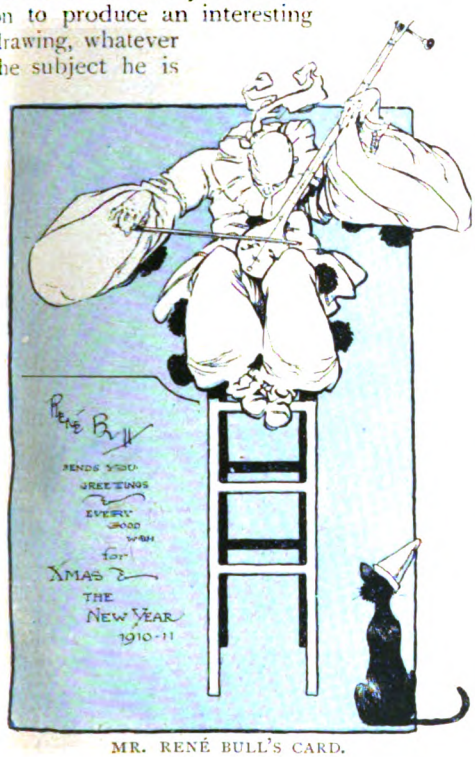
but among the few we have Mr. Lawson Wood certainly takes front rank, as his card goes to show. He there gives us a "prehistoric" sketch, a subject which has provided his pencil with much irresistible humour. As a study in expression alone his card is a masterpiece.

Mr. Fred Buchanan has portrayed himself, but it is hard to recognize in the figure of the dejected-looking pavement artist the likeness of one of our younger humorous artists who bids fair to make a big name for himself. Mr. Buchanan is ever ready to seize on the little scenes and incidents of everyday life as subjects for his pencil, as in the present case, which is, as he says, "All my own work, done on the hard stones."

One of the quaintest cards comes from Mr.

A CARD FROM MR. DUDLEY HARDY, R.I.

Sidney H. Sime, an artist who is remarkable for the originality and brilliance of his work. Mr. Sime can always be relied on to produce an interesting drawing, whatever the subject he is



MR. RENÉ BULL'S CARD.

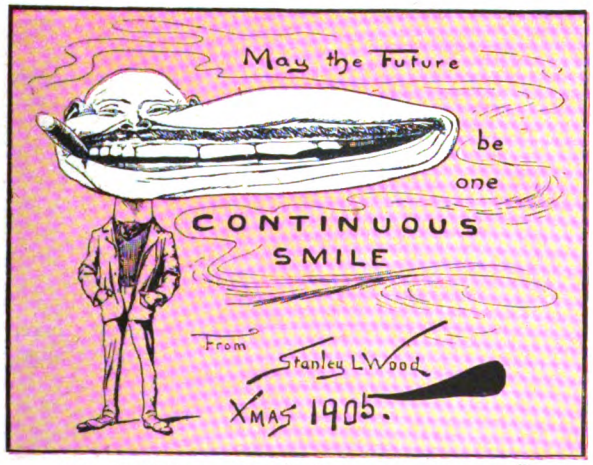
illustrating, and his card is typical of his genius in this respect. Father Time, with spectacles on brow and with scythe and hour-glass laid aside, is shown busily engaged in building a house of cards.

A pathetic interest attaches to our next illustration, the work of the late Mr. Linley Sambourne, the famous *Punch* cartoonist. Mr. Sambourne was too busy a man to be able to spare the time to draw his own Christmas-cards, but on being asked if he had ever done so he courteously replied: "I am sorry I cannot oblige you with a Christmas-card designed for my own use, as I have unfortunately never had time to do one." He had then added a characteristic sketch of a robin skating, with the remark, "A robin skating would make a good one."

A popular man with his fellow-artists is Mr. Starr Wood, the second of that name on our list and a distinguished member of the clan. Mr. Wood writes: "My card is a caricature of myself, my wife, and child," and from it we gather that the family is

A STRIKING CARD FROM MR. JOHN HASSALL, R.I.

musically inclined. The infant, it will be noticed, hardly seems to appreciate his parents' vocal efforts, for he is giving voice to his own opinions in the matter by chiming in with "Dod Save Our Dracious Ting."



MR. STANLEY L. WOOD'S "CONTINUOUS SMILE."

Another popular artist who designs his own Christmas-cards is Mr. Dudley Hardy, R.I., who is responsible for our next example, an effective study of a

CLEVER BIRD STUDY FROM MR. J. A. SHEPHERD.

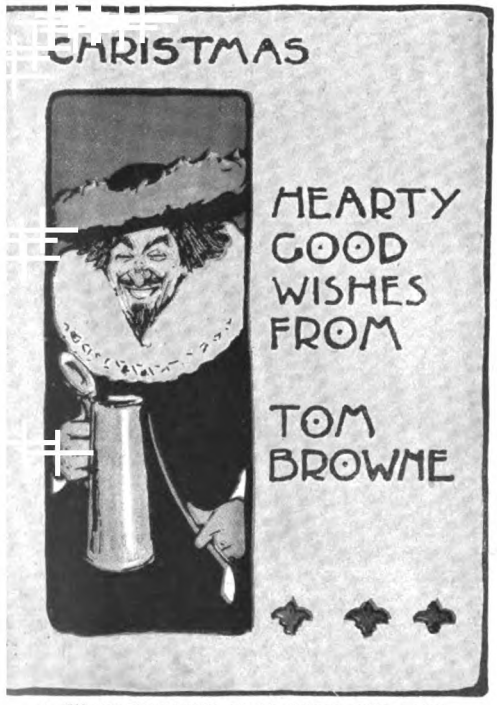
ierrot executed with all this artist's well-nown cleverness.

Mr. René Bull has also drawn a Pierrot or the card he is sending to his friends this ear, and it will be noticed that by a curious oincidence he has drawn, just as Mr. Dudley Hardy has, a cat in the right-hand ottom corner of his card. And although ne cat is black and the other white, there is ere undoubtedly ample proof of the saying, Great minds think alike."

It will, perhaps, be news to many of the iends of Mr. John Hassall, R.I., that he has ever had sufficient spare time in which to draw his own Christmas-cards, for the amount of work he gets through in the course of a year is enormous. His card, it will be seen, is a particularly effective one, in which his masterly handling and broad treatment are characteristic features.

Mr. Stanley L. Wood is famous as the pictorial creator of Cutcliffe Hyne's Captain Kettle, and his spirited, vigorous drawings have made him one of the most popular artists among readers of illustrated magazines. Mr. Wood's work is always intensely serious, but his Christmas-card shows that he has a decided sense of humour. The grotesque drollery of his "Continuous Smile" has doubtless raised many a hearty laugh. He has here, by the way, perpetrated a monstrous libel on his own features.

Mr. J. A. Shepherd may well be described as the Phil May of the animal world, and it is easy to recognize in his

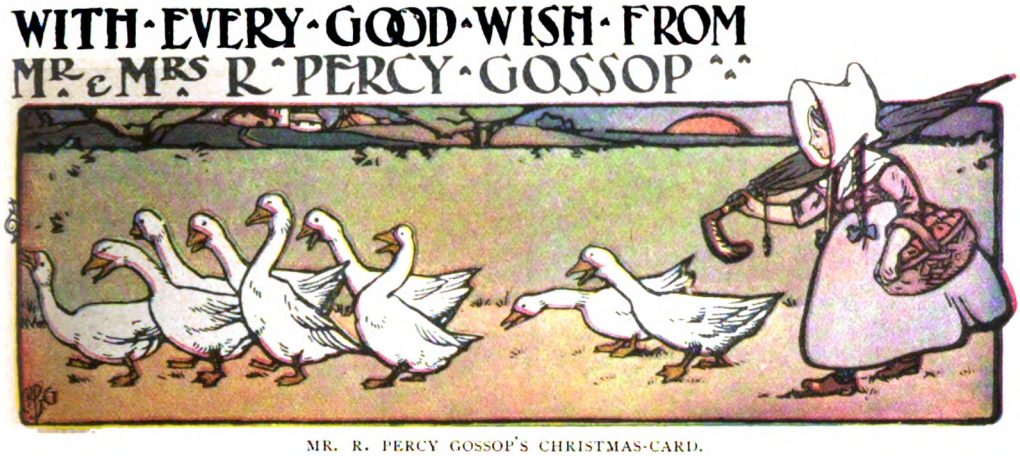


A CHARACTERISTIC CARD FROM THE LATE MR. TOM BROWNE.

MR. WILL OWEN'S CONTRIBUTION.

card the brilliant work of the illustrator of "Zig-Zags at the Zoo," "Uncle Remus," and a host of other books. Mr. Shepherd's group of robins is not only a good example of his work, but a very charming little bird study.

W. Jacobs's delightful stories, has also contributed a card. Mr. Owen is a believer in the old-style Christmas. His subject is a convivial wayfarer, lantern in hand, homeward bound in the snow, bearing



MR. R. PERCY GOSSOP'S CHRISTMAS-CARD.

There will be many this year who will feel with keen regret the absence of a Christmas-card from Mr. Tom Browne, whose early death was a sad loss to his numerous admirers, among whom there must have been many readers of this Magazine, in which his work was always a popular feature. A genial soul and full of the joy of life, Mr. Browne's card was invariably one which expressed the true spirit of Christmas—conviviality and goodwill to man. In the present case he has depicted a genial roysterer of the "good old times," a laughing Cavalier, with flagon and long clay pipe, whose very expression is eloquent of the artist's "hearty good wishes" to his friends.

Mr. Will Owen, another famous humorist artist, well known to STRAND MAGAZINE readers, whose clever drawings add much charm to Mr. W.

a likely-looking sack as evidence that he has provided himself with the good things that go to the making of a merry Christmas.

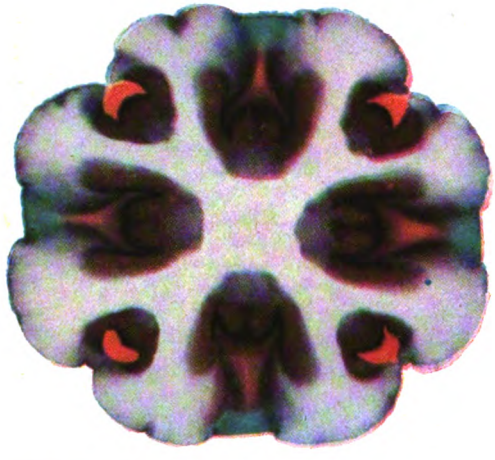
Mr. R. Percy Gossop, one of our foremost decorative artists, usually delights his friends each year with a clever example of his work in colours as a Christmas-card. The one we here reproduce is a particularly pleasing specimen, a quaint sketch of a demure little maiden with a huge umbrella driving a flock of geese to market.

To complete the list, we have a clever sketch from the pencil of Mr. Charles Pears, whose distinctive work has won for him the admiration of "the man in the street" as well as that of his fellow-artists. Mr. Pears has drawn a small boy and a cat, the former, we believe, representing Master Tommy Pears at an early age.

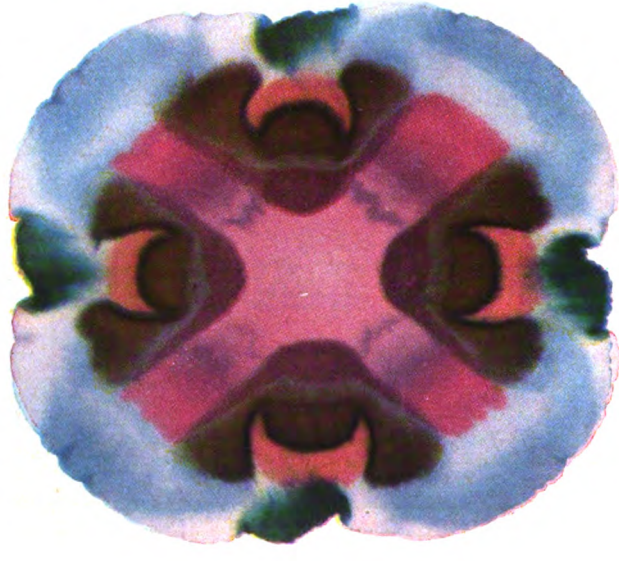
HEARTY XMAS GREETINGS FROM MR. CHARLES PEARS.

COLOUR-BLOTS.

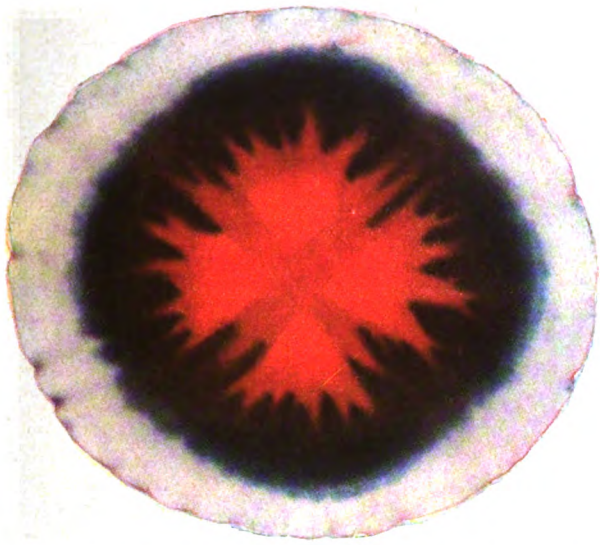
By ALAN WILLIS.



HAVE you ever noticed how a drop of ink, when let fall on a sheet of blotting paper, continues to spread for some seconds in an ever-growing circle? Well, bearing this fact in mind, and using coloured inks instead of black, it is an easy matter, with but a little pains and perseverance, to produce an almost endless variety of designs similar in character to those reproduced in this article. The time occupied in making these blots is not time wasted. There are a fascination about the work and an uncertainty as to what may be the result that make it extremely interesting. After procuring a number of bottles of different-coloured inks and a larger bottle of water, place in each bottle a piece of round lamp-wick sufficiently long to stand about three-quarters of an inch above the neck of the bottle. Some sheets of good white blotting-paper will also be required. When the wicks are thoroughly saturated take a piece of blotting-paper and make a blot about the size of a shilling by placing the centre of the paper on the wick of the bottle of ink selected — say, green. Then, while the ink is wet, transfer the blotting-paper to the bottle containing water and carefully put the wick of the water-bottle in the centre of the spot of ink already made. It may be pointed out that the



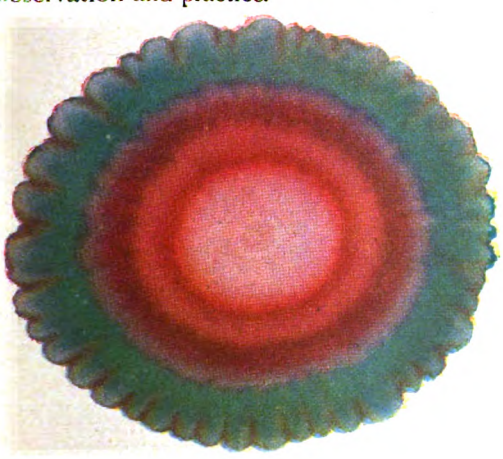
blotting-paper can be kept in the centre by placing the ink-bottle between two books of sufficient thickness to keep the paper level with the top of the wick. The green ink will then be gradually forced by the action of the water into a circle, leaving the centre quite clear of ink. Ink of another colour may now be introduced in the centre, and treated with water as before. This will give two concentric circles of different colours. Other colours used in the same way give very fine effects and tints not noticeable in the inks themselves.

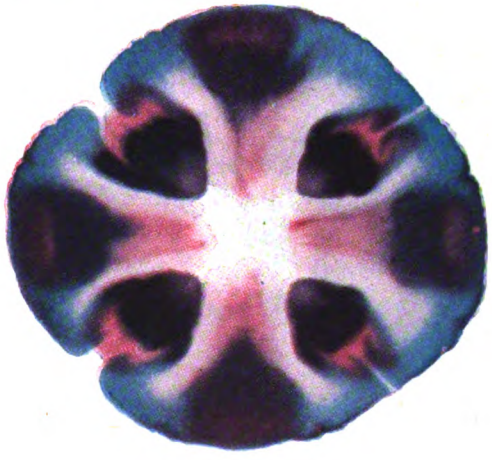


When the blot is sufficiently large, then comes the drying. This must be done before a brisk fire. It is better to put all ink on the blotting-paper on the rough side, and make the smooth side the front. If the colours are satisfactory on the front of the paper, dry quickly, turning both sides alternately to the fire. If, however, the front is scarcely as deep a colour as required, dry from the back only, which will deepen the colour in front. But if the colour is too deep, dry from the front and drive some of the colour to the back. These instructions are quite sufficient for a beginner — proficiency comes with observation and practice.

I am often asked how I sketch the various designs, whether I use a brush, and so forth. To these I may reply that no sketching is required — it is simply a matter of noticing what effect one kind of ink has upon another, and this is often found out accidentally. For instance, I have found that Antoine's Copying Fluid has the effect of stopping other inks from spreading in a circle. Making use of this accidental discovery, I tried the effect on a centre of green ink, which flows freely under the influence of water. The accompanying diagram will make the process quite clear. On applying water, the green ink, where not opposed by Antoine's (A), spread freely, while the parts opposed by (A) only moved slowly, the result being a good form of Maltese Cross in green, with a dark mark at the junction of the arms of the cross and a perfectly clear centre. The application of other colours here and there and further use of water complete the design, which is the last here reproduced.

The reader may now safely be left to experiment on his own behalf.





HIDING A HERETIC

By Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS.

Illustrated by Sydney Seymour Lucas.

THE sickly heat of the August afternoon was comparatively unfelt in the long gallery known as the Salle de la Suite, with its six tall windows, looking north.

Gilberte la Rivaz had a special reason for coming hither upon that Saturday, the twenty-third day of August, in the year 1572. It was not often that she ventured into any place where the members of the Royal households were wont to congregate, for she was a Béarnaise, and, as such, unpopular.

Yet it was a sweet little face—round and young—a tint of warm red on the clear brown cheeks, the hair a clustering chestnut, and the shy eyes, when lifted, darted a pure blue ray which was unexpected and alluring. She floated down the polished floor with a motion like a swallow skimming; and, finding to her equal wonder and delight that she was the only person in the gallery, settled herself on one of the deep window-seats, behind a jade pedestal.

Gilberte was doubly orphaned. Father and mother had both laid down their lives in the service of the House of Navarre, and Jeanne d'Albret had taken the desolate child into her own household. In that stern atmosphere had she grown up, until

she accompanied the Queen on her ill-fated journey to Paris; and would have been cast upon the world's mercy at the time of her mistress's mysterious death, but for her extraordinary ability in embroidery, which caused Marguerite of Valois to petition that she might be included in her suite at the time of her marriage.

It was a strange life—the young orphan, fresh from the grim proprieties of La Rochelle, an alien in the vicious, degraded, intriguing Court of Paris.

She saw—poor little dweller behind the scenes—the lack of sympathy, the unhappiness which existed between the young King of Navarre and his unwilling bride.

The gaieties of the Louvre had kept her busy of late, for she had a sincere admiration for the unhappy Marguerite; and that her mistress should outshine all the ladies of the Court in the exquisite taste and workmanship of her gowns, the young girl had sat up late of nights and risen early in the hot, breathless summer mornings, wearying her blue eyes over gold and silver tinsel and delicately-dyed silks.

The window at which she sat gave upon the courtyard. The full heat of the sultry afternoon beat down upon the opposite walls. She could see by turning her head the groups of lackeys, soldiers, and hangers on, congregated in the shade, wherever shadow could be found. She watched a small group of Huguenot gentlemen go out under the great archway, and marked the black looks thrown after them by a knot of men wearing the livery of Guise. The sight was a usual one of late; the truce between the Huguenots and the League seemed a real one. She knew there were numbers of Huguenots in Paris; but she could not help knowing also that they were not loved.

She shook her brown curls—little, unconsidered unit in a great household—and gave her serious attention to her embroidery.

A moment, and there was a clanking of pikes and measured tread of feet as the wide-leaved doors at the gallery end swung open to admit a small party of soldiers coming to relieve the sentries.

Gilberte's heart beat with fright; but she was small—the embrasure which held her large. She was too far from the end of the gallery to escape unnoticed, and she knew how provocative of coarse laughter and coarser jeers the spectacle of a flying petticoat would be to such men as now trooped in.

Peeping from her hiding-place as they entered she noted with relief that the man in charge—he who answered to what we should call a non-commissioned officer—was one Vaucour, of whom the ladies in waiting jested among themselves because his face was so dark and his hands so white and well kept.

Gilberte had never spoken to him in her life; but in this city of aliens she had a curious feeling that he was her friend. Their eyes had a trick of meeting; and his she found eloquent of many things. After the fashion of those who lead lonely, loveless lives, she grew to watch for him during the changes of the guard.

It was but for an instant that she peeped from her hiding place, while still the intruders were at the far end of the gallery; but in that instant Vaucour's eyes, glancing keenly up and down as though in search of someone, found and rested upon her. His glance was at once withdrawn, as Gilberte slipped back into covert behind the large curtain. A perturbed look crossed the man's dark face: a look as of anxiety grown desperate.

But as the knot of men passed the girl's hiding-place he seemed to have forgotten her: he had pulled out a paper of some kind from his pocket and was showing it to those with him. In their absorption they never dreamed of a girl behind the curtain.

They had gone. Gilberte heard the challenging words with which the sentry in the guard-room beyond was relieved. The armed tread died away. She was safe now, for the little band would not return through the gallery. But it seemed only a moment before the floor rang once more to the tread of a heavy heel; and, looking up, consternation in her heart, she saw before her Vaucour, his steel casque in his hand; and they two were alone.

As they gazed face to face neither could believe that it was for the first time. Yet it was a revelation, too. The girl had not realized the depth of the lines cut by adversity on this man's face; she had not marked the grey in his jet-black hair and carefully-pointed small beard. He was a large, powerfully-built, forbidding-looking warrior.

"Mademoiselle, I ask you to pardon a liberty," he said, solemnly.

She rose, with a feeling of being safer on her feet.

"*Il n'y a pas de quoi, monsieur,*" faltered her sweet little voice.

"*Que mademoiselle ne se dérange pas,*" he begged, and voice and accent were those of a gentleman. "The reason I venture to trouble her is that her face assures me that she has a tender heart. There is no other

lady to whom I dare apply. Mademoiselle, there is a small boy down yonder—a page, merely—for whom I have an affection. He hurt his hand, the wound has poisoned, and

The generous pity shone in Gilberte's blue eyes. "Monsieur, I am honoured by your application. I will come."

He bowed with respect. "Pardon,

"AS THE KNOT OF MEN PASSED THE GIRL'S HIDING-PLACE HE SEEMED TO HAVE FORGOTTEN HER."

it inflames. We notified the Court leech, but his affairs have precluded his attendance. I know that all the young ladies of her late Majesty the Queen of Navarre were taught to nurse the sick. Will you come and see what you can do for Landry?"

mademoiselle. The boy is in my own quarters. You must not be seen to go there, and he is too ill to move. It is much that I ask of you. It is that you will, at midnight, cover yourself in a cloak and descend the small staircase of the *petite*

portaille. I will be in waiting for you at the postern, and will manage that no one sees you. If you will trust me, I will answer with my life for your safety."

Gilberte hesitated. This was a request quite unlike anything she had expected; and how wholly different the man and his manner from the only other wooer who had importuned her—M. Olivier, a kind of valet of the Duc d'Alençon, whose attentions she was always trying to avoid!

This man stood silent before her, having made his plea. With one of his white hands he brushed his bristling moustaches to left and right with a gesture almost nonchalant. But she saw the sweat standing in beads on the white portion of his bronzed brow left uncovered by the removal of his casque, and knew with what suspense he awaited her reply.

To do as he asked was to place her reputation — her whole future — in his hands. Both knew it. It was a breathless instant.

There came to their ears steps, laughter, and voices; someone approached. Her eyes went faltering in their clear blue calm up to Vaucour's face. She knew she must submit.

"Is it yes or no, mademoiselle?" he asked, very quietly.

"It is yes," said Gilberte la Rivaz.

It was a long, hot, crowded, uncomfortable evening. Everyone was beginning to feel that the curious mixed household at the Louvre could not exist much longer. The smouldering fires of war seemed to underlie the commonest words and actions. No man trusted his fellow.

Queen Marguerite, who had been all the evening in the rooms of the Queen-Mother, came thence in tears, escorted to the door by her sister of Lorraine, who clung about her neck as though taking leave of her for some long time. The King of Navarre was closeted with some Huguenot gentlemen, his friends, and declined to come out or to make any attempt to console his wife. They had quarrelled that day. The ladies did what they could to soothe their Royal mistress, and to induce her to go to bed and to sleep. To the chagrin of all the others she chose Gilberte to sit beside her and sing her to slumber.

The moments crept on. Sounds of desperate quarrelling in the courtyard between the retainers of some Leaguer and those of some Huguenot made night hideous from time to time. When at last the young Queen fell asleep, Gilberte was stiff, cramped, and weary. But the picture of the untended boy, with his inflamed wound, drove fatigue from her mind. She went quietly and without hurry upstairs to her room and took from thence the little bundle of lotions and dressings which her skilful hands had made ready. As she was returning, half-way down the stair, she heard the high-pitched tones of M. Olivier in the corridor below, asking if anyone knew where Mlle. la Rivaz was.

"In the Queen's room," was the answer given.

"Tell her to stay there, then," said Olivier, and proceeded in an undertone to add something which she could not hear.

Gilberte slipped down the stair with a noiseless rush and through the big folding doors which shut off the apartments of the King and Queen of Navarre. She found herself in a different part of the palace, in a solitude which formed a strong contrast to the moving crowds she had passed through. There was no sentry at the *petite portaille*, which was always locked at dusk. As she expected, it had been left open for her now, and she passed through it wholly unobserved.

In the darkness within the door she paused, put on her mask, wrapped herself in her cloak, and descended the spiral stair in some trepidation.

At the stair foot, as he had directed her, she tapped three times, and, after an interval, three times again. Immediately the little door opened, without noise, and a cool whiff of night air reached her, with a glimpse of starlight.

Vaucour said no word at all as he reached his hand to help her down the three steps to the ground; but as she touched him she could feel that he was trembling from head to foot. This alarmed her for the first time. So simple an errand as that on which she came could not surely affect a strong man with such agitation.

"Give me your hand: I dare not make a light," he whispered, as the air and the starlight were shut out behind them.

Gilberte was surprised that she was not more frightened. She put her hand confidently into his strong, warm clasp, and felt that they were ascending a staircase, then going along a passage, then down steps, then up again, along more passages, always in the dark. She could tell that as she went he was feeling the wall with his left hand. His absorption suggested to her mind that he was counting turnings and doorways.

At last he stopped. There was the sound

of a lifted latch, she was drawn within a doorway, and heard the shooting of bolts behind her. A lamp was kindled, and Gilberte looked around.

It was a small room, its walls merely the bare stone walls of a fortress. Its furniture consisted of a rough table, two or three stools, and a pallet bed on which lay a boy of twelve or thirteen years old. There was a second door, opposite to that by which they had entered. The girl slipped off her mask and looked at her guide.

"How am I going to get back?" she asked, apprehensively.

"Mademoiselle must trust that I, who brought her here, hold myself responsible for her safety," said Vaucour, moving towards the bed with a preoccupied air. Gilberte also approached, and looked down upon a pair of merrily-dancing, roguish black eyes, which met hers with an irresistible twinkle.

"He does not look very ill," she said, resentfully.

"Mademoiselle," said the patient, mischievously, "it is the sight of the Court physician brought by Vaucour which restores me."

"*C'est un brave garçon*," said Vaucour, laconically. "His wound is serious, however."

When Gilberte had unrolled the wrappings on Landry's left arm she saw that it was, in effect, a thing that needed attention.

Vaucour stood silently by while the dressing was in progress. He had a few logs on the hearth, and heated water for her in an iron pot; she thought him slow and clumsy, or absent-minded. He seemed restless. The howl of a dog or any shout from without stiffened him into a frozen statue of expectation. He came back again and again to the bedside to stare down upon the two.

"There now! That is done!" said the girl at last; and she lifted her sweet, gay little face with a smile.

"Ah! You have made me so comfortable," murmured the boy. "It is so long since I have slept. But now the throbbing has ceased I am drowsy. I feel—so deliciously—sleepy."

He closed his eyes and turned his head over on the pillow, in a luxury of content.

She rose, and began to roll together her bandages. "It has taken some time," said she to Vaucour. "I must go back."

She kept her eyes demurely on her work, hoping that he would speak now—would perhaps find some words to thank her for what she had done. She was not sure that she was quite pleased with him; she had run a great risk, and the boy was not so very ill after all.

"Monsieur," she said, a little haughtily, "I have done what I can. The boy will sleep now."

Vaucour looked at her almost piteously, moistening his dry lips as though he wished to speak. He was in full uniform, and had not even removed his helmet, from which she concluded that he was due on guard almost immediately. Apparently he found nothing to say to her, for he went slowly to the door, paused like one listening, and came back. The strangeness of his look fascinated Gilberte. She did not know whether she felt afraid or not, but she knew dimly that something was about to happen. He took her hand and was beginning to say "Mademoiselle——" when his voice was drowned in a sudden deafening clangour of wild sound. The hot darkness was rent by the clash of the tocsin. The city echoed it in a dull roar as though of beasts let loose raging from their cages. The earth shook with the sudden rush of many trampling feet; and clear in the courtyard below rang the bugle that bade the guard turn out.

Vaucour started. His uncertainty was all gone now. He looked and acted like a man who has decided beforehand upon a certain course of conduct. The girl, on the contrary, was thunderstruck. She turned pale. Her terrified eyes sought his. "What is it? What is it? Oh, tell me, what does it mean?"

"Mademoiselle, it means that I must go. As you hear, the guard is called out. I cannot take you back now, for by this time the courtyard is full of men. I cannot leave you here, for I dare not secure the door of my room, lest I draw suspicion on myself. You must trust me a little while longer, and I can save you!"

He snatched up her cloak, mask, and basket, crossed the room, opened the inner door, and seized the lamp. "Up! up the stair!" he cried.

Gilberte lost her head. The glimmer she had of treachery seemed to burn higher. "I will not! I cannot! You are betraying me!" she cried. "Oh, let me go! You know I am so helpless; I have no friends!"

"You have one man to die for you," he answered through his teeth. Crossing the room to where she was pulling desperately at the fastenings of the door, he caught her up like a child in his arms.

"Gilberte, trust me, I will save you; it was for this I brought you here, my beloved," said he, with his mouth close to her ear.

Even as he spoke he was carrying her up the stair, her head reeling with the profound agitation caused by his words. He set her on her feet. "I can give you no light," he whispered, still holding her. "Try, try to sleep till dawn—try to shut your ears. If I live I will come to you in twenty-four hours. If I should fall, Landry knows what to do. One thing more"—he was tying some kind of bandage round her left arm—"I forbid you to take it off; do you hear?" he panted. "Whatever happens, you must not take it off."

"'HE DOES NOT LOOK VERY ILL,' SHE SAID."

She was so faint, her senses were so dazed, that when he released her she staggered back; and, as she recovered, heard the heavy door slam, the bar without fall into place, and knew herself a prisoner.

It had all happened in a moment. Still the stroke of the tocsin beat upon the heavy air, the tumult of the awakening city echoing and re-echoing around. Galloping of horses, shouts, and confused uproar made the moment seem a nightmare, too wild to be credible. What was happening? She strained her ears. Merciful Heaven! what was happening? What was that long-drawn, awful scream that went up from the courtyard below, that cry of agony suddenly choked and cut short violently? Again—again! A woman's shriek this time! Was it torture—was it murder? She fell on her face, grovelling, trying to stop her ears, as the unutterably fearful cries of children's terror and pain came floating up out of the inferno of dreadful sounds. Had some enemy burst suddenly into Paris? Had the mob attacked the Louvre?

She sat up, in the dark, on the floor, remembering with horror the excitement in the palace, the warning—it must have been a warning—of Olivier, the excessive agitation of Vaucour.

They were killing the Huguenots!

Yes, for now she could hear the shouts. 'For the League! For Holy Church! Down with the heretics!"

Another outburst of cursing, prayers, cries, another scream, loud, long, unbearable, cut off bubblingly, as the first had been, and the girl's nerve deserted her. She sank unconscious upon the ground, and perhaps her swoon passed into sleep, for it was daylight in her prison when she awoke.

"HE CAUGHT HER UP LIKE A CHILD IN HIS ARMS."

For three days the slaughter had continued, and still the lust of blood was hardly glutted. For three days had Gilberte remained alone in her hiding-place, a prey to fear, to horror, to loneliness—but safe. The daylight when it came, after that first night of doom, had showed her that Vaucour had made such rough preparations as he could manage for her reception. The place was but a cupboard, but there was a tiny loop-hole window in it, and he had supplied a mattress, a blanket, a large pitcher of fresh water, two loaves, and some apples. Her first day of captivity had been a nightmare of horror. There were constant tumults and uproar without; there were din and quarrelling in the quarters of the guard continually. Once she heard high words and sounds of rage from the room below, and Landry's young, shrill tones raised in derision or taunting. At that her heart went to her mouth, and going to the door she found, to her joy, that there was a strong bar within so that she could secure herself from invasion, at least for a time. But after she had waited awhile, clutching the bar, in a spasm of apprehension, the brawlers went away. As night fell she expected every minute a visit from Vaucour; but when at last — about nine o'clock, as she judged—the three taps and again three sounded at the door, it was the voice of the boy that called to her. He told her that Vaucour had been sent off with others to storm the arsenal in which Biron had entrenched himself with many Huguenots. The city was still in an uproar, and it was impossible to liberate her yet. The same message came next evening and also the evening after that. Landry on this occasion asked her to open the door, as he had succeeded in bringing her a little fresh food. As

she took it from his hands she found courage for the first time to breathe a question.

"*On tue—on tue les Huguenots, n'est-ce pas, Landry?*"

"*Oui*," he answered, carelessly, "*on les tue; mais que diable! Ils ne sont que des canaille, ces Huguenots, excepté vous, mademoiselle.*"

He went away, but his words tingled in the girl's ears as she carefully put up her barricade, seeming to show her vividly how frail was the plank of safety to which she clung.

She could not sleep that night. Confinement, want of exercise, and anxiety made her restless; it was dawn when at last she closed her eyes, and, in consequence, she slept late. She woke from a confused dream, in which she heard the twice-three taps upon her door. Starting awake, she looked wildly round her, and heard a sound upon the stair as of a retreating footstep. With the quick instinct of a prisoner she rose at once, went to the door, and perceived that a small folded paper had been pushed beneath it. She read:—

"*Mademoiselle peut se sauver.*"

She might come out! Then the door was unfastened? Letting down her inner bar, she found that this was so. She could emerge with safety, then. Should she find Vaucour in the room below? Had the arsenal fallen?

With inextinguishable feminine habit, she must needs wash her face and comb her disordered locks before issuing from the little hiding-place which had guarded her so safely—Landry's sleeping-place, as she had correctly judged it to be—and it was perhaps the moments which she thus consumed which decided her destiny.

Her preparations made, she crept with weak, shaking limbs down the stair, wondering how she could possibly find her way back to the palace, or what excuse for her absence could be framed which should not incriminate Vaucour or compromise her reputation. Her heart was suffocating with coward fears, buoyed up only by the hope of seeing Vaucour, the man who had risked his life for hers, the one soul in the great world who loved her.

But the room below was vacant. Even Landry was gone. Was she meant to stay there or to walk forth alone? She believed the message to come from Vaucour, and, if so, he had no doubt taken measures for her safety. Probably he was himself doing sentry in the little court, and could open the postern for her. As this idea came to her she took courage, and listening at the door which stood ajar, and hearing no sound, she stepped forth into a wide, long passage, with

"MERCIFUL HEAVEN! WHAT WAS HAPPENING?"

doors on both sides all along. She saw with joy that very nearly opposite where she stood was the wide main staircase leading directly to the courtyard. She was just preparing to descend when a door quite near abruptly opened, a step sounded behind, and a voice said:—

"Come here, my good girl. Which room belongs to Vaucour of the guard?"

In speechless terror she paused to face the questioner. It was M. Olivier. The mutual recognition was staggering.

"Gilberte! The little Gilberte turned Catholic!" he cried. "You live, mademoiselle, and are converted! The saints are kind indeed!"

"I know not what you mean, monsieur," she stammered, glancing at her arm, to which he pointed. She remembered then that Vaucour had bound a white handkerchief upon it, and saw that Olivier wore one like it. Was this the meaning of it? Her first impulse was to tear it off and trample it; but Vaucour had forbidden her to touch it. The man who had saved her life had a claim, she felt, on her obedience.

"But tell me," went on Olivier, "on what errand has La Marguerite sent her prettiest waiting-maid into this den of iniquity?"

She saw a thing to say. "I was sent for to dress a wound, monsieur"; she held up her basket of bandages, which she carried. "A page has a poisoned hand, but I cannot find him. I think he must be better, and have risen and gone out."

All the time she stood rigid in the half-light, longing to fly, yet not daring to step forward to where the sun poured in through the doors at the stair foot, lest he should see her dusty, crumpled raiment.

"Where did you seek him, mademoiselle?" he asked, doubtfully. "It is a fortunate page who has your ministrations. I should have thought," he added, with a peculiar smile, "that La Marguerite was too busy with the invalids she tends there in the Louvre to think of a page's hand."

Gilberte trembled. If she dared but ask questions! The Queen lived, but what of Henry, the hope of Navarre? Was he one of the invalids she tended? What had happened during this dread gulf of days? Dizzy and weak with captivity and bewildered with horror, she dreaded a breakdown. "I pray you let me pass, monsieur," she said, faintly; "as you say, the services of those who can dress wounds are much needed now in the palace."

"I have known you hitherto only as one who can inflict wounds," he said, coming nearer. "Can you, will you heal them?"

She could not refrain from a hoarse cry of terror and aversion as he caught her wrist, and, gathering all her strength, was turning to fly when a clattering sounded along the passage, and she saw, to her amazement, a small party of gentlemen and soldiers advancing, among whom were the Duc d'Alençon and Henry of Navarre. She had no time to flee, for Henry had seen her, and he cried out, with his own sincerity and reality of affection, which won him so many hearts:—

"What! The little Gilberte, unharmed? My wife will give thanks to her saints for this. Where hast thou hidden, little Gilberte, all through these days?"

"Perhaps Olivier could tell," said with a sneer the little fop, Alençon. "He appears to have converted the young lady out of hand, so maybe the price fixed was the price of her safety."

Olivier fell back with a black scowl. "I think it was in a humbler coop that the pretty chicken found shelter," he muttered. "I found her coming out of the quarters of one of His Majesty's faithful soldiers here. The door is still ajar," he continued, turning and walking towards it. "We shall soon find out to whom this virtuous little Huguenot owes her safety."

The door from which the poor child had emerged was, in fact, the only open door in the long row.

"Why," said one of the gentlemen who accompanied the party, "this belongs to the very man we seek. It is Vaucour's quarters."

"Sire—oh, sire," pleaded the poor girl, whose wrist Olivier held fast, "let me go. I wish to find Queen Marguerite." Her blue, swimming eyes appealed to Henry vehemently. He had known her from babyhood, and his mother had loved her.

"Let her go," he whispered to Alençon.

But the Duke was never more happy than when he could bully a woman, and to add to this the dear delight of baiting Henry was to put a premium upon his sport.

"She shall go," he said, "when she has given us a full account of her escape and of her conversion." So saying, he led the way into Vaucour's room and bade one of his men at once fetch the owner. "He is on guard in the court below," volunteered a member of the suite; and then they chatted and laughed together, while Gilberte stood praying that she might drop dead.

She was white and drooping, a sorry figure

in her crumpled finery. Even Olivier, in pity, let her alone, and she sat down on the bed where Landry had lain, longing for death and that Vaucour should not suffer on her account. It seemed an age before she heard the footfall of the man—the footfall which her ear knew well. As he entered, she gathered together all her strength and lifted a mute appeal to him. She saw his face set, harden, grow very calm. He did not look surprised. This unforeseen visit of the Royal party to the soldiers' quarters had upset his calculations.

"Vaucour," said the King of Navarre, slightly turning on his chair so as to face him fully, "we come to you on an errand of importance, but before we go into that matter here is something which calls for explanation. A young lady, a member of the suite of the Queen of Navarre, is found coming out of your rooms. Can you explain this?"

"Your Majesty, I do not wish to presume," said Vaucour, quietly, "but I know that Mlle. la Rivaz was kind enough to interest herself in the sickness of a page-boy, Landry by name. He was very ill. She would seek him in this room, for he has been using my bed. But he is better, and has to-day gone out for the first time, so she did not find him."

"If you were on guard at the door, why did you not warn Mlle. la Rivaz that she would not find the boy?" asked Henry, sharply.

"Sire, it is not ten minutes since I came on guard," replied Vaucour, "and mademoiselle had doubtless passed in before that."

"Did mademoiselle say anything to you, Olivier, of this?" pursued the King, briskly.

"Yes, sire," replied Olivier, reluctantly. "She said she came to see the boy. But how goes this with what I understood your Majesty yourself to say when first you saw her? I gathered from your words that she had been missing since the massacre."

"That is true. She has," said Henry, fixing his eyes upon Gilberte.

"Mademoiselle has been concealed in the small room above there," said Vaucour, without emotion. "She was in attendance on the boy when the tocsin sounded, and I knew that if she went back that night she would be murdered, so I compelled her to remain here."

"Is that true, Gilberte?" said King Henry, fixing the girl with his eye.

Gilberte rose to her feet with a dignity which surprised everyone. "It is true, sire," she replied.

"Then, if it is," cried Olivier, with a loud, coarse laugh, "you have no choice, mademoiselle, but to marry the man out of hand."

Gilberte turned slowly upon the speaker.

"If Monsieur Vaucour will do me so much honour," she said, simply.

D'Alençon burst into a great roar. "In faith, these Huguenots are not particular," he said. "A girl both pretty and refined, well bred and with a post at Court—and she will marry a rascal like this, who has, in all probability, several wives already!"

"You make a slight mistake," said Henry, coldly. "Vaucour is a gentleman both by birth and in conduct, as I happen to know well. It is to the credit of mademoiselle that she has perceived it. Well, Vaucour, what do you say to this marriage we propose for you—eh?"

Vaucour raised his head; for the first time in the memory of those who knew him he smiled. His eyes rested on the bowed figure and downcast head of the woman he loved. "Sire," he said, "as you know, I have nothing to offer mademoiselle but my sword and my honour, but if she will trust herself to them I think she will be as safe and somewhat better loved than she is here in the palace."

"You hear, d'Alençon?" said Henry. "I think this is the man for our purpose."

"I think so, too," said the Duke, with a kind of unwilling admiration.

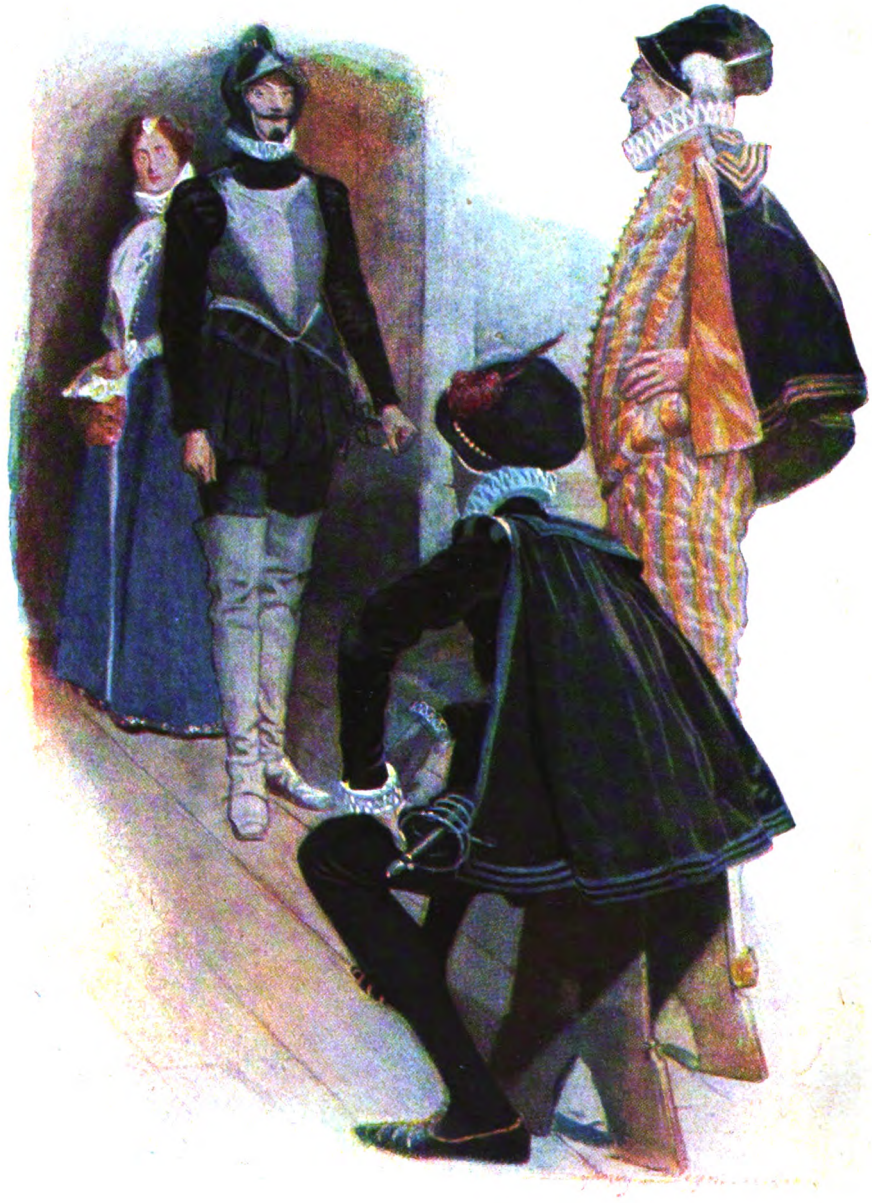
The King of Navarre turned to Gilberte. "Well, Gilberte," he said, "are you ready to wed this man within the hour and to leave Paris with him? Will you go out into the wide world with him, trusting yourself to his sword and his honour?"

She crossed the little room before them all and laid her small, cold hand in Vaucour's big, warm one, as she replied, "Sire, I will."

"Well, I can only offer you a Mass priest to tie the knot," said the young King, the shadow descending upon his bright face as he spoke. "But I suppose he can do it as tight as a Huguenot pastor, and perhaps more legally." He turned to Vaucour. "With the consent of the King of France," he said, "I am sending notice to various persons of importance of my own intention to—ah!—change my religion. The messenger will, of course, travel with a safe conduct, and we can make out his passport for himself and his wife. What say you? Will you undertake the business? It will mean some weeks' travelling, and when your honeymoon is over I can, I think, promise you a post of some kind in my own service."

"I can but thank your Majesty humbly," said Vaucour, as he knelt to kiss the King's hand.

"Come," gaily said His Majesty to the



"'MADEMOISELLE HAS BEEN CONCEALED IN THE SMALL ROOM ABOVE THERE,' SAID VAUCOUR."

bride—"come, and I will bring you to the Queen. You must take only a light wardrobe, child, for your wedding journey, but your goods shall be safe in our keeping until you return, and we must see if we can find you a wedding gift." He paused a moment, and turned up her little face by the chin. "What say you, little one?" he asked, with a kind of tenderness. "Is your heart really in this thing? Shall you gladly wed Vaucour, or is it pride only that makes you bear so brave a face?"

"Sire, it is not pride—it is love," she faltered, softly; and the bridegroom, who heard, fell on his knees, and taking the two small hands in his covered them with kisses, among which there glistened a tear from eyes unused to weeping.

Hunting Big Game with Lasso and Camera.

By GUY H. SCULL,

FIELD-MANAGER OF THE BUFFALO JONES AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

Illustrations from Copyright Photographs by the Buffalo Jones African Company.

"BUFFALO JONES" (otherwise Colonel C. J. Jones), the Western ranchman, who has throttled wild wolves with his bare hands, and who went to Africa to lasso lions, rhinos, giraffes, and other animals, is the hero of this expedition. Long ago he broke his rifle, and vowed that he would never again kill game save for food or in self-defence. Words cannot better show the extraordinary nature of the exploits described in the following pages than those used by Mr. Roosevelt after seeing the cinematograph pictures at a club in New York. The ex-President clapped his hands with delight at the sight of moving pictures of the pursuit of a wart-hog, a zebra, a rhinoceros, and a lion. He explained in detail to his friends many of the interesting points about African game, and shouted with glee at the sight of the pictures. Before he left the club he insisted upon taking the platform to pay a tribute to "Buffalo Jones" and the Mexican cow-punchers accompanying him, and another tribute, equally glowing, to the Englishman, Cherry Kearton, who had cinematographed their gallant deeds.

"I think," said Mr. Roosevelt, "that I am acquainted with all the notable lion hunts from the days of Tiglath Pileser to the present time, and I speak with absolute accuracy when I say that in all that period there has been no such feat as that portrayal which we witnessed to-night, and, above all, no such feat as the portrayal itself. To tackle those beasts with a rifle is one thing, but to tackle them with the rope is a perfectly marvellous feat. I was in Africa when word was brought that 'Buffalo Jones' and two cow-punchers were coming out there to rope the animals. Everybody laughed at the thought. They didn't believe that there was any seriousness in the proposal. I said, 'You don't know those cow-punchers, and there is nothing they'll not try to do.' I didn't believe they could accomplish the feat. I didn't believe it possible to rope a lion or a rhinoceros as they did, and to have caught these pictures with a cinematograph is a thing that was never before begun to be approached. You have witnessed," concluded Mr. Roosevelt, "a really phenomenal record of a really phenomenal feat, and I congratulate Mr. Kearton with all my heart on what he has done, and I congratulate 'Buffalo Jones' and the cow-punchers."

IT was a special train—loaded to capacity with horses and dogs, camp baggage, moving-picture cameras, cowboys, photographers, and porters—and when it pulled out of the Nairobi Station on the way to the "up country" of British East Africa the period of preparation passed away and the time of action began. As the faces of the people on the platform glided by the window of the slowly moving carriage there was good will written on all of them; but also unbelief. There was no doubt of what they thought of the expedition that was setting out to rope and tie the wild animals of the East African veldt, and, while the men of the country laid heavy odds against our success, they were kind enough to express the hope that no one would be killed in the attempt.

"How are you going to hold a rhino that weighs two tons and a half?"

"What are you going to do when the lion charges?"

Such was the general tone of the questions asked us by the hunters of the country. They further took pains to explain that a rhino charges like a flash, and that a lion can catch a horse within a hundred yards.

Such items of information, however, were well known to Buffalo Jones before the expedition was organized in New York, and his preparations to meet these difficulties had been made accordingly. The history of Colonel C. J. Jones has been recounted often before. He needs no introduction here. It is only where his past has a bearing upon this story that it is necessary to retell the tale.

Colonel Jones is tall and spare, with a strong, rugged face and keen blue eyes. During his sixty-five years of life, often single-handed, he had roped and tied every kind of wild animal of consequence to be found in our Western country, and his experience with these had led him to believe implicitly that man was the master of all wild beasts. He had climbed trees after mountain lions, and, with the aid of a branch, had hauled grizzlies up into the air by one hind leg.

For the last twenty years it had been the one ambition of his life to take an outfit to British East Africa to try his hand with the more ferocious big game of that country. But in his Western experiences Colonel Jones had learnt

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something else beside the mastery of man over beast. Precisely how an American cowboy was going to hold a rhinoceros that weighed two tons and a half was purely a matter of speculation. Yet one thing the Colonel knew was certain—the experiment would result in a moving-picture that would be well worth the taking. For this reason, what afterwards came to be known as the picture department was added to the make-up of the expedition.

When the writer of these articles was introduced to the expedition at the last moment in the capacity of acting field-manager the preparations were well under way. The horses and dogs had been already shipped *en route* to Africa in charge of the cowboys, and the date of our sailing for London had been fixed for the following day.

Mr. Cherry Kearton was sought to take charge of this branch of the expedition. Kearton is a powerfully-built Yorkshireman, an experienced cinematograph photographer, and a naturalist of no small reputation. He had taken moving pictures in Africa before, and so he knew the climatic conditions there—the heat radiation and the different intensities of light. He also knew the animals the Colonel was going to rope. But besides being a cinematograph expert and a naturalist he was also a sportsman.

In the meantime Colonel Jones was hard at work collecting a rather unusual assortment of articles. The experience of a lifetime enabled him to foresee what kinds of materials were absolutely necessary, and also what might prove useful on the present expedition. Naturally, the articles required were not usually in stock, but the London shopkeeper is obliging and imperturbable.

One rainy morning the Colonel walked into a hardware store and asked to see some handcuffs. A pair was shown him.

"Not large enough," said the Colonel.

"How large would you want them, sir?"

"Twice that size."

"May I ask for what purpose you require them, sir?"

"For lions," said the Colonel.

"Precisely; handcuffs for lions. Yes, you need large ones. I am afraid I have none in stock just now, but I can have them made for you within a few days."

These handcuffs, with the rest of the baggage, reached Nairobi at noon on March 3rd, and for the first time then all the members of the expedition met together.

The Colonel and his two cowboys, Loveless and Means, were ready to start up-country at once. Loveless proved to be a man a little beneath the medium height.. His general appearance was neat. He walked with quick, energetic steps, held himself very erect, and wore a blonde moustache. He made polite inquiries as to our voyage out, commented on the hot weather, and fully explained the condition of the horses and dogs. Means was the taller of the two. He carried his head slightly forward and wore his black hair brushed low down over his forehead. He stood slumped on one hip, so that one shoulder also was lower than the other.

Kearton and Gobbet, his assistant, were also ready. Kearton's four special porters to carry the cameras and tripods—porters he had trained on previous *safaris*—were only waiting for the word to move.

TREKKING ACROSS THE VELDT.

Mr. Ray Ulyate, the white hunter to the expedition, had already gone to Kijabe to prepare his ox-wagons against our coming, and the Boma Trading Company had engaged a special train to leave Nairobi on the 5th, which took us all to Kijabe.

The night had already fallen black and cold when the special train crested the top

of the divide and coasted down-grade into Kijabe. We took possession of the station and camped in the guest-house for the night.

The sun was high in the heavens before we finally started from Kijabe and descended the rough road to the level ground, with the brakes on the ox-wagons squealing harshly and the horses treading silently in the dust. We had planned to camp at Sewell's farm that night. Sewell's farm was only about four hours away, but a short trek the first day is always a good rule to follow. It gives everyone a chance, so to speak, to shake down well into the saddle.

LASSOING A WART-HOG—"LOVELESS BEGAN SWINGING THE LONG NOOSE."

We had little expectation of finding either a lion or a rhino on that first day's trip. We were travelling on a regular road, making a kind of initial march. The fringe of scrub at the beginning of the valley had been left behind some three or four miles when Ulyate reined in his horse suddenly, pointing to three black dots on the veldt about half a mile away. The black dots proved to be only wart-hogs, but we wanted them, and so long as there was little chance of our finding any of the more important species of game we took the opportunity that offered. The Colonel and the two cowboys tightened their cinches and then rode out to the westward to round up the beasts.

"Drive 'em back to us," Kearton called after them, and Means waved his hand by way of answer.

Behind us, the line of porters was coming up along the road. They were straggling badly, broken up into little sections of threes and fours, so that the last of them were not yet in sight. Gobbet was sent back to hurry forward the four special porters with the cameras, and when these finally arrived upon the scene, their faces covered with dust and sweat, the horsemen had dwindled to only a little larger dots than the hogs themselves.

Kearton placed the cameras a few yards apart, and there we waited, watching the horsemen.

Two of the riders disappeared into a far patch of scrub. The third began swinging to the southward. His horse was galloping after something we could not see.

In the meantime the *safari* was coming up, and as each section arrived they were halted, and the porters put down their loads and sat on them. Some of them turned their backs upon the scene in total indifference as to what was coming next; others regarded the cameras with expressions of wild curiosity.

Little by little the third horseman completed the arc of his circle until he was headed due east, riding straight at us. Rapidly the speck grew larger, and the two other riders came out of the scrub and joined the chase.

Nearer and nearer they came, with the dust cloud swirling behind them. Gobbet began turning the handle of his camera and the whirr of the machine sounded loud in the stillness. One or two of the porters jumped to their feet and pointed. Kearton waited.

"I hope they won't come straight into the lens," he said. "If they do it won't make a good picture. They ought to come at an angle —so," he explained, placing his hand obliquely to the line of focus. Then he bent over, laid his eye to the gun-sight of the machine, and likewise began turning.

The thunder of the chase could be heard now, and we could see that it was Loveless leading on his black horse, with Means and the Colonel close behind, and the wart hog some forty yards ahead. The beast was running strong. His huge snout was thrust

forward and his upturned tusks gleamed in the sunlight. But gradually the black horse gained on him, and Loveless loosened the rope from his saddle and began swinging the long noose round and round his head.

On came the wart-hog, straight for the nearest camera.

Kearton straightened up above the machine and waved his helmet frantically.

"Give over! give over!" he shouted. "You're driving him right into the picture. It's no good. Give over!"

The chase never swerved an inch and Kearton bent to his work again.

The next moment the hog drove past him. At the same instant Loveless threw his rope and caught the beast round the head. The black horse stopped, fore feet planted firmly, and the dust-cloud swept across and hid the scene.

When the dust cleared away the hog was lying across the road, blowing comfortably,

"LOVELESS THREW HIS ROPE AND CAUGHT THE BEAST ROUND THE HEAD."

with the rope leading from his hind leg to the horn of Loveless's saddle. Loveless laughed.

"There's the first one for you," he said. "And my, can't he run!"

Gobbet, however, was indignant.

"It's no use," he complained. "To bring an object that way straight into the lens is against the first principles of cinematography. It's no use, I tell you."

There was now a fair chance that on our way into the Rift Valley we would flush one or another of the larger animals.

And then, as we always crawled ahead over the rises, the Colonel was the first to notice the lion's spoor in the dust.

With sudden animation the *safari* awoke from the lethargy of the hot, monotonous march. The spoor was judged to be at least four hours old, so there was no use putting the dogs on it. Then presently the spoor disappeared. On the dead grass of the bordering veldt there was nothing to show which way the lion had gone. But there was a chance—a small one, yet still a chance—that the beast was lying up near by in the shade of a thorn tree. So all the horsemen spread out over the veldt to obtain a wider scope of vision, and for mile after mile the company moved forward, sweeping the immediate country.

Proceeding in this manner through the afternoon we eventually crested a slightly higher rise, and looked down into a shallow valley that was greener than the rest of the veldt. A few full-sized trees were growing in the bottom, and there were a number of out-croppings of rock. Large herds of antelope were grazing there.

The Colonel called a halt.

"There is no lion anywhere hereabouts," he said, "because the game are grazing peacefully. But there is a bunch of eland yonder. We might as well round them up while the light lasts."

The plan of operation was quickly made. The cameras were stationed about a mile to the south-east, partly concealed by the bole of a tree, and the bunch of eland were skilfully rounded up and a good specimen singled out.

Everything was working to perfection. The three horsemen drove the eland toward the cameras—not directly at them, but a little to one side, at one angle, as Kearton wanted it done. At the proper moment Loveless roped the animal by the forelegs and neck and threw it down. Loveless jumped from his horse and was running forward to tie the prize, when something—the smell of the strange beast perhaps—

LASSOING AN ELAND—"SOMETHING, THE SMELL OF THE STRANGE BEAST PERHAPS, STARTED THE BLACK HORSE BUCKING."

started the black horse bucking. With the rope made fast to the saddle and the eland acting as a pivot, the black went careering round and round, and the Colonel and Means tried to rope him and missed, and finally Loveless on foot caught him by the dangling reins.

It was no great achievement. Even the hunters at Nairobi had been willing to admit that we could probably succeed with an eland. But it was only a short week ago that nearly all the members of the expedition were practically strangers to each other, and, with the exception of the black horse, the team-work displayed on this occasion was encouraging for future attempts at bigger game.

For the succeeding three days the Colonel laid out a plan of campaign, simple but effective, and limited only by the necessity of keeping within reasonable distance of the water. The plan consisted of a series of drives—one in a north-easterly, one in an easterly, and one in a south-easterly direction. By this means we would cover in turn all the territory at the head of the valley.

That first day's drive brought little success. We were late in starting, so that the sun had already risen before we moved out of camp, and then the porters were new at that kind of work and had to be halted and reformed many times before they understood what was wanted.

On the second drive over the low lands to the east the porters worked better, and, although we covered a far greater territory, the total result was the roping and photographing of a serval-cat that we flushed on the way back to camp.

The third drive carried us well out toward the southern volcano, where we had seen lions on the march from Rugged Rocks, but this time there was no trace of them anywhere in the land. Means, however, found a cheetah, and the two faint reports of his signal brought us together on the run.

We came upon Means seated on his horse in a bit of the veldt that was covered all over with tufts of rank grass, so that it looked like a swamp that had been dry for ages. Near by ran a small, shallow donga.

When the rest of us rode up to him Means merely pointed at one of the tufts of grass behind which the cheetah lay crouched. There followed a brief delay, during which a plan of manœuvre was made and expounded, while the tripods were set up and the cameras screwed on, and the ropers moved out to their appointed places.

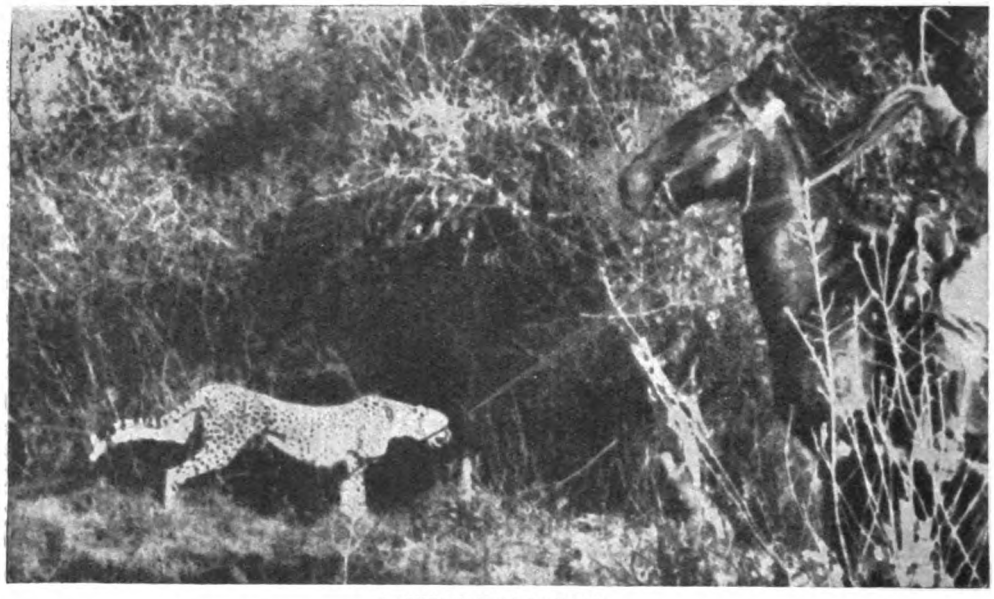
Then all at once the cheetah started, and instead of breaking away as we had planned he would, he doubled on his tracks and made for the shelter of the donga. It was a quick, sharp race to catch him before he reached his goal; and the cheetah won. He hid in the scrub at the bottom of the ditch. The native porters collected there and complacently regarded the scene, and the members of the drive ranged themselves on either bank and offered innumerable suggestions as to what we had better do next.

But in the midst of it all the Colonel put an emphatic end to the discussion. He rode into the donga with his rope swinging free, and when the cheetah failed to spring at him he dropped the noose over the animal's head and dragged him out on to the open veldt, where his picture could be properly taken.

The black porters looking on commenced speaking in low tones in their native tongue and nodded and grinned at each other, as they had done before. But this time Mac was among them. Mac was Kearton's tent-boy. He originally came from Somaliland and spoke English. He was called upon to explain what the porters said.

"Please," he began, "they are very bad men, these peopie, but don't be sorry. They say —they say that, of course, the white gentlemen are able to do what they want to do, but just the same they are all crazy."

That night we held our second consultation. It ended with the unanimous decision to start for the Sotik at dawn.



A CHEETAH IS LASSOED.

A general feeling of expectancy pervaded the entire *safari* when we broke camp at the Wangai River at dawn of a hazy morning. The really big game had so far escaped us. For this reason we had decided to take the road over the Mau, where the smoke haze hung heavy, and so on into the Sotik country, where both lion and rhino were said to abound.

For the first ten miles of the march our way led across untravelled country, toward the two deep ruts in the veldt that were known as the wagon road.

It was rough going for the ox wagons those first ten miles, and they made slow time of it along the base of the hills. According to our custom on the march, the Colonel and the two cowboys, the picture department (composed of Kearton and Gobbet), and Ulyate (the white hunter) and myself rode in a widely-extended line in front of the *safari*, sweeping the country for game. It was hot at the base of the hills—so hot that when your bridle-hand dropped inadvertently to the pommel of the saddle the brass mounting there seemed to burn you. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the sun shone down blazing through the wisps of smoke-haze, and the heat-waves rose from the dead, parched veldt so that the distant southern volcano looked all quivering.

Then from out the blurred vista in front little by little a clump of comparatively large trees began to take definite shape. Another half mile farther, and we saw that something was moving among the trees as high up as the topmost branches.

"Giraffe," said Ulyate, and no sooner had he spoken the word than the great, towering animals wheeled and fled from their shelter with that long-legged gallop of theirs which looks so easy and slow, but which carries them over the ground as fast as a speedy horse can run.

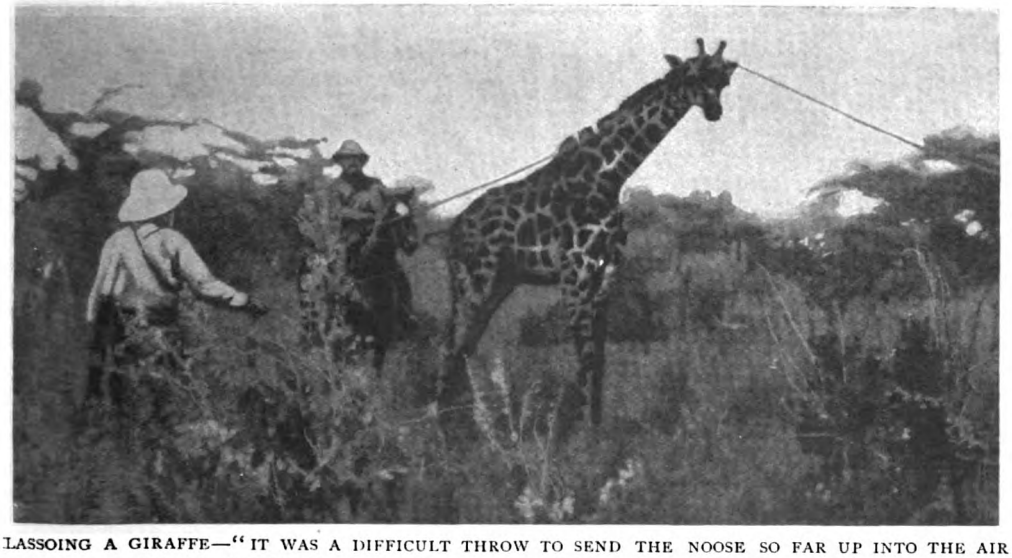
When we reached the bit of clearing and looked to the left of the road we saw the long neck and head of a giraffe sharply outlined against the sky.

The giraffe stood motionless. His feet were spread a little apart as though he were prepared to dash away again at the first opportunity, and he gazed in a curious way, first at one then at another of the three ropers who surrounded him and now sat their horses, waiting. There was still enough light left for a picture.

A high-pitched yell from the Colonel sent the giraffe away across the open with that clumsy-looking, powerful gallop that is all

his own, and with his long neck plunging slowly backwards and forwards. Loveless's black, one of the fastest horses in the string, had hard work to gain on the giraffe, especially as the animal swerved quickly at the last moment and fled down the eastern slope of the hill through the scrub, where the going was none too good. It was a difficult throw —and a new one for a Western cowboy—to send the noose so far up into the air over the head perched high on the long, swaying neck. But at the first attempt Loveless succeeded, and then reined in gently so as not to throw the beast, because a giraffe would fall heavily, and would very likely break his neck or a leg if tumbled over.

Finally he was brought to a standstill, his feet spread apart as before, and for a while the two stood facing each other, the cowboy and the towering giraffe, with the rope from



LASSOING A GIRAFFE—"IT WAS A DIFFICULT THROW TO SEND THE NOOSE SO FAR UP INTO THE AIR OVER THE HEAD PERCHED HIGH ON THE LONG, SWAYING NECK."

the saddle-horn leading up at a considerable angle to the shoulders of the prize. The rest of the hunt soon gathered about them. Although the light was rapidly failing, Kearton finished what was left of his roll of film. The whir of the camera ended with a peculiar flapping sound.

"That's all," said Kearton, and sank down on a near-by stone.

But Loveless and the giraffe continued to face each other undisturbed.

"Well?" said Loveless, presently.

"Well?" echoed the Colonel.

"Well, how are we going to take this rope off him? We've got none to spare, you know."

"Get a ladder," suggested Means.

"No, we won't need a ladder," said the Colonel, seriously; "but we'll have to throw him, after all. We can do it gently, I guess, without hurting him."

Accordingly, Means roped the giraffe by one hind leg and pulled it out from under him, so that he sank easily to the ground and both the ropes were loosened and freed.

The sun had set and the short twilight was rapidly deepening. The ox-wagons and porters were several miles ahead. So we packed up the camera, coiled up the ropes, mounted, and rode away, and the giraffe raised himself on his haunches among the bushes and watched us go.

Day after day passed without further success. The sky remained clear and the heat became intense. The direction in which we were travelling led us along the border of the plains, through small green parks, scattered groves of trees, and scrub.

So far as the mounted men were concerned the march was a succession of rides and halts. The heavily-laden ox-wagon travelled slowly, and it soon became our custom to dismount in a bit of shade and let the wagon pass ahead about a mile, when we would mount again and catch up with it, and then repeat the process.

At one of these places there was a grass-grown mound, against which we sat, leaning

comfortably, and speculated on the distance we had come and how far we had to go. When, after a while, it became evident that we should never agree in the matter, the conversation altered to a sort of spasmodic affair.

"I thought this district was so full of big game that you couldn't sleep at night for the lions roaring around you," Gobbet remarked, lazily.

"Wait till you get among them," said Kearton. "*Sais*, keep that horse farther away; he'll be walking on us next."

"Well, I haven't been kept awake yet," Gobbet replied.

"I wonder where that wagon's got to," and Kearton raised himself on one elbow and peered ahead from beneath the down-tilted brim of his helmet. Then he lay back again and shut his eyes.

"Means is coming," he said.

Means dismounted and sat down beside us. "We've found a rhino over in the next valley yonder," he remarked, and nodded his head toward the west.

"A rhino is no matter to joke about," said Gobbet. "Please remember that in future."

"I'm not jokin'," said Means. "The Colonel's watchin' him. Loveless stopped half-way here, about three miles off. Colonel sent me to bring the rest of you and get the heavy rope."

"Is that right, Means?" Kearton asked, sharply.

"Sure."

"Come on, then."

We rode at an easy jog to keep the horses fresh, and at the end of half an hour we came upon Loveless waiting for us just beneath the crest of a rise. He had off-saddled his horse and had turned him loose to graze a bit before the coming work, and a few minutes were occupied while Loveless saddled up again and Kearton and Gobbet adjusted their cameras and took them on their horses.

Finally everyone was ready, and we set forth once more on a wide detour to the north to approach the beast from down the wind.

Loveless gave us the latest news: "The Colonel came over the rise a half hour ago and said the rhino was lying down resting quietly. The Colonel went back again at once to keep watch."

As we proceeded farther on the circuit and began to ride down the gentle slope into the adjacent valley, we slowed down the pace to a cautious walk. No one spoke, and on the grass of the veldt the tread of the horses made scarcely any sound.

Suddenly the Colonel appeared, walking toward us, bent low. He had backed out of his hiding-place behind a clump of scrub.

"He's lying down over there about a hundred yards away," he whispered. "Are you boys ready?"

Means tightened his cinch and shook his rope loose and coiled it up again. Loveless said he was ready. One of the *saises* produced the Colonel's horse from behind another clump of scrub, and Kearton dismounted and began creeping forward with his camera.

"Don't start him up till I get my position,' he cautioned. "I'll wave my hand."

On account of the growth of low bushes we could not see the rhino, but in silence we watched Kearton tiptoeing farther and farther ahead toward the spot where the Colonel had said the beast was lying down. The time was a little after noon. The wind that was blowing was light, and came to us hot over the sunny reaches of veldt. The sky was cloudless.

Then the three ropers commenced manœuvring forward, swinging out a little to the right. Kearton stopped. He set up his camera and sighted it, and took out his handkerchief and carefully wiped the lens.

When Kearton waved his hand the Colonel's yell shattered the stillness, and the great beast heaved up out of the grass and tossed his head and sniffed the air and snorted. The horsemen rode full tilt at him, and with surprising quickness the rhino wheeled and broke away south down the valley.

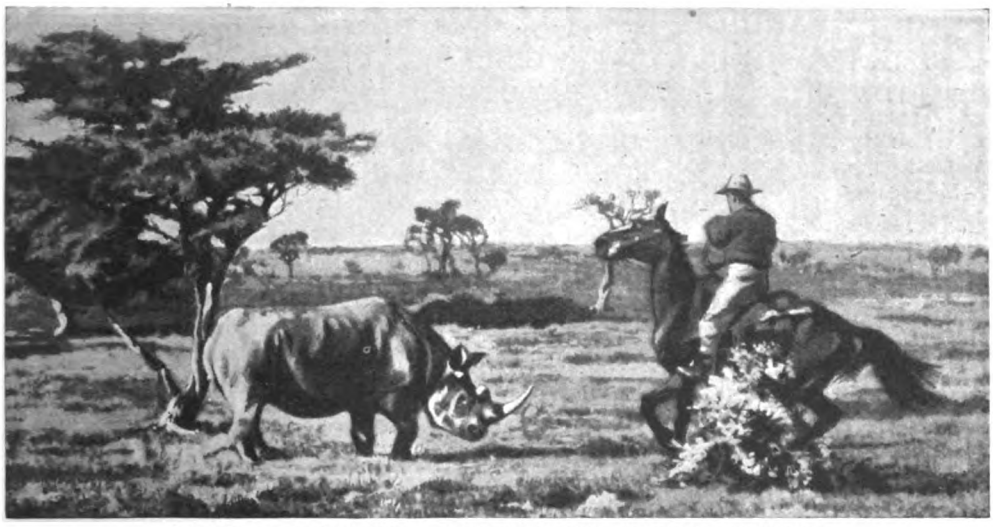
For a good three miles the rhino ran straight and fast. Finally he came into more open country, which was dotted here and there with small thorn trees. Here, also, in one place there was a fair-sized pool of water, left over from the rains of the night before. The rhino selected this pool as a good position from which to act on the defensive. He splashed into the water, stopped, and faced the horsemen.

Then followed a few minutes' respite for all concerned. The horses were panting heavily after the sharp run, and the rhino's position in the pool rendered it difficult to approach him for a chance to throw a rope. Evidently considering himself safe for the moment, the beast rolled once or twice in the water and then stood on guard as before, but with his black sides dripping.

"We've got to get him out of that," said

the Colonel. "A horse wouldn't stand a chance there. Now, when I get him to charge me, you boys stand by."

Before the Colonel finished speaking he was already edging toward the pool. For fifteen yards the rhino watched him coming. Then, with a great snort, he charged out of the water, sending the white spray flying in every direction, and the Colonel had to ride hard to keep ahead of the tossing horn. But Means was after the rhino like a flash, and with a quick throw caught him round the neck. The big bay fell back on his haunches and the rope snapped like twine.



LASSOING A RHINOCEROS—MANŒUVRING FOR A CHANCE TO THROW.

It was a full half hour before the next attempt was made to throw a rope. Time after time the rhino came plunging out of the water to charge the nearest horseman. Our Western horses proved to be only just a trifle faster than the rhino, so that each time the beast nearly caught them. Besides, here and there the ground was full of ant-bear holes, which had to be avoided, for a fall would mean disaster. But little by little it became apparent that the rhino's continual charging was beginning to produce an effect.

In the meanwhile the rest of the chase was coming up. In the distance we could see them hurrying down the valley—horsemen and porters considerably scattered, as if each one followed a route of his own choosing. Kearton led on his big chestnut. He was carrying the heavy camera under his arm, the tripod over his shoulder. The reins were hanging loose over his saddle-horn, his heels were thumping the horse's sides, and the perspiration was streaming down his face.

"We lost you," he panted. "How's it going? What a picture!"

Mac the Mohammedan, and Aro the Masai warrior, took the apparatus from him and he dismounted and went to work.

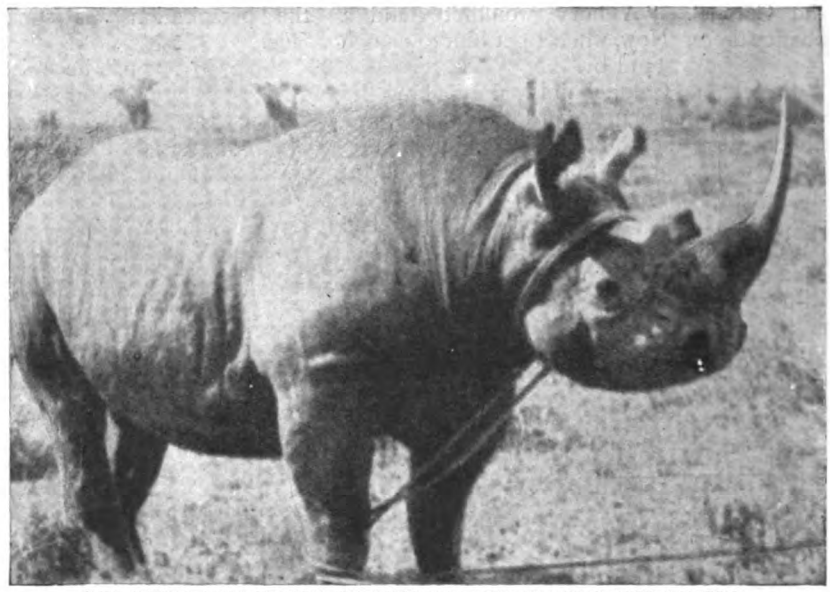
At the second attempt to rope the beast Loveless caught him by one hind leg, and the rhino decided to shift his base of operations to an ant-hill in the neighbouring clearing. His mode of progression was to walk on three legs and to drag the black horse after him with the other. He reached the ant-hill and demolished it, though it was as hard as masonry, and paused for a breathing spell.

The chase followed after, and Kearton went into action on the north and Gobbet on the south, near a small thorn tree, with a negro porter beside him. The rhino caught sight of Gobbet's camera and charged. The porter went up the tree like a flash. Gobbet was bent over, looking through his view-finder, which, of course, gave him no idea of how fast the beast was bearing down on him nor how close he had already come.

"Look out!" yelled the Colonel.

Gobbet glanced up over the top of the camera and made a jump for the tree. But the porter was already in the branches, and the tree was so small there was not room for two, and Gobbet had to run for it. The next second, with a powerful upward stroke of his horn, the rhino sent the apparatus flying. Then Means succeeded in attracting his

attention, and he charged the horseman instead. Gobbet picked up the *débris*, finding that the tripod-head was split clean in two as with an axe, but that the camera itself was undamaged. There being enough head left to support the camera, he quickly mounted his machine again, and was just in time to catch the end of the rhino's chase after Means. And all the while Kearton had his camera trained upon the scene in which his assistant was playing the conspicuous part.



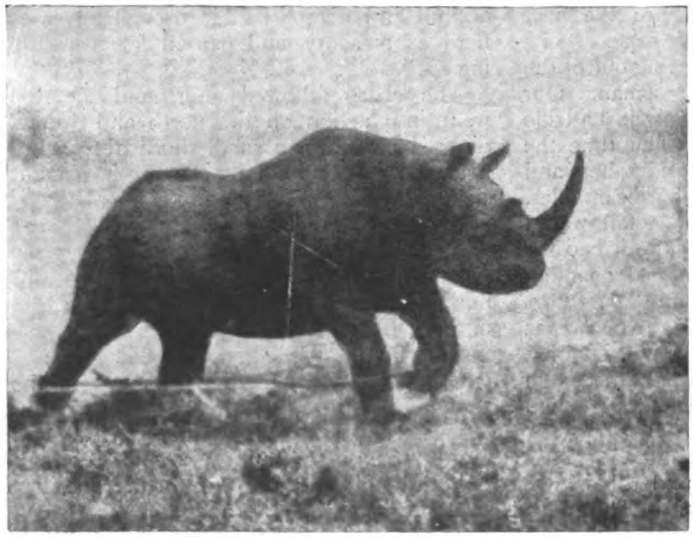
THE RHINO JUST BEFORE HE CHARGED AND SMASHED THE CAMERA.

"I hope I got that right," he said; "it'll make fine action—fine."

From one position to another, from ant-hill to thorn tree and back to ant-hill once more, the fight went on through the long, hot afternoon. Ropes were thrown and caught and broken, mended and thrown again. The horses were pulled, all standing, one way and another. Rolls of film were exposed and replaced by fresh ones. The rhino sulked and stormed and charged in turn.

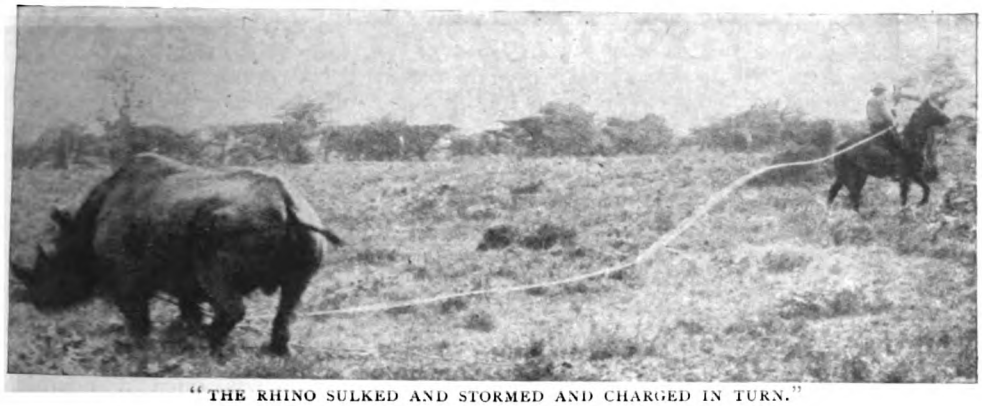
At the end of the fourth hour Loveless had one short length of light line left. The rest of the ropes were dangling broken from the rhino's legs and neck as he stood at bay over the ruins of the ant-hill.

The sun was rapidly canting toward the west. The continual work in the intense heat, without food or water, was beginning to tell on both horses and men. The rhino was weakening faster. But only one hour of daylight remained, and if the beast could hold out till dark we should lose him.



"THEN MEANS SUCCEEDED IN ATTRACTING HIS ATTENTION, AND HE CHARGED THE HORSEMAN INSTEAD."

There was the dead stump of a tree with the roots protruding lying in the grass near by. The Colonel told Means to fasten the stump to the last piece of line, and Loveless rode toward Kearton's machine, past the rhino, dragging the stump behind him. As the Colonel had foreseen, the beast charged at the stump, and the loose ropes hanging from him became entangled in the roots.



"THE RHINO SULKED AND STORMED AND CHARGED IN TURN."

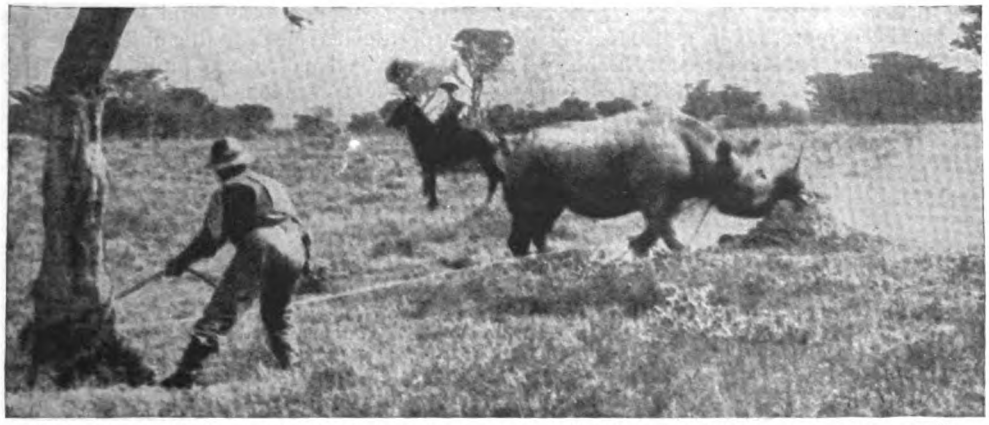
So on they went at a run, first Loveless, then the stump, bounding over the ground, then the charging rhino, headed straight for Kearton's camera. The Masai warrior stood by the tripod with his long spear poised high, and Kearton turned the handle and shouted at Loveless:—

"How many times have I got to tell you not to come straight into the lens? Bring him on at an angle! I don't want to be unreasonable," he added, when the rhino stopped, "but you ought to have learned better by this time."

Then, by hauling in gently, Loveless succeeded in recovering two of the ropes, and they were pieced together and thrown again, catching the rhino by one hind leg. Both the cowboys put their horses to work pulling forward on the rope, and they lifted that one hind leg ahead. The tired beast shifted his great body after it, and thus step by step the horses dragged him up to a tree, where Loveless passed the end of the rope two turns around the bole and made it fast.

The rhino charged once just before the knot was tied, and Loveless had to jump into the branches through the thorns to escape. He charged again, rather feebly, this time trying to get free, but the rope held well and tripped him up. After that he stood quietly at the end of his tether, watching the camera in a sullen way while Kearton took his picture with the last few feet of film.

By this time the light was almost gone, the films were finished, horses and men were nearly done, and, besides, it was moving-day and high time we resumed the march.



"THE GREAT BEAST IS ROPED TO A TREE AS HE IS EXPENDING HIS FURY ON AN ANT-HILL."

Next month the further adventures of the expedition will appear in "LASSOING LIONS." *Our readers will be interested to know that the Cinematograph films of these hunts will be published by the Warwick Trading Co., Ltd., of* 113-15-17, *Charing Cross Road, London, and will be on view at the Cinematograph Theatres throughout Europe.*

The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol.

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

Illustrated by Alec Ball.

I.—The Adventure of the Fair Patronne.

N narrating these few episodes in the undulatory, not to say switchback, career of my friend Aristide Pujol, I can pretend to no chronological sequence. Some occurred before he (almost literally) crossed my path for the first time, some afterwards. They have been related to me haphazard, together with a hundred other incidents, at odd times during the space of three or four years, just as a chance tag of association recalled them to his swift and picturesque memory. He would, indeed, make a show of fixing dates by reference to his temporary profession; but so Protean seem to have been his changes of fortune in their number and rapidity that I could never keep count of them or their order. Nor does it matter. The man's life was as disconnected as a pack of cards.

My first meeting with him happened in this wise.

I had been motoring in a listless, solitary fashion about Languedoc. A friend who had stolen a few days from anxious business in order to accompany me from Boulogne through Touraine and Guienne had left me at Toulouse; another friend whom I had arranged to pick up at Avignon on his way from Monte Carlo was unexpectedly delayed. I was therefore condemned to a period of solitude somewhat irksome to a man of a gregarious temperament. At first, for company's sake, I sat in front by my chauffeur, McKeogh. But McKeogh, an atheistical Scotch mechanic with his soul in his cylinders, being as communicative as his own differential, I soon relapsed into the equal loneliness and greater comfort of the back.

In this fashion I left Montpellier one morning on my leisurely eastward journey, deciding to break off from the main road, striking due south, and visit Aigues-Mortes on the way.

Aigues-Mortes was once a flourishing Mediterranean town. St. Louis and his Crusaders sailed thence twice for Palestine; Charles V. and Francis I. met there and filled the place with glittering state. But now its glory has departed. The sea has receded three or four miles, and left it high and dry in the middle of bleak salt-marshes, useless, dead, and desolate, swept by the howling mistral and scorched by the blazing sun. The straight white ribbon of road which stretched for miles through the plain, between dreary vineyards—some under water, the black shoots of the vines appearing like symmetrical wreckage above the surface—was at last swallowed up by the grim central gateway of the town, surmounted by its frowning tower. On each side spread the brown machicolated battlements that vainly defended the death-stricken place. A soft northern atmosphere would have invested it in a certain mystery of romance, but in the clear southern air, the towers and walls standing sharply defined against the blue, wind-swept sky, it looked naked and pitiful, like a poor ghost caught in the daylight.

At some distance from the gate appeared the usual notice as to speed-limit. McKeogh, most scrupulous of drivers, obeyed. As there was a knot of idlers underneath and beyond the gate he slowed down to a crawl, sounding a patient and monotonous horn. We advanced; the peasant folk cleared the way sullenly and suspiciously. Then, deliberately, an elderly man started to cross the road, and on the sound of the horn stood stock still, with resentful defiance on his weather-beaten face. McKeogh jammed on the brakes. The car halted. But the infinitesimal fraction of a second before it came to a dead stop the wing over the near front wheel touched the elderly person and down he went on the ground. I leaped from the car, to be instantly surrounded by an infuriated crowd, which seemed to gather

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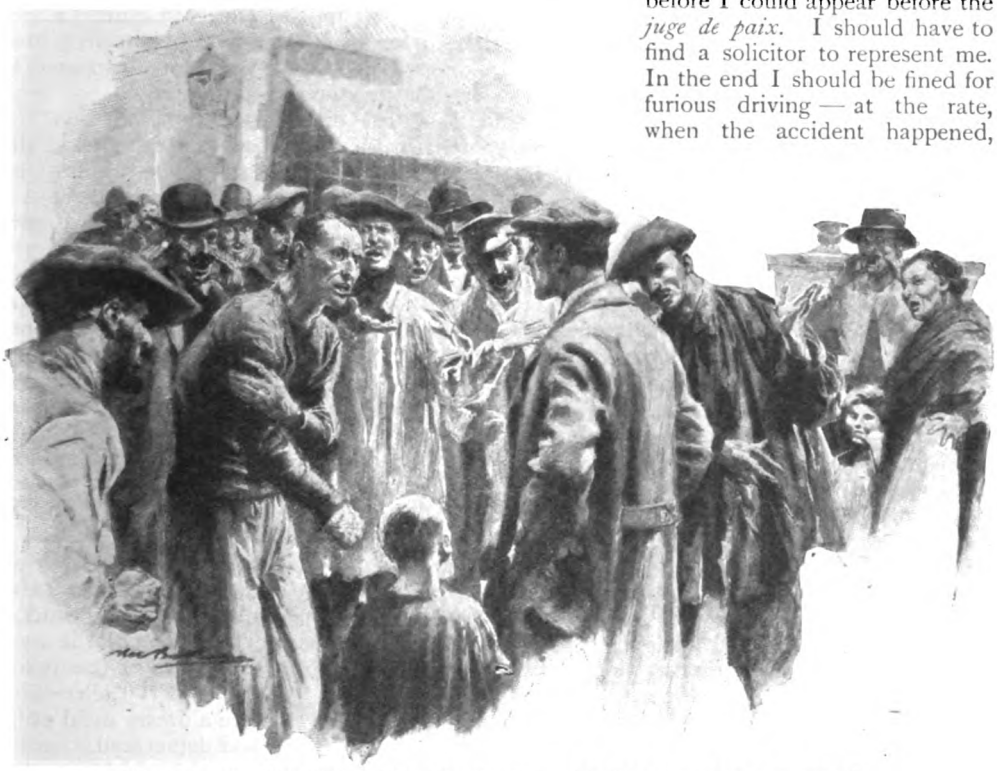
from all the quarters of the broad, decaying square. The elderly man, helped to his feet by sympathetic hands, shook his knotted fists in my face. He was a dour and ugly peasant, of splendid physique, as hard and discoloured as the walls of Aigues-Mortes; his cunning eyes were as clear as a boy's; his lined, clean-shaven face as rigid as a gargoyle; and the back of his neck, above the low collar of his jersey, showed itself seamed into glazed irregular lozenges, like the hide of a crocodile. He cursed me and my kind healthily in very bad French and apostrophized his friends in Provençal, who in Provençal and bad French made responsive clamour. I had knocked him down on purpose. He was crippled for life. Who was I to go tearing through the peaceful towns with my execrated locomotive and massacring innocent people? I tried to explain that the fault was his, and that, after all, to judge by the strength of his lungs, no great damage had been inflicted. But no. They would not let it go like that. There were the gendarmes—I looked across the square and saw two gendarmes hurrying towards the scene—they would see justice done. The law was there to protect poor folk. For a certainty I would not get off easily.

I knew what would happen. The gendarmes would submit McKeogh and myself to a *procès-verbal*. They would impound the car. I should have to go to the Mairie and make endless depositions. I should have to wait, Heaven knows how long, before I could appear before the *juge de paix*. I should have to find a solicitor to represent me. In the end I should be fined for furious driving — at the rate, when the accident happened, of a mile an hour—and probably have to pay a heavy compensation to the wilful and uninjured victim of McKeogh's unimpeachable driving. And all the time, while waiting for injustice to take its course, I should be the guest of a hostile population. I grew angry. The crowd grew angrier. The gendarmes approached with an air of majesty and fate. But just before they could be acquainted with the brutal facts of the disaster a singularly bright-eyed man, wearing a hard felt hat and a blue serge suit, flashed like a meteor into the midst of the throng, glanced with an amazing swiftness at me, the car, the crowd, the gendarmes, and the victim, ran his hands up and down the person of the last mentioned, and then, with the frenzied action of a figure in a bad cinematograph rather than



"I HAD KNOCKED HIM DOWN ON PURPOSE. HE WAS CRIPPLED FOR LIFE."

that of a human being, subjected the inhabitants to an infuriated philippic in Provençal, of which I could not understand one word. The crowd, with here and there a murmur of remonstrance, listened to him in silence. When he had finished they hung their heads, the gendarmes shrugged their majestic and fateful shoulders and lit cigarettes, and the gargoyle-visaged ancient with the neck of crocodile hide turned grumbling away. I have never witnessed anything so magical as the effect produced by this electric personage. Even McKeogh, who during the previous clamour had sat stiff behind his wheel, keeping expressionless eyes fixed on the cap of the radiator, turned his head two degrees of a circle and glanced at his surroundings.

The instant peace was established our rescuer darted up to me with the directness of a dragon-fly and shook me warmly by the hand. As he had done me a service, I responded with a grateful smile; besides, his aspect was peculiarly prepossessing. I guessed him to be about five-and-thirty. He had a clear olive complexion, black moustache and short silky vandyke beard, and the most fascinating, the most humorous, the most mocking, the most astonishingly bright eyes I have ever seen in my life. I murmured a few expressions of thanks, while he prolonged the handshake with the fervour of a long-lost friend.

"It's all right, my dear sir. Don't worry any more," he said in excellent English, but with a French accent curiously tinged with Cockney. "The old gentleman's as sound as a bell—not a bruise on his body." He pushed me gently to the step of the car. "Get in and let me guide you to the only place you can eat in in this accursed town."

Before I could recover from my surprise, he was by my side in the car shouting directions to McKeogh.

"Ah! These people!" he cried, shaking his hands with outspread fingers in front of him. "They have no manners, no decency, no self-respect. It's a regular trade. They go and get knocked down by automobiles on purpose, so that they can claim indemnity. They breed dogs especially and train them to commit suicide under the wheels so that they can get compensation. There's one now—*ah, sacrée bête!*" He leaned over the side of the car and exchanged violent objurgation with the dog. "But never mind. So long as I am here you can run over anything you like with impunity."

"I'm very much obliged to you," said I. "You've saved me from a deal of foolish unpleasantness. From the way you handled the old gentleman I should guess you to be a doctor."

"That's one of the few things I've never been," he replied. "No; I'm not a doctor. One of these days I'll tell you all about myself." He spoke as if our sudden acquaintance would ripen into lifelong friendship. "There's the hotel—the Hôtel Saint-Louis," he pointed to the sign a little way up the narrow, old-world, cobble-paved street we were entering. "Leave it all to me; I'll see that they treat you properly."

The car drew up at the doorway. My electric friend leaped out and met the emerging landlady.

"*Bonjour, madame.* I've brought you one of my very good friends, an English gentleman of the most high importance. He will have *déjeuner—tout ce qu'il y a de mieux.* None of your cabbage-soup and eels and *andouilles*, but a good omelette, some fresh fish, and a bit of very tender meat. Will that suit you?" he asked, turning to me.

"Excellently," said I, smiling. "And since you've ordered me so charming a *déjeuner*, perhaps you'll do me the honour of helping me to eat it?"

"With the very greatest pleasure," said he, without a second's hesitation.

We entered the small, stuffy *salle à manger*, where a dingy waiter, with a dingier smile, showed us to a small table by the window. At the long table in the middle of the room sat the half-dozen frequenters of the house, their napkins tucked under their chins, eating in gloomy silence a dreary meal of the kind my new friend had deprecated.

"What shall we drink?" I asked, regarding with some disfavour the thin red and white wines in the decanters.

"Anything," said he, "but this *piquette du pays.* It tastes like a mixture of sea-water and vinegar. It produces the look of patient suffering that you see on those gentlemen's faces. You, who are not used to it, had better not venture. It would excoriate your throat. It would dislocate your pancreas. It would play the very devil with you. Adolphe"—he beckoned the waiter—"there's a little white wine of the Côtes du Rhone——" He glanced at me.

"I'm in your hands," said I.

As far as eating and drinking went I could not have been in better. Nor could anyone desire a more entertaining chance companion of travel. That he had thrust himself upon me in the most brazen manner and taken

complete possession of me there could be no doubt. But it had all been done in the most irresistibly charming manner in the world. One entirely forgot the impudence of the fellow. I have since discovered that he did not lay himself out to be agreeable. The flow of talk and anecdote, the bright laughter that lit up a little joke, making it appear a very brilliant joke indeed, were all spontaneous. He was a man, too, of some cultivation. He knew France thoroughly, England pretty well; he had a discriminating taste in architecture, and waxed poetical over the beauties of Nature.

"It strikes me as odd," said I at last, somewhat ironically, "that so vital a person as yourself should find scope for your energies in this dead-and-alive place."

He threw up his hands. "I live here? I crumble and decay in Aigues-Mortes? For whom do you take me?"

I replied that, not having the pleasure of knowing his name and quality, I could only take him for an enigma.

He selected a card from his letter-case and handed it to me across the table. It bore the legend:—

ARISTIDE PUJOL,
Agent.
27obis, Rue Saint-Honoré, Paris.

"That address will always find me," he said.

Civility bade me give him my card, which he put carefully in his letter-case.

"I owe my success in life," said he, "to the fact that I have never lost an opportunity or a visiting-card."

"Where did you learn your perfect English?" I asked.

"First," said he, "among English tourists at Marseilles. Then in England. I was Professor of French at an academy for young ladies."

"I hope you were a success?" said I.

He regarded me drolly.

"Yes—and no," said he.

The meal over, we left the hotel.

"Now," said he, "you would like to visit the towers on the ramparts. I would dearly love to accompany you, but I have business in the town. I will take you, however, to the *gardien* and put you in his charge."

He raced me to the gate by which I had entered. The *gardien des remparts* issued from his lodge at Aristide Pujol's summons and listened respectfully to his exhortation in Provençal. Then he went for his keys.

"I'll not say good-bye," Aristide Pujol declared, amiably. "I'll get through my business long before you've done your sight-seeing, and you'll find me waiting for you near the hotel. *Au revoir, cher ami.*"

He smiled, lifted his hat, waved his hand in a friendly way, and darted off across the square. The old *gardien* came out with the keys and took me off to the Tour de Constance, where Protestants were pell-mell imprisoned after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; thence to the Tour des Bourguinons, where I forget how many hundred Burgundians were massacred and pickled in salt; and after these cheery exhibitions invited me to walk round the ramparts and inspect the remaining eighteen towers of the enceinte. As the mistral, however, had sprung up and was shuddering across the high walls, I declined, and, having paid him his fee, descended to the comparative shelter of the earth.

There I found Aristide Pujol awaiting me at the corner of the narrow street in which the hotel was situated.

He was wearing—like most of the young bloods of Provence in winter-time—a short, shaggy, yet natty goatskin coat, ornamented with enormous bone buttons, and a little cane valise stood near by on the kerb of the square.

He was not alone. Walking arm in arm with him was a stout, elderly woman of swarthy complexion and forbidding aspect. She was attired in a peasant's or small shopkeeper's rusty Sunday black and an old-fashioned black bonnet, prodigiously adorned with black plumes and black roses. Beneath this bonnet her hair was tightly drawn up from her forehead; heavy eyebrows overhung a pair of small, crafty eyes, and a tuft of hair grew on the corner of a prognathous jaw. She might have been about seven-and-forty.

Aristide Pujol, unlinking himself from this unattractive female, advanced and saluted me with considerable deference.

"Monseigneur——" said he.

As I am neither a duke nor an archbishop, but a humble member of the lower automobiling classes, the high-flown title startled me.

"Monseigneur, will you permit me," said he, in French, "to present to you Mme. Gougasse? Madame is the *patronne* of the Café de l'Univers, at Carcassonne, which doubtless you have frequented, and she is going to do me the honour of marrying me to-morrow."

The unexpectedness of the announcement took my breath away.

"Good heavens!" said I, in a whisper.

Anyone less congruous as the bride-elect of the debonair Aristide Pujol it was impossible to imagine. However, it was none of my business. I raised my hat politely to the lady.

"Madame, I offer you my sincere felicitations. As an entertaining husband I am sure you will find M. Aristide Pujol without a rival."

"*Je vous remercie, monseigneur*," she replied, in what was obviously her best company manner. "And if ever you will deign to come to the Café de l'Univers at Carcassonne again we will esteem it a great honour."

"And so you're going to get married to-morrow?" I remarked, by way of saying something. To congratulate Aristide Pujol on his choice lay beyond my power of hypocrisy.

"To-morrow," said he, "my dear Amélie will make me the happiest of men."

"We start for Carcassonne by the three-thirty train," said Mme. Gougasse, pulling a great silver watch from some fold of her person.

"Then there is time," said I, pointing to a little weather-beaten *café* in the square, "to drink a glass to your happiness."

"*Bien volontiers*," said the lady.

"*Pardon, chère amie*," Aristide interposed, quickly. "Unless monseigneur and I start at once for Montpellier, I shall not have time to transact my little affairs before your train arrives there."

Parenthetically, I must remark that all trains going from Aigues-Mortes to Carcassonne must stop at Montpellier.

"That's true," she agreed, in a hesitating manner. "But——"

"SHE IS GOING TO DO ME THE HONOUR OF MARRYING ME TO-MORROW."

"But, idol of my heart, though I am overcome with grief at the idea of leaving you for two little hours, it is a question of four thousand francs. Four thousand francs are not picked up every day in the street. It's a lot of money."

Mme. Gougasse's little eyes glittered.

"*Bien sûr*. And it's quite settled?'

"Absolutely."

"And it will be all for me?"

"Half," said Aristide.

"You promised all to me for the redecoration of the ceiling of the *café*."

"Three thousand will be sufficient, dear angel. What? I know these contractors and decorators. The more you pay them,

the more abominable will they make the ceiling. Leave it to me. I, Aristide, will guarantee you a ceiling like that of the Sistine Chapel for two thousand francs."

She smiled and bridled, so as to appear perfectly well-bred in my presence. The act of smiling caused the tuft of hair on her jaw to twitch horribly. A cold shiver ran down my back.

"Don't you think, monseigneur," she asked, archly, "that M. Pujol should give me the four thousand francs as a wedding-present?"

"Most certainly," said I, in my heartiest voice, entirely mystified by the conversation.

"Well, I yield," said Aristide. "Ah, women, women! They hold up their little rosy finger, and the bravest of men has to lie down with his chin on his paws like a good old watch-dog. You agree, then, monseigneur, to my giving the whole of the four thousand francs to Amélie?"

"More than that," said I, convinced that the swarthy lady of the prognathous jaw was bound to have her own way in the end where money was concerned, and yet for the life of me not seeing how I had anything to do with the disposal of Aristide Pujol's property. "More than that," said I; "I command you to do it."

"*C'est bien gentil de votre part*," said madame.

"And now the *café*," I suggested, with chattering teeth. We had been standing all the time at the corner of the square, while the mistral whistled down the narrow street. The dust was driven stingingly into our faces, and the women of the place who passed us by held their black scarves over their mouths.

"Alas, monseigneur," said Mme. Gougasse, "Aristide is right. You must start now for Montpellier in the automobile. I will go by the train for Carcassonne at three-thirty. It is the only train from Aigues-Mortes. Aristide transacts his business and joins me in the train at Montpellier. You have not much time to spare."

I was bewildered. I turned to Aristide Pujol, who stood, hands on hips, regarding his prospective bride and myself with humorous benevolence.

"My good friend," said I in English, "I've not the remotest idea of what the two of you are talking about; but I gather you have arranged that I should motor you to Montpellier. Now, I'm not going to Montpellier. I've just come from there, as I told you at *déjeuner*. I'm going in the opposite direction."

He took me familiarly by the arm, and, with a "*Pardon, chère amie*," to the lady, led me a few paces aside.

"I beseech you," he whispered; "it's a matter of four thousand francs, a hundred and sixty pounds, eight hundred dollars, a new ceiling for the Café de l'Univers, the dream of a woman's life, and the happiest omen for my wedded felicity. The fair goddess Hymen invites you with uplifted torch. You can't refuse."

He hypnotized me with his bright eyes, overpowered my will by his winning personality. He seemed to force me to desire his companionship. I weakened. After all, I reflected, I was at a loose end, and where I went did not matter to anybody. Aristide Pujol had also done me a considerable service, for which I felt grateful. I yielded with good grace.

He darted back to Mme. Gougasse, alive with gaiety.

"*Chère amie*, if you were to press monseigneur, I'm sure he would come to Carcassonne and dance at our wedding."

"Alas! That," said I, hastily, "is out of the question. But," I added, amused by a humorous idea, "why should two lovers separate even for a few hours? Why should not madame accompany us to Montpellier? There is room in my auto for three, and it would give me the opportunity of making madame's better acquaintance."

"There, Amélie!" cried Aristide. "What do you say?"

"Truly, it is too much honour," murmured Mme. Gougasse, evidently tempted.

"There's your luggage," said Aristide. "You would bring that great trunk, for which there is no place in the automobile of monseigneur."

"That's true—my luggage."

"Send it on by train, *chère amie*."

"When will it arrive at Carcassonne?"

"Not to-morrow," said Pujol, "but perhaps next week or the week after. Perhaps it may never come at all. One is never certain with these railway companies. But what does that matter?"

"What do you say?" cried the lady, sharply.

"It may arrive or it may not arrive; but you are rich enough, *chère amie*, not to think of a few camisoles and bits of jewellery."

"And my lace and my silk dress that I have brought to show your parents. *Merci!*" she retorted, with a dangerous spark in her little eyes. "You think one's made of money, eh? You will soon find yourself mistaken,

my friend. I would give you to understand——" She checked herself suddenly. "Monseigneur"—she turned to me with a resumption of the gracious manner of her bottle-decked counter at the Café de l'Univers—"you are too kind. I appreciate your offer infinitely; but I am not going to entrust my luggage to the kind care of the railway company. *Merci, non.* They are robbers and thieves. Even if it did arrive, half the things would be stolen. Oh, I know them."

She shook the head of an experienced and self-reliant woman. No doubt, distrustful of banks as of railway companies, she kept her money hidden in her mattress. I pitied my poor young friend; he would need all his gaiety to enliven the domestic side of the Café de l'Univers.

The lady having declined my invitation, I expressed my regrets; and Aristide, more emotional, voiced his sense of heart-rent desolation, and in a resigned tone informed me that it was time to start. I left the lovers and went to the hotel, where I paid the bill, summoned McKeogh, and lit a companionable pipe.

The car backed down the narrow street into the square and took up its position. We entered. McKeogh took charge of Aristide's valise, tucked us up in the rug, and settled himself in his seat. The car started and we drove off, Aristide gallantly brandishing his hat and Mme. Cougasse waving her lily hand, which happened to be hidden in an ill-fitting black glove.

"To Montpellier, as fast as you can!" he shouted at the top of his lungs to McKeogh. Then he sighed as he threw himself luxuriously back. "Ah, this is better than a train! Amélie doesn't know what a mistake she has made!"

The elderly victim of my furious entry was lounging, in spite of the mistral, by the grim machicolated gateway. Instead of scowling at me he raised his hat respectfully as we passed. I touched my cap, but Aristide returned the salute with the grave politeness of royalty.

"This is a place," said he, "which I would like never to behold again."

In a few moments we were whirling along the straight, white road between the interminable black vineyards, and past the dilapidated homesteads of the vine-folk and wayside *cafés* that are scattered about this unjoyous corner of France.

"Well," said he, suddenly, "what do you think of my *fiancée?*"

Politeness and good taste forbade expression of my real opinion. I murmured platitudes to the effect that she seemed to be a most sensible woman, with a head for business.

"She's not what we in French call *jolie, jolie;* but what of that? What's the good of marrying a pretty face for other men to make love to? And, as you English say, there's none of your confounded sentiment about her. But she has the most flourishing *café* in Carcassonne; and, when the ceiling is newly-decorated, provided she doesn't have too much gold leaf and too many naked babies on clouds—it's astonishing how women love naked babies on clouds—it will be the snuggest place in the world. May I ask for one of your excellent cigarettes?"

I handed him the case from the pocket of the car.

"It was there that I made her acquaintance," he resumed, after having lit the cigarette from my pipe. "We met, we talked, we fixed it up. She is not the woman to go by four roads to a thing. She did me the honour of going straight for me. Ah, but what a wonderful woman! She rules that *café* like a kingdom; a Semiramis, a Queen Elizabeth, a Catharine de' Medici. She sits enthroned behind the counter all day long and takes the money and counts the saucers and smiles on rich clients, and if a waiter in a far corner gives a bit of sugar to a dog she spots it, and the waiter has a deuce of a time. That woman is worth her weight in thousand-franc notes. She goes to bed every night at one, and gets up in the morning at five. And virtuous! Didn't Solomon say that a virtuous woman was more precious than rubies? That's the kind of wife the wise man chooses when he gives up the giddy ways of youth. Ah, my dear sir, over and over again these last two or three days my dear old parents—I have been on a visit to them in Aigues-Mortes—have commended my wisdom. Amélie, who is devoted to me, left her *café* in Carcassonne to make their acquaintance and receive their blessing before our marriage, also to show them the lace on her *dessous* and her new silk dress. They are too old to take the long journey to Carcassonne. 'My son,' they said, 'you are making a marriage after our own hearts. We are proud of you. Now we can die perfectly content.' I was wrong, perhaps, in saying that Amélie has no sentiment," he continued, after a short pause. "She adores me. It is evident. She will not allow me out of her sight. Ah, my dear friend, you don't know what a happy man I am."

For a brilliant young man of five-and-thirty, who was about to marry a horrible Megæra ten or twelve years his senior, he looked unhealthily happy. There was no doubt that his handsome roguery had caught the woman's fancy. She was at the dangerous age, when even the most ferro-concrete-natured of women are apt to run to riot. She was comprehensible, and pardonable. But the man baffled me. He was obviously marrying her for her money; but how in the name of Diogenes and all the cynics could he manage to look so confoundedly joyful about it?

The mistral blew bitterly. I snuggled beneath the rug and hunched up my shoulders so as to get my ears protected by my coat-collar. Aristide, sufficiently protected by his goat's hide, talked like a shepherd on a May morning. Why he took for granted my interest in his unromantic, not to say sordid, courtship I knew not; but he gave me the whole history of it from its modest beginnings to its now penultimate stage. From what I could make out—for the mistral whirled many of his words away over unheeding Provence—he had entered the Café de l'Univers one evening, a human derelict battered by buffeting waves of Fortune, and, finding a seat immediately beneath Mme. Gougasse's *comptoir*, had straightway poured his grievances into a feminine ear and, figuratively speaking, rested his weary heart upon a feminine bosom. And his buffetings and grievances and wearinesses? Whence came they? I asked the question point-blank.

"Ah, my dear friend," he answered, kissing his gloved finger-tips, "she was adorable!"

"Who?" I asked, taken aback. "Mme. Gougasse?"

"Mon Dieu, no!" he replied. "Not Mme. Gougasse. Amélie is solid; she is virtuous, she is jealous, she is capacious; but I should not call her adorable. No; the adorable one was twenty—delicious and English; a peach-blossom, a zephyr, a summer night's dream, and the most provoking little witch you ever saw in your life. Her father and herself and six of her compatriots were touring through France. They had circular tickets. So had I. In fact, I was a miniature Thomas Cook and Son to the party. I provided them with the discomforts of travel and supplied erroneous information. *Que voulez-vous?* If people ask you for the history of a pair of Louis XV. corsets, in a museum glass case, it's much better to stimulate their imagination by saying that they were worn by Joan of Arc at the Battle of Agincourt than to dull their minds by your ignorance. *Eh bien*, we go through the châteaux of the Loire, through Poitiers and Angoulême, and we come to Carcassonne. You know Carcassonne? The great grim *cité*, with its battlements and bastions and barbicans and fifty towers on the hill looking over the rubbishy modern town? We were there. The rest of the party were buying picture postcards of the *gardien* at the foot of the Tour de l'Inquisition. The man who invented picture postcards ought to have his statue on the top of the Eiffel Tower. The millions of headaches he has saved! People go to places now not to exhaust themselves by seeing them, but to buy picture postcards of them. The rest of the party, as I said, were deep in picture postcards. Mademoiselle and I promenaded outside. We often promenaded outside when the others were buying picture postcards," he remarked, with an extra twinkle in his bright eyes. "And the result? Was it my fault? We leaned over the parapet. The wind blew a confounded *mèche*—what do you call it——?"

"Strand?"

"Yes—strand of her hair across her face. She let it blow and laughed and did not move. Didn't I say she was a little witch? If there's a Provençal ever born who would not have kissed a girl under such provocation I should like to have his mummy. I kissed her. She kept on laughing. I kissed her again. I kissed her four times. At the beginning of the fourth kiss out came her father from the postcard shop. He waited till the end of it and then announced himself. He announced himself in such ungentlemanly terms that I was forced to let the whole party, including the adorable little witch, go on to Perpignan by themselves, while I betook my broken heart to the Café de l'Univers."

"And there you found consolation?"

"I told my sad tale. Amélie listened and called the manager to take charge of the *comptoir*, and poured herself out a glass of Frontignan. Amélie always drinks Frontignan when her heart is touched. I came the next day and the next. It was pouring with rain day and night—and Carcassonne in rain is like Hades with its furnaces put out by human tears—and the Café de l'Univers like a little warm corner of Paradise stuck in the midst of it."

"And so that's how it happened?"

"That's how it happened. *Ma foi!* When a lady asks a *galant homme* to marry her,

"AT THE BEGINNING OF THE FOURTH KISS OUT CAME HER FATHER."

what is he to do? Besides, did I not say that the Café de l'Univers was the most prosperous one in Carcassonne? I'm afraid you English, my dear friend, have such sentimental ideas about marriage. Now, we in France—— *Attendez, attendez!*" He suddenly broke off his story, lurched forward, and gripped the back of the front seat.

"To the right, man, to the right!" he cried excitedly to McKeogh.

We had reached the point where the one straight road from Aigues-Mortes branches into a fork, one road going to Montpellier, the other to Nimes. Montpellier being to the west, McKeogh had naturally taken the left fork.

"To the right!" shouted Aristide.

McKeogh pulled up and turned his head with a look of protesting inquiry. I intervened with a laugh.

"You're wrong in your geography, M. Pujol. Besides, there is the signpost staring you in the face. This is the way to Montpellier."

"But, my dear, heaven-sent friend, I no more want to go to Montpellier than you do!" he cried. "Montpellier is the last place

on earth I desire to visit. You want to go to Nimes, and so do I. To the right, chauffeur."

"What shall I do, sir?" asked McKeogh.

I was utterly bewildered. I turned to the goatskin-clad, pointed-bearded, bright-eyed Aristide, who, sitting bolt upright in the car, with his hands stretched out, looked like a modern parody of the god Pan in a hard felt hat.

"You don't want to go to Montpellier?" I asked, stupidly.

"No—ten thousand times no; not for a king's ransom."

"But your four thousand francs—your meeting Mme. Gougasse's train—your getting on to Carcassonne?"

"If I could put twenty million continents between myself and Carcassonne I'd do it," he explained, with frantic gestures. "Don't you understand? The good Lord who is always on my side, sent you especially to deliver me out of the hands of that unspeakable Xantippe. There are no four thousand francs. I'm not going to meet her train at Montpellier, and if she marries anyone to-morrow at Carcassonne it will not be Aristide Pujol."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"We'll go to Nimes."

"Very good, sir," said McKeogh.

"And now," said I, as soon as we had started on the right-hand road, "will you have the kindness to explain?"

"There's nothing to explain," he cried, gleefully. "Here am I delivered. I am free. I can breathe God's good air again. I'm not going to marry Yum-Yum, Yum-Yum. I feel ten years younger. Oh, I've had a narrow escape. But that's the way with me. I always fall on my feet. Didn't I tell you I've never lost an opportunity? The moment I saw an Englishman in difficulties, I realized my opportunity of being delivered out of the House of Bondage. I took it, and here I am! For two days I had been racking my brains for a means of getting out of Aigues-Mortes, when suddenly you—a *Deus ex machina*—a veritable god out of the machine—come to my aid. Don't say there isn't a Providence watching over me."

I suggested that his mode of escape seemed somewhat elaborate and fantastic. Why couldn't he have slipped quietly round to the railway station and taken a ticket to any haven of refuge he might have fancied?

"For the simple reason," said he, with a gay laugh, "that I haven't a single penny piece in the world."

He looked so prosperous and untroubled that I stared incredulously.

"Not one tiny bronze sou," said he.

"You seem to take it pretty philosophically," said I.

"*Les gueux, les gueux, sont des gens heureux*," he quoted.

"You're the first person who has made me believe in the happiness of beggars."

"In time I shall make you believe in lots of things," he retorted. "No. I hadn't one sou to buy a ticket, and Amélie never left me. I spent my last franc on the journey from Carcassonne to Aigues-Mortes. Amélie insisted on accompanying me. She was taking no chances. Her eyes never left me from the time we started. When I ran to your assistance she was watching me from a house on the other side of the *place*. She came to the hotel while we were lunching. I thought I would slip away unnoticed and join you after you had made the *tour des remparts*. But no. I must present her to my English friend. And then—*voyons*—didn't I tell you I never lost a visiting-card? Look at this?"

He dived into his pocket, produced the letter-case, and extracted a card.

"*Voilà*."

I read: "The Duke of Wiltshire."

"But, good heavens, man," I cried, "that's not the card I gave you."

"I know it isn't," said he; "but it's the one I showed to Amélie."

"How on earth," I asked, "did you come by the Duke of Wiltshire's visiting-card?"

He looked at me roguishly.

"I am—what do you call it?—a—a 'snapper up of unconsidered trifles.' You see I know my Shakespeare. I read 'The Winter's Tale' with some French pupils to whom I was teaching English. I love Autolycus. *C'est un peu moi, hein?* Anyhow, I showed the Duke's card to Amélie."

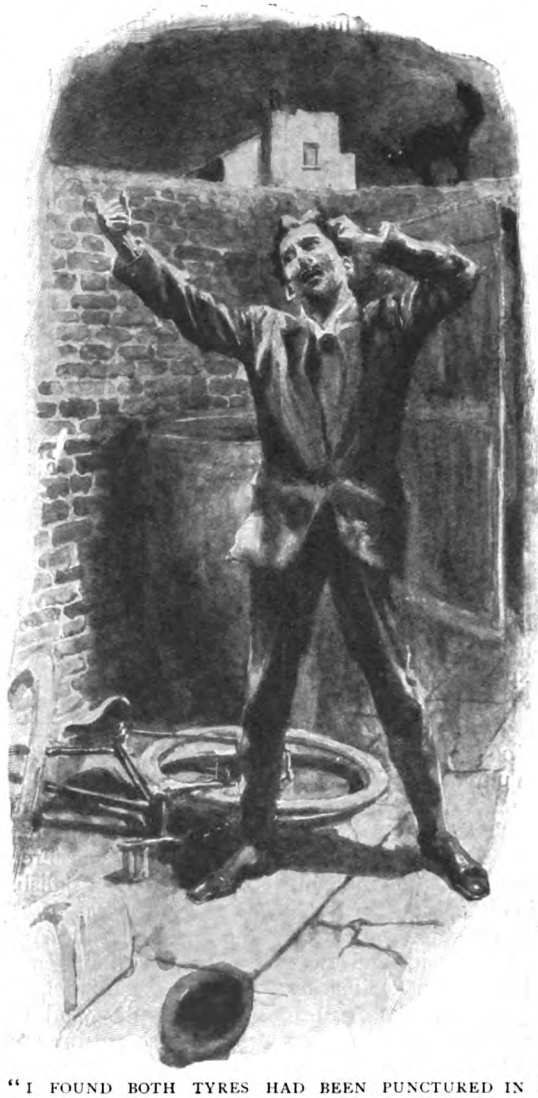
I began to understand. "That was why you called me 'monseigneur'?"

"Naturally. And I told her that you were my English patron, and would give me four thousand francs as a wedding present if I accompanied you to your agent's at Montpellier, where you could draw the money. Ah! But she was suspicious! Yesterday I borrowed a bicycle. A friend left it in the courtyard. I thought, 'I will creep out at dead of night, when everyone's asleep, and, once on my *petite bicyclette, bonsoir, la compagnie*.' But, would you believe it? When I had dressed and crept down, and tried to mount the bicycle, I found both tyres had been punctured in a hundred places with the point of a pair of scissors. What do you

think of that, eh? Ah, *là, là!* it has been a narrow escape. When you invited her to accompany us to Montpellier my heart was in my mouth."

"It would have served you right," I said, "if she had accepted."

He laughed as though, instead of not having a penny, he had not a care in the world. Accustomed to the geometrical conduct of my well-fed fellow-Britons, who map out their lives by rule and line, I had no measure whereby to gauge this amazing and inconsequential person. In one way he had acted abominably. To leave an affianced bride in the lurch in this heartless manner was a most ungentlemanly proceeding. On the other hand, an unscrupulous adventurer would have married the woman for her money and chanced the consequences. In the tussle between Perseus and the Gorgon the odds are all in favour of Perseus. Mercury and Minerva, the most sharp-witted of the gods, are helping him all the time—to say nothing of the fact that Perseus starts out by being a notoriously handsome fellow. So a handsome rogue can generally wheedle an elderly, ugly wife into opening her money-bags, and, if successful, leads the enviable life of a fighting-cock. It was very much to his credit that this kind of life was not to the liking of Aristide Pujol.



"I FOUND BOTH TYRES HAD BEEN PUNCTURED IN A HUNDRED PLACES WITH THE POINT OF A PAIR OF SCISSORS."

Indeed, speaking from affectionate knowledge of the man, I can declare that the position in which he, like many a better man, had placed himself was intolerable. Other men of equal sensitiveness would have extricated themselves in a more common-place fashion; but the dramatic appealed to my rascal, and he has often plumed himself on his calculated *coup de théâtre* at the fork of the roads. He was delighted with it. Even now I sometimes think that Aristide Pujol has never grown up.

"There's one thing I don't understand," said I, "and that is your astonishing influence over the populace at Aigues-Mortes. You came upon them like a firework—a devil-among-the-tailors—and everybody, gendarmes and victim included, became as tame as sheep. How was it?"

He laughed. "I said you were my very old and dear friend and patron, a great English duke."

"I don't quite see how that explanation satisfied the pig-headed old gentleman whom I knocked down."

"Oh, that," said Aristide Pujol, with a look of indescribable drollery—"that was my old father."

Readers will find the subsequent adventures of the inimitably-drawn Aristide irresistibly amusing. Next month will appear "THE ADVENTURE OF THE FAIR ARLÉSIENNE."

The Art of Gesture.

The charge that Englishwomen are too stolid and undemonstrative is one that has often been brought against them, but perhaps rarely with more force and pleasantry than in the following article by Mme. Carmen Turia, the famous Spanish Court dancer. In her rejoinder, Miss Lily Elsie denies that gesticulation, as it is practised on the Continent, is necessary for grace or complete expression. Our readers will decide for themselves which of the fair exponents has the best of the argument.

I.—The Continental View. By Carmen Turia.

"Ah, what lovely flowers!"

"My breath was fairly taken away!"

"Sweet wasn't the word!"

IN the eyes of their Continental sisters Englishwomen have made many strides in recent years in the art of being attractive. They look better, they dress better, they walk better, they talk better. And yet, in spite of their beauty and their clothes and their health, they—oh, how can I bring myself to say it?—they do not charm. Why? What is the difference between an Englishwoman and a Spaniard, or a Frenchwoman, or an Italian? I will tell you. It is a question of life, or, rather, of liveliness. Vivacity is the word. We on the Continent are alive; an Englishwoman seems to think it is "bad form" to be alive. That is the only explanation I can give for her apathy, her listlessness, her plentiful lack of *verve* and gesture and facial expression.

"Weren't you just a little bit jealous?"

"Oh, what a plight I was in!"

Mind you, I don't say that your fair compatriots are not really alive, that they are not full of emotions and passions and impulses as other women, but they do not in society or on the stage reveal that they are alive. They want to appear like dressed-up dolls, and the reason of this is that they have never properly been shown how to live.

What is the great overwhelming, outstanding fact of Nature?—Life. What is the one great manifestation of Life?—Motion. If you do not move, how are people to know that you are alive? How are you different from a dressed-up waxen mannequin?

"Well, of course, there you are!"

of an Englishwoman, is only one of the instruments of speech. And that is why the talk of an Englishwoman is so ineffective. That is why her thoughts might just as well be conveyed by a printed book or a phonograph. She tells you that she loves "madly, passionately," in the same tone and with the same manner that she orders a leg of mutton at the butcher's. On meeting you she protests that she is delighted to see you with the same air that she announces that it is likely to rain. A dreadful calamity has occurred—someone has been run over; her husband has failed on the Stock

"Do you really, really mean it?"

"Don't speak of it!"

Nothing so amuses, and occasionally astounds, foreigners—even Americans—as the phlegmatic manner in which an Englishwoman converses. Of the art of gesture she seems to know and care absolutely nothing. Her talk lacks all the accompaniment of rhythmic appropriate movement, for she talks only with her tongue. You cannot express yourself only with your tongue—that is to say, you cannot if you wish to convey your thoughts effectively; for the tongue, even

"My dear, I was perfectly astounded!"

Exchange; her child has broken his leg; her new ball-dress has been spattered with ink; her *inamorato* has just married somebody else—and she communicates the fact with a wealth of gesture that would be adequate if one's soup or coffee were cold or one's coiffure were deranged.

Of course, there are exceptions even among Englishwomen. During my stay in England I happened upon a group of young ladies having tea on the lawn. I was struck by the

beautiful animation in their faces and by their rapid and graceful gestures. There was no lack of life here—no want of fresh and wholesome vivacity. I was delighted at what I saw, just as you would be. I had got so weary of apathy, of listlessness, of phlegm. To behold those bright girls, with their sensitive, mobile faces, across which each thought, each sentiment, chased each other like the glittering of wings—the wings of the soul—in a clear and sunny sky, was a rare pleasure. Even at a distance one entered into the spirit of their communion. But a doubt assailed me. Were these really Englishwomen? Could they be Englishwomen? If so, then the art of gesture had advanced indeed, and there was a chance that the ranks of its disciples would soon penetrate all over the kingdom. And

"He was off like a flash!"

then came the shock. "Oh, yes; they are English. But they are *deaf and dumb!*"

The art of gesture! That is it. Why is it not taught in your homes—in your schools? Why are Englishwomen stolid? Is it not worth teaching? Or is it a lost art in England? For if we are to believe your novelists, English girls once had as much grace of facial and manual expression as they were rich in vocal attributes. "She raised her beautiful eyes, and her whole face became the prey of her emotions. Fear, love, hate, despair struggled for mastery. She flung out her arms, her body swayed, her bosom heaved, and then the torrent burst forth, and, with much graceful gesticulation, she told her story." That was written by one of your great writers.

If gesticulation were really unnatural or unwelcome, it would not be so much admired as it is when practised by some graceful exponent. Gesticulation is half the art of acting. When a stage lover makes a declaration of his love, he places his hand on his heart, and every spectator, male and female, in the house knows that that is just where his hand—in fact, both his hands—should be, and not toying with a cigarette or jingling the small change in his pocket. When a person is distressed the hand flies to the brow. When a repellent thought occurs, we dismiss it with a wave of the hand. All these actions are thought theatrical, and yet has not your Darwin shown that they are natural—that people who feel deeply express their emotions with their hands and features? But the English, man and woman, try to hide their feelings, as if they were ashamed of them. And then you wonder why they have no charm; how it often comes about that a plain-featured

"Oh, what was I to do?"

"Won't you, please—for me?"

foreigner manages to interest — nay, to fascinate—the insular man or woman! The secret is really simple. He or she has "charm"—in other words, vivacity; in other words, gesture. So is not the art of gesture worth being cultivated? Think of what your theatres would be without gesture. How could your actors or actresses do without it? Your famous Sir Henry Irving showed you what could be done with gesture and facial play in "The Bells"; and you applauded him to the echo, because you knew that a person in such a situation ought to act in just such a way. Yet off the stage people are so gauche that a mere shrug of the shoulders is called "Frenchy." Can it be that musical comedy is responsible for some of what I can only call gestural stupidity? You should see what some foreign critics say of the ladies in your musical comedy.

There is, for instance, Mr. Alan Dale, the American critic, who writes:—

"You watch these lovely, languorous English girls with afternoon tea voices and you are bored. You don't want to go again. Every one of these 'gells' looks like a perfect lady brought up to say, 'I'll take a lump of sugar in my tea and a little cream. Thank you so much.' Her attitudes are full of gaucherie. She has, as the French say, two left hands."

"Oh, what was I to do?"

Such a creature is too awkward even to shrug. And yet what eloquence of suggestion there is in a shrug! Then the quick raising of a hand or an eyebrow—a nod, or shake of the head—a suggestion of *empressement*—an indication of feeling in the movement of the torso.

Ah, believe me, gesture makes all the difference between brightness and stupidity. I can say, "My dear, I was perfectly astounded," just as if I were declining a second lemon ice, or I can utter it as I feel it and my auditor knows exactly what I mean. A phrase like that is capable of fifty modes of expression. It may be tragic or comic, indignant, satirical, or mildly humorous. It is only in England that "Won't you, *please?*" or "Weren't you just a wee, wee bit jealous, dear?" can be uttered as if one were asking for a piece of cake.

With all my admiration for Englishwomen, I contend that they can no more do without grace and ornament in their talk than they can do without these accessories in their dress. By dint of patient effort and study of the women of the Continent they have become well-dressed. By similar endeavour and similar example they may become well-spoken.

II.—The English View. By Miss Lily Elsie.

From Photographs by Foulsham & Banfield.

IF I were asked what is the real charm of the Englishwoman—how does she differ from the Frenchwoman, the Spaniard, or the American?—I would say it is in her repose. She does not find it necessary, in order to be expressive, that she should agitate her features, beat the air with her hands, and perform curious and not always pleasant motions with her head and shoulders. Between ourselves and the women of the

"Won't you, please—for me?"

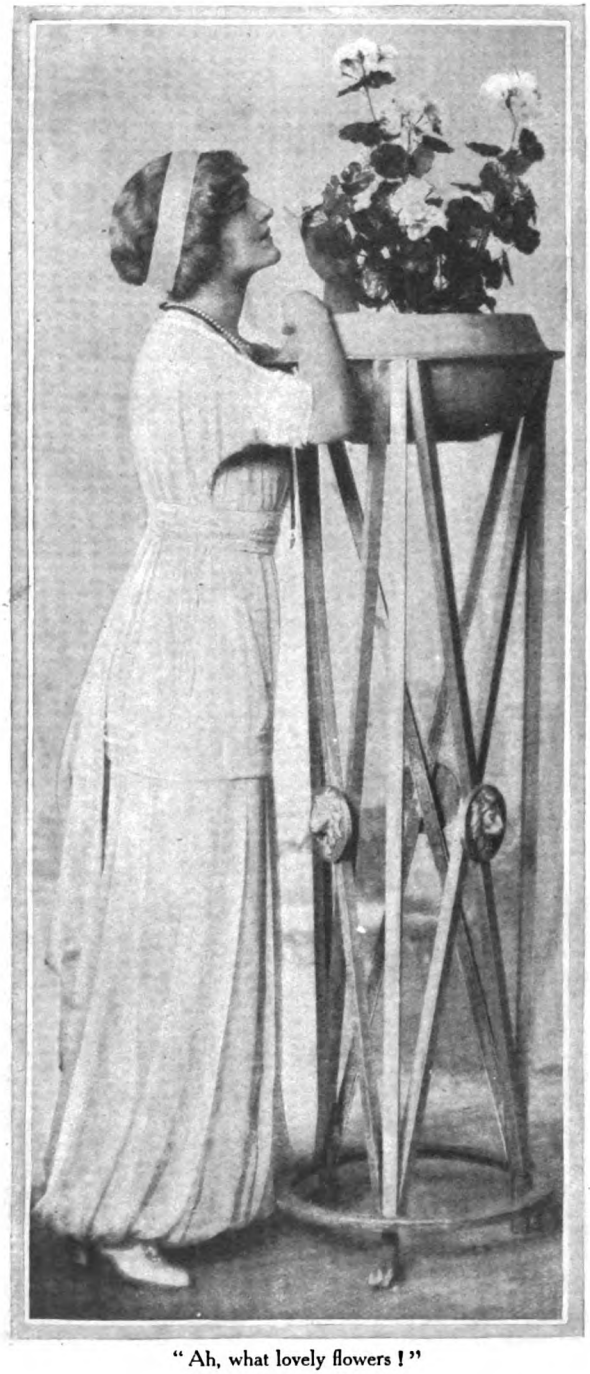
"Weren't you just a little bit jealous?"

"Sweet wasn't the word!"

"My dear, I was perfectly astounded!"

Continent it is not only a question of temperament; it is a question also of the adequacy of our language—of our personal vocabulary—to express our thoughts, however intense they may be. For, if you will notice, the more cultured and refined French and Italian ladies do not find it so necessary to gesticulate. In fact, I have noticed that many of the *haut ton* hardly gesticulate more than we do. But amongst those whose vocabulary is limited there is a natural struggle for expression, which is more easily produced by gesture. If a person cannot find a proper word and is impatient, a shrug or a wave of the arms will do.

Then, I hope I may be allowed to utter a word in favour of gentleness and reticence. I suppose these are growing old-fashioned, but I cannot believe they will die out altogether amongst Englishwomen. I think many Englishwomen would be sorry if all of our sex grew fiery and tumultuous and exchanged a soft and winning grace for the somewhat alarmingly *empressée* manners of our Continental sisters and rivals. Personally, I do not at all think it necessary to grow excited because my tea is brought to me cold instead of hot, or because I am discussing a friend or the weather. It is not stolidity because we prefer to be placid; and our lack of vivacity in private is no indication that we are incapable of enjoying life. It is by no means necessary that we should be exuberant in order to be attractive, and I think, too, that the English modulation of voice is often far more expressive than if we indulged without stint in pantomime, which is generally not the friend but the enemy of true feminine grace.



"Ah, what lovely flowers!"

The Deserter.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

Illustrated by C. E. Brock, R.I.

I.

PETER MAYES made his way homeward from the office in a depressed frame of mind. He was a small man, with slight, sandy whiskers, and hair brushed back over his ears into two little tufts. He had weak eyes, a mouth excellent in shape but a trifle too humorous for his position, and a general appearance wholesomely and completely insignificant. He sat on the extreme edge of his seat in a non-smoking compartment of the Golder's Green Tube, and as his arms were full of parcels and the evening paper was tucked away in his pocket he busied himself trying to imagine what sort of homes the remainder of the passengers were returning to. The season of the year failed altogether to enliven his spirits. He found a great bunch of holly which a woman was carrying on his left a disagreeable and painful nuisance, and the air of slightly bibulous hilarity which seemed common amongst his fellow-passengers was scarcely likely to prove attractive to a man who had tasted nothing stronger than ginger-ale for six years.

"HE FOUND A GREAT BUNCH OF HOLLY WHICH A WOMAN WAS CARRYING A DISAGREEABLE AND PAINFUL NUISANCE."

Arrived at his destination, he walked for some distance along a broad street lined with very new houses and equally new shops. Most of the shops were still to let, and nearly all

of them had notices displayed in the windows overhead, announcing almost hysterically that flats, apartments, or offices were to be procured there. At the end of the shops was a building estate in the course of development. Peter Mayes, with a little sigh, took the first turning to the left and came presently to a long row of model dwelling-houses. He opened the gate of No. 7, which, so far as outward appearance went, might just as well have been No. 17 or No. 70, let himself in with a latchkey, and went softly into the sitting-room on the left-hand side of the passage.

Now, it was part of the arrangement of these model dwelling-houses that the sitting-room and dining-room should be connected—that is to say, that they should be separated only with curtains of such design as the householder might chance to fancy. Peter Mayes was accordingly made aware, from the moment of his entrance, that in the farther room were gathered not only all the members of his family, but a visitor. Some indication of Peter Mayes's position in the household might be gathered from the fact that, having softly deposited his parcels, instead of boldly entering the inner room he set himself down to watch and listen.

Evidently this was no ordinary visitor. Mrs. Peter Mayes, large, expansive, with flushed face and raiment a trifle disarranged, possibly from the pursuit of some household avocation, sat—from reasons of safety as well as comfort—in the largest chair the room afforded. Standing by her side was Belinda—Miss Belinda Mayes, that is to say—eldest daughter of the household. She was nineteen years old, and her dress, arrangement of the hair, and deportment were exactly what Golder's Green might have been expected to have borrowed from Piccadilly. There was a younger daughter, Amy, negligible, because she was a youthful replica of Belinda. There was also a young man, from sixteen to seventeen years old, budding clerk in a City warehouse, who distinctly took after his mother. He had a coarse, thick-looking face, he was untidily but flashily dressed, and he was puffing a cigarette furiously. The little gentleman seated at the table was so obviously a lawyer that he might have had it written all over him. It was also immediately apparent to Peter Mayes that the occasion was a great one.

"I do not think," the lawyer said, "that there are any further details I can give you at present. Your sister, madam," he went on, addressing Mrs. Mayes, "wished specially that you should be acquainted immediately after her decease with the fact that she had left her entire property to you to pass on to your children. The funeral, as I said before, will take place on Thursday. If I can be of any service—you will forgive my mentioning it, but an advance of money on account of mourning expenses is sometimes acceptable—you can command me."

Mrs. Mayes was sitting with her mouth very wide open and a very high colour. Her expansive bosom showed signs of emotion.

"Well, to think of this!" she exclaimed, not for the first time. "And poor Jane would never promise anything. To think she should have left the whole of it to us!"

"How much is it?" the boy asked.

"The amount of my deceased client's property is somewhat vaguely stated," the lawyer replied; "nor am I exactly aware in what manner it is invested. I have reason to believe, however, that it is between twenty-five and thirty-five thousand pounds."

Mrs. Mayes was stupefied. The younger girl began to dance. Her sister Belinda, whose own eyes were sparkling, restrained her.

"It's a tidy sum," young Mr. Mayes vouchsafed, his own voice none too steady.

"Whatever shall we do with it?" Mrs. Mayes gasped, looking helplessly around her.

"Do with it, mother!" Belinda cried, almost reproachfully. "Do with it, indeed! What a thing to say, when you consider what a pinched, semi-genteel sort of life we've had to live. Why, we can take Laburnum Lodge, the house with the gates to it and the drive. We can move in there at once, and all those people who go to the tennis club will be sure to call on us. Just think of the new clothes!"

"Hooray! Perhaps I'll go to boarding-school instead of to that horrid shop!" Amy exclaimed.

Her sister frowned.

"There's no necessity to mention the shop," she said, sharply. "That's the worst of you, Amy."

"I shall chuck old Bunderby the moment after the holidays," Mr. Mayes, junior, declared, with enthusiasm. "Just stroll into the office, you know, and say, 'Sorry, I'm taking a few months' holiday. Probably run over to Paris or somewhere, eh?' Jove, won't the other fellows be surprised! I shall just look about me for a bit. Sha'n't be driven into anything. Phew! Sounds like a fairy tale."

Mrs. Mayes patted her daughter on the arm.

"What about Mr. Hargreaves now, Belinda?" she whispered, archly.

Belinda blushed.

"I hope he will get to hear of it soon," she replied.

"We shall all," Mrs. Mayes declared, "be able to live in an altogether different fashion. I shall keep two servants and we shall dine to. It's the only thing I've ever had trouble with him about. He's easy enough in most ways," she continued, nodding her head towards her visitor, who was showing signs of uneasiness; "but as regards his dress and little habits, I've had trouble with him ever since we were married, and there's no denying it. It took me two years to get him off his pipe, and another two to stop his beer and whisky. When it comes to getting him

"'THE ONLY TROUBLE THAT I CAN SEE IN FRONT OF US,' MRS. MAYES CONTINUED, 'IS MR. MAYES.'"

late. I think, too, that it would be a very fitting compliment to my departed sister if we took her name along with the fortune. Mayes—plain Mrs. Mayes—never did appeal to me much. What do you say, girls, to Mrs. Horrington-Mayes?"

Mr. Mayes, junior, whistled. Belinda nodded her head approvingly.

"The only trouble that I can see in front of us," Mrs. Mayes continued, leaning forward and taking the lawyer into her confidence, "is Mr. Mayes."

She sighed. Belinda nodded. Mr. Mayes, junior, looked blank.

"You know what your father is, my dears," Mrs. Mayes went on. "You know how he will insist on sitting without a coat when he wants to drink claret and leave off his carpet slippers, and wear even a black coat for dinner—well, I can see there's going to be trouble before us. He'll be a stumbling-block, children. Mark my words, he'll be a stumbling-block."

"He must be spoken to," Belinda declared, sharply. "It's bad enough as it is to see the shabby way he goes about and the people he talks to."

"Does us no good, anyway," Mr. Mayes, junior, grumbled. "He went out fishing only three Sundays ago with old man Seddon, the fishmonger. I was up at the Dewhirsts' in the afternoon and they told me. They'd seen them start off together."

Mrs. Mayes nodded sympathetically.

"We must all be firm," she declared, her face and manner alike becoming portentous.

"Firm," Belinda echoed, looking for a moment rather like her mother.

Mr. Peter Mayes picked up his parcels, tiptoed his way out of the room into the street, and walked briskly back in the direction from which he had come.

II.

THE actions of Mr. Peter Mayes on leaving his model abode were, in the first instance, somewhat peculiar. The brown-paper parcel from under his arm, consisting of two pounds of bacon—it was already making its presence felt by means of a greasy stain—he surreptitiously dropped down an area. Another package which had considerably impaired the set of his coat, from the space it occupied in his pocket, and which, from its odour, appeared to be a portion of some highly-seasoned cheese, he gaily threw over the palings amongst the rubbish and building materials collected around a proposed dwelling-house. Similarly he dealt with a half-pound of tea which he had to bring from a certain shop in the City because it carried with it a coupon, three mutton-chops which were intended for the evening meal of the family, and a few slices of cold ham which he had purchased on his own, having had some experience of the appetites of his family with reference to mutton-chops. Having disposed of the last of these packages with great adroitness in an empty basket outside a greengrocer's shop, he stretched himself for a moment as though glad to be rid of his burden, and, calmly crossing the street, entered, for the first time for four years, the doors of a public-house.

He ordered a tankard of bitter and a mild cigar. The appearance of Mr. Peter Mayes as he sipped his beer and lit that cigar would certainly have disgusted the little company who were even at that moment engaged in framing rules to be submitted to him presently for the purpose of aiding him in the acquisition of a more genteel deportment. He had picked up a newspaper and was leaning back upon the cushioned seat. The cigar had reached a somewhat rakish angle at the corner of his mouth, his feet were supported upon an empty stool. He read his paper, smoked his cigar, and drank his beer with an air of great relish. He even contemplated renewing the dissipation, but on second thoughts changed his mind. He left the place, purchased a stick for ninepence at a shop next door, and walking jauntily to the Tube Station shook the dust of Golder's Green off his feet for ever. Only, instead of returning on his daily track to the City, he changed and went on to Piccadilly. Here he emerged into the crowded streets, found a hairdressing saloon, where he had his hair cut and a shave, washed his hands, bought a new collar and a lavender tie, which he arranged with great care, and had a complete brush. Still in high good spirits, he made his way to a small restaurant, where he dined, having two mutton-chops all to himself, and a pint of beer. Afterwards he lit a cigar, and pushed his way good-humouredly amongst the throng waiting outside the doors of a music-hall. He managed, with considerable ingenuity, to get almost into the front row of the cheaper seats, and made himself so agreeable to several of his neighbours that drinks were freely exchanged during the evening. At twelve o'clock he presented himself at the door of a small commercial hotel and, regretting the loss of his luggage, paid for a room, where he turned in and slept like a top till morning.

The next day was Christmas Eve. He awoke a little after his usual time with a curious sense of lightness which he had not felt since he was a boy. Quickly realizing the position, he stayed in bed an hour longer than his usual time for the sheer pleasure of being able to do so, ordered a cup of tea in his room because he had never been allowed such a thing since he had been married, and, descending just when he chose, ate a hearty breakfast of bacon and eggs. A visit to a neighbouring tobacconist's provided him with half-a-dozen cigars, yellow in colour and dotted with faint spots, which, however, he secured, with a paper case, for the moderate sum of one and fourpence. He then set out for the offices of the nearest steamship company and booked a steerage berth to New York on a steamer sailing in three days' time. His next proceeding was one upon which he only entered after considerable deliberation. The issue was between his claims and the claims of his family. He decided in his own favour.

"They have got," he reasoned to himself, "between twenty-five and thirty-five thousand pounds, and a lawyer who is willing to advance them what they like. I have got forty. Maria's welcome to her little lot. I think I have a right to mine."

So he formed one of a string withdrawing deposits at a well-known savings bank, and came out with forty pounds in his pocket. With the money safely concealed about his

person, he hesitated for a moment as to how to spend Christmas Day. The vastness of his fortune decided him against remaining in so dangerous a spot as the Metropolis. He strolled about, looking in the shops and enjoying himself thoroughly, until one o'clock, when he dined, again with great heartiness Afterwards he took the three o'clock train down to a village in Oxfordshire of which he had never heard before, and found a small country inn, where they received him with much surprise but open arms. Here, before the shops closed, he bought himself a few very humble necessities and a brown bag. He ate a hearty tea and supper combined, and walked about the small town with great interest during the evening, finally dropping in and spending a pleasant hour in the bar-parlour, where he was looked upon with some respect as a commercial gentleman without family ties, uncertain how to spend the festive season.

"HE LINGERED ABOUT IN THE COUNTRY TILL IT WAS ALMOST DUSK."

On the next day he tramped fifteen miles, leaving the road when he could, and climbing every hill he saw. He lingered about in the country till it was almost dusk, breathing the air as though it were one of the rarest of luxuries, watching the colouring of the woods as though indeed it meant something to him, strolling many times backwards and forwards through a thick plantation of firs on the top of a hill, wondering at the silence, delighting in the leaf-framed peeps of the country he could see now and then through the low-hanging branches. At night he dined alone but plentifully. For a few minutes before he accepted his host's invitation to join the little party in his private room he sat and looked into the fire.

He looked back through the years; he saw himself a young man, born of working folk, not more than ordinarily ambitious, not more than ordinarily intelligent, yet starting out in life blithely and with every desire to do well for himself and for others. His heart quickened a little as he thought of Maria and their wedding-day, the coming of Belinda, their first Christmas together; but the throb of sentiment soon passed. He saw the slow strangulation of all his hopes. From the first he had been dominated by the coarser, stronger nature of his wife. Perhaps, he thought with a sigh, she had not known what she was doing, but she had certainly driven him along the narrowest of narrow roads with a grip of iron. If he would have wandered ever so little, if he would have tried to gather in even the most human of pleasures into his life, her voice was in his ears, her grip upon his shoulders; the thing which he coveted was spoilt already by her shrill tongue, her torrent of remonstrance. The natural niceness of the man had saved him from the ways of dissipation, and left him

nothing but silent endurance. As he sat there he wondered, not at his flight, but at the years of misery which he had suffered. In a way they were dear to him—his ungainly son, his hard-voiced, narrow-minded wife, who had never thought it worth while to keep alight a single flicker of sentiment between them; his daughter, with her prim ways and false ambitions; Amy, growing up in the same path—all with a certain measure of contempt for the shabby little man who was the slave of every one of them, whose use it was to bring the money and the parcels on Saturday night, and to bear the rough edge of their mother's tongue. It was over! He had almost given up hope, but the way of escape had been shown to him in that great moment of inspiration.

He rose, and with the smile upon his face of one who has thrown away the old burdens and commenced a new life he made his way into the landlord's sitting-room, where he was welcomed with much cordiality.

"To absent friends!" someone proposed towards the end of the evening, and Peter Mayes lifted his tumbler high.

"To absent friends!" he murmured.

He wished them well, he wished them the detached house, the membership of the lawn-tennis club. He wished Belinda the young man whom she secretly coveted, he wished for Amy her boarding-school, and for his son that he might play the young man of fashion in the local bars and even in the West-end, after the manner dear to his heart. Let them have their hearts' desire, let him have his! A year or so of freedom before the turning of the wheel!

III.

PETER MAYES went out to America, steerage, where he suffered many discomforts which he thoroughly enjoyed. He was popular amongst his fellow-passengers and made many friends. He discovered that he could still sing a song, and some humorous recitations which had been forbidden in No. 7 of the model dwellings on account of their possible vulgarity came back into his memory and were much appreciated. He landed in New York not a bit abashed by the size of the place, and carrying his bag in his hand walked about the city for two days, perfectly happy. He lived soberly, but well. His appetite for mutton-chops seemed unappeasable. He always ordered two and always left the tails, thinking with a little gleam in his eyes of the time when they had constituted the major portion of his diet.

At the end of the third day he decided that it was time to work. He had been employed all his life in a land-agent's office, and he knew that he was a good man. He walked into an office in Broadway and offered his services. They laughed at him at first, but he managed to impress them.

"I've got enough to live on for a fortnight," he said. "Let me come here for nothing for a few days. You watch me. If I'm worth anything, give me a job. If I'm not, you can soon tell me so, and I'll try and find someone who knows a good thing when they see it."

He got his chance, and at the end of the first day he had secured a post. The methods of the firm rather staggered him at first, but he did his work thoroughly and well. At the end of the week he ventured to advise. At the end of a month his advice was often sought. Peter Mayes was a man in whom shrewdness, when he chose to make use of it, was a natural gift. In his London office the principals were pompous and unapproachable people, who played golf every other day and held no converse with their employés. Peter Mayes, therefore, had been repressed. Here, however, he found things very different. Everyone in the office seemed to talk together on a basis of equality. Very soon his position in the firm was unassailable. They were making money fast.

The whole of this period of his life was a joy to him. He first rented an attic, terrified at the prices asked for apartments, but very soon discovered the principle of the American boarding-house. He was fortunate in stumbling across a fairly good one, and before he had been established there a week he was very nearly the most popular inmate. He had had quite enough of the repressed life, and his sociability made him popular from the first. He sat at the largest table because there were more people there to talk to. He addressed everyone, and there was something about his manner, without being familiar, so friendly, so unsuspicious of any possibility that his acquaintance was not desired, that in turn everyone spoke to him. He made friends right and left. Some of them provided him with free entertainment at the theatres, some of them were useful to him in his business, some of them would have lent him money if he had wanted it, some of them did succeed in borrowing such small sums as he could afford. And all the time he prospered. His salary was doubled before he had been with his firm a month. It was quadrupled at the end of the

year, and he began to have a nice little sum laid by. He grew somewhat stouter, he was chaffed into shaving off his side-whiskers, and an American barber treated his hair in a new and becoming fashion. He bought the sort of clothes he liked and he looked well in them. He was always agreeable and pleasant to ladies, but it was obvious that he preferred men's society. He was never drunk, he never even had too much to drink, yet he never seemed to refuse a sociable invitation. He smoked a good deal, but it seemed to agree with him. It was very seldom that anyone saw him without a smile on his face.

At the end of two years he was made a junior partner. Within a fortnight he had suggested a speculation into which the firm entered, and which realized within a week a profit larger than any they had made for many years. His partner stood him a dinner at Delmonico's and introduced him to his wife and daughters.

"Say, you ought to marry, old chap," his partner declared more than once. "You're spoilt as a bachelor, and I tell you our American women are all right."

Peter Mayes laughed and turned the conversation. Once a week he got the *Morning Post* from a newsvender in Fifth Avenue and read carefully through the Fashionable Intelligence. Never was there any mention of the doings of Mrs. Horrington-Mayes. Each time when he folded it up he was just a little disappointed. He would have liked to have heard that they were doing well and fulfilling their ambitions. Sometimes he would have liked to have known whether they believed him dead, whether they ever thought of him. More than once he half made up his mind to write. In the end, however, he never did. After all, he had always been a stranger to his wife and family. They hadn't understood him, and he had understood them so well as to perceive the futility of attempting to improve their relations. Besides, there had always been the guiding hand of Mrs. Peter Mayes upon his shoulder. There was no escaping from that. In his earlier days in America he had more than once awakened as though from a nightmare and sat up in his bed, vaguely terrified. In his dream he had heard the commanding voice of the lady who had ruled his life!

The years slipped easily away. Peter Mayes was a rich man. He was also almost a good-looking one. His partner died suddenly, and a few months afterwards his partner's widow invited him to lunch. The lady in question was an American woman of business.

"You see, Mr. Mayes, it's this way," she said, after she had fed him exceedingly well. "You and I are, as it were, equal partners in the business, and it's too good for me to give up. I need money for myself and the girls. We've always been used to having it, and we've got to have it. Now, I don't want to come down to the office every day, but I want to stay a partner in this business. Is there anything that occurs to you?"

The first thing that occurred to Peter Mayes was to go, which he did, with perfect courtesy but much dispatch. In a week he had sold his share of the business, and found himself worth one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. He did then what most successful American business men do immediately they retire He booked a passage—saloon this time—and came over to England.

On the whole, it was a thrilling trip. They made much of him in the smoking-room and even in the saloon, for his manners were delightful, his humour inexhaustible, his name as a successful man of business well known to some of them. As usual, he made friends and received half-a-dozen invitations, most of which, however, contrary to his custom, he evaded. He stayed at a very fine hotel on the Embankment, and walked about the City and the West-end on the night of his arrival with the keenest interest and pleasure.

Early on the next morning he took a ticket and went down to Golder's Green by the Tube.

The place was changed indeed. The shops had lost their newness, others had sprung up, the streets now were crowded, and a general air of prosperity abounded. Peter Mayes walked along, swinging his cane, smoking a cigar, looking at his well-dressed, irreproachable figure now and then in the plate-glass windows, and laughing softly at the thoughts of that moment when, depositing his parcels right and left in obscure hiding-places, he had fled from the tyrannies of the domestic hearth.

He walked first to Laburnum Lodge, which was still standing and much improved in appearance. There was a gardener in the drive whom he addressed by name, knowing him well. The gardener was surprised, but he certainly did not recognize Mr. Peter Mayes.

"Can you tell me who lives here, Jackson?" he asked.

"Parties of the name of Hammerton," the man replied, pausing from his task. "Six children there are, and I wish they'd keep off the flower-beds."

"Hammerton," Peter Mayes repeated, as

though surprised. "I had a sort of an idea that a Mrs. Horrington-Mayes lived here."

Jackson shook his head.

"There ain't no person of that name round here," he decided. "There's a Mrs. Mayes, a poor sort of widow-woman as lives in Crescent Row—pretty bad way she's in, too, I understand."

"In Crescent Row!" Peter Mayes gasped. "Why, that's where she used to live seven years ago."

"Been living there ever since," the man replied, curiously.

"But I thought she'd been left a fortune!" Peter Mayes exclaimed.

"It worn't much of a one, I don't think," the man remarked. "I never heered the rights of it; but I think it was a lot of money in some shares that burst. Anyway, she's still there, and the daughters. And the son too, for that matter. And they owe me two-and-ninepence which I can't get, and I did hear as 'ow there was an execution going in directly after Christmas, if not before."

Peter Mayes turned away and walked a little unsteadily towards Crescent Row. This was a view of things which had never presented itself to him. A sudden sense of guilt was in his heart. He saw himself under different colours. He was a deserter! Perhaps—— He drew a quick breath and walked more rapidly.

When he came to No. 7 of the model dwelling-houses he found the door ajar, and he walked softly in. He entered the sitting-room. Again he heard voices in the farther apartment. It reminded him very much of a day seven years ago, only there was a difference. There wasn't a picture and not much furniture left in the room, and the voices—they were all very changed. He looked past the faded curtain. Surely that was not Maria! She was thinner, her hair was grey, there was a queer look of suffering about her mouth. And Belinda—Belinda to his mind was better-looking than ever, but she wore no fringe and she was pale; and she, too, had that look about the mouth. Maria was working a sewing-machine, and Belinda was bending over some work. Amy was sitting huddled up before the fire, so that he could not see her face, but it was obvious that she was crying.

"I wonder how much Jim will get for it?" Mrs. Mayes remarked, in a tired voice.

"Not more than five shillings, I shouldn't think," Belinda answered. "A lot of good, isn't it, when we owe three pounds for rent, and it's Christmas Day to-morrow and not a thing in the house!"

"We shall have to do the best we can," Mrs. Mayes said, and her voice no longer had a strident note in it. It was almost soft, almost the voice of a girl. "Jim may get work directly after Christmas."

The girl who had been crying looked around; her mother had leaned over and patted her on the shoulder.

"I can't help it, mother," she said. "It's seven years ago to-day since that beastly lawyer came here and told us about Aunt Jane's property. Aunt Jane's property, indeed!"

"We had two thousand pounds," her mother reminded her, bending over her work.

"And what good was that," the girl exclaimed, "when we expected a fortune? Why, it was all spent before we knew where we were!"

Mrs. Mayes sighed.

"I am afraid we were all a little extravagant," she admitted, "and Jim's trip to Paris cost a good deal of money."

"I only wish father would come back," Amy declared, looking into the fire. "We always had plenty to eat, anyhow, then, and you and Belinda were different."

"I'm here," Peter Mayes announced, stepping into the room.

Mrs. Mayes laid down her spectacles and looked at him. Then her fingers began to twitch, she caught at the tablecloth with one hand and held the back of her chair with the other. Belinda frankly opened her mouth as well as her eyes. Amy began to scream.

"It is father!" she cried. "I know him, although he's shaved off his whiskers."

She was the first to come to his arms. No one else seemed able to speak at all. Peter Mayes came forward and laid his hand upon his wife's shoulder.

"I'm knocked all of a heap," he said, quietly. "Seven years ago to-day I was in that room and heard the lawyer tell you about your sister Jane's fortune. I heard all the things you were going to do with me and yourselves, and I—well, I funked it," he declared, with his irresistible little laugh. "I went out to America thinking all the time that you were living in the lap of luxury and didn't want me."

"We only got—two thousand pounds," Mrs. Mayes faltered. "Peter, is that really you—you—my husband?"

"It's the American accent and the clothes, I suppose," he remarked. "You'll recognize me presently."

"I should have known you anywhere," Belinda insisted; "but you have improved, you know."

"Great country, America," Peter Mayes declared, cheerfully. "I am sorry about these seven years, but you can have Laburnum Lodge now and call yourselves Horrington-Mayes, and if your young man hasn't gone you can have him too, Belinda. I am afraid Amy's a bit too old for boarding-school, but perhaps she'd like to go abroad for a year. I've made plenty of money."

Mrs. Mayes began to sob. Then there was a heavy footstep and Jim came in.

"Three-and-sixpence was all I could get," he called out, bitterly, before he entered the room. "Never mind," he added, "we'll do the best we can with it. It's better than nothing."

His father smote him on the back.

"It's sound philosophy, Jim," he declared. "You can stand me a drink with that three-and-sixpence when we get up West. Now then, all of you put your things on. I'm staying at the Milan, and I think we'll move in there for a day or two. As for shopping, we shall just have time to see to it, if you look alive."

He was overwhelmed. Only Mrs. Mayes sat still. She was sobbing quietly.

"I drove you away from me once," she said. "I've thought of it often since. I don't know that I wonder at it."

He kissed her again, and patted her on the shoulder consolingly.

"PETER, IS THAT YOU—YOU—MY HUSBAND?"

"Been the making of all of us," he declared. "You've had the worst of it, I'm afraid, these seven years; but perhaps I had a bit the worst of it the seven years before. My own fault, and let's call it quits. Hurry up."

They walked down Crescent Row, feeling somehow as though their feet fell upon the air. One or two of the neighbours looked out of the window and wondered.

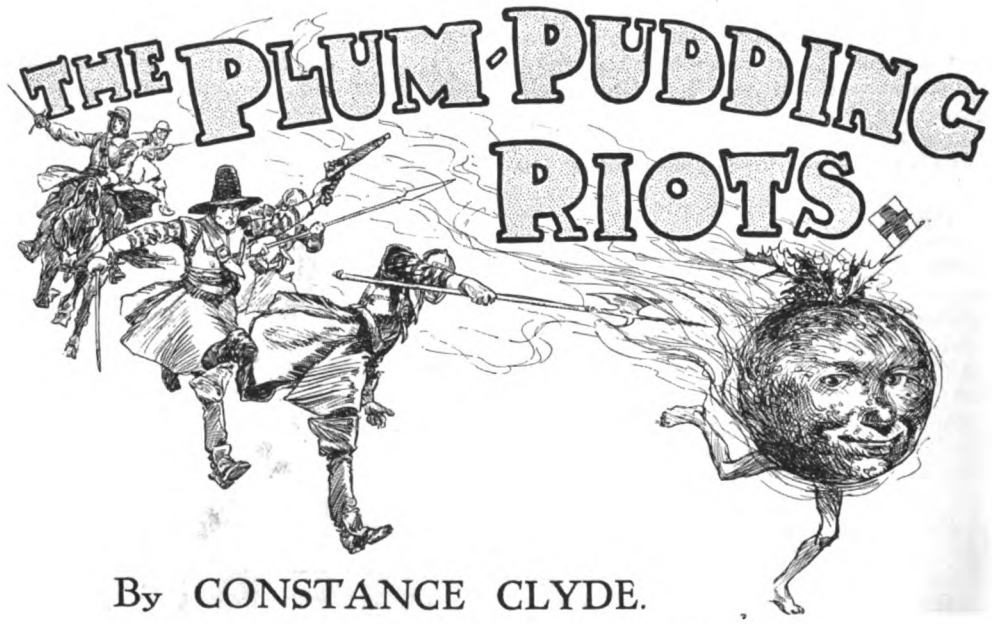
"Had another fortune left her, perhaps," No. 5 suggested, ironically.

"Her scamp of a husband come back, perhaps," No. 4 echoed.

Mr. Peter Mayes, who was always sharp of hearing, turned quickly round and waved his hat.

"Right first time!" he declared.

THE PLUM-PUDDING RIOTS.



By CONSTANCE CLYDE.

Illustrated by W. Edward Wigfull.

"OPEN, in the name of the law!" Outside, the whiteness of the December snow; indoors, a group of persons hastily thrusting dishes into hiding-places, while alarmed glances are cast towards the door, on which knocks resound.

"Open, in the name of the law!" Again comes the command, and the soldiers of Cromwell break in in search of—Royalists in hiding or arms, or at least incriminating papers dealing with State affairs? No, for none of those things at all. The search is for a plum-pudding!

If that illicit sweet be found it will be borne duly away for magisterial inspection, then to be solemnly destroyed. The picture of an alarmed housewife secreting a plum-pudding in box or chimney while the officers of justice clamour outside would seem like a scene from comic-opera or pantomime, yet such scenes frequently took place during the period of the Commonwealth, when Puritan law had decreed that Christmas must go. But it is only fair to remember that such an act, ridiculous as it seems to us, was the work of extremists, and that to the best and finest type of Puritan—such as Milton, for example—it no doubt seemed ridiculous then.

No plum-pudding or mince-pie at Christmas! Bakers fined or imprisoned if they concocted those delicacies! The twentieth century doctor forbids some of us those enjoyments, but how should we like to be forbidden by the policeman for our soul's, instead of for our body's, sake? How should we like to be haled before a magistrate for "harbouring" this contraband dish? Or to feel that by eating plum-pudding we branded ourselves as approving of the Gunpowder Plot, and that by mixing a mince-pie the godliest housewife pledged herself to the devil and all his works? Such, however, was the legal and religious attitude towards the plum-pudding at that time. A member of Parliament had introduced a Bill for the suppression of this festivity as being "superstition and Popery," and, according to the magisterial temperament in various districts, one or other sign of Yuletide was made illegal.

Thus in some parts only out-of-door rejoicings were interfered with; in others the home and table were under supervision, the consequent disturbances being known as the Plum-Pudding Riots. The mince-pie was denounced as a "hodge-podge of superstition, Popery, the devil and all his works"—as mixed ethically as it is in material ingredients. After this ebullition the description of the plum-pudding as an invention of "The Scarlet Woman of Babylon" does not strike us as very strange.

A HOUSEWIFE DISCOVERED IN THE ACT OF SECRETING A PLUM-PUDDING IN THE CHIMNEY.

To fight to the death for a plum-pudding seems a grotesque fantasy, yet something like this occurred during those riots that took place in the early years of the Commonwealth. On several occasions Ipswich, Oxford, and Canterbury came specially to the front in defence of Christmas. At Ipswich, in 1646, there was a "world of skull-breaking," and at the Oxford outbreaks some citizens laid down their lives. The authorities now lost nerve, and were so afraid of the riot spreading to London that they released a "miscreant" found guilty of decorating his room with greenery in honour of the Advent! In Scotland, curiously enough, the new legislation was accepted more peaceably. So long as they enjoyed themselves, Caledonia's sons were less particular as to date; and, when Christmas was tabooed, merely transferred the rejoicings appropriate to the 25th of December to the 1st of January, a custom which they have largely retained even to the present. Nevertheless, we have on record one man who did penance in St. Andrews for Christmas rejoicing. The mere prohibition of pudding and pies, again, did not always stifle the spirit of festivity North of the Tweed. The patient Scot took to solemn rejoicing by means of "Yule-tide bread," so this also was suppressed, the baking of this currant-loaf being made illegal.

If the Puritans had forbidden mirth because of the season's sacredness one might have understood their attitude, but to keep this day as a holy time was as offensive to their consciences as its celebration as a holiday. Hence praying and church-going were forbidden equally with feasting and roystering. "That which is right on every other day is on this day superstitious," complained a clergyman arrested for preaching on Christmas morning. His complaint was in vain, and we have the curious spectacle of Puritan soldiers, accustomed to driving people to prayer, on this day driving them away from it. "No Christmas! No Christmas!" chanted the crier, parading the streets with warning bell as the day approached. A wag took advantage of this ceremony to compose a squib: "Lost, strayed, or stolen, one Christmas. Whoever finds him will receive as reward imprisonment," etc.

It was at Canterbury, in 1647, that Christmas rioting attained its height. The immediate cause of the trouble was the mayor's command that shops should be kept open on Christmas Day, and that people should be forced to attend the markets as usual. A few tradesmen obeyed and opened their establishments. These the Christmas mob promptly closed, after "throwing the wares up and down." Meanwhile a sheriff struck a citizen for refusing to go to market. A free fight ensued. The rioters triumphed, and presently the anti-Christmas mayor was fleeing for his liberty, if not his life. The mob followed him, and burnt him in effigy

outside the house wherein he had taken refuge.

That those old-time rioters were orderly citizens and not roughs is proved by the discipline which they maintained during their brief reign. From themselves they chose a new mayor, and then took possession of the town. "Evildoers" imprisoned for "Christ-massing" were released, guards were put about the city, and passwords were given out. Belated Christmas feasts were eaten openly and not with guarded doors and shuttered windows, as was the case formerly. For three days Canterbury was in the hands of the "rioters," and it took some thousands of Cromwell's soldiers to restore order and put the mayor back in his proper place.

Is there any other record of so large a riot for so small a cause? Here were a great body of citizens who were asked to do nothing but ignore Christmas. They were not required to do without a festivity altogether—the Puritans were not opposed to rejoicing in itself so much as is generally imagined. They were simply opposed to festivity on this special day, which they had come to regard as a superstition. Rather than acquiesce, these Canterbury citizens became rebels and outlaws, risked their property and their liberty, and in some cases lost their lives, in defence of Christmas.

Interesting letters are extant regarding these riots, and likewise one complaint addressed to Parliament on the matter. The latter certainly does not err on the side of moderation in language. The writer, after a short reference to the days of Solomon, which, contrary to his expectation, were not revived under the Puritan *régime*, dwelt bitterly on the two Houses which had sat for seven years to "hatch cockatrices and vipers"! We are accustomed to hear criticism of our present Government, but how would our Cabinet Ministers like to be accused of "filling the land with serpents, sequestrators, and extorting committees"? It seems to have been fashionable in those days to refer to Cromwell as a locust. We have lost the habit of animal epithets in these milder times, but they were common in the seventeenth century. Any that had a Biblical significance were supposed to inflict especial annoyance on that party of Bible readers.

Modern Puritanism is reasonably averse to the excessive use of beer and tobacco. It is curious to note that this was not the case when Puritanism took its first great hold of the English nation. Tobacco-smoking was so much indulged in during this epoch that the habit was inculcated even upon children. In lieu of lunch the house-mother would

PURITAN SOLDIERS CONFISCATING A DISH OF MINCE-PIES.

pack her child's satchel with a well-filled pipe, and at a given hour schoolmaster and pupils would put aside their books and all "light up" together, the teacher instructing his pupils how to "draw"! Children might

and that Christ by good chance happened to be born at that time. An old song depicts the Bethlehem landlord and his family celebrating Christmas with the usual feast while the child is lying in the stable!

"CHILDREN MIGHT SMOKE, BUT THEY MIGHT NOT EAT CHRISTMAS PUDDING!"

smoke in those days, even as they might drink beer (the really good mother was the one that refused them either milk or water). They might smoke and drink, but they might not eat Christmas pudding!

It is interesting to note the various periods at which Christmas has held its own. In the Middle Ages it was a time of great wassail and revelry. In those days the idea of Christmas as a holiday was more in the minds of the people than any idea of its origin. The common folk had a curious notion that there always had been Christmas

This spirit of Christmas lasted to the Commonwealth time, when it certainly received a check from which, spite of the Restoration, it did not easily recover. It is said that the early part of the nineteenth century was the worst time for the great holy day. At that epoch no Canterbury enthusiasts would have bled in its defence. Its revival was due to the importation of Germanic sentiment and that comparatively new idea—the tree; also a little later to the genius of the man who allied the spirit of mirth with the spirit of humanitarianism in the "Christmas Carol."

THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

BY

W·W·JACOBS

Illustrated by Will Owen.

"WHAT I want you to do," said Mr. George Wright, as he leaned towards the old sailor, "is to be an uncle to me."

"Aye, aye," said the mystified Mr. Kemp, pausing with a mug of beer mid-way to his lips.

"A *rich* uncle," continued the young man, lowering his voice to prevent any keen ears in the next room from acquiring useless knowledge. "An uncle from New Zealand, who is going to leave me all 'is money."

"Where's it coming from?" demanded Mr. Kemp, with a little excitement.

"It ain't coming," was the reply. "You've only got to say you've got it. Fact of the matter is, I've got my eye on a young lady; there's another chap after 'er too, and if she thought I'd got a rich uncle it might make all the difference. She knows I 'ad an uncle that went to New Zealand and was never heard of since. That's what made me think of it."

Mr. Kemp drank his beer in thoughtful silence. "How can I be a rich uncle without any brass?" he inquired at length.

"I should 'ave to lend you some—a little," said Mr. Wright.

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The old man pondered. "I've had money lent me before," he said, candidly, "but I can't call to mind ever paying it back. I always meant to, but that's as far as it got."

"It don't matter," said the other. "It'll only be for a little while, and then you'll 'ave a letter calling you back to New Zealand. See? And you'll go back, promising to come home in a year's time, after you've wound up your business, and leave us all your money. See?"

Mr. Kemp scratched the back of his neck. "But she's sure to find it out in time," he objected.

"P'r'aps," said Mr. Wright. "And p'r'aps not. There'll be plenty of time for me to get married before she does, and you could write back and say you had got married yourself, or given your money to a hospital."

He ordered some more beer for Mr. Kemp, and in a low voice gave him as much of the family history as he considered necessary.

"I've only known you for about ten days," he concluded, "but I'd sooner trust you than people I've known for years."

"I took a fancy to you the moment I set eyes on you," rejoined Mr. Kemp. "You're the living image of a young feller that lent me five pounds once, and was drowned afore my eyes the week after. *He* 'ad a bit of a squint, and I s'pose that's how he came to fall overboard."

He emptied his mug, and then, accompanied by Mr. Wright, fetched his sea-chest from the boarding-house where he was staying, and took it to the young man's lodgings. Fortunately for the latter's pocket the chest contained a good best suit and boots, and the only expenses incurred were for a large, soft felt hat and a gilded watch and chain. Dressed in his best, with a bulging pocket-book in his breast-pocket, he set out with Mr. Wright on the following evening to make his first call.

Mr. Wright, who was also in his best clothes, led the way to a small tobacconist's in a side street off the Mile End Road, and, raising his hat with some ceremony, shook hands with a good-looking young woman who stood behind the counter; Mr. Kemp, adopting an air of scornful dignity intended to indicate the possession of great wealth, waited.

"This is my uncle," said Mr. Wright, speaking rapidly, "from New Zealand, the one I spoke to you about. He turned up last night, and you might have knocked me down with a feather. The last person in the world I expected to see."

Mr. Kemp, in a good rolling voice, said, "Good evening, miss; I hope you are well," and, subsiding into a chair, asked for a cigar. His surprise when he found that the best cigar they stocked only cost sixpence almost assumed the dimensions of a grievance.

"It'll do to go on with," he said, smelling it suspiciously. "Have you got change for a fifty-pound note?"

Miss Bradshaw, concealing her surprise by an effort, said that she would see, and was scanning the contents of a drawer, when Mr. Kemp in some haste discovered a few odd sovereigns in his waistcoat-pocket. Five minutes later he was sitting in the little room behind the shop, holding forth to an admiring audience.

"So far as I know," he said, in reply to a question of Mrs. Bradshaw's, "George is the only relation I've got. Him and me are quite alone, and I can tell you I was glad to find him."

Mrs. Bradshaw sighed. "It's a pity you are so far apart," she said.

"It's not for long," said Mr. Kemp. "I'm just going back for about a year to wind up things out there, and then I'm coming back to leave my old bones over here. George has very kindly offered to let me live with him."

"He won't suffer for it, I'll be bound," said Mrs. Bradshaw, archly.

"So far as money goes he won't," said the old man. "Not that that would make any difference to George."

"It would be the same to me if you hadn't got a farthing," said Mr. Wright, promptly.

Mr. Kemp, somewhat affected, shook hands with him, and leaning back in the most comfortable chair in the room, described his life and struggles in New Zealand. Hard work, teetotalism, and the simple life combined appeared to be responsible for a fortune which he affected to be too old to enjoy. Misunderstandings of a painful nature were avoided by a timely admission that under medical advice he was now taking a fair share of stimulant.

"Mind," he said, as he walked home with the elated George, "it's your game, not mine, and it's sure to come a bit expensive. I can't be a rich uncle without spending a bit. 'Ow much did you say you'd got in the bank?"

"We must be as careful as we can," said Mr. Wright, hastily. "One thing is they can't leave the shop to go out much. It's a very good little business, and it ought to be

"'IT'LL DO TO GO ON WITH,' HE SAID."

all right for me and Bella one of these days, eh?"

Mr. Kemp, prompted by a nudge in the ribs, assented. "It's wonderful how they took it all in about me," he said; "but I feel certain in my own mind that I ought to chuck some money about."

"Tell 'em of the money you *have* chucked about," said Mr. Wright. "It'll do just as well, and come a good deal cheaper. And you had better go round alone to-morrow evening. It'll look better. Just go in for another one of their sixpenny cigars."

Mr. Kemp obeyed, and the following evening, after sitting a little while chatting in the shop, was invited into the parlour, where, mindful of Mr. Wright's instructions, he held his listeners enthralled by tales of past expenditure. A tip of fifty pounds to his bedroom steward coming over was characterized by Mrs. Bradshaw as extravagant.

"Seems to be going all right," said Mr. Wright, as the old man made his report; "but be careful; don't go overdoing it."

Mr. Kemp nodded. "I can turn 'em round my little finger," he said. "You'll 'ave Bella all to yourself to-morrow evening."

Mr. Wright flushed. "How did you manage that?" he inquired. "It's the first time she has ever been out with me alone."

"She ain't coming out," said Mr. Kemp. "She's going to stay at home and mind the shop; it's the mother what's coming out. Going to spend the evening with me!"

Mr. Wright frowned. "What did you do that for?" he demanded, hotly.

"I didn't do it," said Mr. Kemp, equably; "they done it. The old lady says that, just for once in her life, she wants to see how it feels to spend money like water."

"*Money like water!*" repeated the horrified Mr. Wright. "Money like—— I'll 'money' her—I'll——"

"It don't matter to me," said Mr. Kemp. "I can have a 'eadache or a chill, or something of that sort, if you like. I don't want to go. It's no pleasure to me."

"What will it cost?" demanded Mr. Wright, pacing up and down the room.

The rich uncle made a calculation. "She wants to go to a place called the Empire," he said, slowly, "and have something for

supper, and there'd be cabs and things. I dessay it would cost a couple o' pounds, and it might be more. But I'd just as soon 'ave a chill—just."

Mr. Wright groaned, and after talking of Mrs. Bradshaw as though she were already his mother-in-law, produced the money. His instructions as to economy lasted almost up to the moment when he stood with Bella outside the shop on the following evening and watched the couple go off.

"It's wonderful how well they get on together," said Bella, as they re-entered the shop and passed into the parlour. "I've never seen mother take to anybody so quick as she has to him."

"I hope you like him, too," said Mr. Wright.

"He's a dear," said Bella. "Fancy having all that money. I wonder what it feels like?"

"I suppose I shall know some day," said the young man, slowly; "but it won't be much good to me unless——"

"Unless?" said Bella, after a pause.

"Unless it gives me what I want," replied the other. "I'd sooner be a poor man and married to the girl I love, than a millionaire."

Miss Bradshaw stole an uneasy glance at his somewhat sallow features, and became thoughtful.

"It's no good having diamonds and motor-cars and that sort of thing unless you have somebody to share them with," pursued Mr. Wright.

Miss Bradshaw's eyes sparkled, and at that moment the shop-bell tinkled and a lively whistle sounded. She rose and went into the shop, and Mr. Wright settled back in his chair and scowled darkly as he saw the intruder.

"Good evening," said the latter. "I want a sixpenny smoke for twopence, please. How are we this evening? Sitting up and taking nourishment?"

Miss Bradshaw told him to behave himself.

"Always do," said the young man. "That's why I can never get anybody to play with. I had such an awful dream about you last night that I couldn't rest till I saw you. Awful it was."

"What was it?" inquired Miss Bradshaw.

"Dreamt you were married," said Mr. Hills, smiling at her.

Miss Bradshaw tossed her head. "Who to, pray?" she inquired.

"Me," said Mr. Hills, simply. "I woke up in a cold perspiration. Halloa! is that Georgie in there? How are you, George? Better?"

"'OW MUCH DID YOU SAY YOU'D GOT IN THE BANK?"

"I'm all right," said Mr. Wright, with dignity, as the other hooked the door open with his stick and nodded at him.

"Well, why don't you look it?" demanded the lively Mr. Hills. "Have you got your feet wet, or what?"

"Oh, be quiet," said Miss Bradshaw, smiling at him.

"Right-o," said Mr. Hills, dropping into a chair by the counter and caressing his moustache. "But you wouldn't speak to me like that if you knew what a terrible day I've had."

"What have you been doing?" asked the girl.

"Working," said the other, with a huge sigh. "Where's the millionaire? I came round on purpose to have a look at him."

"Him and mother have gone to the Empire," said Miss Bradshaw.

Mr. Hills gave three long, penetrating whistles, and then, placing his cigar with great care on the counter, hid his face in a huge handkerchief. Miss Bradshaw glanced from him to the frowning Mr. Wright, and then, entering the parlour, closed the door with a bang. Mr. Hills took the hint, and with a somewhat thoughtful grin departed.

He came in next evening for another cigar, and heard all that there was to hear about the Empire. Mrs. Bradshaw would have treated him but coldly, but the innocent Mr. Kemp, charmed by his manner, paid him great attention.

"He's just like what I was at his age," he said. "Lively."

"I'm not a patch on you," said Mr. Hills, edging his way by slow degrees into the parlour. "*I* don't take young ladies to the Empire. Were you telling me you came over here to get married, or did I dream it?"

"'Ark at him," said the blushing Mr. Kemp, as Mrs. Bradshaw shook her head at the offender and told him to behave himself.

"He's a man any woman might be happy with," said Mr. Hills. "He never knows how much there is in his trousers-pocket. Fancy sewing on buttons for a man like that. Gold-mining ain't in it."

Mrs. Bradshaw shook her head at him again, and Mr. Hills, after apologizing to her for revealing her innermost thoughts before the most guileless of men, began to question Mr. Kemp as to the prospects of a bright and energetic young man, with a distaste for work, in New Zealand. The audience listened with keen attention to the replies, the only disturbing factor being a cough of Mr. Wright's, which became more and more troublesome as the evening wore on. By the time uncle and nephew rose to depart the latter was so hoarse that he could scarcely speak.

"Why didn't you tell 'em you had got a letter calling you home, as I told you?" he vociferated, as soon as they were clear of the shop.

"I—I forgot it," said the old man.

"Forgot it!" repeated the incensed Mr. Wright. "What did you think I was coughing like that for—fun?"

"I forgot it," said the old man, doggedly. "Besides, if you take my advice, you'd better let me stay a little longer to make sure of things."

Mr. Wright laughed disagreeably. "I daresay," he said; "but I am managing this affair, not you. Now, you go round to-morrow afternoon and tell them you're off. D'ye hear? D'ye think I'm made of money? And what do you mean by making such a fuss of that fool, Charlie Hills? You know he is after Bella."

He walked the rest of the way home in indignant silence, and, after giving minute instructions to Mr. Kemp next morning at breakfast, went off to work in a more cheerful frame of mind. Mr. Kemp was out when he returned, and after making his toilet he followed him to Mrs. Bradshaw's.

To his annoyance, he found Mr. Hills there again; and, moreover, it soon became clear to him that Mr. Kemp had said nothing about his approaching departure. Coughs and scowls passed unheeded, and at last, in a hesitating voice, he broached the subject himself. There was a general chorus of lamentation.

"I hadn't got the heart to tell you," said Mr. Kemp. "I don't know when I've been so happy."

"But you haven't got to go back immediate," said Mrs. Bradshaw.

"To-morrow," said Mr. Wright, before the old man could reply. "Business."

"Must you go?" said Mrs. Bradshaw.

Mr. Kemp smiled feebly. "I suppose I ought to," he replied, in a hesitating voice.

"Take my tip and give yourself a bit of a holiday before you go back," urged Mr. Hills.

"Just for a few days," pleaded Bella.

"To please us," said Mrs. Bradshaw. "Think 'ow George'll miss you."

"Lay hold of him and don't let him go," said Mr. Hills.

He took Mr. Kemp round the waist, and the laughing Bella and her mother each secured an arm. An appeal to Mr. Wright to secure his legs passed unheeded.

"We don't let you go till you promise," said Mrs. Bradshaw.

Mr. Kemp smiled and shook his head.

"Promise?" said Bella.

"Well, well," said Mr. Kemp; "p'r'aps——"

"He *must* go back," shouted the alarmed Mr. Wright.

"Let him speak for himself," exclaimed Bella, indignantly.

"Just another week then," said Mr. Kemp. "It's no good having money if I can't please myself."

"A *week!*" shouted Mr. Wright, almost beside himself with rage and dismay. "A week! Another *week!* Why, you told me——"

"Oh, don't listen to him," said Mrs. Bradshaw. "Croaker! It's his own business, ain't it? And he knows best, don't he? What's it got to do with you?"

She patted Mr. Kemp's hand; Mr. Kemp patted back, and with his disengaged hand helped himself to a glass of beer—the fourth—and beamed in a friendly fashion upon the company.

"George!" he said, suddenly.

"Yes," said Mr. Wright, in a harsh voice.

"Did you think to bring my pocket-book along with you?"

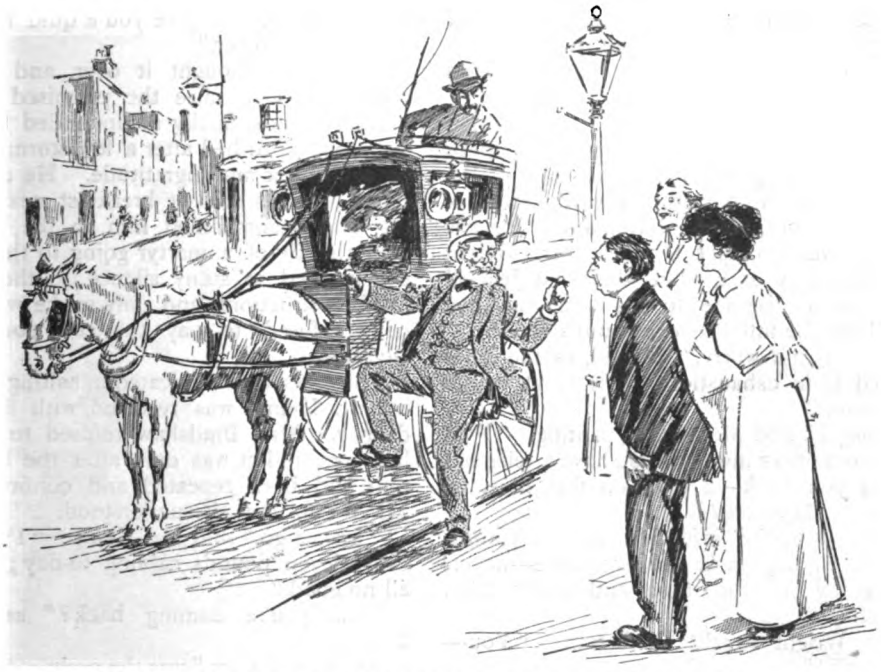
"No," said Mr. Wright, sharply; "I didn't."

"Tt—tt," said the old man, with a gesture of annoyance. "Well, lend me a couple of pounds then—or else run back and fetch my pocket-book," he added, with a sly grin.

Mr. Wright's face worked with impotent fury. "What — what — do you — want it for?" he gasped.

Mrs. Bradshaw's "Well! Well!" seemed to sum up the general feeling; Mr. Kemp, shaking his head, eyed him with gentle reproach.

"Me and Mrs. Bradshaw are going to 'ave another evening out," he said, quietly. "I've only got a few more days, and I must make hay while the sun shines."



"YOU CAN TAKE FIFTY FOR YOURSELF TO BUY SMOKES WITH."

To Mr. Wright the room seemed to revolve slowly on its axis, but, regaining his self-possession by a supreme effort, he took out his purse and produced the amount. Mrs. Bradshaw, after a few feminine protestations, went upstairs to put her bonnet on.

"And you can go and fetch a hansom-cab, George, while she's a-doing of it," said Mr. Kemp. "Pick out a good 'orse—spotted-grey, if you can."

Mr. Wright arose and, departing with a suddenness that was almost startling, exploded harmlessly in front of the barber's, next door but one. Then with lagging steps he went in search of the shabbiest cab and oldest horse he could find.

"Thankee, my boy," said Mr. Kemp, bluffly, as he helped Mrs. Bradshaw in and stood with his foot on the step. "By the way, you had better go back and lock my pocket book up. I left it on the washstand, and there's best part of a thousand pounds in it. You can take fifty for yourself to buy smokes with."

There was a murmur of admiration, and Mr. Wright, with a frantic attempt to keep up appearances, tried to thank him, but in vain. Long after the cab had rolled away he stood on the pavement trying to think out a position which was rapidly becoming unendurable. Still keeping up appearances, he had to pretend to go home to look after the pocket-book, leaving the jubilant Mr. Hills to improve the shining hour with Miss Bradshaw.

Mr. Kemp, returning home at midnight—in a cab—found the young man sitting up for him, and, taking a seat on the edge of the table, listened unmoved to a word-picture of himself which seemed interminable. He was only moved to speech when Mr. Wright described him as a white-whiskered Jezebel who was a disgrace to his sex, and then merely in the interests of natural science.

"Don't you worry," he said, as the other paused from exhaustion. "It won't be for long now."

"*Long?*" said Mr. Wright, panting. "First thing to-morrow morning you have a telegram calling you back—a telegram that must be minded. D'ye see?"

"No, I don't," said Mr. Kemp, plainly. "I'm not going back, never no more—never! I'm going to stop here and court Mrs. Bradshaw."

Mr. Wright fought for breath. "You—you can't!" he gasped.

"I'm going to try," said the old man. "I'm sick of going to sea, and it'll be a nice comfortable home for my old age. You marry Belia, and I'll marry her mother. Happy family!"

Mr. Wright, trembling with rage, sat down to recover, and, regaining his composure after a time, pointed out almost calmly the various difficulties in the way.

"I've thought it all out," said Mr. Kemp, nodding. "She mustn't know I'm not rich till after we're married; then I 'ave a letter from New Zealand saying I've lost all my money. It's just as easy to have that letter as the one you spoke of."

"And I'm to find you money to play the rich uncle with till you're married, I suppose," said Mr. Wright, in a grating voice, "and then lose Bella when Mrs. Bradshaw finds you've lost your money?"

Mr. Kemp scratched his ear. "That's your look-out," he said, at last.

"Now, look here," said Mr. Wright, with great determination. "Either you go and tell them that you've been telegraphed for—cabled is the proper word—or I tell them the truth."

"That'll settle you then," said Mr. Kemp.

"No more than the other would," retorted the young man, "and it'll come cheaper. One thing I'll take my oath of, and that is I won't give you another farthing; but if you do as I tell you I'll give you a quid for luck. Now, think it over."

Mr. Kemp thought it over, and after a vain attempt to raise the promised reward to five pounds, finally compounded for two, and went off to bed after a few stormy words on selfishness and ingratitude. He declined to speak to his host at breakfast next morning, and accompanied him in the evening with the air of a martyr going to the stake. He listened in stony silence to the young man's instructions, and only spoke when the latter refused to pay the two pounds in advance.

The news, communicated in halting accents by Mr. Kemp, was received with flattering dismay. Mrs. Bradshaw refused to believe her ears, and it was only after the information had been repeated and confirmed by Mr. Wright that she understood.

"I must go," said Mr. Kemp. "I've spent over eleven pounds cabling to-day; but it's all no good."

"But you're coming back?" said Mr. Hills.

"O' course I am," was the reply. "George is the only relation I've got, and I've got to look after him, I suppose. After all, blood is thicker than water."

"Hear, hear!" said Mrs. Bradshaw, piously.

"And there's you and Bella," continued Mr. Kemp; "two of the best that ever breathed."

The ladies looked down.

"And Charlie Hills; I don't know—I don't know *when* I've took such a fancy to anybody as I have to 'im. If I was a young gal—a single young gal—he's just the one I should fancy. He's a good-'arted, good-looking——"

"Draw it mild," interrupted the blushing Mr. Hills, as Mr. Wright bestowed a ferocious glance upon the speaker.

"Clever, lively young fellow," concluded Mr. Kemp. "George!"

"Yes," said Mr. Wright.

"I'm going now. I've got to catch the train for Southampton, but I don't want you to come with me. I prefer to be alone. You stay here and cheer them up. Oh, and before I forget it, lend me a couple o' pounds out o' that fifty I gave you last night. I've given all my small change away."

He looked up and met Mr. Wright's eye; the latter, too affected to speak, took out the money and passed it over.

"We never know what may happen to us," said the old man, solemnly, as he rose and buttoned his coat. "I'm an old man and I like to have things ship-shape. I've spent nearly the whole day with my lawyer, and if anything 'appens to my old carcass it won't make any difference. I have left half my money to George; half of all I have is to be his."

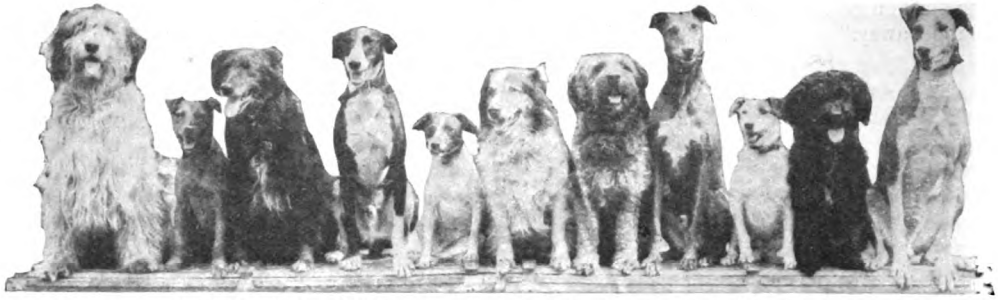
In the midst of an awed silence he went round and shook hands.

"The other half," he said, slowly, as he paused with his hand on the door—"the other half and my best gold watch and chain I have left to my dear young pal, Charlie Hills. So long, Georgie!"

"THE OTHER HALF AND MY BEST GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN I HAVE LEFT TO MY DEAR YOUNG PAL, CHARLIE HILLS."

Facial Expression in Animals.

A Selection from Photographs by "Strand" Readers.



JUDGE AND JURY.—**The eleven jury-dogs laugh at the judicial joke.**
W. Rees, Avondale, Ainsdale, near Southport.

AS a result of the article which we published in the October STRAND hundreds of His Majesty's loyal lieges are discovering expressions in the countenances of their dumb friends who never noticed such expressions before. Fido's dear face, which had long been considered as merely a portion of his anatomy, is now perceived to be teeming with joy, sorrow, curiosity, anxiety, and all the other human emotions; while pussy's physiognomy, which before was considered to consist chiefly of two large eyes and a pair of whiskers, is now found to be bubbling over with mirth or drawn with agony, and, in fact, to furnish an unfailing index to the workings of the feline mind.

"I never look at my dog's tail now," writes one fair reader, "if I want to know if he is really happy. I look for his smile, or at least for a merry twinkle in his eye, indicative, perhaps, of suppressed laughter; and so great is the power of suggestion," she adds, "that I sometimes dimly perceive something of the kind. Only I fear it is too vague and evanescent to photograph; otherwise I should send you a print."

Here, clearly, is a slight vein of satire, which is surely rebuked by hundreds of the photographs which have reached us. From these it is only possible, of course, for us to make here a restricted selection. It is not as if the discoverers of animal expression were confined solely to cat and dog lovers. Their pets embrace horses and elephants, pigs and chimpanzees, cockatoos and crocodiles, lions and tigers. It is no doubt true, as several other readers remind us, that the facial expression of animals is not easy to catch. Certain striking featural movements occur at a time when no camera is handy. At other times their

"Does anyone know what she's laughing at?"
Miss Chadwick, 38, Iverna Gardens, Kensington, W.

"Heavens! how this girl bores me!"
R. H. Goldsmid, 35, Chesham Place, London.

expressions show a decided consciousness that they are being photographed, which is amusing in itself.

Beginning with the picture at the head of this article, which deserves to be compared with Landseer's famous "Judge and Jury," we may note a very close approximation to human merriment. We will suppose eleven dogs to have been duly empanelled to try a case, when the judge makes a witty remark concerning the twelfth juror, who has asked to be excused on the ground that he has just had his tail cut off.

"In that case the sheriff's officer will complete the tale."

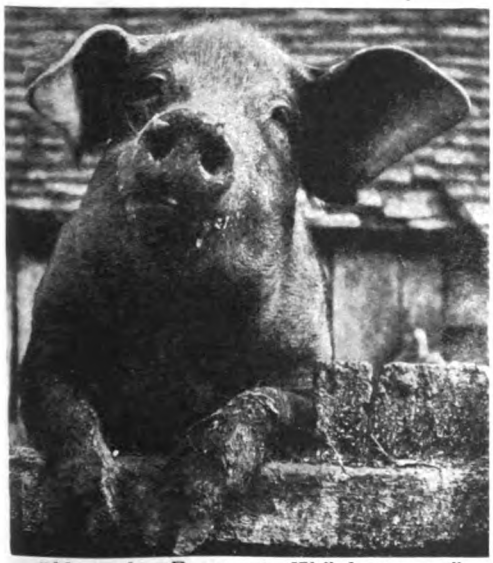
Observe the manner in which the jest is received. Most of the jurymen laugh outright; others chuckle; the fourth one from the end merely looks amused.

In the second picture the joke at which the cat is laughing so uproariously is apparently utterly lost on her canine companion. He appeals to all and sundry amongst the spectators. "Does anyone know what she's laughing at?" he asks. Whatever it is,

A SCOT FRAE ABERDEEN.
"Eh, mon, I said so from the fir-r-st, and I stick to it."
Miss Montford, Milford Vicarage, Derby.

it has certainly tickled the fancy of pussy. It is really most annoying that there should be no perceptible point.

"Heavens," exclaims the bulldog in another picture, "how this girl bores me!" It is as much as he can do to keep from a downright outburst. Compare this expression with that of the Aberdeen terrier, who at the close of



"My word! Run over? Well, I am sorry!"
Miss Clayton, Holmbush Lodge, Henfield.

PUGNACITY.
"'Oo are you gittin' at? For two pins, I'd——"
Ernest Harris, 60, Fourth Avenue, Green Lanes, Small Heath, Birmingham.

"I expect there'll be carrots to-night."
"What do I care? I hate carrots."
F. Davis, Elmhyrst, Hill Road, Weston-super-Mare.

Then there is a speaking bulldog expression, "'Oo are you gittin' at? Think you're smart, I suppose? For two pins," etc.

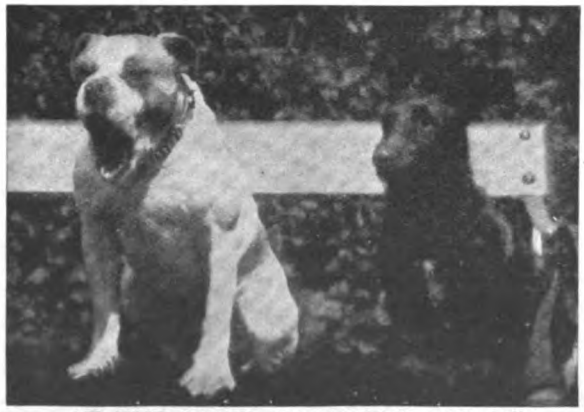
As a study of donkey expression the next picture is eloquent. Can you not see the difference in their facial play? "I expect there'll be carrots to-night," says one. "What do I care?" retorts the other; "I hate carrots."

We are introduced to a corner of the football field. A truculent spectator of the good old British breed is watching an exciting scrimmage. The umpire shows decided partiality in his opinion. "Foul!" roars the spectator, "Foul!" and as all eyes are directed to him, his companion, a respectable City clerk, is not a little discomposed, although he looks straight ahead as if painfully conscious of his blushes.

a fierce discussion on the last Budget tightens his lips and glares at his antagonist: "Eh, mon, I said so from the fir-r-st, and I stick to it." Do you not see the pawkiness and obstinacy of the true Aberdonian? Could a human face express it better?

From this we may pass to the porcine cottager leaning over his garden-gate. "You don't 'appen to 'ave a mossel of turnip about you, governor?" he begins, and then stops when he hears the news. "My word! run over? Dear me, dear me; well, I am sorry!" And he shakes his head slowly from side to side with thoughtful sympathy.

"To-night, my love—to-ni-i-ight!"
W. B. Hailstone, 21, Lansdown Terrace, Cheltenham.



AT THE FOOTBALL MATCH: "Foul!"
Miss Saunders, Trevose, 77, Argyle Road, W. Ealing.

Or take the feline, who is singing one of her most approved melodies into the gramophone receiver—"To-night, my love—to-ni-i-ight!" With what abandon, with what oblivion of her surroundings the song is sung. The singer has shut her eyes and put her whole soul into the performance. It is exactly the sort of look a human vocalist would have if singing in the privacy of his or her own chamber.

After this gallery of illustration let no one affirm that animals are without distinct and varying facial expression. But, to make the fact still more evident, we shall publish another selection next month.

When Doctors Disagree.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

IT is possible that, at about the time at which this story opens, you may have gone into the Hotel Belvoir for a hair-cut. Many people did; for the young man behind the scissors, though of a singularly gloomy countenance, was undoubtedly an artist in his line. He clipped judiciously. He left no ridges. He never talked about the weather. And he allowed you to go away unburdened by any bottle of hair-food.

It is possible, too, that, being there, you decided that you might as well go the whole hog and be manicured at the same time.

It is not unlikely, moreover, that when you had got over the first shock of finding your hands so unexpectedly large and red, you felt disposed to chat with the young lady who looked after that branch of the business. In your genial way you may have permitted a note of gay (but gentlemanly) badinage to creep into your end of the dialogue.

In which case, if you had raised your eyes to the mirror, you would certainly have observed a marked increase of gloom in the demeanour of the young man attending to your apex. He took no official notice of the matter. A quick frown. A tightening of the lips. Nothing more. Jealous as Arthur Welsh was of all who inflicted gay badinage, however gentlemanly, on Maud Peters, he never forgot that he was an artist. Never, even in his blackest moments, had he yielded to the temptation to dig the point of the scissors the merest fraction of an inch into a client's skull.

But Maud, who saw, would understand. And, if the customer was an observant man, he would notice that her replies at that juncture became somewhat absent, her smile a little mechanical.

Jealousy, according to an eminent authority, is the "hydra of calamities, the sevenfold death." Arthur Welsh's was all that and a bit over. It was a constant shadow on Maud's happiness. No fair-minded girl objects to a certain tinge of jealousy. Kept within proper bounds, it is a compliment; it makes for piquancy; it is the gin in the ginger-beer of devotion. But it should be a condiment, not a fluid.

It was the unfairness of the thing which hurt Maud. Her conscience was clear. She knew girls—several girls—who gave the young men with whom they walked out ample excuse for being perfect Othellos. If she had ever flirted on the open beach with the baritone of the troupe of pierrots, like Jane Oddy, she could have excused Arthur's attitude. If, like Pauline Dicey, she had roller-skated for a solid hour with a black-moustached stranger while her *fiancé* floundered in Mugs' Alley she could have understood his frowning disapprovingly. But she was not like Pauline. She scorned the coquetries of Jane. Arthur was the centre of her world, and he knew it. Ever since the rainy evening when he had sheltered her under his umbrella to her Tube station, he had known perfectly well how things were with her. And yet just because, in a strictly business-like way, she was civil to her customers, he must scowl and bite his lip and behave generally as if it had been brought to his notice that he had been nurturing a serpent in his bosom. It was worse than wicked—it was unprofessional.

She remonstrated with him.

"It isn't fair," she said, one morning when the rush of customers had ceased and they had the shop to themselves.

Matters had been worse than usual that morning. After days of rain and greyness the weather had turned over a new leaf. The sun glinted among the bottles of Unfailing Lotion in the window, and every-

thing in the world seemed to have relaxed and become cheerful. Unfortunately, everything had included the customers. During the last few days they had taken their seats in moist gloom, and, brooding over the prospect of coming colds in the head, had had little that was pleasant to say to the divinity who was shaping their ends. But to-day it had been different. Warm and happy, they had bubbled over with gay small-talk.

"It isn't fair," she repeated.

Arthur, who was stropping a razor and whistling tunelessly, raised his eyebrows. His manner was frosty.

"I fail to understand your meaning," he said.

"You know what I mean. Do you think I didn't see you frowning when I was doing that gentleman's nails?"

The allusion was to the client who had just left—a jovial individual with a red face, who certainly had made Maud giggle a good deal. And why not? If a gentleman tells really funny stories, what harm is there in giggling? You had to be pleasant to people. If you snubbed customers, what happened? Why, sooner or later, it got round to the boss, and then where were you? Besides, it was not as if the red-faced customer had been rude. Write down on paper what he had said to her, and nobody could object to it. Write down on paper what she had said to him, and you couldn't object to that either. It was just Arthur's silliness.

She tossed her head.

"I am gratified," said Arthur, ponderously—in happier moments Maud had admired his gift of language; he read a great deal: encyclopædias and papers and things—"I am gratified to find that you had time to bestow a glance on me. You appeared absorbed."

Maud sniffed unhappily. She had meant to be cold and dignified throughout the conversation, but the sense of her wrongs was beginning to be too much for her. A large tear splashed on to her tray of orange-sticks. She wiped it away with the chamois leather.

"HE HAD SHELTERED HER UNDER HIS UMBRELLA TO HER TUBE STATION."

"It isn't fair," she sobbed. "It isn't. You know I can't help it if gentlemen talk and joke with me. You know it's all in the day's work. I'm expected to be civil to gentlemen who come in to have their hands done. Silly I should look sitting as if I'd swallowed a poker. I *do* think you might understand, Arthur, you being in the profession yourself."

He coughed.

"It isn't so much that you talk to them as that you seem to *like*——"

He stopped. Maud's dignity had melted completely. Her face was buried in her arms. She did not care if a million customers came in, all at the same time.

"Maud!"

She heard him moving towards her, but

she did not look up. The next moment his arms were round her and he was babbling.

And a customer, pushing open the door unnoticed two minutes later, retired hurriedly to get shaved elsewhere, doubting whether Arthur's mind was on his job.

For a time this little thunderstorm undoubtedly cleared the air. For a day or two Maud was happier than she ever remembered to have been. Arthur's behaviour was unexceptionable. He bought her a wrist-watch —light brown leather, very smart. He gave her some chocolates to eat in the Tube. He entertained her with amazing statistics, culled from the weekly paper which he bought on Tuesdays. He was, in short, the perfect lover. On the second day the red-faced man came in again. Arthur joined in the laughter at his stories. Everything seemed ideal.

It could not last. Gradually things slipped back into the old routine. Maud, looking up from her work, would see the frown and the bitten lip. She began again to feel uncomfortable and self-conscious as she worked. Sometimes their conversation on the way to the Tube was almost formal.

It was useless to say anything. She had a wholesome horror of being one of those women who nagged; and she felt that to complain again would amount to nagging. She tried to put the thing out of her mind, but it insisted on staying there. In a way, she understood his feelings. He loved her so much, she supposed, that he hated the idea of her exchanging a single word with another man. This, in the abstract, was gratifying; but in practice it distressed her. She wished she were some sort of foreigner, so that nobody could talk to her. But then they would look at her, and that probably would produce much the same results. It was a hard world for a girl.

And then the strange thing happened. Arthur reformed. One might almost say that he reformed with a jerk. It was a parallel case to those sudden conversions at Welsh revival meetings. On Monday evening he had been at his worst. On the following morning he was a changed man. Not even after the original thunderstorm had he been more docile. Maud could not believe it at first. The lip, once bitten, was stretched in a smile. She looked for the frown. It was not there.

Next day it was the same; and the day after that. When a week had gone by, and still the improvement was maintained, Maud felt that she might now look upon it as permanent. A great load seemed to have been taken off her mind. She revised her views on the world. It was a very good world. Quite one of the best, with Arthur beaming upon it like a sun.

A number of eminent poets and essayists, in the course of the last few centuries, have recorded, in their several ways, their opinion that one can have too much of a good thing. The truth applies even to such a good thing as absence of jealousy. Little by little Maud began to grow uneasy. It began to come home to her that she preferred the old Arthur, of the scowl and the gnawed lip. Of him she had at least been sure. Whatever discomfort she may have suffered from his spirited imitations of Othello, at any rate they had proved that he loved her. She would have accepted gladly an equal amount of discomfort now in exchange for the same certainty. She could not read this new Arthur. His thoughts were a closed book. Superficially, he was all that she could have wished. He still continued to escort her to the Tube, to buy her occasional presents, to tap, when conversing, the pleasantly sentimental vein. But now these things were not enough. Her heart was troubled. Her thoughts frightened her. The little black imp at the back of her mind kept whispering and whispering, till at last she was forced to listen. "He's tired of you. He doesn't love you any more. He's tired of you."

It is not everybody who, in times of mental stress, can find ready to hand among his or her personal acquaintances an expert counsellor, prepared at a moment's notice to listen with sympathy and advise with tact and skill. Everyone's world is full of friends, relatives and others, who will give advice on any subject that may be presented to them; but there are crises in life which cannot be left to the amateur. It is the aim of a certain widely-read class of paper to fill this void.

Of this class *Fireside Chat* was one of the best-known representatives. In exchange for one penny its five hundred thousand readers received every week a serial story about life in the highest circles, a short story packed with heart-interest, articles on the removal of stains and the best method of coping with the cold mutton, anecdotes of Royalty, photographs of peeresses, hints on dress, chats about baby, brief but pointed dialogues between Blogson and Snogson, poems, Great Thoughts from the Dead and Brainy, half-hours in the editor's cosy sanctum, a slab of

brown paper, and—the journal's leading feature—Advice on Matters of the Heart. The weekly contribution of the advice specialist of *Fireside Chat*, entitled "In the Consulting Room, by Dr. Cupid," was made up mainly of Answers to Correspondents. He affected the bedside manner of the kind, breezy old physician; and probably gave a good deal of comfort. At any rate, he always seemed to have plenty of cases on his hands.

It was to this expert that Maud took her trouble. She had been a regular reader of the paper for several years; and had, indeed, consulted the great man once before, when he had replied favourably to her query as to whether it would be right for her to accept caramels from Arthur, then almost a stranger. It was only natural that she should go to him now, in an even graver dilemma. The letter was not easy to write, but she finished it at last; and, after an anxious interval, judgment was delivered as follows:—

"Well, well, well! Bless my soul, what is all this? M. P. writes me:—

"'I am a young lady, and until recently was very, very happy, except that my *fiancé*, though truly loving me, was of a very jealous disposition, though I am sure I gave him no cause. He would scowl when I spoke to any other man, and this used to make me unhappy. But for some time now he has quite changed, and does not seem to mind at all, and though at first this made me feel happy, to think that he had got over his jealousy, I now feel unhappy because I am beginning to be afraid that he no longer cares for me. Do you think this is so, and what ought I to do?'

"My dear young lady, I should like to be able to reassure you; but it is kindest sometimes, you know, to be candid, however it may hurt. It has been my experience that, when jealousy flies out of the window, indifference comes in at the door. In the old days a knight would joust for the love of a ladye, risking physical injury rather than permit others to rival him in her affections. I think, M. P., that you should endeavour to discover the true state of your *fiancé's* feelings. I do not, of course, advocate anything in the shape of unwomanly behaviour, of which I am sure, my dear young lady, you are incapable; but I think that you should certainly try to pique your *fiancé* to test him. At your next ball, for instance, refuse him a certain number of dances, on the plea that your programme is full. At garden-parties, at-homes, and so on, exhibit pleasure in the society and conversation of other gentlemen, and mark his demeanour as you do so. These little tests should serve either to relieve your apprehensions, provided they are groundless, or to show you the truth. And, after all, if it is the truth, it must be faced, must it not, M. P.?"

Before the end of the day Maud knew the whole passage by heart. The more her mind dwelt on it, the more clearly did it seem to express what she had felt but could not put into words. The point about jousting struck her as particularly well taken. She had looked up "joust" in the dictionary, and it seemed to her that in these few words was contained the kernel of her trouble. In the old days, if any man had attempted to rival him in her affections (outside business hours), Arthur would undoubtedly have jousted—and jousted with the vigour of one who means to make his presence felt. Now, in similar circumstances, he would probably step aside politely, as who should say, "After you, my dear Alphonse."

There was no time to lose. An hour after her first perusal of Dr. Cupid's advice, Maud had begun to act upon it. By the time the first lull in the morning's work had come, and there was a chance for private conversation, she had invented an imaginary young man, a shadowy Lothario, who, being introduced into her home on the previous Sunday by her brother Horace, had carried on in a way you wouldn't believe, paying all manner of compliments.

"He said I had such white hands," said Maud.

Arthur nodded, stropping a razor the while. He appeared to be bearing the revelations with complete fortitude. Yet, only a few weeks before, a customer's comment on this same whiteness had stirred him to his depths.

"And this morning—what do you think? Why, he meets me as bold as you please, and gives me a cake of toilet soap. Like his impudence!"

She paused, hopefully.

"Always useful, soap," said Arthur, politely sententious.

"Lovely it was," went on Maud, dully conscious of failure, but stippling in like an artist the little touches which give atmosphere and verisimilitude to a story. "All scented. Horace will tease me about it, *I* can tell you."

She paused. Surely he must—— Why, a sea-anemone would be torn with jealousy at such a tale.

Arthur did not even wince. He was

"'ALWAYS USEFUL, SOAP,' SAID ARTHUR, POLITELY SENTENTIOUS."

charming about it. Thought it very kind of the young fellow. Didn't blame him for being struck by the whiteness of her hands. Touched on the history of soap, which he happened to have been reading up in the encyclopædia at the free library. And behaved altogether in such a thoroughly gentlemanly fashion that Maud stayed awake half the night, crying.

If Maud had waited another twenty-four hours there would have been no need for her to have taxed her powers of invention, for on the following day there entered the shop and her life a young man who was not imaginary —a Lothario of flesh and blood. He made his entry with that air of having bought most of the neighbouring property which belongs exclusively to minor actors, men of weight on the Stock Exchange, and American professional pugilists.

Mr. "Skipper" Shute belonged to the last-named of the three classes. He had arrived in England two months previously for the purpose of holding a conference at eight-stone four with one Joseph Edwardes, to settle a question of superiority at that weight which had been vexing the sporting public of two countries for over a year. Having successfully out-argued Mr. Edwardes, mainly by means of strenuous work in the clinches, he was now on the eve of starting on a lucrative music-hall tour with his celebrated inaudible monologue. As a result of these things he was feeling very, very pleased with the world in general, and with Mr. Skipper Shute in particular. And when Mr. Shute was pleased with himself his manner was apt to be of the breeziest.

He breezed into the shop, took a seat, and, having cast an experienced eye at Maud and found her pleasing, extended both hands, and observed, "Go the limit, kid."

At any other time Maud might have resented being addressed as "kid" by a customer, but now she welcomed it. With the exception of a slight thickening of the lobe of one ear, Mr. Shute bore no outward signs of his profession. And being, to use his own phrase, a "swell dresser," he was really a most presentable young man. Just, in fact, what Maud needed. She saw in him her last hope. If any faint spark of his ancient fire still lingered in Arthur, it was through Mr. Shute that it must be fanned.

She smiled upon Mr. Shute. She worked on his robust fingers as if it were an artistic treat to be permitted to handle them. So carefully did she toil that she was still busy

when Arthur, taking off his apron and putting on his hat, went out for his twenty-minutes lunch, leaving them alone together.

The door had scarcely shut when Mr. Shute bent forward.

"Say!"

He sank his voice to a winning whisper.

"You look good to muh," he said, gallantly.

"The idea!" said Maud, tossing her head.

"On the level," Mr. Shute assured her.

Maud laid down her orange-sticks.

"Don't be silly," she said. "There—I've finished."

"I've not," said Mr. Shute. "Not by a mile. Say!"

"Well?"

"What do you do with your evenings?"

"I go home."

"Sure. But when you don't? It's a poor heart that never rejoices. Don't you ever whoop it up?"

"Whoop it up?"

"The mad whirl," explained Mr. Shute. "Ice-cream soda and buckwheat cakes, and a happy evening at lovely Luna Park."

"I don't know where Luna Park is."

"What did they teach you at school? It's out in that direction," said Mr. Shute, pointing over his shoulder. "You go straight on about three thousand miles till you hit little old New York; then you turn to the right. Say, don't you ever get a little treat? Why not come along to the White City some old evening? This evening?"

"Mr. Welsh is taking me to the White City to-night."

"And who's Mr. Welsh?"

"The gentleman who has just gone out."

"Is that so? Well, he doesn't look a live one, but maybe it's just because he's had bad news to-day. You never can tell." He rose. "Farewell, Evelina, fairest of your sex. We shall meet again; so keep a stout heart."

And, taking up his cane, straw hat, and yellow gloves, Mr. Shute departed, leaving Maud to her thoughts.

"WHEN MR. SHUTE WAS PLEASED WITH HIMSELF HIS MANNER WAS APT TO BE OF THE BREEZIEST."

She was disappointed. She had expected better results. Mr. Shute had lowered with ease the record for gay badinage, hitherto held by the red-faced customer; yet to all appearances there had been no change in Arthur's manner. But perhaps he had scowled (or bitten his lip), and she had not noticed it. Apparently he had struck Mr. Shute, an unbiased spectator, as gloomy. Perhaps at some moment when her eyes had been on her work—— She hoped for the best.

Whatever his feelings may have been during the afternoon, Arthur was undeniably cheerful that evening. He was in excellent spirits. His light-hearted abandon on the Wiggle-Woggle had been noted and commented upon by several lookers-on. Confronted with the Hairy Ainus, he had touched a high level of facetiousness. And now, as he sat with her listening to the band, he was crooning joyously to himself in accompaniment to the music, without, it would appear, a care in the world.

Maud was hurt and anxious. In a mere acquaintance this blithe attitude would have been welcome. It would have helped her to enjoy her evening. But from Arthur at that particular moment she looked for something else. Why was he cheerful? Only a few hours ago she had been—yes, flirting with another man before his very eyes. What right had he to be cheerful? He ought to be heated, full of passionate demands for an explanation—a flushed, throaty thing to be coaxed back into a good temper and then forgiven—all this at great length—for having been in a bad one. Yes, she told herself, she had wanted certainty one way or the other, and here it was. Now she knew. He no longer cared for her.

She trembled.

"Cold?" said Arthur. "Let's walk. Evenings beginning to draw in now. Lum-da-diddley-ah. That's what I call a good

tune. Give me something lively and bright. Dumty-umpty-iddley-ah. Dum tum——"

"Funny thing——" said Maud, deliberately.

"What's a funny thing?"

"The gentleman in the brown suit whose hands I did this afternoon——"

"He was," agreed Arthur, brightly. "A very funny thing."

Maud frowned. Wit at the expense of Hairy Ainus was one thing—at her own another.

"I was about to say," she went on precisely, "that it was a funny thing, a coincidence, seeing that I was already engaged, that the gentleman in the brown suit whose hands I did this afternoon should have asked me to come here, to the White City, with him to-night."

For a moment they walked on in silence. To Maud it seemed a hopeful silence. Surely it must be the prelude to an outburst.

"Oh!" he said, and stopped.

Maud's heart gave a leap. Surely that was the old tone?

A couple of paces, and he spoke again.

"I didn't hear him ask you."

His voice was disappointingly level.

"He asked me after you had gone out to lunch."

"It's a nuisance," said Arthur, cheerily, "when things clash like that. But perhaps he'll ask you again. Nothing to prevent you coming here twice. Well repays a second visit, I always say. I think——"

"You shouldn't," said a voice behind him. "It hurts the head. Well, kid, being shown a good time?"

The possibility of meeting Mr. Shute had not occurred to Maud. She had assumed that, being aware that she would be there with another, he would have stayed away. It may, however, be remarked that she did not know Mr. Shute. He was not one of your sensitive plants. He smiled pleasantly upon her, looking very dapper in evening dress and a silk hat that, though a size too small for him, shone like a mirror.

Maud hardly knew whether she was glad or sorry to see him. It did not seem to matter much now either way. Nothing seemed to matter much, in fact. Arthur's cheery acceptance of the news that she received invitations from others had been like a blow, leaving her numb and listless.

She made the introductions. The two men eyed each other.

"Pleased to meet you," said Mr. Shute.

"Weather keeps up," said Arthur.

And from that point onward Mr. Shute took command.

It is to be assumed that this was not the first time that Mr. Shute had made one of a trio in these circumstances, for the swift dexterity with which he lost Arthur was certainly not that of a novice. So smoothly was it done that it was not until she emerged from the Witching Waves, guided by the pugilist's slim but formidable right arm, that Maud realized that Arthur had gone.

She gave a little cry of dismay. Secretly she was beginning to be somewhat afraid of Mr. Shute. He was showing signs of being about to step out of the *rôle* she had assigned to him and attempt something on a larger scale. His manner had that extra touch of warmth which makes all the difference.

"Oh! He's gone!" she cried.

"Sure," said Mr. Shute. "He got a hurry-call from the Uji Village. The chief's cousin wants a hair-cut."

"We must find him. We must."

"Surest thing you know," said Mr. Shute. "Plenty of time."

"We must find him."

Mr. Shute regarded her with some displeasure.

"Seems to be ace-high with you, that dub," he said.

"I don't understand you."

"My observation was," explained Mr. Shute, coldly, "that, judging from appearances, that dough-faced lemon was Willie-boy, the first and only love."

Maud turned on him with flaming cheeks.

"Mr. Welsh is nothing to me! Nothing! Nothing!" she cried.

She walked quickly on.

"Then, if there's a vacancy, star-eyes," said the pugilist, at her side, holding on a hat which showed a tendency to wobble, "count me in. Directly I saw you—see here, what's the idea of this road-work? We aren't racing——"

Maud slowed down.

"That's better. As I was saying, directly I saw you, I said to myself, 'That's the one you need. The original candy kid. The——'"

His hat lurched drunkenly as he answered the girl's increase of speed. He cursed it in a brief aside.

"That's what I said. 'The original candy kid.' So——"

He shot out a restraining hand. "Arthur!" cried Maud. "Arthur!"

"It's not my name," breathed Mr. Shute, tenderly. "Call me Clarence."

Considered as an embrace, it was imperfect. At these moments a silk hat a size too small handicaps a man. The necessity of

having to be careful about the nap prevented Mr. Shute from doing himself complete justice. But he did enough to induce Arthur Welsh, who, having sighted the missing ones from afar, had been approaching them at a walking pace, to substitute a run for the walk and arrive just as Maud wrenched herself free.

Mr. Shute took off his hat, smoothed it, replaced it with extreme care, and turned his attention to the new-comer.

"Arthur!" said Maud.

Her heart gave a great leap. There was no mistaking the meaning in the eye that met hers. He cared! He cared!

"Arthur!"

He took no notice. His face was pale and working. He strode up to Mr. Shute.

"Well?" he said between his teeth.

An eight-stone-four champion of the world has many unusual experiences in his life, but he rarely encounters men who say "Well?" to him between their teeth. Mr. Shute eyed this freak with profound wonder.

"I'll teach you to—to kiss young ladies!"

Mr. Shute removed his hat again and gave it another brush. This gave him the necessary time for reflection.

"I don't need it," he said. "I've graduated."

"Put them up!" hissed Arthur.

Almost a shocked look spread itself over the pugilist's face. So might Raphael have looked if requested to draw a pavement-picture.

"I'LL TEACH YOU TO—TO KISS YOUNG LADIES!"

"You aren't speaking to ME?" he said, incredulously.

"Put them up!"

Maud, trembling from head to foot, was conscious of one overwhelming emotion. She was terrified—yes. But stronger than the terror was the great wave of elation which swept over her. All her doubts had vanished. At last, after weary weeks of uncertainty, Arthur was about to give the supreme proof. He was going to joust for her.

A couple of passers-by had paused, interested, to watch developments. You could never tell, of course. Many an apparently promising row never got any farther than words. But, glancing at Arthur's face, they certainly felt justified in pausing.

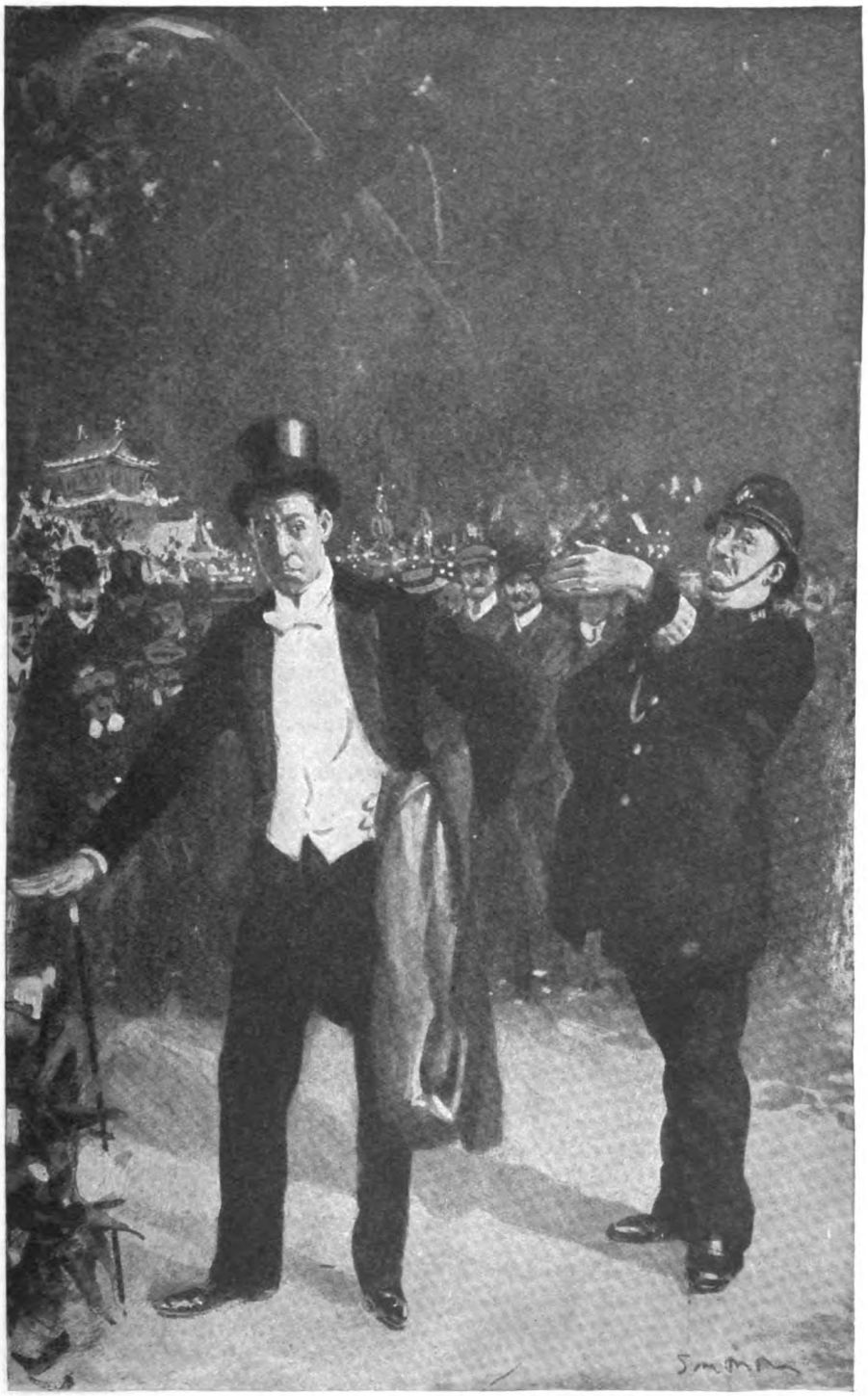
Mr. Shute spoke.

"If it wasn't," he said, carefully, "that I don't want trouble with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I'd——"

He broke off, for, to the accompaniment of a shout of approval from the two spectators, Arthur had swung his right fist, and it had taken him smartly on the side of the head.

Compared with the blows Mr. Shute was wont to receive in the exercise of his profession, Arthur's was a gentle tap. But there was one circumstance which gave it a deadliness all its own. Achilles had his heel. Mr. Shute's vulnerable point was at the other extremity. Instead of countering, he uttered a cry of agony and clutched wildly with both hands at his hat.

He was too late. It fell to the ground



"'AND AS FOR YOU,' HE SAID, ADDRESSING MR. SHUTE, 'ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS TO KEEP THAT FACE OF YOURS CLOSED.'"

and bounded away, with its proprietor in passionate chase. Arthur snorted and gently chafed his knuckles.

There was a calm about Mr. Shute's demeanour as, having given his treasure a final polish and laid it carefully down, he began to advance on his adversary which was more than ominous. His lips were a thin line of steel. The muscles stood out over his jawbones. Crouching in his professional manner, he moved forward softly, like a cat.

And it was at this precise moment, just as the two spectators, reinforced now by eleven other men of sporting tastes, were congratulating themselves on their acumen in having stopped to watch, that Police-Constable Robert Bryce, intruding fourteen stone of bone and muscle between the combatants, addressed to Mr. Shute these memorable words: "'Ullo, 'ullo! 'Ullo, 'ullo, 'ul-*lo!*"

Mr. Shute appealed to his sense of justice.

"The mutt knocked me hat off."

"And I'd do it again," said Arthur, truculently.

"Not while I'm here you wouldn't, young fellow," said Mr. Bryce, with decision. "I'm surprised at you," he went on, pained. "And you look a respectable young chap, too. You pop off."

A shrill voice from the crowd at this point offered the constable all cinematograph rights if he would allow the contest to proceed.

"And you pop off, too, all of you," continued Mr. Bryce. "Blest if I know what kids are coming to nowadays. And as for you," he said, addressing Mr. Shute, "all you've got to do is to keep that face of yours closed. That's what you've got to do. I've got my eye on you, mind, and if I catch you a-follerin' of him"—he jerked his thumb over his shoulder at Arthur's departing figure—"I'll pinch you. Sure as you're alive." He paused. "I'd have done it already," he added, pensively, "if it wasn't me birthday."

Arthur Welsh turned sharply. For some time he had been dimly aware that somebody was calling his name.

"Oh, Arthur!"

She was breathing quickly. He could see the tears in her eyes.

"I've been running. You walked so fast."

He stared down at her gloomily.

"Go away," he said. "I've done with you."

She clutched at his coat.

"Arthur, listen—listen! It's all a mistake. I thought you—you didn't care for me any more, and I was miserable, and I wrote to the paper and asked what should I do, and they said I ought to test you and try and make you jealous, and that that would relieve my apprehensions. And I hated it, but I did it, and you didn't seem to care till now. And you know that there's nobody but you."

"You—— The paper? What?" he stammered.

"Yes, yes, yes. I wrote to *Fireside Chat*, and Dr. Cupid said that when jealousy flew out of the window indifference came in at the door, and that I must exhibit pleasure in the society of other gentlemen and mark your demeanour. So I—— Oh!"

Arthur, luckier than Mr. Shute, was not hampered by a too small silk hat.

It was a few moments later, as they moved slowly towards the Flip-Flap—which had seemed to both of them a fitting climax for the evening's emotions—that Arthur, fumbling in his waistcoat-pocket, produced a small slip of paper.

"What's that?" Maud asked.

"Read it," said Arthur. "It's from *Home Moments*, in answer to a letter I sent them. And," he added with heat, "I'd like to have five minutes alone with the chap who wrote it."

And under the electric light Maud read:—

"ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE HEART SPECIALIST.

ARTHUR W.—Jealousy, Arthur W., is not only the most wicked, but the most foolish of passions. Shakespeare says:—

> It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
> The meat it feeds on.

You admit that you have frequently caused great distress to the young lady of your affections by your exhibition of this weakness. Exactly. There is nothing a girl dislikes or despises more than jealousy. Be a man, Arthur W. Fight against it. You may find it hard at first, but persevere. Keep a smiling face. If she seems to enjoy talking to other men, show no resentment. Be merry and bright. Believe me, it is the only way."

The Dickens Centenary Testimonial Stamp.

ROM all parts of the world come orders for the Dickens Testimonial Stamp.

As has already been announced, the first set of the stamps was forwarded to the King by His Majesty's express desire. It is interesting, in relating the story of the stamp, to note from whom orders were first received. After His Majesty came an order for fifteen of the stamps from Mr. John Woods, a Leicester working man. Earl Stanhope came next with a request for five hundred and four Testimonial stamps, and Miss Braddon, the novelist, followed in the list of purchasers with an order for over two hundred stamps. Then followed name after name famous in contemporary Literature, Art, Politics, the Law, and the Church. One of the first sets went to Highbury, to the veteran statesman the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, an ardent Dickensian and himself a member of the Centenary Testimonial Committee. Mr. Chamberlain has more than once publicly expressed his debt to the author of "Pickwick" and "David Copperfield."

It would be difficult to say who has the largest individual collection of the works of Dickens in this country. One gentleman is cited as having over eight hundred different volumes. There are very few households which do not boast one or more. And this naturally leads to the question: Was not our original estimate of twenty-four millions of copies extant far short of the actual fact? It is claimed that the figure would not represent the existing numbers in America alone. But, as we pointed out, even if half of those who owned copies of Dickens were to affix a stamp in each volume, certifying that a copyright fee of one penny had been paid to the heirs and descendants of the great novelist, more than forty thousand pounds would be raised. This is a great sum in the aggregate; but is it too much?

"If Dickens's heirs had inherited from him land which he did not create instead of books which he did," says the *Bookman*, "they might still be in full possession of their inheritance; for there is a divinity which hedges landed estates, preserving them to you and your successors in perpetuity; but no such privilege is extended to mere literary property. If Dickens had been a great general and had achieved victories with the sword, instead of with what we are taught to believe is the mightier weapon, we know what a grateful nation would have done for him and his. Without at all belittling the services of our military and diplomatic men of genius, one may say that though Parliament never thanked him for them, or dreamt of making him a grant in recognition of them, Dickens's services to his country, to say nothing of the world at large, will, in their different way, at least compare with the best work of the greatest of those others; and now that his countrymen have this opportunity of showing their appreciation of this fact, it is no wonder that they are eager to avail themselves of it."

Even that prince of publishers, the late Alexander Macmillan, wrote with lively indignation against the injustice of the law which only gives writers a limited copyright in their works. "Why the Duke of Bedford should compel me to pay him a certain sum of money annually because I have built a nice house on a bit of land which he says is his, and Wordsworth's poems should be open to be made money of or mincemeat of by me or any publisher who chooses to be reckless in what he does, provided only he does business, I cannot understand." He proved that Wordsworth's family would now be receiving "an honest thousand pounds a year" from the poet's creations if the latter had been safeguarded like other property. "Property in books ought to be put at least on the same basis as property in land or in the funds." "Hardly," remarks the *Daily Mail*, "a view one would expect a publisher to take!" And yet is it not a right view?

The success of the sale of the Dickens Centenary Testimonial Stamp will go far to atone for the manifest injustice of the law of copyright as applied to the labours of Charles Dickens.

Let us make a Centenary Tribute worthy of him and of ourselves to the children and grandchildren of the man whom even the cynic, Carlyle, could call "the good, the gentle, the noble, the high-minded Dickens, every inch of him an honest man."

Allusion has been made in one or two quarters to the fortune left by the novelist at his death, forty years ago, which was divided amongst the eight members of his family, as if the fact that Dickens, chiefly by his readings, and not by his books, had earned a competence had any bearing on this Centenary Tribute. It is not for us to inquire into the vicissitudes of these savings of the most popular author the world ever saw. An unlucky chance, an error of judgment, and the greatest fortunes disappear in a day. But the suggestion which may be made here is this: That were copyright in Charles Dickens's works still to prevail, and only five per cent. on the published price to be paid to their author, those he loved, and who bear his honoured name, would now be in receipt of not less than five thousand pounds per annum. And a five per cent. royalty, it must be added, is only one-quarter of that which any successful novelist receives to-day.

CHARLES DICKENS READING TO HIS DAUGHTERS, 1865.

Fifteen members of the Committee having been nominated to form an Executive Committee of the Dickens Centenary Testimonial held a meeting in London under the chairmanship of the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Alverstone. Those present included Earl Stanhope, Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., Sir John Hare, Sir Charles Mathews, Sir Frank Newnes, Sir George Riddell, Sir Adolph Tuck, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. H. Rider Haggard, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Mr. Andrew Lang, the Hon. H. W. Lawson, M.P., Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. Briton Rivière, R.A., and Mr. Beckles Willson, hon. secretary.

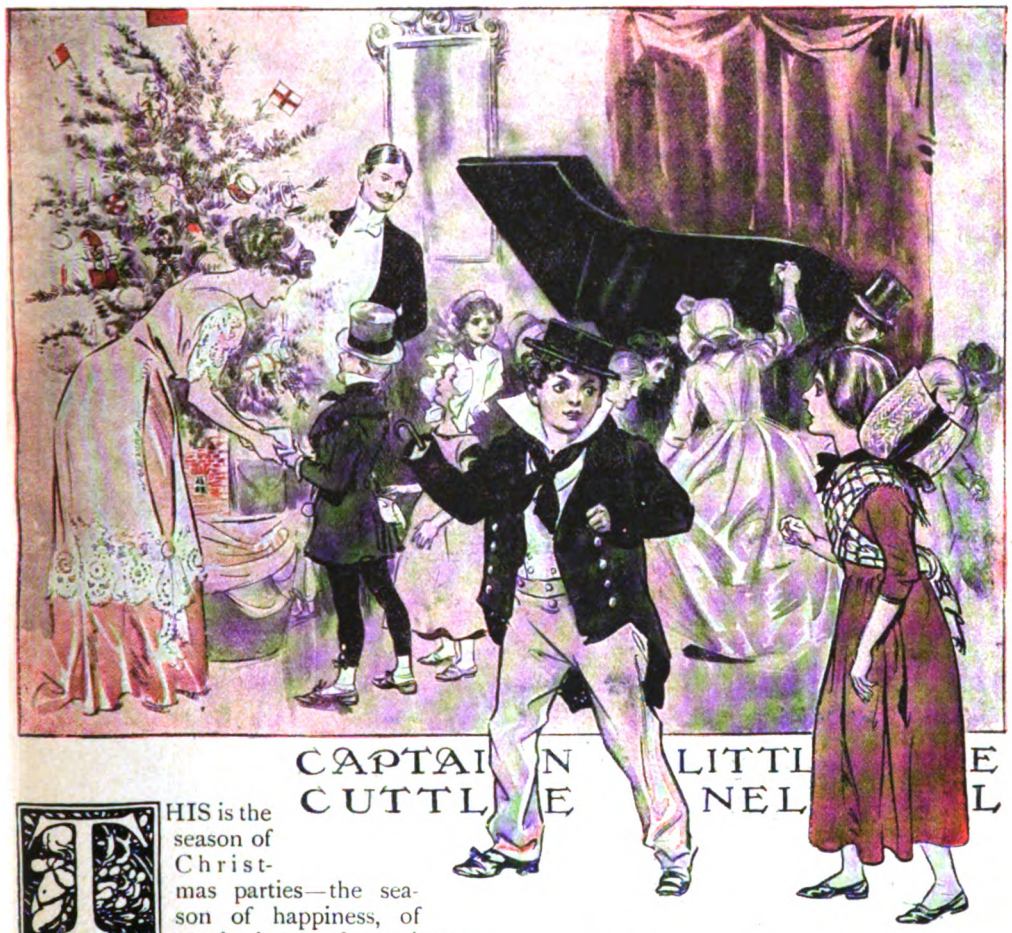
The chairman having consented to act as trustee, the names of three others were proposed and unanimously chosen—namely, the Earl of Rosebery, Sir Charles Mathews, and the Hon. H. W. Lawson, M.P.

After discussion, it was agreed that the definite object of the stamp issued by the Committee should be "for the purpose of raising a fund for the benefit of the descendants of Charles Dickens, and, should the proceeds permit, of in other ways commemorating his memory."

In addition to the trustees, Mr. W. Rolle Malcolm, of Coutts's Bank, was elected honorary treasurer, and Mr. William Plender, President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, honorary auditor of the Testimonial Fund.

A DICKENS PARTY FOR CHILDREN.

Illustrated by H. M. Brock, R.I.



THIS is the season of Christmas parties—the season of happiness, of good cheer, of merriment—of Dickens. It is the season, *par excellence*, of good children, of happy children, of merry children—why not of Dickens children? Why not a Dickens Christmas party, at which the Dickens Centenary Testimonial Stamp could be sold? Why not a brilliantly-lighted roomful of Pickwicks and Wellers, Little Nells and Dolly Vardens, of Jingles and Micawbers, of Sairey Gamps and Betsy Trotwoods, all engaged in a good cause? For what a gallery of picturesque human oddities emanated from that wonderful brain! If it were done on behalf of anybody else, we can almost hear the voice of the great-hearted novelist saying:—

"What an idea—what a capital idea! A charming, provoking, satisfactory idea! Oh, perfectly satisfactory—very!" And when he sees the card of invitation, with what pride his face lights up!

MR. SAMUEL PICKWICK
requests the pleasure of
MASTER TIMOTHY CRATCHIT'S COMPANY
to a Christmas Party
on Tuesday, the 27th of December, 1910.

Master Timothy Cratchit indeed! Or—

MISS ELEANOR TRENT
requests the pleasure of
MASTER OLIVER TWIST'S COMPANY,
etc.

Who would—who *could*, at least at first—recognise Miss Eleanor Trent as our old, dear, pathetic friend, Little Nell?

Such a party as we have in our mind's eye will probably come off in London on a very large scale next year, or at the beginning of 1912, when the Albert Hall will be filled with thousands of children in Boz's honour, under the auspices of the Centenary Testimonial Committee.

How splendid Dickens was at describing parties, especially children's parties! For, as he wrote himself, "It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child Himself."

"There was first a game at blind-man's buff. Of course there was. And I no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had eyes in his boots. My opinion is that it was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew, and that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. The way he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking over the fire-irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains—wherever she went, there went he! He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anyone else. If you had fallen up against him (as some of them did) on purpose, he would have made a feint of endeavouring to seize you, which would have been an affront to your understanding, and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister. She often cried out that it wasn't fair; and it really was not. But when at last he caught her—when, in spite of all her silken rustlings and her rapid flutterings past him, he got her into a corner whence there was no escape, then his conduct was the most execrable. For his pretending not to know her, his pretending

that it was necessary to touch her head-dress, and further to assure himself of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger and a certain chain about her neck, was vile, monstrous! No doubt she told

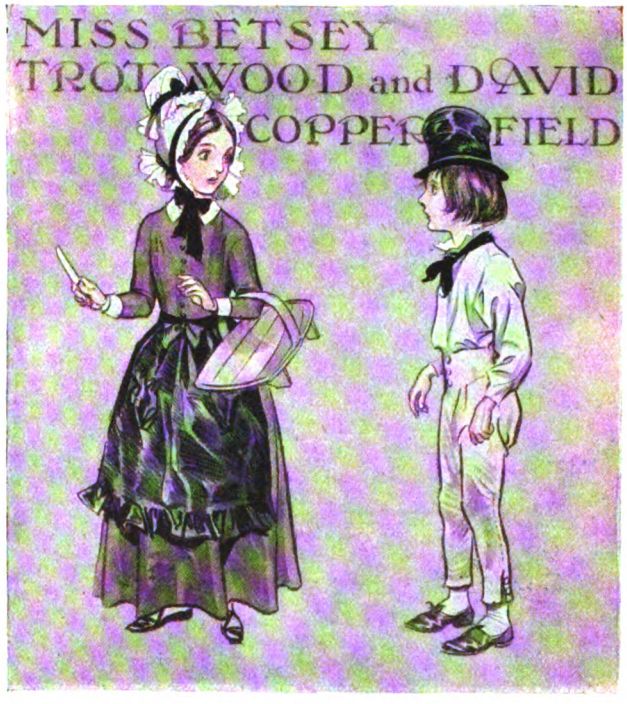
him her opinion of it when, another blind man being in office, they were so very confidential together behind the curtains."

It is not difficult to dress the characters of Dickens. Not only were they all described minutely by their author, but no author was ever happier than Dickens in his illustrators. As each character first appeared before the public, so they continue down to the present day, from poor Seymour seventy-five years ago to the latest portrayer, Mr. Harry Furniss.

And how particular was Dickens as to his illustrators! We are told that on one occasion the artist drew no fewer than twenty-three Mr. Dombeys before one could be found to suit. For the author had all his characters clearly in his mind's eye, from the crown of their hats to the soles of their boots. He knew exactly how they brushed their hair and tied their cravats, and what was the colour of their waistcoats or their petticoats.

Which is your favourite Dickens character? "I can often tell," remarked Lord Houghton, "a man's own character by hearing his favourite characters in fiction." A most diverting list might be compiled of the characters from Dickens which eminent persons have selected as their favourite. We know that Lord Palmerston thought Sam Weller was Dickens's high-water mark; that the late Lord Salisbury never wearied of Sairey Gamp; that Mr. Chamberlain most rejoices in Wilkins Micawber. In fact, if one looks through biographies published for the last fifty years, one is almost sure to come across references to the biographee's literary favourites, and especially to the characters of Dickens.

"One of the godlike things about Dickens," writes Mr. Chesterton, "is his quantity, his quantity as such, the enormous output, the incredible fecundity of his invention. I have said not one of us could have invented Mr.



Guppy. But even if we could have stolen Mr. Guppy from Dickens we have still to confront the fact that Dickens would have been able to invent another quite inconceivable character to take his place. Perhaps we could have created Mr. Guppy, but the effort would certainly have exhausted us; we should be ever afterwards wheeled about in a bath-chair at Bournemouth."

Dear old — poor old Toots!—"possessed of the gruffest of voices and the shrillest of minds; sticking ornamental pins into his shirt and keeping a ring in his waistcoat pocket to put on by stealth . . . constantly falling in love on sight with nursemaids who had no idea of his existence . . . a great overgrown cherub who had sat up aloft much too long."

How one recalls the few lines by which several of the immortal characters first made their bow before a waiting world! There was Pickwick, with his bald head and circular spectacles; also "those tights and gaiters which, had they clothed an ordinary man, might have passed without observation, but which when Pickwick clothed them—if we may use the expression—inspired involuntary awe and respect." But Pickwick is gradually described; he comes upon us in all his beauty and benevolence by degrees, not like Alfred Jingle, of whom we are presented instantly with a pen-portrait:—

"He was about the middle height, but the thinness of his body and the length of his legs gave him the appearance of being much taller. The green coat had been a smart dress garment in the days of swallow-tails, but had evidently in those times adorned a much shorter

man than the stranger, for the soiled and faded sleeves scarcely reached to his wrists. It was buttoned closely up to his chin, at the imminent hazard of splitting his back; and an old stock, without a vestige of shirt-collar, ornamented his neck. His scanty black trousers displayed here and there those shiny patches which bespeak long service, and were strapped very tightly over a pair of patched and mended shoes, as if to conceal the dirty white stockings, which were nevertheless distinctly visible. His long, black hair escaped in negligent waves from beneath each side of his old pinched-up hat, and glimpses of his bare wrist might be observed, between the tops of his gloves and the cuffs of his coat-sleeves. His face was thin and haggard; but an indescribable air of jaunty impudence and perfect self-possession pervaded the whole man."

Or take this pen-portrait of the inimitable Dick Swiveller:—

"His attire was not remarkable for the nicest arrangement. It consisted of a brown body coat with a great many brass buttons up the front and only one behind, a bright check neckerchief, a plaid waistcoat, soiled white trousers, and a very limp hat, worn with the wrong side foremost, to hide a hole in the brim. The breast of his coat was ornamented with an outside pocket, from which there peeped forth the cleanest end of a very large and very ill-favoured handkerchief; his dirty wristbands were pulled down as far as possible, and ostentatiously folded back over his cuffs; he displayed no gloves, and carried a yellow cane having at the top a bone hand with the semblance of a ring on its little finger and a black ball in its grasp."

Can one ever forget the description of Mrs. Gamp? "She was a fat old woman, this Mrs. Gamp, with a husky voice and a moist eye, which she had a remarkable power of

turning up and only showing the white of. Having very little neck, it cost her some trouble to look over herself, if one may say so, at those to whom she talked. She wore a very rusty black gown, rather the worse for snuff, and a shawl and bonnet to correspond. In these dilapidated articles of dress she had, on principle, arrayed herself time out of mind on such occasions as the present, for this at once expressed a decent amount of veneration for the deceased, and invited the next of kin to present her with a fresher suit of weeds—an appeal so frequently successful that the very fetch and ghost of Mrs. Gamp, bonnet and all, might be seen hanging up any hour in the day in at least a dozen of the second-hand clothes shops about Holborn. The face of Mrs. Gamp—the nose in particular—was somewhat red and swollen, and it was difficult to enjoy her society without becoming conscious of a smell of spirits."

In her juvenile impersonator this kind of spirits would be dispensed with in favour of spirits of the animal sort, of which children have an abundance.

Of Mr. Pecksniff we are told: "You looked over a very low fence of white cravat (whereof no man had ever beheld the tie, for he fastened it behind), and there it lay, a valley between two jutting heights of collar, serene and whiskerless before you. It seemed to say, on the part of Mr. Pecksniff, 'There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen, all is peace; a holy calm pervades me.' So did his hair, just grizzled with an iron-grey, which was all brushed off his forehead and stood bolt upright, or slightly drooped in kindred action with his heavy

eyelids. So did his person, which was sleek, though free from corpulency. So did his manner, which was soft and oily. In a word, even his plain black suit, and state of widower, and dangling double eyeglass, all tended to the same purpose, and cried aloud: 'Behold the moral Pecksniff!'"

Would you have selected Simon Tappertit as your favourite? And yet no less a person than Bret Harte thought and said that Simon Tappertit was a masterpiece. A frequent quotation from Simon was often on his lips:—

"My bleeding country calls me and I go!"

We are told by his creator that Mr. Simon Tappertit was "an old-fashioned, thin-faced, sleek-haired, sharp-nosed, small-eyed little fellow, very little more than five feet high, and thoroughly convinced in his own mind that he was above the middle size; rather tall, in fact, than otherwise. Of his figure, which was well enough formed, though somewhat of the leanest, he entertained the highest admiration; and with his legs, which, in knee-breeches, were perfect curiosities of littleness, he was enraptured to a degree amounting to enthusiasm. He also had some majestic, shadowy ideas, which had never been quite fathomed by his most intimate friends, concerning the power of his eye. Indeed, he had been known to go so far as to boast that he could utterly quell and subdue the haughtiest beauty by a simple process which he termed 'eyeing her over'; but it must be added that neither of this faculty, nor of the power he claimed to have, through the same gift, of vanquishing and heaving down dumb animals, even in a rabid state, had he ever furnished evidence which could be deemed quite satisfactory and conclusive."

Then Wilkins Micawber—what a delightful figure for a fancy-dress party! The immortal Micawber—"a stoutish, middle-aged person, in a brown surtout and black tights and shoes, with no more hair upon his head (which was a large one and very shining) than there is upon an egg, and with a very extensive face, which he turned full upon me. His clothes were shabby, but he had an important shirt-collar on. He carried a

jaunty sort of stick, with a large pair of rusty tassels to it, and a quizzing-glass hung outside his coat—for ornament, as I afterwards found, as he very seldom looked through it, and couldn't see anything when he did."

How many stoutish little boys would like to go attired as Wilkins Micawber! Can you not picture Mr. Micawber with a portfolio of Dickens stamps under his arm offering them to a multitude of admirers?

"Under the impression, sir, that your—ah—admiration of my literary progenitor may be marked and extensive, I take the liberty of offering you, sir, a slight but not inappropriate tribute at the cost of one penny. Nothing else of this character is ever likely to turn up again, even in the progress of revolving years. Allow me, sir. Thank you!"

Apropos of stoutish personages, have you ever reflected what a number of these figure among the well-known personages of Dickens? In our mind's eye we can see quite a gallery of corpulence in the range of his novels. A dozen readily occur to us which it would never do for a thin little boy to impersonate. There are Pickwick and Tracy Tupman, the Fat Boy and the elder Weller, Bumble, Vincent Crummles, the Cheeryble brothers, John Willet, Gabriel Varden, Captain Cuttle, Dr. Blimber, and many, many more equally well known. Not that there are not a lot of attenuated characters, too, as, for instance. Sam Weller, Jingle, Snodgrass, Winkle, Newman Noggs, Tom Pinch, Sampson Brass, and so on. Quilp is probably the most repulsive character in all Dickens's works, with Squeers and Uriah Heep close behind. To think of an attractive, pink-cheeked little Bill Sikes is almost a paradox, and yet we may be sure Bill will not go unrepresented at a Dickens children's party.

He was "a stoutly-built fellow of about five-and-thirty, in a black velveteen coat, very soiled drab breeches, lace-up half boots, and grey cotton stockings, which enclosed a very bulky pair of legs, with large, swelling calves—the kind of legs that, in such

costume, always look in an unfinished and incomplete state without a set of fetters to garnish them. He had a brown hat on his head, and a dirty Belcher handkerchief round his neck, with the long frayed ends of which he smeared the beer from his face as he spoke, disclosing, when he had done so, a broad, heavy countenance with a beard of

three days' growth, and two scowling eyes; one of them displayed various parti-coloured symptoms of having been recently damaged by a blow."

Finally, there are the Dickens girls—the kind of girls Dickens himself most admired—Dora, Little Em'ly, Little Dorrit, Bella Wilfer, Dolly Varden, Lizzie Hexham and Ada of "Bleak House," and Rosa Bud of "Edwin Drood," all sweet, engaging little creatures, and childlike in their beauty and in their innocence.

Get up a Dickens party this Christmas and send us a photograph of it, which, with others, may be published in an early number of "The Strand Magazine."

Playing-Card "Squiggles."

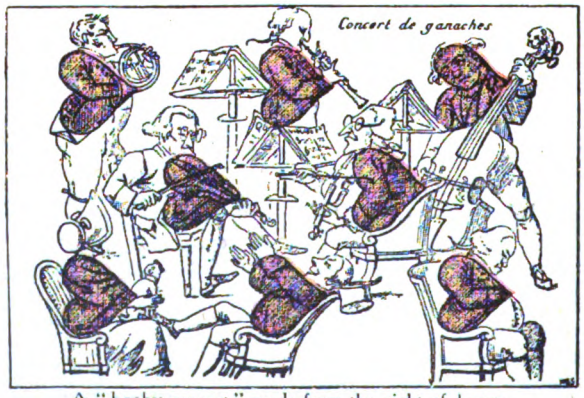
DO you "squiggle"? Have you ever "squiggled"? After all, it is less an affair of artistic ability than ingenuity. You are given an arbitrary symbol, a blot on a piece of paper, a smudge on the wall, a pattern on wall-paper, a pip on a playing-card, and you utilize this blot, this smudge, this pattern, or this pip as the basis, an integral part of a picture. Sometimes it suggests a picture, and then "squiggling" becomes easy. Sometimes it baffles you by suggesting nothing, and then the process of building a design around it is much more difficult.

A very pretty little allegory formed from the three of hearts.
BY A FRENCH ARTIST.

Have you ever noticed, during a period of enforced seclusion, when you are lying sleepless on your couch, how a pattern or crack on the wall or a stain in the ceiling takes on to your imagination an odd shape, a whimsical figure, a grotesque face? And how by degrees you build around it the missing details or surroundings, so as to fill up the picture? That is what the French soldiers confined at Portsmouth did, until all the patches on the whitewashed walls were made the origin of odd portraits and bizarre scenes and objects.

In this article let us see what can be done with the pips of playing-cards, chiefly by STRAND MAGAZINE artists. One of the most ingenious of playing-card "squiggles" *(esquiègle)* belongs to the late Napoleonic period, when the diversion became fashionable. It may have been done by the painter David himself. The basis of the design is the three of hearts, and it represents three cherubs, one of whom is bearing the head, or mask, of a lion, the whole forming a very pretty little allegory. Another of the same period exhibits a "booby concert," the nucleus for the eight figures, five of them musicians, being the eight of hearts. Notice how ingeniously the figures and accessories are adapted to the original spots. Also how M. Le Cœur of the lower centre, in his tumultuous appreciation of the music, is administering a forcible rebuke to the lap-dog, who does not relish the performance to the same degree. Standing by itself the composition is vastly amusing; as a "squiggle" it is truly a masterpiece.

Mr. Dudley Hardy's "Dice-Throwers" makes the two of hearts serve as red stocking-caps or toques to the two tap-room heroes—a simple but effective "squiggle."



A "booby concert" made from the eight of hearts.
BY A FRENCH ARTIST.

On inspecting Mr. Carter's improved three of hearts, one's first wonder is as to the exact species of the beasts that their keeper is dragging about so relentlessly. To what zoological family do they belong? It is impossible that they can be bears, their

"The two of hearts serve as red stocking-caps or toques to the two tap-room heroes."
BY DUDLEY HARDY, R.I.

caudal appendages being too long. Can they belong to the order of swine?

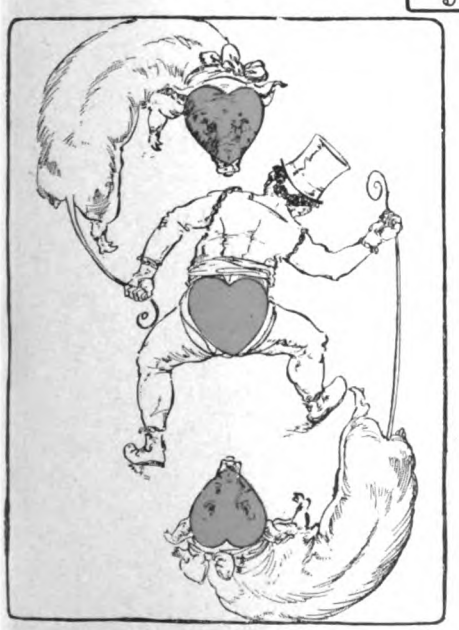
Wonderfully decorative, but perhaps a little forced, is the "Centaur and Cupid" of Mr. De la Bere, where the three of hearts are weird pomegranate trees, a huge branch of which the man-monster would seem to have hurled at the flying god.

The three of hearts has been taken by Mr. Starr Wood for his three weird cranes, who pose in the most grotesque attitudes.

Of a simpler comic type is Mr. John Hassall's "Waiting Virgin," drawn on the three of hearts; and a pleasant study of a corpulent Chanticleer is furnished by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, using therefor the ace of hearts.

As an example of sheer inventiveness, it would be difficult to surpass Mr. Hogg's two "card squiggles." Some of us have seen in the music-halls, on the racecourses, or at seaside resorts of this kingdom certain weird individuals

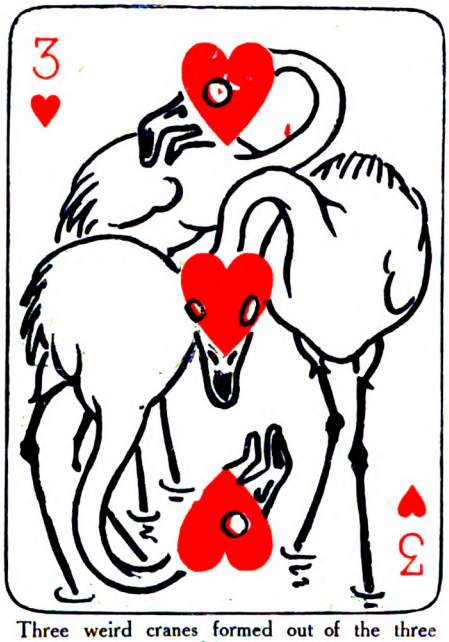
Another three of hearts made into "Centaur and Cupid."
BY DE LA BERE.



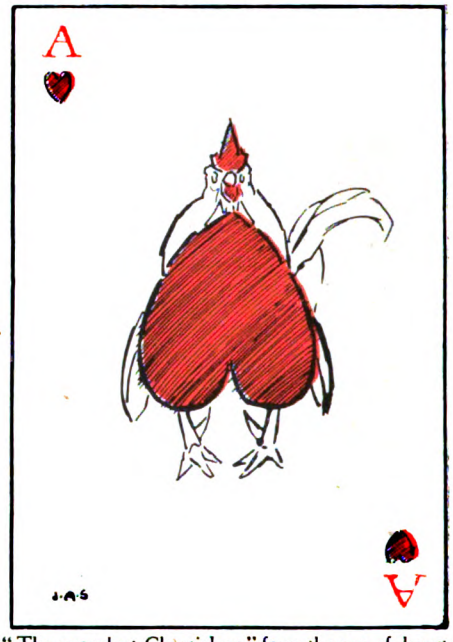
The three of hearts—"Educated pigs on tour."
BY FRED CARTER.

surmounted by eccentric head-gear not wholly dissimilar from that portrayed on Mr. Hogg's first card. One of these grotesques has been superimposed by the artist upon the two of diamonds. In the second he has taken the five of clubs and has evolved therefrom the apparition of an industrious baker. We have heard a great deal of the black bread upon which, we are told, certain classes upon the Continent subsist; but surely no bread quite so black as this ever made its appearance upon the dinner-tables of the Fatherland. Or perhaps it may be that our industrious baker has been contriving a batch of charcoal biscuits. But of the ingenuity of the design there is no doubt whatever.

Simple and comic also is Mr. W. Heath Robinson's "Ace of Diamonds," the production of which by the decidedly shabby elderly party is productive of something like consternation in his two companions. It may be added that a spectator would have no difficulty in ascertaining the denomination of



Three weird cranes formed out of the three of hearts.
BY STARR WOOD.

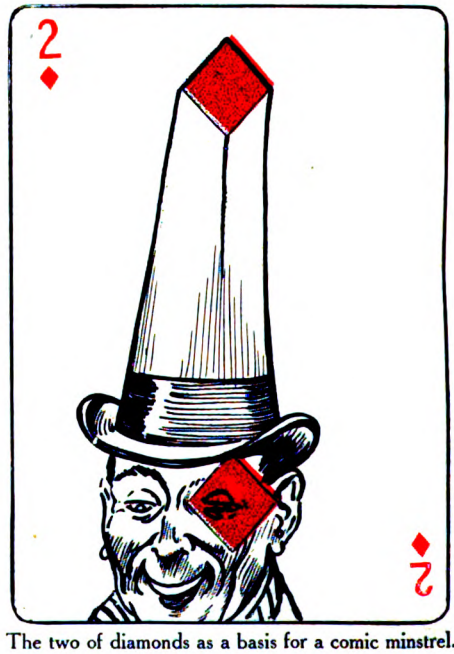


"The corpulent Chanticleer," from the ace of hearts.
BY J. A. SHEPHERD.

the fatal card, as our damaged gentleman exhibits it, as one may say, both fore and aft.

The treatment which Mr. Hebblethwaite has accorded the three of spades reminds us very much of one of the sketches of Jan van Beers. A young masher is presenting a bouquet to a very stylishly-attired young lady, while in the rear a camera fiend is engaged in taking a snapshot of the proceedings. The whole thing fits in very prettily, without confusing the pips of the

"The waiting virgin," from the three of hearts.
BY JOHN HASSALL, R.I.



The two of diamonds as a basis for a comic minstrel.
BY A. HOGG.

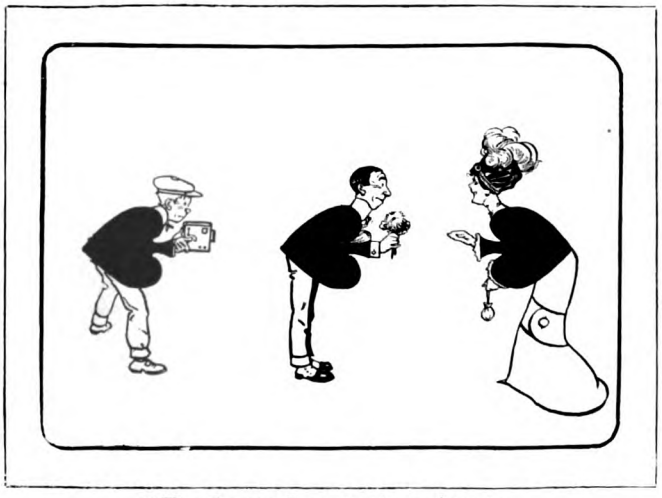
"The Prosperous Baker" on the five of clubs.
BY A. HOGG.

"The Winning Card" on the ace of diamonds.
BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

cards, so that they stand out very clearly, and might furnish a good idea for an enterprising manufacturer of playing-cards.

Very clever, too, is Mr. René Bull's treatment of the three of clubs, out of which he has constructed a pair of Indian jugglers.

What a capital design is Mr. Harry Rountree's! A really convincing landscape is difficult, but what wonders this artist has worked with the two of spades! The top spot is the roof of the mosque, its reflection in the water the lower one. This is ingenious, but the points in the corners of the card have also been used, one the stern of a boat, the other a minaret, while the very numerals serve their turn.



"The Greeting" on the three of spades.
BY S. H. HEBBLETHWAITE.

With regard to Mr. Bateman's eagle, this is almost a faithful duplication of a well-known picture of the king of birds. It needed very little adaptation to form, not an eagle out of an ace of spades, but an ace of spades out of the rear aspect of an eagle. So in this case the proceedings were reversed.

Certainly one of the most dramatic is Mr. H. M. Brock's adaptation of the five of spades. Here is really an arresting picture—a Nubian, lost in the desert, surrounded by four vultures. How horrible are the expectant attitudes of the birds of prey, two peering downward from branches of a tree (a tree, by the way, we do not remember to have seen before in pictures of

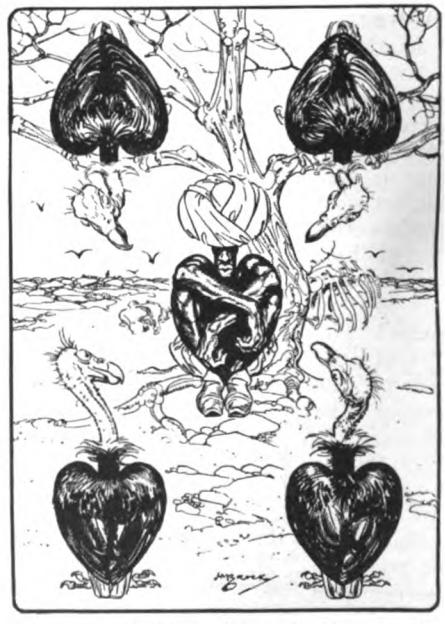
The three of clubs as "the Indian Jugglers."
BY RENÉ BULL.

The ace of spades as a portion of "the King of Birds."
BY H. BATEMAN.

the desert), and the hopeless dejection of the doomed Nubian! The skeleton of elephant or camel in the background would seem to suggest that there will be no need of a single spade in his case, although he is one himself. Altogether, a really brilliant "squiggle."

Perhaps our readers would now like to try their hands at Playing-Card "Squiggles." Any really ingenious ones sent to us we shall be glad to publish and to pay for.

"A Scene in Islam" from the two of spades.
BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



"The Doomed Nubian" from the five of spades.
BY H. M. BROCK.

The Young Man Who Stroked Cats.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

Illustrated by W. R. S. Stott.

STORIES, like plants, do not begin—they grow, and what folks are apt to call their beginning is when they break the fertile earth and show themselves. So in common parlance Tom Meredith's story began at the time a ragged youth came up the pathway to the front door and rang the bell when Tom was at breakfast with his father and mother.

"A beggar, I fear," said Mr. Meredith.

"Rather cheeky to come to the front door," said Tom.

"I hope he isn't hungry," sighed his mother.

And the maid who opened the door was very lofty with the ragged youth.

"You should go to the back," said she, with her nose in the air.

"I does what I'm pyed for," retorted the ragged one. "Does Mr. Thomas Meredith live 'ere?"

He was carrying a basket, quite a dainty basket, and it was tied with a pink ribbon. It caught the girl's eye just as she was prepared to say that her young master was not likely to see beggars at nine o'clock in the morning or, for that matter, at any time.

"Is that for Mr. Meredith?" she asked.

"Yus. And it's a cat," said the young fellow, lifting the basket up and peering in through the interstices.

"Who's it from?"

"I dunno. A young lidy give me a tanner to tike it to Mr. Thomas Meredith as lives 'ere. She p'inted out the 'ouse, and went away in a kerridge."

"If you'll wait a moment I'll speak to him," said the girl. She went to the breakfast-room.

"If you please, Mr. Thomas, there's someone says he has a cat for you," she announced.

"A cat for me! I've ordered no cat," said Tom. But no one would have been surprised

if he had ordered one, for men are most properly divided into those who own dogs and those who are owned by cats; and it was notorious that Tom Meredith belonged to the smaller but more distinguished order.

"Oh, no, sir," said the girl; "but the young man says that a lady in a carriage gave it to him and paid him to bring it here."

"How odd!" said Tom's mother, eyeing him anxiously. So far she had had no reason to do so.

"Very odd," said his father. "Bring the cat in, Jones."

"And tell the man to wait," said Tom. He knew no girl likely to present him with a cat, or with anything else for that matter. It was not that he despised girls, but he was very busy, and, keeping romance deep in his heart, he found them nowadays very unromantic.

"THERE INSTANTLY CLIMBED INTO VIEW A WILD-EYED PERSIAN KITTEN LITTLE MORE THAN A MONTH OLD."

Jones brought in the basket, and as she entered there arose from it a pitiful wail. Tom got up, took it from her, and, putting it on the table, opened it. There instantly climbed into view a wild-eyed Persian kitten little more than a month old. It was the colour of chinchilla, and probably, as Tom knew, of high lineage. So far as one could tell its points at that age, it was perfect.

"Humph!" said Tom's father.

"Very rummy," said Tom.

"Give it some milk," said his mother; and while the two elders watched it lap Tom went out to the hall door.

"Who gave you this kitten?" he asked.

"A young lidy in a kerridge says to me, says she, 'Do yer warnt to earn a tanner?' and I says, said I, 'Oh, it ain't likely, is it, miss, and what do you think?' And wiv that she gives me the basket and a tanner, and says, 'Tike this to number ten and say it's for Mr. Thomas Meredith.' And as I opened your gyte she drives off."

"What was she like?" asked Tom.

"Pretty, but very pile," said the youth, shaking his head. "And it was a one-'orse kerridge, and there was a nuss with 'er."

"A nuss?" asked Tom.

"In uniform," said the youth.

"Here's a shilling for you," said Tom.

"Blimey, but you're a gent," said the ragged one. And Tom went back to breakfast.

"There was something in the basket, Tom," said his mother.

"What?" asked her son.

She gave him a plain card. On it was written in a round hand, "For the Young Man Who Strokes Cats."

"You don't know who it is, Tom?"

"Haven't the least notion," said Tom, with perfect honesty.

"You found out nothing from the boy?" asked his father. "Didn't he know her name?"

"No," said Tom.

"Somebody has fallen in love with you at last, Tom," said his father.

"I dare say it is some old lady who has noticed you always speak to cats," suggested his mother.

"A very silly habit," said his father.

"But this one is too sweet," said his mother. They sat down and watched the baby Persian finish his milk. When it was done he looked up at them and finally walked straight to Tom.

"I shall call it Korban," said Tom. "For Korban is thought by many to mean 'a gift.' But, truly, it is 'a sacrifice.'"

And Korban climbed up his coat and lay on his shoulder, purring feebly. There was a far-off look in his new master's eyes, and his mother knew that he was wondering who the giver might be, and her heart was a little hostile to the stranger, as all mothers' hearts are.

Tom was twenty-four, and there was perhaps no young fellow in Kensington who had been less troubled by love. In spite of his passion for cats, which are properly indoor or domestic deities, he was essentially an outdoor man, so far as the City permitted him to be, and, spending all his spare time on the river or some golf-course, he gave small attention to those who might have smiled on him. And yet the time now came when spring and youth and the thoughts of love came all together. As the gift of the unknown purred on his shoulder his heart was moved. For the unknown is the land of romance always. He knew that he was found pleasing in the eyes of a stranger, and he flushed a little to think of it. There is no more wonderful or disturbing thing to youth.

So days went by, and the others in the house forgot how it was that Korban came to be theirs. But Tom did not forget, and when he came home tired he often sent for Korban, who grew quickly and was exceedingly agile and very round and furry, and every day more obviously of high lineage.

"Who sent you to me, Korban?" he asked, as Korban pursued his own tail, or rolled over, or walked sideways loftily, or spat at some other imaginary kitten evolved from his inner consciousness. "I wonder who she is?"

The pretty, pale young lady reported by love's ragged messenger assumed many shapes in his waking thoughts, and sometimes in his dreams. But though the spring was in his heart she could not endure, and, when Korban was a month older, began to fade from his thoughts. Yet he was still the Young Man Who Stroked Cats on his way to the City. He was acquainted with many of them, and, though he did not know it, one was a relative of Korban. He was a very gracious and dignified Persian king, to whom Tom gave the name of Artaxerxes. Artaxerxes, blue-haired and yellow-eyed, a creature of smoke and fire, of grey jade and topaz, sat upon a wall and received tribute daily, looking past his worshippers' heads with subtle, shining eyes like those of an idol staring over priests in an Eastern temple. And she who was the priestess, the pretty, pale creature of Tom's fading dreams, saw him offer worship at the Persian king's throne, and when he had gone by she sent down for Artaxerxes, who came reluctantly, and yet was gracious to her. So she stroked the fur that Tom had stroked, and she buried her face where his strong hands had been, and the king endured this ritual uncomplainingly, for she was always good to him.

When another month had passed and Korban began to acquire some of the imperial dignity which his lineage assured to him, Tom Meredith was alone in the house, for his father and mother were in Italy. Yet he was not alone, for Korban was with him, sitting on his knee, while his master smoked and dreamed, with a book of adventure lying on the floor beside him. He wondered why it was that some had adventures and others had none, and why the world was so foolish as to order its dull life to avoid them. He forgot that the gift of Korban was an adventure, and might have been a great one if he had sought out the giver. And perhaps the world is wise, for true adventures are rare, and he who seeks may never find them. But to others they are a gift.

The purring of Korban became strangely loud, and Tom Meredith fell asleep. For a cat is a sorcerer of sleep and may procure it for the wakeful. And how long he slept he knew not, but he woke suddenly with the

sound of a telephone-bell in his ears, and Korban was on the table where the instrument stood, looking at it with startled eyes. Tom reached out his hand and yawned, and put the receiver to his ear.

Upon the magic instrument, which some use so grossly and without wonder, many voices are hard and untuneful, as if the little souls of the speakers had not strength to travel. But others are still sweet, full of character and music, and the voice that Tom heard was one of these, though it was not strong. It was assuredly a feminine voice, and suggested, he knew not how, fragile beauty and tenderness.

"Are you Mr. Tom Meredith?" asked the voice.

"Yes," said Tom. "Who are you?"

"Be patient, young man," said the voice, with a little tremor of laughter in it. "Before I tell you that, or anything else, tell me if you are very busy, or if you have time to talk with a—ghost?"

He knew this was an adventure, and he sat down at the table before he answered.

"No, I am not busy. Still——"

"Do not make excuses. Sit down. Are you comfortable? I want to speak to you, and if you are not comfortable how can I speak?"

"I am sitting down," said Tom. "Now tell me who you are, and why you want to speak to me."

"I—I am a woman," said the voice.

"Your voice tells me that," said Tom.

"I hope it sounds a nice one," she said. "Yours is very kind and strong. And now I want to ask you a strange question. Are you a very, very honourable man, Tom Meredith?"

"I—I hope so," said Tom.

"Then if you are very honourable, noble sir, you will promise me something, will you not?"

"What am I to promise?" asked Tom.

"Honourable sir, you are cautious. But I shall not ask you to do anything. All I want is your sacred promise not to do something."

"I promise," said Tom.

"Then you swear by Bast that you will not try to find out who it is that speaks to you?"

"Who is Bast?" asked Tom, wondering.

"She was Bubastis, which is her great name, the wife of Pthah and the goddess of cats," said the voice. "Do you swear by her?"

"I swear," said Tom. "And yet I wish so much to know,"

"I am glad you wish it, honourable sir; but having sworn by our goddess you cannot break your word, for if you break it you will be torn to pieces by all the cats of Kensington, a very numerous and honourable company. Would that not be dreadful?"

"Very dreadful," said Tom; "but might I not know how you found out I was likely to regard this goddess with awe?"

"Are you not the Young Man Who Strokes Cats?" she asked; and then, of course, he knew that Korban was her gift to him.

"Then it was you who sent me Korban?"

"Honourable sir, worshipper of Bubastis, you have a fine gift of naming cats. Is Korban beautiful?"

"I think he is more beautiful now," said Tom. "He is listening to us. He is a wonderful cat, and very wise."

"I am glad he pleases you," she said. "But now, kind and honourable sir, I must not waste your honourable time with cats. I want to say much and—cannot."

"Say what you will," said Tom.

"May I speak to you at night when the mood takes me, good kind sir?"

"You may," said Tom.

"I shall not trouble you long," said the voice; "perhaps it will only be a little while. Then I am going away."

Her voice seemed melancholy.

"Where are you going?" he asked, and she said: "Ah, I do not know." And then she added, suddenly:—

"Do you wonder that I—a stranger to you—should want to speak to you, sir?"

Tom blushed, and was glad no one saw him.

"I—I don't know," he stammered. "Sometimes I have seen strangers I could have spoken to. Are you alone, kind voice?"

"Quite alone," said the kind voice, sadly; "but for you, dear sir, I'm quite alone. Else I could not speak. You must tell no one that I speak with you. It must be our secret."

"I will tell no one," said Tom. "But tell me why you want to speak to me. Have we ever met?"

There was a little gurgle of faint laughter in his ear.

"Who knows? Perhaps at the shrines of Bubastis, long years ago. I shall not tell you if we have met. But do you not think it was a beautiful thought of mine to speak? Many of us are lonely, and there is no shame when this beautiful instrument helps us. Have you ever heard of a lonely woman who

wrote beautiful letters to a man she loved—a man who did not know her till she died?"

"I never heard of her," said Tom. "Then are you lonely?"

"Very lonely," she said. "All of us are lonely, but some are more lonely than others."

"Why did you have this thought for me?"

"I shall not tell you yet, if you cannot guess, honourable and kind and dull sir."

"Am I so dull, then?" he demanded, quickly.

"I meant modest, kind sir; so please forgive me."

"Just before you rang I was thinking how dull it was in London with the big world calling outside," said Tom.

"You wanted an adventure, sir. We all need adventures to keep our blood sweet. I will be your adventure. I will steal away your heart. You do not know who I am. I may be near you, the girl next door, or a countess in Park Lane; I may be so beautiful that you would fall down and worship, or so ugly that you would say 'Poor girl!' I may be a waitress where you have your lunch when you go to the City, or even a typewriting girl, or a queen, or a little girl that is going away, or any strange woman with wild thoughts in her."

"I am sure you are strange and sweet," said Tom.

"Yes, I am very sweet and exceedingly beautiful, and I would refuse kings if you asked me. And I shall speak to you every night, Tom."

It thrilled him strangely to hear his name spoken and know what was in her heart.

"Tell me what you are. Have I ever seen you? You might tell me that?" he asked.

"You may have seen me—who can tell?—since I have seen you from my palace window. I think you have seen one that I love not a little. But not so much as you, honourable sir."

"Then—then you love me?" he asked.

"Dear simple, kind, honourable sir, do you think I could speak to you like this if I did not love you? Incredulous, modest sir, of course I love you, and have loved you for many months, long before I sent you my Persian gift. Are you glad or sorry?"

"I—I cannot answer you," said Tom. "It's rather strange, you know, isn't it?"

"That's why I like it," she said, and it seemed to Tom that her head was on his shoulder, and that they sat in the dark in some secret room while she told him her heart. "We women never get a chance of saying first without shame 'I love you,' and yet often women's hearts are so full of love that they would die to speak. Am I not old and wise and sweetly shameless, kind sir?"

"If you speak like that I—I shall never see you," said Tom, with a sudden fear in his heart.

"Oh, dear honourable sir, tell me why you say that?"

"You will not let me if——"

"If I am so bold, dear sir? How wise you are! Now listen, and you will hear me clap my hands."

He heard her clap them and heard her faint laughter.

"Why do you laugh?" he asked.

"Because you are wiser than you were. Tell me, dear sir, have you ever loved any girl devoutly?"

"Never," said Tom; "not devoutly, you know. Of course, I've thought I loved someone every now and then."

"Then love me," she said, "and make my little mad adventure a real great one. Till I go away it will be very much for me, and I will hang roses on this blessed instrument that has given me such power as no girl ever had. I wonder if I am the first who has spoken like this? Tell me, dear sir, am I the first, and do you love me?"

"You must be a strange girl," said Tom. "I think you must be the very first to have done this. But how can I say I love you?"

"Hard and cruel sir, why not say it? Can it harm you? You love no one, and yet love must be in your heart, sleeping. But you do not hate me?"

"Oh, no," said Tom, "of course not; what stuff to think so! I wish I could see you. What shall I call you?"

"You must make a name, inventive sir. Before I knew yours I made many for you."

"Tell me what they were," said Tom.

She laughed. "I can't tell you all of them. But once you were the Boy Who Doesn't Want to Go to Business, and then you were the Young Man Who Strokes Cats. And also the Little Girl's Morning and Evening Tonic, and, finally, the—Beloved. Am I not shameful, dear, critical, severe sir?"

"Oh, no," said Tom. "I think you must be a very amusing girl."

"If I saw you I shouldn't be at all amusing. I should shrink into my shell of pearl, in which all nice little girls keep their souls, and you would not have patience to coax me out of it. But now I am free and can say what I like, and if I blush, dearly beloved, you

cannot see me do it. Free souls are as sweet as flying butterflies, but shut-up souls are drab little things, such as they become when they close their wings. But have you sought out a jewel of a name for me, rich sir, explorer of the language of love?"

"I don't seem to be able to think of one," said Tom.

"What do you think of Ermyntrude?"

"'THEN THE "POOR GIRL" MIGHT DO,' SHE SAID."

There was a little laughter in her voice.

"Oh, no," said Tom.

"Or Gladys, or Yolande, or some name a yard long?" she suggested.

Tom liked none of them.

"Then the Poor Girl might do?" she said. "Say the Poor Girl for the present. And now there is someone coming. Good night."

"I'll call you the Dear Unknown," said Tom. "But tell me one thing. Are you—ill?"

"They say so; but some day—I shall not be."

There was strange melancholy in her voice, and Tom knew it. He was learning things very fast.

"And now, sympathetic, sleepy sir, I must say good night. Will you speak to me to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes," said Tom, and as he spoke it seemed to him that he heard someone else in her room—a dim ghost of a voice. And when he spoke again he received no answer.

He hoped to dream of her, but did not. Dreams were for the day-time, and through the long hours he thought of her, wondering how it was that she so affected him. He loved no one, but was ready to love, and the thought of the unknown, the 'Poor Girl' of her laughing yet melancholy speech, moved him deeply. More and more he wondered where she lived, knowing that it must be near him and on the way he took when he went daily to the station. She had called him the Young Man Who Strokes Cats, and he had caressed many of them. Besides the Persian, he had made friends with a ferocious yellow Tom, with a tabby, and with one delightfully absurd white creature who possessed two large black spots on one side, three on the other, and an irregular blotch on his head. If the people owned by this cat

were of the right sort, they undoubtedly called him Pierrot. And, besides these friends of Tom's, there were also others, to say nothing of his own, a magnificent striped tiger, who so far scorned to notice the existence of Korban.

"I shall ask her what her cat is like," said Tom, cunningly. And that day he paid particular attention to every cat he saw. But Artaxerxes he did not see. That noble creature sat on a back wall and disdained the worshipping universe.

A modest youth—and youth is always modest under cover of its self-protecting blatancy — must always wonder when a woman loves him. To be the chosen one out of the world is a strange glory, and it half blinds him. So it was with Tom Meredith. And his story was stranger than any he knew. The unknown's voice was the very voice of romance; it swept him from the commonplace world into a very paradise. This was magic indeed, and he waited for the magical night like any lover, with impatience and with dreams.

When ten o'clock struck at last he was in the library. As he waited with the standard telephone upon a little table at his side he was conscious of a fine tremor, an expectancy and apprehension of the nerves which moved him strangely. His nature awakening, not at the sight of the Beloved, but at her far-off melancholy voice, brought so magically to his ear, felt the wonder that is in all things and was eager and yet afraid. He could not yet say he loved her, but the pulses of his heart responded to her delicate music in the darkness of a great adventure.

And then at last the bell rang. He lost the world he sat in and entered magical woods.

"Are you there, adventurous sir?"

"Magician, it is I."

"How sweet of you, sir knight. All day I have wondered whether you would answer when I called for help under your castle walls."

"I've thought of you all day, sweet stranger."

Her romantic heart called to his and gave him words to speak with.

"Of the Poor Girl, who is, perhaps, so ugly that she cannot bear to be seen by him she adores?"

"I know you are beautiful, little girl. For even now your voice has music in it. It's—it's a harp in a dark wood."

He almost blushed to say so poetic a thing.

"I thank you, musical and dear sir. You must always think me beautiful, and, never being undeceived, you may carry me in your heart when——"

"When what, dear witch?"

"When I am—dust," she answered. Even the hard magic of the wire could not destroy the melancholy with which she spoke.

"Oh, shall I never see you, dear witch? That's hard."

"I think if will be never, sad-voiced sir. But to-day I saw you. How many wild cats did you stroke, absurd kind sir?"

"Many," said Tom. "I cannot pass one without addressing it humbly and soliciting its favours after the manner of a poor tradesman who requests the favour of your esteemed orders. Your cat Korban is with me now. He has another name as well. My little sister calls him Boffles, because, as she explains, he is very boffly and a muffly chunk, as well as being a soggy buster."

"Kiss her for me; she must be a dear thing."

"And what is your cat like, unknown?"

"I will tell you, cunning, inquisitive sir. He has fur all over him and four legs and a tail and sharp teeth, and when he is pleased he purrs loudly. He is, in fact, a typical cat."

"Wicked, elusive one, you make him out no more than a furred mammal."

"Ah, I mean to be the secret lady, and my cat must also be secret. So, when I am dust and you are married, you will love me. In those days when you are dull and that hateful she, your wife, is also dull—as I am sure she will be—you will think of me, and my little bell will ring and we shall be off again into the magical forests. Then every speck of my dust will shine like stars, dear Tom."

"Your dust! Your dust! Why do you speak so? Are you ill?"

"Yes, medicinal sir, so ill that Time is no longer the half-brother of Eternity, as the healthy folk think him."

"Oh, child, do you mean that you——"

"Yes, sorrowful sir. They all say so now, not in words but in gentle looks and sorrowful ways."

"You mean you are dying, dear one?"

"That's true, pale sir. My hands say so, if nothing else did."

"I must see you once—once."

"If you could have done so when I was beautiful! But now you would be grieved, and I'd have you remember me as your mind will make me, a golden lass among roses and lilies, for only in your heart, which begins to love me, shall I be beautiful again."

"I *do* begin to love you. Is there no hope?"

"So little, gloomy sir, that I trust it not, nor think of it, and now I am glad. For when Hope spread her wings and flew out of my window I went to look after her and saw you again, and I knew the bright bird had left me a feather as she went. Being, as it were, already dust, I could speak to you, for no one has ever loved me with a man's heart, and I desired to be loved a little before my enemy came, dear sir."

"I—I love you," said Tom.

"Grieve not, my blessed lover. I've come by magic to make you unhappy. And yet you have been loved. That's something."

He knew it was a sacrament, the greatest of all.

"It—it is much."

"Do you remember, dear, sweet, sorrowful sir, that when a poor girl was crushed in a railway accident and lay dying on the stained grass, a stranger came pitifully to help her? She said, 'Do not move me, but kiss me, so that I shall know before I die that someone has loved me.' Had some writer made that out of his heart I should have said the thought was genius and that a great man wrote it, but it was the death-cry of a poor little girl that no one had kissed. Will not the kiss the stranger gave her warm his lips for ever?"

It was as if something broke inside Tom's heart. There were tears upon his cheeks.

"And I shall never kiss you—never—never?"

"I kiss you, dear one, with my heart," she said; "kiss me with yours."

She spoke no more that night. But Tom Meredith knew that he loved this voice of a dream, this mystic white rose of love in the valley of Shadow. He saw her given to him and yet reft away—a vestal devoted to the pale fires of the sterile deity Death.

And the white maiden was happier now, and those about her said she grew better. Hope sprang again in their hearts, though she had none. She thought this chosen love of hers the full accomplishment of her life, and she thanked destiny and her own courage and what gods there are for its flower, which was, it seemed, all that her life should grow. Someone beyond her own home would remember her, and she was glad that he was strong. For many know that immortality is remembrance.

The instrument by which she spoke to him stood near her bed or by the window when she sat there. For some it was an instrument of commerce, or of idle talk, but for her it became sacred, and she decorated it with flowers daily. When Artaxerxes came to see her she endeavoured to make him bow down to it, as if it were some ancient god of the Persians or a fetish from Bubastis which even kingly cats might worship. To no one but Artaxerxes did she speak of her lover. But it seems that Artaxerxes understood, for a wise cat knows everything.

"This morning he stroked your royal fur, my Persian king," said the white maiden, "and he wondered if I belonged to you, great monarch. These yellow eyes of yours behold close those dear eyes of his. No one knows but you and me, my cat. It is our secret, a high adventure."

On the coasts of death and life are many adventures, and in many iron shores are havens. It may be that her beloved helped her when she seemed past help. "Man doth not yield himself to the angels, nor unto Death utterly, save by the weakness of his will." His thought for her was strength. She reached out and leaned upon him.

So the night came and the hour when her soul shone, like Hero's lamp across the water.

"Beloved!"

He answered:—

"Dear child!"

"Patient sir, how went the day with you?"

"I thought of you—you."

"That's sweet of my beloved!"

"I cannot believe there is no hope for you, my child."

"They still hope, though I do not; and to-day there came another stranger to see me."

"Tell me. Did he say anything?"

"Very little, dear sir. But he sat by me a long while and twisted his eyebrows over me, and I knew he was thinking. My old doctor left him with me. He was a strange man, neither big nor little, but strong, and he had a face which reminded me of someone. I can't think who it was. Then, suddenly, he told me something to make me laugh. Then he was silent again and nodded to himself. Then he looked at me and smiled and said I was brave. He laid his hand on my forehead and went away."

"And yet said nothing?"

"Nothing. Oh, now I remember that he was like, really just a little like, Napoleon."

"I shall hope for you. I seem to see you clearer every hour."

"Ah, dear sir, I saw you very clearly this

morning. I have a glass that brought you near to me. I know the colour of your eyes now."

"What is the colour of yours, beloved?"

"I can tell you that. They are brown with little specks of red in them, as if they were a red-brown opal, if such a thing could be. They used to be very merry. But yours are blue, sir."

"So they say, child. But what I want to know most is your name, dearest."

"I will not tell you that — not even now. I am for you what I shall be, a spirit and a thought. If my voice ceases for you it will be a grief, but not the bitter wound it might be. If you knew my name, sir, you would not rest till you saw me, for you are strong and determined, and then you would say I was like a sad Cheshire cat with nothing but a wan little smile left for you. Think of me as young and beautiful and strong and gay, as I once was, with a lovely voice. May I not tell you what I was now I'm so old—oh, so old and wise?"

"My dear one!"

She heard his voice break a little, and then he spoke again.

"The telephone is by my bed now, beloved. After eleven o'clock you can speak to me there. If the night is weary, call for me."

"That will be strange—and sweet. Good night, dear sir."

For the nurse came to her, and she would not share her secret with a soul. She smiled to herself and endured the hours. But he dreamed of her and seemed to see her plainly, though in the morning he could not remember her face.

"'THIS MORNING HE STROKED YOUR ROYAL FUR, MY PERSIAN KING,' SAID THE WHITE MAIDEN."

In the morning a little parcel came for him. In it there was a miniature of a girl with brown eyes, in which he seemed to see specks of fire. And his imagination made it like the lady of his dream. But if it was hers, as indeed it must be, it must have been painted years before, since it was the face of a young girl, very sweet and bright and vivid.

"It is she," said Tom, and he knew that he loved her indeed. He showed it to no one and kept it near his heart, waiting for the night-time to thank her. So the day went and darkness came, and she rang to him at last.

"Dear, is that you?" he asked.

"Yes, fair sir, it is I."

"I got what you sent me."

"My dreams?"

"The little picture. It is beautiful."

"Some hateful girl who loves you has sent her picture. Burn it."

"It is yours, I know."

"I admit nothing, sir—nothing whatever. Should I be so forward as to do such a thing? It is true I said I loved you, but I am only a voice—and a voice without a face is no more than a thought. Is she sweet to look at, this wretched girl you speak of?"

"She is quite lovely."

"Ah, I hate her! Perhaps I was like her once. But, dear one, put her aside and listen."

"I am listening."

"I have news for you, good sir."

"What news, little girl with the brown eyes and red specks?"

"Napoleon came to see me again to-day, and he told me three absurd stories. One was about a little Jewish boy whose grandfather asked him to get well, and promised him money if he would be quick about it; and the little boy, who was no more than seven years old, said, without opening his eyes, 'How much?' That is the only one I remember, for afterwards the little Emperor said he was going to stop thinking and do something."

"Oh, what, child? Tell me—tell me!"

"He says it is to be a punishment for being ill. He tells me it is very wicked to be ill, and an immoral, scandalous perversity to show no signs of getting well. That's what the severe Emperor says, so I am to have awful things done to me. I hope not with boiling oil. But I feel sure there are knives and chloroform in it. And the Emperor rubs his imperial chin and says I shall get over it."

"My dear! my dear!"

"Do not hope too much, sir, for I know better. At any rate, I know what a chance it is, and know that he knows it. I was very impudent to him and called him Napoleon. I said, 'You know it is a chance, Emperor—a teeny weeny chance,' and he replied, 'Little girl, you mustn't know too much, or I will have your head cut off. I am going to defeat the enemy. This shall be my Austerlitz.' And he laughed. But all the same, it may be Waterloo."

"No, no, child; you shall not think that. When is it to be?"

"The very next day after to-morrow, beloved. My cat is with me, Tom. You stroked him to-day."

"Very annoying and wicked beloved, tell me what that cat is like."

"Young man, he has four legs and a tail, and is a green tabby with blue and crimson spots. I think he ought to have a prize."

"His mistress ought to have one, I think. When we meet at last I shall certainly begin by beating you."

"How delightful to think we have got so friendly without your having seen me! But no, kind sir, I know you better. You might have been a horrid, suspicious person, and have been rude when I rang you up and said I loved you! But you were very nice about it, and if Napoleon is defeated you can say, 'I made the little girl happy at the last, and she went away into the White Country blessing me!'"

"Don't, beloved!"

"My dearest, my blessed, I have made you unhappy. But you have given me courage. Without you to think of, I do not believe Napoleon would have persuaded me. It would have been easier to sleep. But always I love you. You will speak to me to-morrow night and in the morning?"

"Yes, yes," said her lover.

"My nurse comes, Tom. She wonders who it is I speak to when she is away, but I smile at her and will not tell. Good night, dear one."

When he said "Good night" there were tears in his eyes and his voice was broken. So was his sleep, for he dreamed he saw her buried. And again she was by his side, veiled. At five o'clock in the morning he went down to the library and brought up to his bedroom a history of Napoleon's campaigns, in which he read the story of Austerlitz. When he came down to breakfast his father said he looked a bit pippy, and his mother declared he was losing his appetite; but, being English, he replied stolidly that he was only just a little "off it." But he wondered at the blindness of

those who loved him, and their ignorance that a miracle had been wrought in their midst. A hundred times he looked at the smiling picture that she half denied was hers. Would he ever see her face to face, or would she die in silence—going out into the night, into the strange land she called the White Country?

The day ended in heavy wind and rain, and he went upstairs early. It was only a little after ten o'clock when she spoke to him.

"This is my last night before — it, dear Tom. All day long, beloved, I have been watching the clouds and listening to the wind. And the wild sunset was beautiful. How strange it is to think I may never again see one, never hear the wind in the trees! Yet I am happy."

"My dear one," said her lover, "but are you not cruel?"

"Cruel, Tom! Am I?"

"I cannot see you and I cannot speak. Oh, it is hard to speak like this. Let me come to you. I will speak to your people. They cannot refuse me or you!"

"If I get well you shall see me. I promise that. And if not, think of me as the little girl whose picture you have, the little girl who loved you. You will remember me when others have forgotten, and I'd have you remember me."

"I shall remember. But how shall I know, child? It may be days before you can speak to me."

"Long days," she sighed; "but I have written two letters already, Tom, and one is for you. If it is not Austerlitz after all for the little Emperor, you will get what I have written to you. I am quite happy and not afraid. For I know you love me."

"I shall love you always."

"It's sweet to hear you say it. Have you that strange, wild girl's picture?"

"It is in my hand."

"Kiss the little girl's picture, dear. I was like her once, and now I do not hate her for looking so well. Have you kissed it, dear sir, my lover?"

"Yes, I have kissed it."

"Then that's good-night; I kiss you, beloved. And at nine to-morrow I will speak to you once more. You'll be there?"

"Yes, dear one."

And again she sighed "Good night," and then silence fell between them. That night he did not sleep till dawn, and then only for an hour. At six o'clock he rose and went out into the Gardens, walking there till eight o'clock struck. As he came back up the street he stopped and spoke respectfully to Artaxerxes, who sat at the receipt of his customary adulation and was very gloomy and grand about it. He also talked more familiarly with the spotted creature who was doubtless called Pierrot. He was neither grand nor gloomy, but somewhat vulgar. He almost stood on his head with anxiety to be made much of, and he held up his chin to be scratched. For this is the cat's delight, and the human who does not know it is graceless and Bubastis knows him not, nor his kindred, nor anything that is his.

And at nine o'clock the telephone-bell rang, and she spoke to him.

"Dearest one, Napoleon is in the house; so good-bye, my lover, till life comes back or till eternity."

"I—I pray for you, my beloved," said her lover.

"My dear one!"

And silence fell between them like a heavy curtain. But he whom she loved did his day's work and remembered nothing of it afterwards. For the outward world was less than a dream of a dream, and even as he thought of her he knew she might be dead.

As he went home he looked fearfully at every house, wondering if the blinds of one of them might be drawn down. But there was no sign of death about any, and fear lessened within him, though the night was one of wild visions and sudden wakings, in which it seemed the bell of the telephone rang for him. Yet when he started up there was always silence.

On the second day of his ordeal he spoke again to Artaxerxes, and very suddenly he knew the big Persian was hers. For as he bent down to the cat a little odour came up to him—an odour which was sharp and yet faint and sickly, the smell of ether or some powerful drug such as Artaxerxes might have brought from her sick room if he had but now left it.

"She lives here," he said. It was but five houses down the road from his own home. Though there was nothing to confirm his belief he was sure of it. And lifting Artaxerxes in his arms, he set him on the wall and stroked him, and once more the faint, deadly odour was in his nostrils. So another day went on, and the silent night passed. At dawn Tom went out, and all the houses still slept. But at her house the blinds of the upper storey were drawn up and the windows were open. On the sill of one window sat the Persian king, looking eastward.

"It is her room," he said.

That day he would not go to the City, but

walked in the Gardens. And when he went back at midday he saw a car come to her door just before he reached it. And he seemed to know the face of the man who got out of the car. And yet he was a stranger. But as this stranger went up the garden path to the house door Tom remembered the face that was in his mind. It was that of Napoleon. This was the little Emperor going to see her. So Tom waited, and after a long, long time--for the minutes were heavier than hours—Napoleon came out of the house and Tom went up to him and said, "Will she live?" For he drew his bow at a venture.

"I hope so," said the Emperor, gravely.

"I thank you," said Tom, but he could say no more and went away. For he knew Napoleon was not yet sure of victory.

Whether the great man came again the next day or not he could not tell, for by an evil chance he missed him. But at night he dreamed that he saw Napoleon as he is depicted in the last phase of his strange life, when his spirit was like a candle guttering in the wind. And the Emperor was gloomy, for it was, so Tom dreamed, the anniversary of Waterloo. And when he woke he knew that the spirit of his dream was aware that the day was the eighteenth of June, and his heart sank within him at the omen. But he fell asleep again and her white spirit came to him saying she was dead and could now be his for ever. Yet once more she left him and he woke again, and found it no more than midnight, and he was certain, as disturbed souls are, that his fears had come true. She would speak to him no more. And with the thought of "no more" in his heart a heavy lethargy fell upon his spirit, for this certainty brings a dreadful peace to the spirit of man. There were tears upon his cheek when this heaviness overpowered him, as though he were an unhappy child who had fallen asleep weeping.

But once more he woke suddenly. And there was cold sweat upon his brow and the hair of his head stood up. He tried to cry out "My beloved! my beloved!" and could not.

The telephone-bell was ringing.

"THE TELEPHONE-BELL WAS RINGING."

Mr. Maskelyne's Reply TO Sir Hiram Maxim.

OUR readers will remember the interesting challenge issued by Sir Hiram Maxim to Mr. J. N. Maskelyne, to reproduce the tricks of an imitator of the celebrated Davenport Brothers named Mr. Fay. In response to this challenge Mr. Maskelyne replied that if Sir Hiram Maxim would produce a "medium" of his own choice who would perform Mr. Fay's tricks, Mr. Maskelyne would show him how they were done. Sir Hiram Maxim, being unable to find anyone now living capable of performing these tricks, was unable to continue his challenge on these lines, still maintaining, however, that Mr. Maskelyne would be unable to reproduce the tricks performed by Mr. Fay as described in his article. Mr. Maskelyne has prepared for publication in this Magazine two illustrated articles showing not only exactly how Mr. Fay performed his tricks, but also the secret of the much more puzzling tricks of the original Davenport Brothers, a secret now made known to the public *for the first time*. The first of these most interesting articles appears below.

I.

N the year 1855 there resided in Buffalo, New York State, two sharp-witted newsboys, Ira and William Davenport, aged fifteen and thirteen. The father of these boys was a member of the police force.

In the newspapers of that period, which these boys were selling, sensational reports frequently appeared of mysterious knockings at the house of Mrs. Fox (appropriate name), at Hydesville, Rochester County, a small town some ninety miles distant from Buffalo. These manifestations were known as the "Rochester knockings, and were said to take place in the presence of the daughters of Mrs. Fox—Margaret and Kate. This is credited with being the commencement of modern spiritualism, but in reality it was merely a revival of our old friend (or enemy), "The Cock Lane Ghost."

It appears to have occurred to the Davenport boys, or their father, that what the Fox Sisters were doing the Davenport Brothers could do also. Accordingly, reports were soon spread that knockings had commenced at the Davenports', and stories were circulated of spirits appearing to the boys and carrying them about the house.

It was said that, as the boys were walking in the streets one night, they became entranced, and when they awoke they found themselves conveniently near their grandfather's house, sixty miles distant.

These reports brought crowds to the house, and regular séances were established. At first the manifestations were of the crudest description. They consisted of sitting round a table in the dark, holding each other's hands, when articles would be moved upon the table and messages rapped out. These tricks I shall explain later.

Dr. Nichols, the biographer of the Davenports, gravely relates a circumstance which clearly shows the character of these early séances and the persons attending them. I will give it in the doctor's own words:—

"Once, when Mr. Davenport, senior, was sitting tilted back on the hind-legs of his chair in an American fashion, he was suddenly thrown over backwards. Afterwards a communication was rapped out by the alphabetic telegraph, in which a lady begged to apologize for the accident, caused, as she said, by the hoops of her 'crinoline' having accidentally caught under the raised leg of the chair in passing."

Imagine, if you can, Michael Angelo depicting a spirit in a hooped crinoline!

The success attending the séances of the Fox Sisters and the Davenport Brothers produced numerous imitators. Spirit-rapping became common throughout the States, and it was found necessary to introduce some novelty. Accordingly it was arranged that the Davenport boys should be tied with ropes instead of having their hands held. This proved a great success, and led to the invention of a trick which is undoubtedly the cleverest ever attributed to spiritual agency.

It consists of a most ingenious noose, in which the hands can be slipped in and out instantaneously, and the rope tightened round the wrists to any degree. It will

stand the closest examination. The hands appear to be tied with a number of complicated knots, which may be sealed without interfering with the trick. So clever is this trick that it completely baffled the famous French conjurer, Robert-Houdin, and led him to believe that there was something occult in the performance.

It greatly puzzled me at first, and I believe I should never have found it out but for the accident which I fully described in the January number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

The discovery of this trick gave me the key to the entire performance and enabled me, with the assistance of my late colleague, Mr. Cooke, to reproduce the Davenport séances in every detail. I never heard of any other persons who knew this trick except Mr. Fay, a German, who was associated with the Davenports for many years. It is reported that he was first engaged as an attendant to the entertainment, in which capacity he discovered the secret of this trick, and, in consequence, he was promoted to understudy William Davenport, who was in delicate health. The firm then became "The Davenport Brothers and Mr. Fay." Fay remained with the brothers until William died in Australia. The entertainment was then broken up, and Ira Davenport retired, and with his savings, which must have been considerable, he set up in business as a farmer in America. He is now living in retirement near Buffalo, and, I am sorry to say, is in bad health.

To the credit of the brothers it should be said that when William was upon his deathbed he and his brother confessed that their performance was trickery.

The confession was published in the Australian newspapers at the time.

The Davenports had hosts of imitators. Many of them in America assumed the names of Davenport and Fay, with the view of leading the public to believe that they were members of the original company.

One of these imitators was the "little Mr. Fay" whose performances so greatly puzzled Sir Hiram Maxim, who described them in the June number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. I never saw this man perform, but I am told that he was a poor hand at the business, and was frequently tied so that he could not liberate himself, when the public discovered how to tie properly.

The trick depends greatly upon the performer expanding his body and muscles to the fullest extent and secretly straining his limbs against the pull of the rope whilst being tied, so that when he contracts himself he has an amount of "slack" to manipulate.

These dodges were eventually discovered, and men experienced in tying knew how to counteract them. Failures became so frequent that all these single-handed rope-performers were compelled to give up the business. Not so with the Davenports. They never attempted to perform single-handed. It was always Ira and William or Ira and Fay. The reason for this was that they assisted each other. They could untie each other's knots if they could not untie their own. I believe that it was impossible to tie them so that they could not get free, if they were given the time. At one séance I attended they were forty minutes liberating themselves after a very severe test.

Naturally, they did not like these severe tests. It spoilt their performance, and they often complained of being hurt. On one occasion, at Liverpool, when they were being severely tied by two amateur rope-performers, they complained bitterly of being hurt, and Dr. Ferguson, an American Methodist preacher, who acted as spokesman to the entertainment, cut the ropes. This so enraged the audience that they stormed the platform and smashed the cabinet into matchwood. Pieces of it were carried away in triumph, and are preserved to this day.

It will be remembered that in the June number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE Sir Hiram Maxim published an article describing some rope-tricks that he witnessed forty-seven years ago in America. To him they appear inexplicable, and he challenged me for twenty pounds to show him how they were done. This I now propose to do, in the hope of benefiting some deserving charity to that amount. I should, however, have preferred a properly-arranged contest, in the presence of a committee empowered to decide any dispute that might have arisen. This I suggested to Sir Hiram, but he replied that Mr. Fay was dead and that he did not know of any other medium who could produce these manifestations. There must be many persons living who could do as much as or more than his man.

For the benefit of readers who are unable to refer to THE STRAND MAGAZINE of June last I must quote from time to time from Sir Hiram's article and reproduce some of the illustrations, which, I am told, were carefully drawn under his supervision.

To a layman, the test illustrated would appear very severe. In reality it is absurd. No person with the slightest knowledge of

such tricks would have adopted such a method of tying. Sir Hiram makes much of the fact that the tying was done by a "professional rigger."

In all my experience I never met with a sailor who knew how to secure a man properly with rope. Why should he? It is not part of a sailor's training. Whenever I saw a sailor in my audience I always invited him to tie me, knowing that I should probably get some rough handling, but that I should experience no difficulty in performing under his bonds. Many a time, when wrapped in a complete network of rope, I have had great difficulty in keeping it from slipping off whilst attempting any manifestations.

Sir Hiram states that the rigger provided himself with a long piece of pliable rope, and he proceeds to explain minutely every knot and twist of the tying. In this he displays a very remarkable memory, considering that it took place forty-seven years ago, and that he was merely a spectator from the front seats and did not even go on the platform to inspect the tying.

How Mr. Fay was tied up by the rigger, as described by Sir Hiram Maxim.

However, I accept Sir Hiram's statements as correct, although they contain much that is inconsistent. Take, for instance, his description of Mr. Fay's cabinet. We are told that it was six feet high, six feet six inches wide, and two feet deep; that it had two doors, and it stood upon the seats of four light chairs, two at either end. It was constructed of half-inch bass-wood and was extremely light.

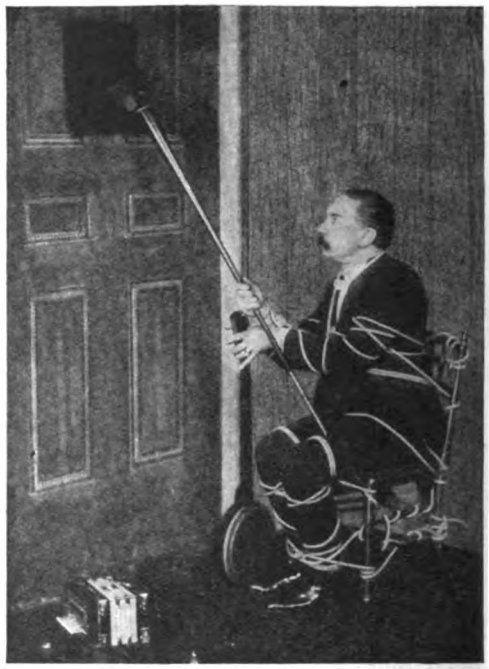
It did not weigh more than eighty pounds. It is very extraordinary that such a flimsy structure, supported only at each end, should be able to bear the combined weight of three persons sitting upon chairs in the middle of it—Mr. Fay, a lady, and a stout gentleman. Sir Hiram also tells us that the rigger was not satisfied with the rope supplied, so he left the hall and procured a very strong pliable rope, such as was used at that time as a "bed-cord." The following is the description given of the tying:—

Mr. Fay took his place in a cane-seat chair, and the rigger commenced by tying the middle of the rope around his wrists. He then wound the rope around his arms, one end in a right spiral and the other in a left spiral, then around his body; then he passed it through his elbows and tied them firmly behind his back, wound the rope around his neck, his body, and his legs, passed it many times through the framework of the chair, and finally wound up by tying his ankles together, and then the ends of the rope firmly to the back rung of the chair. Having finished the job, the rigger stepped forward and said, "He'll not be able to get out of that chair."

The bed-cord must have been quite one hundred and fifty feet long to have tied Mr. Fay in the way described and illustrated. I cannot conceive anyone attempting to tie a man's wrists together with the middle of a rope of that length. Imagine the difficulty—two ends, seventy-five feet long, to be drawn through each knot! These long ends were then wound—one end round one forearm in a right spiral, and the other end round the other forearm in a left spiral. For the life of me I cannot see what difference it made whether they were wound right or left. Then the ends were wound several times round his body, then round his arms above the elbows, and tied behind his back. Let anyone try to follow these instructions and he will discover the absurdity of them and the impossibility of making the rope taut. Two men tried to tie me in that manner and failed to keep the rope taut and in position. They were obliged to have the rope in three pieces and put fewer twists round my arms and body. With the number of twists as shown in Sir Hiram's illustration I had more "slack" than I knew what to do with.

Sir Hiram proceeds:—

Two men then lifted the chair and its occupant into the cabinet. The front of the cabinet was provided with two doors, one of which had a hole near the top, which was about six inches wide and twelve inches high and covered by a small black

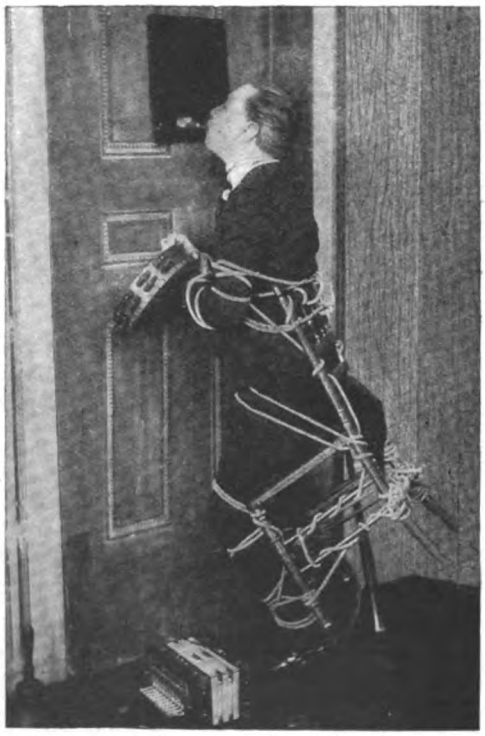


How the tricks are performed—"A coach-horn or megaphone is useful for picking things up and putting them through the aperture in the door when securely tied." *From Photographs.*

velvet curtain. Musical instruments had already been placed in the cabinet, amongst which were several wind instruments, an accordion, a triangle, and about a dozen bells of assorted sizes.

When everything was in readiness and all the knots in the rope had been examined, his wife came on the platform and closed the doors of the cabinet. Instantly all the instruments inside began to play, and some of them were thrown out through the hole in the door. Then the bells followed each other in rapid succession, and the last one, being very heavy, fell and cut deep into the floor. The men were then asked to open the doors as quickly as possible. They did so, and Mr. Fay was found to be in his chair; all the knots were intact, and he was apparently fast asleep.

All these manifestations could have been produced whilst Mr. Fay was tied. I have demonstrated this by

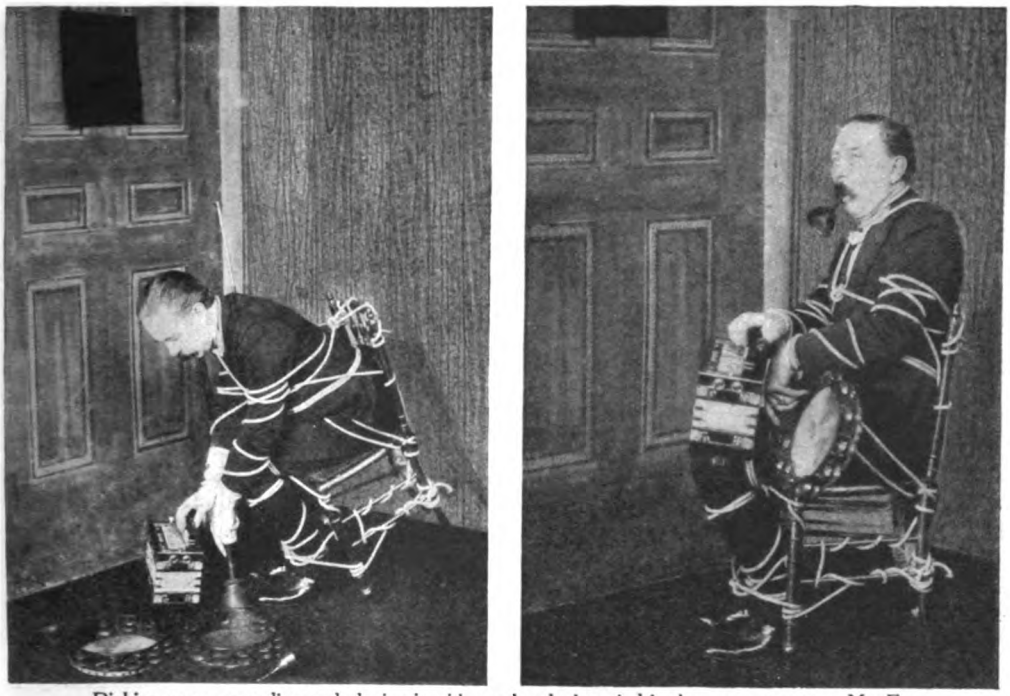


It is easy to stand up, even when tied, and to put an article through the opening with the mouth. *From a Photograph.*

photography; but I am sorry to find that my limbs at the age of seventy-one are not so supple as they used to be, and the few front teeth that have stayed with me are not much good for untying knots. The instruments are usually put upon one or two chairs in the cabinet, but it is not difficult to pick them up from the floor if one is tied as Mr. Fay was.

A coach-horn or megaphone is usually put into the cabinet. It is useful for picking things up and putting them through the aperture in the door when securely tied.

Sir Hiram tells us that the rigger was not satisfied, and left the hall to procure a lamp and stick of



Picking up an accordion and playing it with one hand when tied in the same manner as Mr. Fay.
From Photographs.

red sealing-wax, with which he sealed all the important knots.

During this interval Mr. Fay would have ample time to liberate a hand, especially as his forearms were free to be lifted up to his mouth. He would have little difficulty in loosening the knots sufficiently to get one hand free.

He would then form a loop in the rope through which the hand could be slipped in and out easily, and by putting the hand in the loop the reverse way and twisting the wrists together the slack would be taken up in the twist between the wrists, and the knots could be sealed without interfering with the trick. When this was accomplished the remainder of the manifestations were child's play. Sir Hiram describes them as follows:—

Upon replacing the musical instruments and closing the doors the same thing was repeated, and when the last bell had been thrown out a hand appeared at the opening. It moved about for a couple of seconds and then disappeared. When the doors were opened Mr. Fay was sleeping placidly, the sealing-wax was intact, and none of the knots had been untied.

After a lot of examining, measuring, and many suggestions, it was finally decided that, as no one was in the box except Mr. Fay, he must have managed in some way or other to release his hands or his feet, or both, in order to perform the trick, so some dried peas were obtained and placed in his hands, as many as he could hold. Then a piece of paper was placed under his feet and marked all round with a lead pencil, and to cap the climax a tall goblet quite full of water was balanced on the top of his head. Again, upon closing the doors, the musical instruments and bells played and were thrown out through the opening in the door of the cabinet as before. The hand again appeared, but upon opening the doors quickly Mr. Fay was still apparently sleeping placidly, the picture of innocence; not a drop of water had been spilt, not a pea dropped, all the knots were securely sealed, and the feet had not moved on the paper.

This was somewhat startling; people could hardly believe their own eyes, so again the cabinet was examined, with still greater care than before. Its weight was felt, but there was no question about it—no one was in the cabinet except Mr. Fay. Mr. Fay and his chair were lifted out of the cabinet. There was so much rope, and it was so securely tied, that the chair and the man were practically one piece. Having found everything secure, he was again placed in the cabinet and the doors closed. Then there was a great deal of knocking about, a perfect uproar, inside the cabinet, and in a few seconds the end of the rope appeared through the opening in the door and the whole rope came out like a long snake.

The door was opened, and still Mr. Fay was apparently quietly sleeping, and I noticed that the ropes had cut deeply into his wrists and his hands were purple. He rubbed his hands and arms a bit in order to restore circulation, and then, placing a cane-seat chair in the cabinet, he took a seat and asked that a lady and gentleman should also enter the cabinet, one on each side. Each was instructed to take a firm grip on Mr. Fay's hair, to hold both his hands, and

see that he did not move his feet. When the door was closed all the instruments commenced to play, and the bells came through the door in single file, to be followed by a hand, which fluttered for a second and disappeared.

Upon opening the door it was found that Mr. Fay had not stirred. Not only this, but both the lady and gentleman testified that the musical instruments had knocked them on the head slightly while they were playing, that someone had touched their faces, and that they had both been kissed, but they were quite sure that Mr. Fay had not stirred. This led to another examination of the cabinet, the floor, and the ceiling. Everyone was puzzled except the spiritualists, who were greatly elated at what had taken place, and which they thought ought to convince anybody.

I was a young man at the time, and, as my elders were quite unable to solve the mystery, I thought it would be no use for me to attempt it.

With one hand free the glass of water test presented no difficulty. The test of filling the hands with peas is a very simple one. The hand would be released, as described, and the peas put into his trousers pocket and taken out again when required. Only one hand appeared at the aperture during the entire séance. The Davenports would show half-a-dozen hands at a time, and of different sizes. So did I and Cooke.

One was a beautifully-formed lady's hand and arm, which I could put into my waistcoat pocket; but I did not keep it in any place so get-at-able, in case we were searched. And we always submitted to a search. The hand was made of thin rubber and blown out.

The flour test of the Davenports was much more difficult to manage than the peas. This I will explain later.

The paper under the feet is a test that the Davenports invariably submitted to in their dark séances. I always introduced it in our dark séance and improved upon it. I not only had a pencil line drawn round the feet, but also a chalk line drawn round the paper to prove that it was not moved on the floor. This we managed merely with two fine drawing-pins pressed through the paper into the floor just in front of the toes of our shoes. In the dark the pins acted as a guide to bring our feet back to the same position, when the pins would be withdrawn.

The final trick of two persons holding Mr. Fay is the commonest of all frauds practised by mediums. It constitutes the chief stock-in-trade of back-parlour mediums who give séances on Sunday evenings at a shilling per head.

Mr. Fay as Sir Hiram Maxim describes him, tightly roped, with peas in his hands, a glass of water on his head, and his feet placed upon a sheet of paper and pencilled round.

The Davenports occasionally performed a similar trick. I will, therefore, describe it when dealing with the performances of the brothers. I will also describe a very crafty trick of the same class performed by the celebrated Italian medium, Eusapia Paladino.

Sir Hiram tells us that he attended six subsequent séances given by Mr. Fay, but he gives no details whatever of the tying; indeed, it would be a mental impossibility for him to remember exactly how Mr. Fay was tied half-a-dozen times. Doubtless the first séance impressed him most and he has a clearer recollection of the tying.

In the absence of any details it is impossible to say how the tricks were performed on those occasions. One thing, however, is certain—that, if on either of those occasions Mr. Fay had been tied by a person with any knowledge of such trickery, the result would have been no manifestations, but an apology that the spirits refused to manifest owing to some adverse influence in the hall.

This is what eventually happened to Mr. Fay and all other single-handed imitators of the Davenports.

There are many ways of tying a man so that he cannot get free. Perhaps the best and simplest method is the one reproduced. Two short pieces of rope only are required. The "tomfool" knot is used on both wrists and ankles. The "tomfool" knot is simply a double bow.

The hands are placed in the loops behind the back, and each loop drawn up tightly. The ends of the rope are tied together with a reef knot. Several running knots should be tied in each end of the rope close to the reef knot. The ends of the rope are passed between the legs and tied tightly round the thighs. The performer is then laid upon his face, the feet are tied in the same manner as the hands, and the hands and feet tied together as illustrated on the next page.

Some Indian tribes secure their prisoners in a similar manner, but they merely tie the

thumbs together with a strong blade of grass, and tuck the toes between the hands.

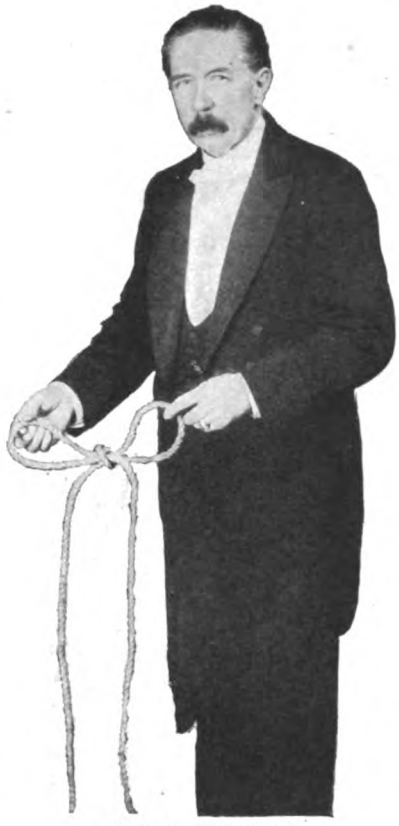
This is a very painful position, and the man who is so tied is absolutely helpless.

It should be borne in mind that a rope-performer is always prepared to cut himself adrift from an awkward bit of tying and substitute a fresh piece of rope if he is given the chance. He has a sharp open knife concealed and attached to a string. The string is carried round his body so that it can be got at, no matter how the hands are tied. To prevent this, rope of a peculiar make or colour should be used and measured.

As a climax Sir Hiram describes part of a séance in which he actually took part at Bridgeport in 1880. He and the chief inspector of police were invited upon the platform.

I quote Sir Hiram's article:—

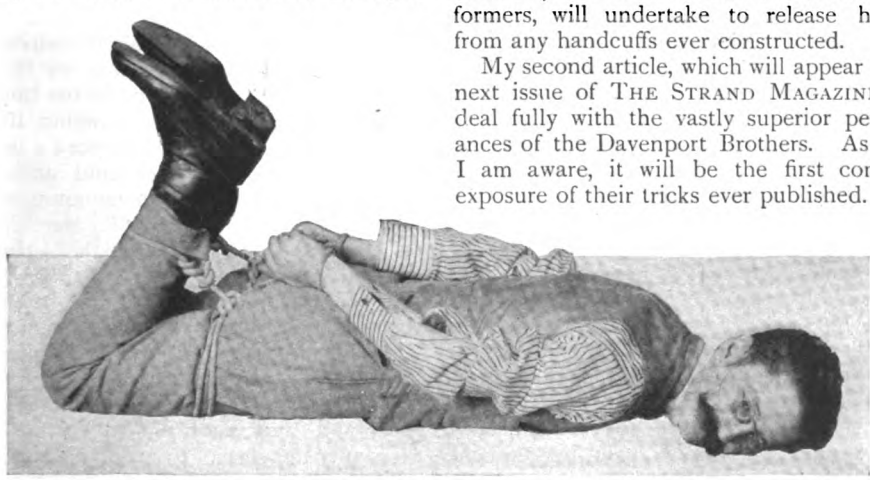
Someone asked if the tricks could be performed providing the medium was handcuffed, whereupon the medium produced a pair of handcuffs and asked the chief inspector to put them on. He placed his hands behind his back, but the inspector, instead of putting on the handcuffs that had been given him by the medium, whipped out a pair of his own and put them on very tight, with the remark, "Now we shall see, for he won't get his hands out of these." But it made not the least bit of difference.



"The tomfool knot."
From a Photograph.

It is not surprising that Sir Hiram should be puzzled with a common handcuff trick, but he tells us that several conjurers were equally puzzled. Fortunately for their reputations he mentions no names. Any conjurer worth his salt ought to have known that any dealer in conjuring apparatus would have supplied him with a key for a shilling that would have opened any handcuffs constructed at that period. The regulation snap handcuffs can be opened without a key. A smart blow at the side of the cuff will jerk the spring-catch back, and the cuff will fly open. No tricks are better known. Since that period handcuffs have been greatly improved, and handcuff-performers have improved equally. Houdini, the most famous of all such performers, will undertake to release himself from any handcuffs ever constructed.

My second article, which will appear in the next issue of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, will deal fully with the vastly superior performances of the Davenport Brothers. As far as I am aware, it will be the first complete exposure of their tricks ever published.



A method of tying in which a victim is absolutely helpless—It is used by the Indians for securing their prisoners.
From a Photograph.

THE PRISONER.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Illustrated by Charles Crombie.

I COULD not understand a word he said. I can speak French a little; I can ask for the things I want in German. But of the language which they speak in Luxembourg I know nothing—and he evidently knew nothing else.

I was walking back from the ruins of Bourschied Castle to Diekirch, by the banks of the Sure—all alone. I had left Evelyn at Diekirch. She was not feeling very well; and, as it was such a glorious day, it seemed ridiculous to stay mooning in the garden of the hotel as she was doing, especially as I was feeling that I must do something. So I had trained to Bourschied and was walking back. When I was in what seemed the loneliest part of the valley, with the river brawling on my right and the hills rising precipitously on either hand, I suddenly heard a shout. It came from above. Looking up I saw, tearing down a hill in front of me, a man. It was he who had shouted—as a matter of fact he was shouting still, though what he said I had not the faintest notion.

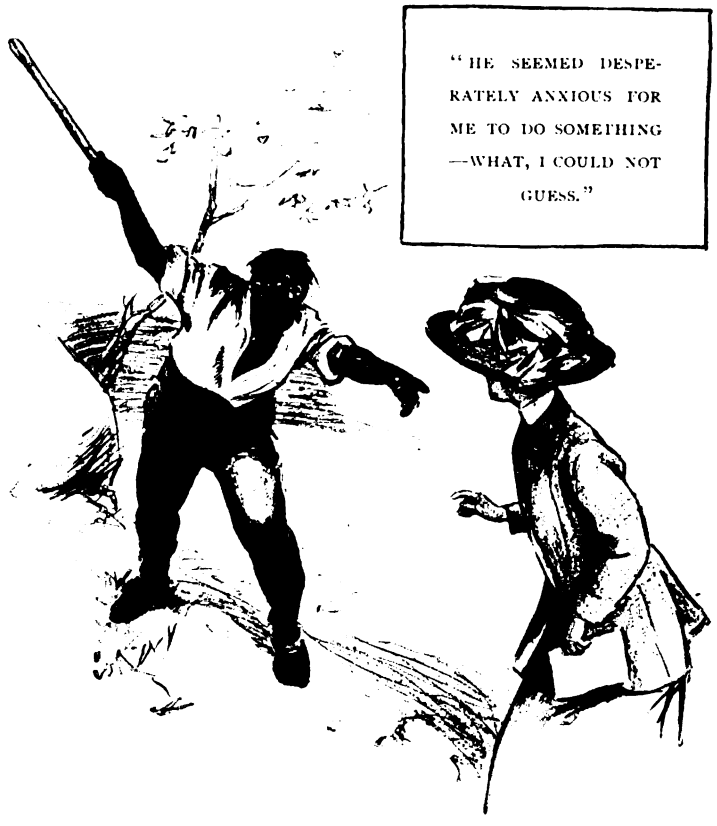
I could not make out what he was after. He seemed to be in a tremendous hurry. He had on neither coat nor cap, and was waving a stick as he came down—he might have been a tramp of the country, or he might have been anything. I did not altogether like the look of him. I hurried on. When he saw that I was going to pass the point at which he would reach the road he shouted louder than before and hurried faster—indeed, he shouted so loud that his voice seemed to wake echoes on all sides. He changed the direction of his descent, passed over a bluff, and, slightly to my discomfiture, when I rounded a bend in the road I found him there already, awaiting me.

As I came up he began to talk, as it seemed to me, at the rate of about a dozen words a second; and, as I have already remarked, I could not understand a single one of them. He was a biggish man, baked almost brown by the sun, with a rough thatch of brown hair and an unruly, straggling moustache. So far as I could judge he only wore a shirt and trousers; his shirt was wide open at the neck; his hairy chest, seen beneath, seemed to suggest that he was brown all over. And he had that great stick in his hand. Whether he was a Luxembourg equivalent for a brigand, or what he was, I had not the least idea. He seemed desperately anxious for me to do something—what, I could not guess. It would have been comical if he had not been so excited and looked so wild, and I had not been so utterly alone.

The last condition, however, all at once ceased. Two men I had not hitherto noticed, who were apparently working by the river, came straggling towards us across the fields. I hoped, when I saw them coming, that one of them would be able to speak a language which a civilized being could understand. Nothing of the kind. Luxembourgeoise was all they knew. Presently they were all three of them shouting at me together—three big men at one not-over-large girl. Seeing that words conveyed no meaning, they tried pantomime instead. They kept pointing up the hill down which the first man had descended. It seemed that they wanted me to go up it; why, I had no notion. Not only did they want me to go up it, but presently they began to make me; the three of them began partly to push and partly to drag me up the slope. It was most discon-

certing. I was not exactly afraid, but I certainly did wish that I had stayed with Evelyn in the hotel garden at Diekirch. When I shouted for help and tried to resist they seemed to pause to hold a council of war. Then, just as I thought that they were going to allow me to continue my walk in peace, they all three closed in on me, and had borne me thirty or forty feet up the slope before I really knew what they were doing.

To resist would have been both undignified and absurd; startled as I was, I realized that much. I was like a baby in their hands. They practically carried me up that steep hill as easily as if I had been one. That I was the subject of an outrage I had no doubt whatever. Every Englishwoman who is handled like that is the subject of an outrage; but what object they had in view was beyond me altogether. I kept talking and expostulating as far as my scanty stock of breath permitted; they kept shouting, and pushing, and hauling, and carrying me all together. In a surprisingly short time we reached the top; they must have had feet like chamois. There were parts of that ascent which I certainly should not have cared to attempt alone. All at once we reached comparatively level ground, which was covered by fir trees that, so far as the eye could reach, ran straight up towards the sky, like columns in a cathedral. They hustled me through the trees as they had hustled me up the hill. Presently we came upon a hollow in which was some sort of a hut—quite one of the most rudimentary structures I had ever seen. It had no door—



"HE SEEMED DESPERATELY ANXIOUS FOR ME TO DO SOMETHING—WHAT, I COULD NOT GUESS."

I was borne through where one ought to have been. In what seemed to be one bare room, lying on a sort of bed in the corner, was someone who exclaimed, the moment I appeared:—

"Can you speak English?"

It was a most welcome sound; I do not think I ever heard my own tongue with greater pleasure. The speaker was something masculine; quite what, in the dimness of the badly-lighted hut, I could not make out.

"I certainly can speak English," I replied,

"because I am English; and I should like to know what these men mean by behaving in the way they have done, and why I've been brought here at all."

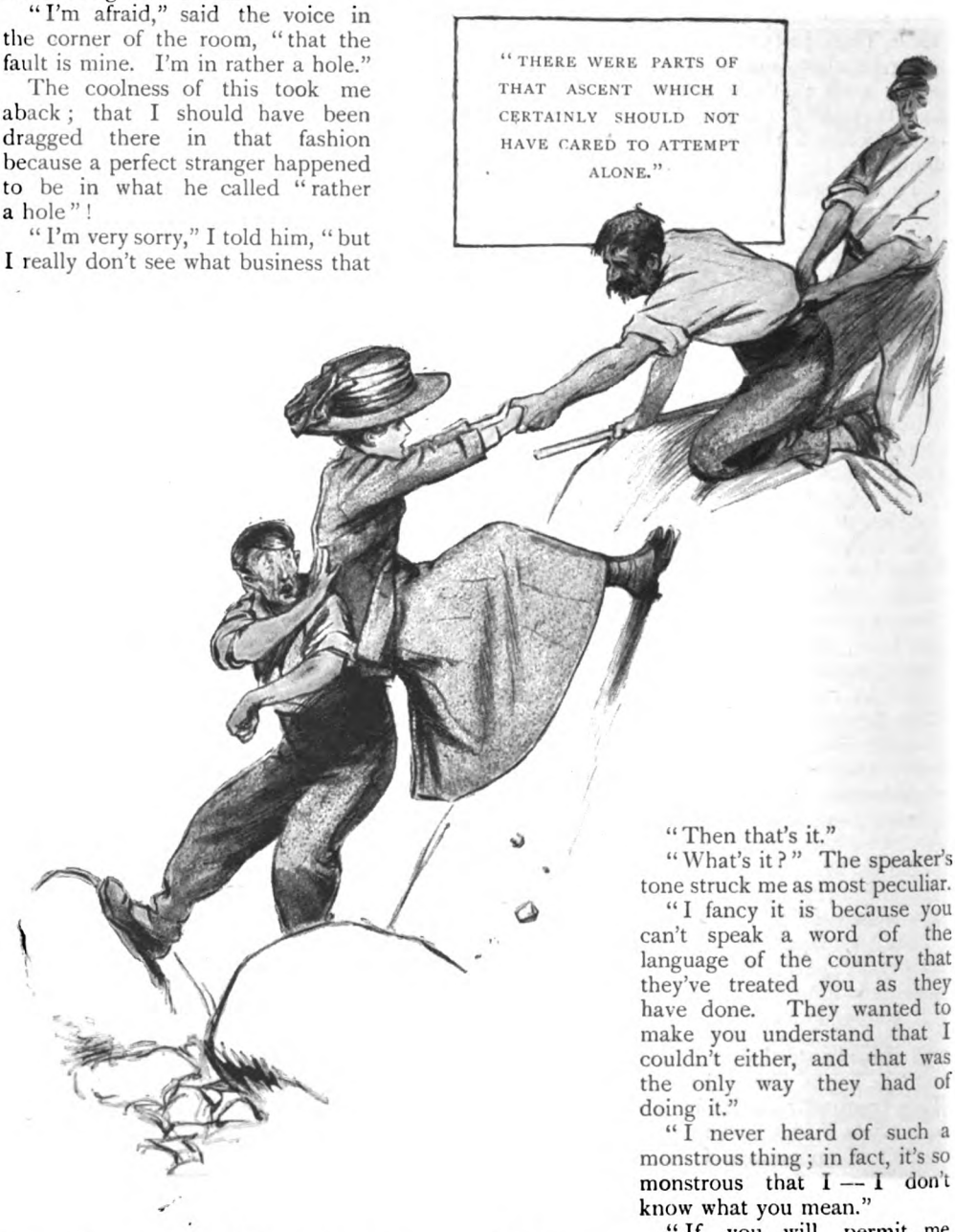
"I'm afraid," said the voice in the corner of the room, "that the fault is mine. I'm in rather a hole."

The coolness of this took me aback; that I should have been dragged there in that fashion because a perfect stranger happened to be in what he called "rather a hole"!

"I'm very sorry," I told him, "but I really don't see what business that is of mine. I don't think you can be aware how disgracefully I've been treated."

"I can only express my regrets; but—the truth is, I can't speak the language of the country."

"Can't speak the language of the country?" I echoed. "Do you think I can? I can't speak a single word."



"THERE WERE PARTS OF THAT ASCENT WHICH I CERTAINLY SHOULD NOT HAVE CARED TO ATTEMPT ALONE."

"Then that's it."

"What's it?" The speaker's tone struck me as most peculiar.

"I fancy it is because you can't speak a word of the language of the country that they've treated you as they have done. They wanted to make you understand that I couldn't either, and that was the only way they had of doing it."

"I never heard of such a monstrous thing; in fact, it's so monstrous that I — I don't know what you mean."

"If you will permit me I will try to tell you. The truth is, I've been nearly murdered."

"What?" I actually jumped. I took it for granted that he had been attacked by those dreadful men, and that a similar fate

probably lay in store for me. But I was altogether wrong, as he presently made plain.

"I'm on a walking tour, and was walking from Wiltz to Diekirch. I sat down to rest and have my lunch under the firs by the side of the road. Presently someone came along on a bicycle. At sight of me he stopped and asked, 'Are you English?' He alighted when I told him that I was, and, although not at my invitation, he came up to me and began chatting. He was a very odd-looking man, and wore an old grey suit of surpassing shabbiness. I don't know if you can see it—the light isn't over good—but it's lying on the floor over there. I went to fill my drinking-cup at a little stream which ran among the trees, and, while I was bending over, without the slightest warning, he—not to put too fine a point on it—knocked me senseless. There I must have lain until our friend here came and found me."

"Do you mean the man who came to me down the side of the hill?"

"Exactly; at least, I suppose he came to you. When I returned to life I was still lying by the side of the stream, practically stripped, and our friend was bending over me. He spoke to me, but I could not understand a word he said. As my senses returned my first impulse was to conclude that I owed my condition to him—he was rather a rough-looking specimen. Then I recalled my English friend, and it all came back. Even while I lay unconscious I had had a sort of hazy feeling that he was mishandling me. It seemed that he had taken himself off with my clothes and left his own instead—it was a pretty bad exchange for me; he not only took my clothes, but my knapsack, my money, my watch and chain, my return ticket to London—everything. Although he could not understand a word I said, my rough-looking friend played the part of a good Samaritan. He bore me to this hut of his, and then, it seems, he went in search of someone who could speak my own tongue. I don't know if it's unfortunate from your point of view, but it seems that the first such person he lighted on was you."

I hardly knew what to say, it was such a very surprising position. To say the least of it, it did seem a high-handed thing to have done, to have dragged me from the valley below because on the hill above there was a strange man who wanted someone who could speak English. At the same time I realized that, if the stranger's tale was true, his plight was a pretty bad one. So, for the moment, I ceased to show the resentment which I was quite entitled to feel. I put to him what might be called a sympathetic question. At least, I meant it to be sympathetic.

"Are you very badly hurt?"

"I've a cracked skull and a broken leg."

"A broken leg? Oh, dear! Can't you walk?"

"If I could walk do you suppose I should be lying here? I should have been at Diekirch long ago. I couldn't hop there and carry a broken leg over my arm."

There was a bitterness in his tone which made me suddenly start thinking.

"Are you in pain?"

"Pretty bad; if anyone is in worse I'm sorry for him."

Then I realized what a little brute I was, because all at once he moved, and I could see his face quite well; it was so white and drawn, although he was quite young and quite good-looking. The worst of it was, I felt so useless. I am not one of those sensible girls who are brought up in the knowledge of how to render first aid to the injured; I knew no more about broken legs than a child of three. I always have said you cannot know too much. How insignificant I felt then because I knew so little! I confessed to him what a helpless little wretch I was.

"What can I do? I'm afraid I know nothing about how to treat broken legs or—or that sort of thing. I'm positively useless."

"You can at least go to Diekirch and send someone from there who does know something; and, if you won't mind my saying it, the sooner you do send someone the better."

Then I tried to explain to those three men. I endeavoured to make them understand that I was going to Diekirch in search of a doctor, whom I would send as soon as I had found him. But it was quite useless. When I began to talk to them, they began to shout at me; of course, their barbarous language conveyed no meaning whatever to my ears.

"You had better go," said the man on the bed, "and leave explanations till afterwards. I'm afraid if the doctor doesn't hurry along he will find me with my senses gone, which won't make things any better."

I started off to Diekirch, and one of the two men who had been working by the river went with me. It really was a droll business, in spite of the tragedy of the man on the bed. I did not know the way to Diekirch from where the hut was, but I had a map, and when I took it out to consult it, they

seemed to grasp what I was after. "Diekirch?" they kept saying. "Diekirch?" When I nodded they did seem to understand that that was where I wanted to go, and what I wanted to go for. They all began pointing. One of them took me by the wrist and began to march me along. I shook myself free from him, but strode on in the direction he was going. So off we went together, as I did not doubt, towards Diekirch.

When we reached the outskirts of Diekirch, after one of the most extraordinary walks—he persisted in his efforts to make me understand something which he had in his head, though he must have been perfectly aware that I had not the least idea what he was driving at—he was greeted by a person whom I supposed to be an acquaintance, and deserted me on the spot. I went on alone to the hotel. It seemed to me that the best thing to do was to ask the hall-porter for a doctor; one asks the hall-porter everything. On the terrace in front was Evelyn; she was so full of news of her own that she gave me no chance to speak of mine.

"Tina," she exclaimed, when I was still, perhaps, a dozen yards away, "I have had the most amazing adventure."

"One thing seems to have happened. You seem to be a good deal better. I thought you told me that you were not going to leave that chair in the garden?"

"I never meant to, only I've had such a shock I was obliged to. A most surprising-looking person came to me and told me that on the road from Bourschied he had been robbed and nearly murdered."

"Whatever do you mean?" I asked.

"Exactly what I say. It seems that some well-known criminal has escaped from England. He's a burglar, or a murderer, or a forger, or else all three—I'm not sure of the details—who's taking refuge in these parts. I suppose he thought it was so out of the world that he would never be found. But he has been found, or, at least, they're on his track. The police are after him in red-hot pursuit, and the man who came to me met him only this afternoon."

"Evelyn, if you would be so good as to tell me what you're talking about I should be much obliged."

"Aren't I trying to, only you will interrupt? I was dozing on my seat in the garden—I'd had my lunch brought out to me, only when it came I could scarcely touch it—when I heard a sound. Looking up, there was a man devouring the lunch I couldn't touch. Of course, I was surprised."

"I should think you were. I should have been something else as well as surprised."

"When he saw I was looking at him he began to apologize—he was a most curious-looking person. He told me he had been coming along the upper Bourschied road, over the top of the hills, which, it seems, passes through a great forest. He thought he would get down and eat the lunch which he had brought with him. He had hardly settled himself, and was going to take a bite out of his first sandwich, when another man, also an Englishman, came along and asked if he could tell him the way to Diekirch. While my man was endeavouring to explain and had his back turned to the other, the other man gave him a violent blow on the head which struck him senseless. Wasn't it awful?"

"I don't believe a word of it."

"Tina! What do you mean? The man told me himself while he was eating my lunch. When he came to his senses his lunch was gone, and the other man too, so that when he reached Diekirch he was nearly starving, which was why he was devouring my lunch so greedily. Then, when the head waiter came up and heard the story, he said that news had reached Diekirch about this dreadful criminal who has escaped from England, and, of course, the man who robbed my man must have been he."

"My dear Evelyn, you've been taken in. Your man was the criminal. Where is he?"

"He's bicycling to Luxembourg, where his wife is expecting him. He ought to have been there early this morning—he must have lain for hours senseless in that forest, so as he was anxious not to keep her waiting a moment longer than he could help, he had to start off riding to her as hard as ever he could."

"I dare say. Evelyn, if the burglar-murderer-forger has been in this neighbourhood, you've let him slip through your fingers. The other man was not the villain, it was your man; the other man was robbed and nearly murdered by him."

Then I told her my story, as well as her continual interruptions would let me. Her view of the matter surprised me; she would have it that the man I had seen in the hut was not the victim, but the aggressor, and that if he really was hurt it was because he had got no more than his deserts. Then I had a genuine shock. The man who had accompanied me came up in the centre of a

motley crowd. Two gendarmes, or policemen, or whatever they were, were with him; I do not know what they call such things in Luxembourg. He had told his tale, and as, apparently, they had already heard the man with the bicycle's tale, they took it for granted that not only was the man in the hut the one who was wanted, but that he had been continuing his nefarious exploits in their immediate neighbourhood. So far as I could make out, the whole crowd was going *en masse* to arrest him. They wanted me to go with them. I saw myself at it. I told them frankly my opinion of them, and warned them that the only thing that was really wanted was a doctor. A short, stout man took off his straw hat and assured me he was a doctor, and that any medical aid which the *scélérat*—he called the man in the hut a *scélérat!*—required should be rendered.

I repeat that it was no use my saying anything; my knowledge of French was not sufficiently copious to admit of my saying what I should like to say, anyhow. A cart was procured from somewhere; the gendarmes, the doctor, and as many more as it would hold got into it. Sixty or seventy people walked with it, which, as it proceeded at a funereal pace, was quite easy; and the whole troop started, including, of course, the man who had accompanied me from the hut. From what I could gather, he was to act as guide.

"Of all the absurd and monstrous things," I observed to Evelyn, as soon as the *cortège* began to move, "this is the most preposterous. That man, poor fellow, is no more a criminal than you are. Your man on the bicycle is the villain. Who but a person of bad character would have stolen your lunch under your very nose?"

"My dear Tina, you are the most gullible child that ever was. I can see how he practised on your credulity. Wait till they bring the creature in, and then you'll see."

I had no patience with Evelyn. I was in no mood to talk to anyone. Besides, I was very tired. I went upstairs and had a change and a bath, then when I came downstairs to tea there was Evelyn in a state of greater excitement than ever. The English post was in, and she had had a letter.

"Tina, Tom is coming!"

"And pray who is Tom?"

"As if you didn't know, considering that I've talked to you about him dozens of times, that Tom is my brother."

"I'm quite aware that you have a brother whose name is Tom, but I thought it just possible that there might be more Toms in the world than one."

"Tina, you're a disagreeable little wretch! Now come and let us have tea together, and I'll tell you all about it."

We had tea under a tree in the garden—the garden of the Hôtel des Ardennes is a lovely place for tea. While we were having it Evelyn read me her letter. It was from her elder sister. It seemed that her brother Tom had started off at a moment's notice for what he called a tramp abroad, and that sooner or later he would find himself in the neighbourhood of Diekirch, and proposed to take us by surprise. Evelyn's sister gave the surprise part of it away.

"When he comes," said Evelyn, "we won't say a word about this letter. We'll pretend that his coming has amazed us into speechlessness; and then by degrees we'll let it all out. It's rather a weakness of Tom's, his fondness for taking people by surprise."

"If there is anything I dislike," I told her, "it is people who want to do that. If people are coming, I like to know they're coming. If they take me by surprise, I feel like taking them by surprise in a way they wouldn't like. It's a horrible trick."

"Poor Tom! When he comes I'll tell him what you say. Bee has been trying her new camera on him; she has put the result in her letter—here it is."

She held out to me the usual amateur snapshot. When I looked at it I had an odd sort of feeling. It was the ordinary full-length—why do amateurs always take people full-length when professionals never do?—and was supposed to be the portrait of a young man. It was no better done than that sort of thing generally is, but, as I say, when I looked at it I had that odd feeling.

"I've seen this person somewhere before."

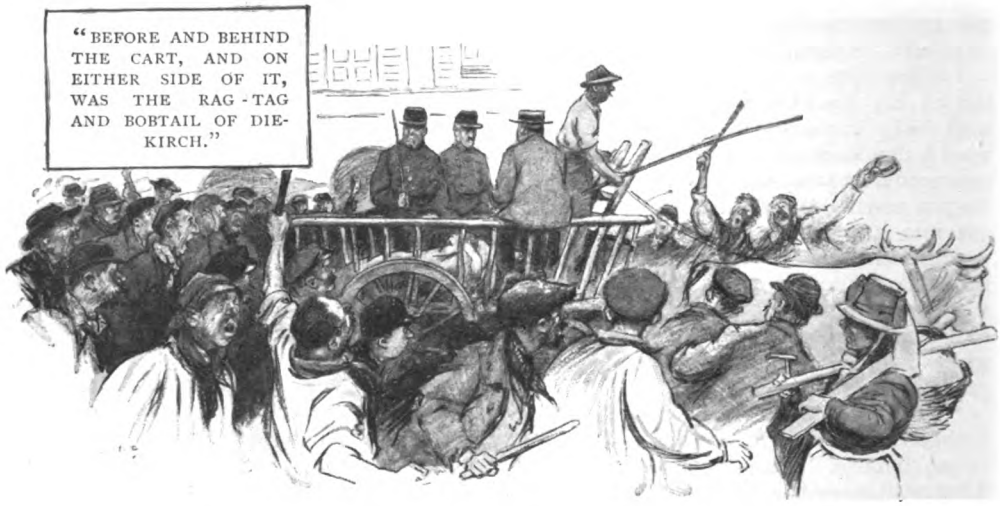
"My dear Tina, how can you have done? You've never met Tom."

"I'm aware that that's a pleasure still to come; all the same, I've a notion that I've seen that face before. But, as perhaps it is not a particularly good likeness, and probably represents a dozen other persons as well as the one it's meant for, perhaps it's one of them I've seen."

Evelyn did not like it; she wanted to make out that I was still disagreeable. She said that her sister was an excellent photographer; that it was a capital likeness; that her brother Tom was not only handsome, but of a most unusual type; and that she was quite sure I had never seen anyone the least bit like him.

"In that case," I informed her, "I've seen his ghost; because I'm perfectly certain that I've seen someone who strongly resembles the person in that photograph."

Not very long afterwards—in fact, just as I was dressing for dinner—a fine hullabaloo arose in the distance. I guessed what it was without being told—they were bringing back the captive. The noise came nearer and nearer, and presently the cavalcade appeared in the street which led past the hotel. I never witnessed a more disgraceful scene. There on the bottom of the jolting, springless farm-wagon the unfortunate creature lay. What looked like a coarse rug had been thrown over him, so that nothing but his head was visible; as



"BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CART, AND ON EITHER SIDE OF IT, WAS THE RAG-TAG AND BOBTAIL OF DIEKIRCH."

he lay on his side, with his face turned from the hotel window at which I was standing, in what I fear was rather considerable undress, his features were indistinguishable. But something within me told me that it was the man in the hut. On one side of the cart were perched the two gendarmes, or whatever the foolish persons call themselves; on the other was the doctor—he had the impudence to take off his hat when he saw me at the window. Before and behind the cart, and on either side of it, was the rag-tag and bobtail of Diekirch; also, I fear, more than one person, both male and female, who would not have cared to be numbered in that category. The crowd was making the most infamous hubbub; what they were shouting I could not say, but they might have been taking part in a triumphal procession. Evelyn came running into my room just as the cart was passing.

"They've got him!" she exclaimed. "Isn't it dreadful?"

"It is dreadful," I told her. "Are you aware that it's an Englishman they've got in that cart, and that those wretched imbeciles are yelling at him as if he were so much carrion? Doesn't it make your blood boil? It does mine."

"I don't see why it should. From all accounts he's a dreadful character. Colonel Monteith tells me that the English papers are full of it, and that everyone will rejoice when they hear he's taken."

"Evelyn, I could shake you. It's as much as I can bear to hear you talk."

"Whatever is the matter with you? I can't help thinking that now I'm better it is you who are ill."

"I shall be ill presently if I can't knock sense into someone's head. Can't you understand that the man in that cart is no more a criminal than you are or than I am?"

"Then in that case he'll be able to prove it, and no harm will be done."

"Do you think that it's no harm, when a man has a broken leg, besides other injuries, to be dragged through the streets over that abominable *pavé* in a horrible jolting cart, the centre of a hideous, yelling crowd? If you think that's a pleasant experience for an innocent man to have to undergo, we differ. I can't think of anything more outrageous."

"Really, Tina, I don't know what to say to you; and if I did I shouldn't know how to say it without hurting your feelings. I really can't help saying that one would think

that the person in the cart was a particular friend of yours."

"I feel as if he were, so you can go on thinking it. Of one thing I'm sure—that he's perfectly worthy to be your friend or mine. In such matters I don't believe that my instinct errs, and my instinct tells me that he is not only an honest man, but he's a gentleman—so there! I should dearly like to rush out into the street, blow that crowd into nothingness, and snatch their victim from them."

I have a suspicion that Evelyn thought I had suddenly lost my senses; I have an idea that she generally does think I am a little mad, but that is by the way. I cared nothing for what she thought; I do not think I was ever in such a singular mood before. I should have liked to shout from the window and tell those idiots what I thought of them; I should also have liked to add a word of comfort to the man in the cart. I had an idea that he would have liked a word of comfort from me. I do not know why I thought so, but I did.

When I had dressed, instead of going straight to dinner, I went to the hall-porter. I asked him where they had put the prisoner.

"You perceive, mademoiselle," he explained, "that there is no regular prison; it is more than three years since anyone was locked up in Diekirch; so for the moment they have had to place him in the house of M. de la Grange. It is M. de la Grange in whose custody he is."

"Then," I informed him, "I will go and pay M. de la Grange a call."

The hall-porter stared. I have no doubt he wondered what I meant, and would have liked to ask, but I gave him no chance. I marched off to M. de la Grange then and there.

It was not necessary to ask the way. The noise which the people were still making served as a guide. They were gathered round a house which stood close to the bridge. I walked right through the crowd to the door. It was open, and the doctor was just coming out. I went straight past him into the passage. There was a person in uniform whom I took to be M. de la Grange. I asked him if he could speak French. He said that he could.

"Then," I informed him, "let me tell you that you have been guilty of a very serious action; in fact, of a gross blunder. You have arrested a perfectly innocent man. If any ill consequences result, you will be held responsible—you and the doctor." This with a glance at the bald-headed man with a straw hat in his hand. I had not forgotten how he had bowed to me when I was at the window—when, if he had had the least sense of propriety, he would have pretended that he did not see. "I wish to speak to this gentleman whom you have injured. Where is he? Is he in there? I will go to him at once."

I moved towards a room at the back in which I felt certain they had put him. They stared at me as if I were beyond their comprehension; I dare say my French was not so perfect as it might be, but it was good enough to reach their intellects. I fancy that the more they understood of what I said the more they wondered.

I opened the door of the room at the back, and, sure enough, there he was, on an old-fashioned wooden bed which stood against the wall. He knew me at once, which was more than I did him. You remember that I only caught a glimpse of him in the bad light of the hut; now they had tied a white bandage round his poor broken head, which had altered him altogether.

"So it is you!" he exclaimed at sight of me. "What is this which has happened to me? What have you said to them? What do they take me for?"

"I have said absolutely nothing to them which could cause them to behave like the drivelling lunatics which they evidently are."

His eyes opened wider to stare at me. Apparently the warmth of my manner, to say nothing of the strength of my language, took him by surprise. At first sight his rejoinder seemed a little wide of the subject.

"If I hadn't been such a perfect ass when I was at school I dare say I shouldn't be in this pickle now."

"How do you make that out?" I asked. "What do you mean?"

"Why, if I hadn't footled away my time I might have been able to speak some other language besides my own, and then I might have been able to understand what these chaps think they're up to and what they're after in treating me like this."

Suddenly a thought occurred to me. I believe it was originally prompted by something in the shape of his moustache.

"My goodness!" I cried. "I do believe you're Tom!"

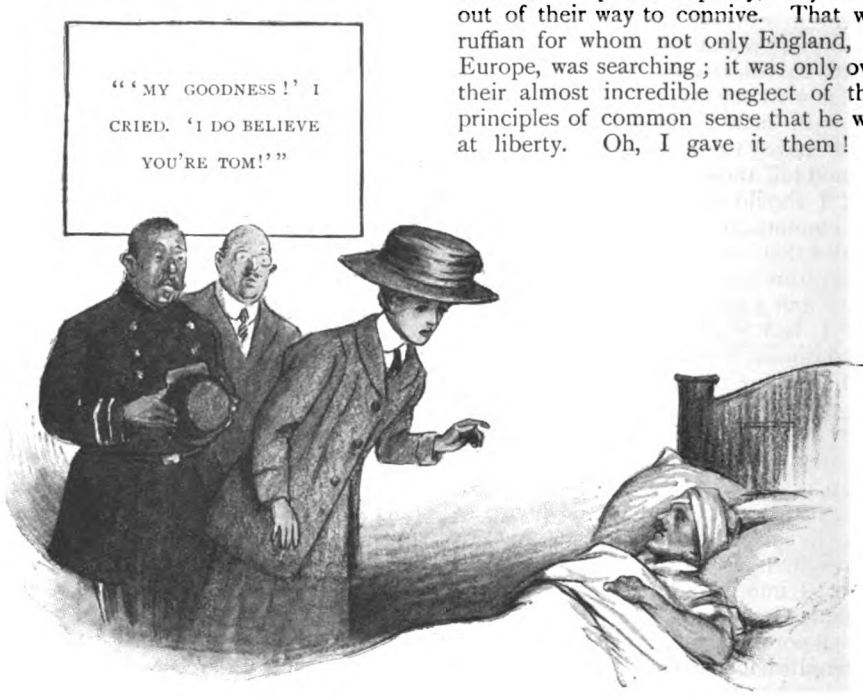
"I certainly am Tom." He spoke much more calmly than I did, as if there were nothing at all surprising in his being there. "How did you know it?"

"You're Tom Freeman—you're Evelyn's brother!"

He seemed to consider, looking me up and down as if he meant to take the whole of me in. I felt sure that on a future occasion he would know me again.

"And you are Miss O'Brady," he observed at last. "This is funny." It did strike me as being a little that way myself. "And pray, where is Evelyn?"

"She is at the hotel. This is—this is awful. She'll have a fit when she hears of it. Do you know they've arrested you under the impression that you're some terrible criminal



who has escaped from England—a burglar, forger, murderer, and I don't know what besides?"

"Have they? That's very nice for me. I wondered what they were after. I couldn't understand a word of what anyone said. About fifty people were shouting at me all together, but the more they shouted the less I understood. What is this place in which I am? Is this what passes for a jail in this part of the world? They don't seem to be bad quarters."

"You're in the house of the policeman, or whatever he calls himself. As he evidently wants to know what we're talking about, I'll say a few words to him in his own tongue."

I said them. I told M. de la Grange, if it was M. de la Grange, what I thought of him and of the doctor and of the inhabitants of Diekirch generally. I informed them that the person they had been such imbeciles as to arrest, owing to their criminal ignorance of any language but their own, was an English gentleman of the very highest standing; that he actually had a sister at the Hôtel des Ardennes at that very moment, whom he had actually been on his way to visit, when he had been attacked and plundered by a ruffian, at whose escape, in their insensate and culpable stupidity, they had gone out of their way to connive. That was the ruffian for whom not only England, but all Europe, was searching; it was only owing to their almost incredible neglect of the first principles of common sense that he was still at liberty. Oh, I gave it them! They crumpled up, especially the doctor. I told him that if any permanent injury resulted to Mr. Freeman, the responsibility would be laid at his door—he would have to answer. Was it, I asked him, right and proper for a medical man to allow a gentleman with a broken leg to be jolted in a springless cart over miles and miles of bad roads and abominable *pavé?* The doctor was abjectly apologetic—he assured me that the gentleman's leg was not broken. I turned to Tom, or, perhaps, rather, I should say Mr. Freeman.

"He says your leg is not broken."

"It might just as well have been. I suppose that the gentleman who broke my head must have handled me, when I was unconscious, in such a fashion as to have twisted

my leg till it was as painful and as useless as if it had been smashed in half-a-dozen places. It may not be broken, but the pain is as much as I can bear even now."

I saw him wince. I warned the doctor that he need not think that he could escape responsibility by making out that nothing serious had happened to the English gentleman who had been so unfortunate as to fall into such blundering hands; time would teach him better. Then I told M. de la Grange—who was an undersized man, with very short hair and a pronounced stoop, and looked as though he seldom washed—that I was going to tell Miss Freeman what had been done to her brother, and that he could consider himself lucky if the whole might of England did not call him to account. Was this how English gentlemen of the highest social position might expect to be treated when they came to scatter their money among the inhabitants of Diekirch? Perhaps, in the way I put it, this did not sound so well in French as it does in English; but I distinctly saw him shrivel.

Back I marched to the hotel, pausing on the doorstep of M. de la Grange's house to say a few words to the crowd.

"Animals!" I called them. "Miserable idiots! Poor, ignorant, wretched imbeciles! Lower in intelligence than the beasts of the field!"

I do not know that they quite understood what I said to them, but I am pretty certain that they gathered it was not flattering. My manner must have told them that.

They were having dinner on the terrace—at the hotel, if you wanted to have a separate table, you had to have it on the terrace; in the *salle à manger* there were only long tables. Evelyn was waiting for me at the top of the steps, in a fever, wondering what had become of me. When I appeared some of the diners broke into exclamations.

"Miss O'Brady!" cried old Colonel Monteith. "Miss Freeman was beginning to wonder if you had been arrested as an accomplice of the criminal."

Evelyn and I had been in the hotel nearly three weeks, and all the while I had been growing to like the colonel less and less, so I had no hesitation in speaking my mind to him. Just then I was in the mood to speak my mind to anyone.

"The criminal, as you call him, is no more a criminal than you are, Colonel Monteith—and perhaps, if the whole truth were known, not half so much. I have just had the pleasure of paying him a visit; if you had been with me, standing up for your fellow-countryman in the face of a whole nation of foreigners, as you ought to have been, you'd have found that out for yourself."

"You have been to visit him!" cried Evelyn. Some of the others joined her in a sort of chorus. "Oh, Tina! what could you have been thinking of?"

I looked at Evelyn very straight indeed. If she had had the slightest sense of perception she would have seen what a wealth of meaning there was in my glance, and she would have been warned in time, but as she had no sense of perception I just spoke out.

"If you take my advice," I said, "you'll be careful what you say, or you'll never forgive yourself as long as you live."

You should have seen her countenance! It was like a large note of exclamation.

"Tina, I don't know what you're talking about, but I wish you wouldn't look at me like that and say such things, but come to dinner like a sensible Christian."

"You talk of dinner when your nearest and dearest lies rotting in jail; at least, I dare say he would rot if he were left there long enough."

"Tina, what do you mean? Have you gone mad, or are you indulging in one of those practical jokes of yours?"

"Do you know who the person is whom Colonel Monteith calls a criminal?"

"How do you suppose I am likely to know anything about a creature of that kind? Will you come to dinner? It won't be worth eating by the time we have it—they're more than half-way through."

"I want no dinner, thank you. You call him a 'creature of that kind.' Very well." I took her by the arm and I whispered in her ear. "The 'creature of that kind' happens to be your brother Tom!"

The way she looked at me and drew back, as if she feared I might be dangerous! I believe she did think that I really and truly had gone mad. But I was in no mood to spare her; I rubbed it in.

"Your brother Tom was walking to you to-day from Wiltz. On the way he was attacked by a cowardly ruffian, who left him for dead by the roadside. You suffered that ruffian to eat your lunch."

"Tina!" It was like a wail.

"You assisted him to escape, the wretch who had all but slain your brother. You allowed the tale to be spread about that it was your brother who had attacked him; that your own brother was a notorious criminal whom all the European police were

hunting. You set the hunters on your brother's track."

"Tina!" I could see that she was nearly crying; but I did not care. I was wound up. All the diners were staring at me—well they might.

"They set out, the bloodhounds, to where your brother was lying almost between life and death. They dragged him from his shelter for miles and miles in a hideous, jolting cart; and now he lies in what serves Diekirch as a prison, awaiting goodness alone knows what further ignominy."

By this time Evelyn was as white as a sheet and trembling all over. Some of the people who were having their dinner had risen from their seats. I had been speaking louder, perhaps, than I had intended. I never felt anything like I felt then in all my life before. Colonel Monteith advanced.

"Are you serious, Miss O'Brady, in saying that the person who has been arrested is a relative of Miss Freeman's?"

"It's her brother, that's all, and if he's not as innocent as I am I'll——"

I was going to say I would eat my hat, but even in my agitation I was conscious that it would be undignified, so I stopped short. Evelyn burst out:—

"Tina, do you really and truly mean that they have locked up—Tom?"

"I have just now seen him, and he told me he was Tom. If you were to go and see him for yourself you might perhaps find out if he is an impostor."

When at last it did dawn upon her that I was not trifling, and that I was not mad, but that I actually meant what I said, I do believe she became even more excited than I was. Nothing could hold her. She was positively dancing about with excitement and rage and a perfect tumult of feelings.

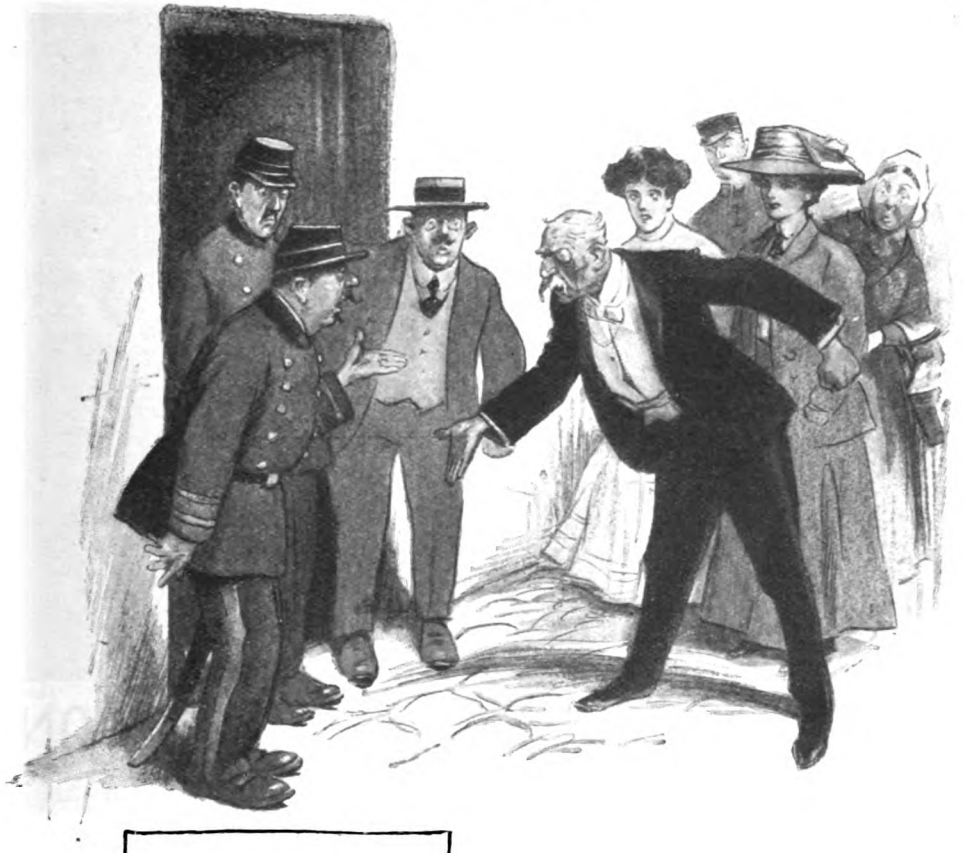
"Where is he? Take me to him! Tom—they really have locked up Tom, my brother! Did you hear what I said? Take me to him—now—at once, and I'll—— Oh, if it is Tom, I'll—I'll show them! Take me to him!"

I took her, and half the hotel went with us. Colonel Monteith was in a most important frame of mind; I liked him better than I had ever done before. He could not only talk French, but Luxembourgeoise as well; and if there was anyone who could tell them what they ought to be told, he could; and I could see that while he was in that mood he would too. We took M. de la Grange's house by storm, Evelyn and I and Colonel Monteith in front, with most of the hotel behind, including the hall-porter and some of the waiters, and, I believe, even the cook. Before the business was finished I believe all the hotel was there, including the chambermaids and all the cooks. You see, Diekirch is a very small place, quite out of the world, and this really was a most tremendous sensation. Nothing like it had ever happened before. And as the hotel had a personal interest in the matter, I suppose that everyone in it felt that he or she had to be there. At any rate, they were there—that I do know.

M. de la Grange and the other policeman person—I never knew his name—and the doctor were in the open door talking to each other, and to all sorts of people, when we came up. Everyone gave way to let us pass. It is my impression that M. de la Grange and the other policeman person and the doctor blenched at sight of us. But I proved to be nothing compared to Colonel Monteith. The way he talked to them, as if they were the dirt beneath his feet! What he said I could not exactly tell—it was all in Luxembourgeoise—but I could guess. They did cower in front of him. Then he led the way into the room at the back, Evelyn and I hard on his heels, and when we got near it Evelyn dashed past him and was in there first. And when she was in she gave such a cry.

"Tom!" she shouted. "Tom! Tom!" Three times over she shouted his name, as if she could not shout it often enough.

By that time I was in, and the colonel. Then there was a scene. It was most thrilling. The three weeks we had spent in Diekirch had been most delightful, but nothing had occurred in them which came within miles of that. And the best of it was, when something like calmness was restored and people had a chance of being heard, if Evelyn's brother did not declare that I had practically saved his life, to say nothing of his honour and his liberty, and I do not know what else besides. Then if Evelyn did not start kissing me, and she cried on my shoulders. She begged my pardon most humbly for ever thinking I was mad. Those two policemen persons meekly relinquished their prey. Each time the colonel opened his mouth they shivered in their boots—and they were boots! Tom was borne in the bed, just as he was, to the hotel—it was less than a hundred yards away. When the true state of affairs became known the mood of the people in the street entirely changed; instead of shouting at him, they shouted for him. The progress over those hundred yards to the hotel was a triumphal procession

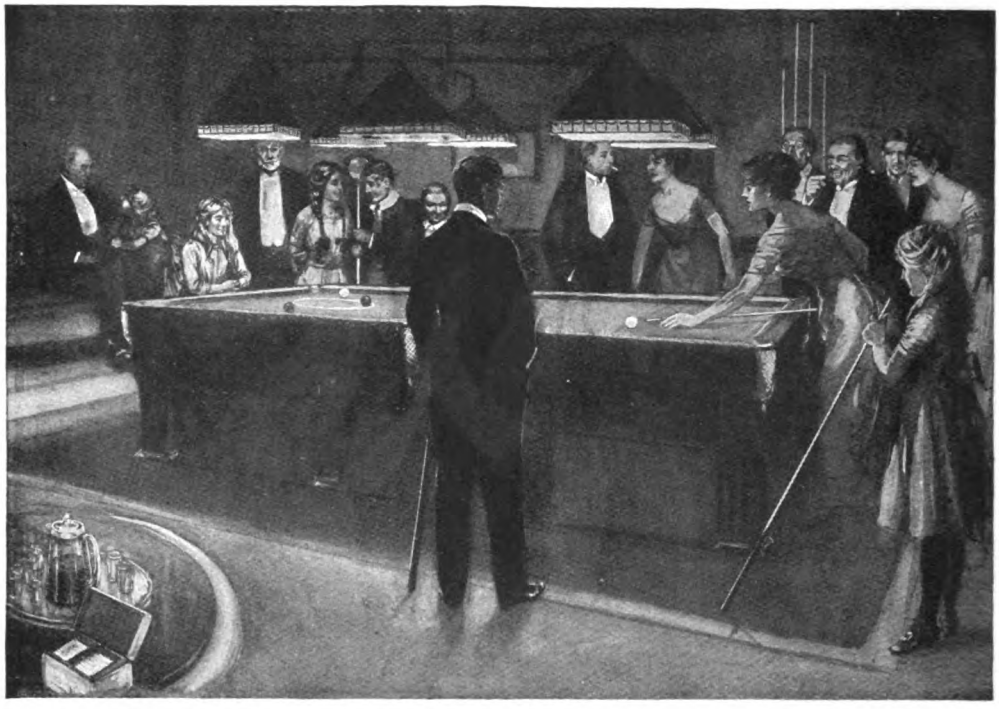


"HE TALKED TO THEM AS IF THEY WERE THE DIRT BENEATH HIS FEET."

indeed. He was taken to the best vacant bedroom on the ground floor overlooking the garden, and then a regular *fête* began. His leg seemed a good deal better, and his head did not seem to be so bad as I had feared; or, perhaps, in the excitement he forgot how bad they really were. He was the most popular person in Diekirch that night. And the way he thanked me, and the way Evelyn thanked me, and the way everyone thanked me—it was most surprising.

I hardly slept a wink that night, and when I did I dreamed so that I might just as well have been awake. Quite early in the morning Evelyn came to my room and said she had been down to see Tom, and that as soon as I was dressed he wanted to see me. I am not going to say what took place between us when I did see him. I had not thought that I could have felt stranger than I had done the night before, but I did while I was talking, that first morning, to him.

Evelyn and I stayed another fortnight in Diekirch, and so did Tom. I saw a great deal of him while we were there, and I have seen a good deal of him since. And soon I am going to see much more. When I consider the matter calmly, it seems to me the most surprising part of the whole strange story that when we left Diekirch really and truly we were engaged to be married.



CHRISTMAS GAMES AND STROKES ON THE BILLIARD-TABLE.

By JOHN ROBERTS, Retired Champion of Billiards.

THERE is no reason why the billiard-table should not fall under the genial sway of Father Christmas. This can be done easily enough if you only know the way, and in this article I propose to show how the billiard-table can be made to contribute its full share towards the Christmas fun.

First of all, I will deal with a game which I call "Billiard Curling"—a game in which all can join, and which can be relied upon to provide plenty of laughter and sport. To play this game, draw a circle on the billiard-table in the position shown by the artist, being careful to make the diameter of your circle from the billiard-spot to the pyramid-spot, and then select sides from the company present. No excuses should be accepted, especially from the ladies. The fact that a player may never have handled a cue before is all in the fun of the game, and when sides have been chosen a pool-ball of a different colour should be given to each player. Then the fun commences. The rule of the game is that the ball must first strike two cushions before entering the magic circle. Each player is followed by an opponent, and when everyone has played in turn each ball left in the circle counts a point in favour of the player to whom it belongs. Any number of points may be agreed upon as "game," but "twenty up" will usually be enough for a commencement.

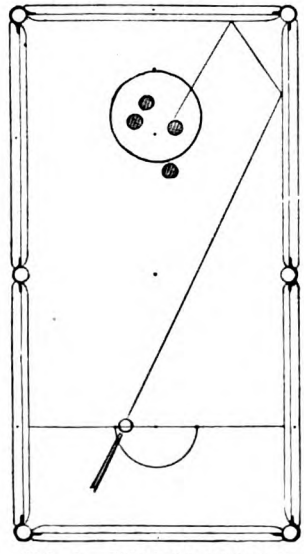


FIG. 1.—BILLIARD CURLING.

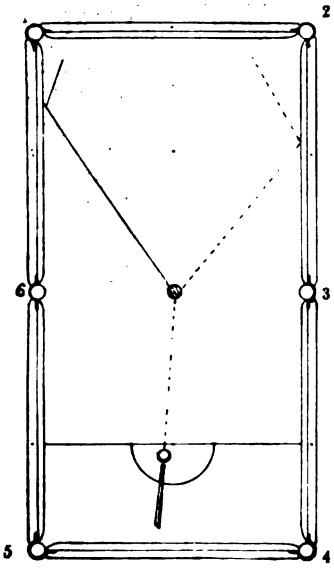


FIG. 2.—BILLIARD GOLF.

"Billiard Golf" is the next item on my programme. This game is played by placing the red ball on the centre spot and pocketing it in all six pockets in the order shown in our illustration (Fig. 2). The cue-ball is in hand to commence with, and is never handled except when an accidental "loser" necessitates a return to the "D." Each stroke on the red counts one; two for a miss or an "in off," or for forcing a ball off the table. The whole essence of the game lies in playing for position to enable the red to be potted in proper rotation without wasting a stroke. A round in twelve is good indeed for an amateur, and many players will think themselves lucky to get round in fewer than twenty. A foursome can be played, and it is great fun to pair a couple of average cueists with two non-players, ladies for preference; then, however, a round in anything under three figures will be quite a meritorious performance.

Tricks with coins have ever been in favour on a billiard-table, and the one I am about to describe can be done by anybody who can keep a straight face and has a fairly large coin handy. It is only necessary to stand at the spot-end of the table, but be very careful about this, and hold forth in the most serious style you can command regarding the wonderful things which may be done by imparting "side" to a coin. To illustrate your meaning, you announce your intention of making the coin describe a course like a letter "S" on the cloth, and you get to business by making an elaborate pretence of doing something wonderfully difficult as you roll the coin on its edge up the centre of the table. Roll it gently, and it will make a beautiful letter "S" on the cloth. Then toss the coin carelessly to your friends whom you have induced to stand at the baulk-end of the table to get a proper view of the effect of your "dexterity," and ask them to emulate your achievement. They will try, but they will never succeed, simply because they are standing at the wrong end of the table. You make the coin swerve so nicely because you are rolling it against the nap of the cloth, and they fail because the coin cannot possibly make a second turn when rolled with the nap of the cloth. Needless to say, you do not impart "side" to the coin; the only "side" required must belong to the performer.

It sometimes happens that an unfortunate individual finds himself alone in the billiard-room during the Christmas holidays. "Billiard Patience" may serve to lighten his solitude. He should place the red ball tight up against the right side cushion and just inside the baulk-line, as shown in the diagram (Fig. 3), and endeavour to pocket it in the right baulk pocket in the fewest number of strokes, playing out of baulk every time. The "way round" is shown on the diagram. This will do for the first stroke, but once the red is disturbed a variety of "angles" will have to be thought out and well played to coax the ball into the pocket; and it is safe to say that by the time the red reaches its destination the player will have increased his knowledge of the angles of the table.

Another means of amusing and instructing either the individual player or a number of cueists in search of a novelty is illustrated by our fourth diagram. Here we have the cue-ball in hand, while the red and object-white are placed over the two middle pockets in such a way that the easiest of losing hazards is presented off either ball. The player can place his ball where he likes in the half-circle, and score as many points as he can from this promising opening. As soon as he fails to score the

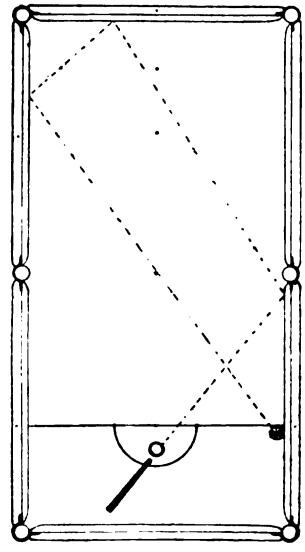


FIG. 3.—BILLIARD PATIENCE.

balls are replaced in their original position and he begins afresh. This process is repeated until he has had half-a-dozen successive attempts to make a break from the same position, and a careful record of the points scored is kept. Then an average is struck, and while the individual player can continue indefinitely with the idea of improving his average, a competitive element can be introduced when many players are taking part by arranging a little pool for the man who comes out with the best average. This is extremely good practice for billiards and gives an excellent idea of a man's real form. In fact, I wonder that something of this kind is not universally adopted as a means of handicapping amateur billiard-players as a body, so that strangers could meet in any part of the world and have a good game together, simply by declaring their average exactly as a man states his handicap at golf.

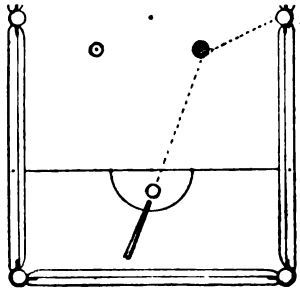


FIG. 4.—HOW TO IMPROVE ONE'S GAME.

Something to amuse the youngsters now demands attention, and I think the boys and girls will be entertained by the simple dodge depicted in our fifth diagram. Here we have a row of balls all dead in line and touching each other and the top cushion. The cue-ball is a few inches behind the line of balls, and it will be found that a smart stroke will send a ball off the end of the line into the corner pocket. This stroke can be repeated until all the balls are pocketed, and then, by detaching two or three balls slightly from the row and immediately in front of the cue-ball, the balls can be pocketed in bunches of two or three according to the number detached.

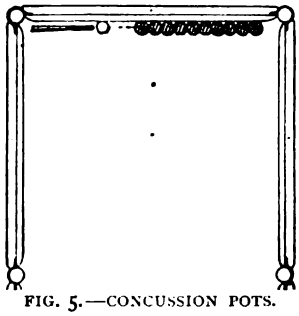


FIG. 5.—CONCUSSION POTS.

The match-box trick will also appeal to a youthful audience. It is only necessary to get two good-sized empty match-boxes and stand them on end on the table, with a ball poised on each, as illustrated in Fig. 6. The cue-ball is in line with the pocket, and you announce your intention of pocketing the ball and knocking the match-boxes off the table in one stroke. You can do it by playing hard and true, bang at the middle of the match-boxes and pocket. Then the ball will whiz into the pocket, the match-boxes will jump off the table, the two balls supported by the boxes will drop with a soft thud on the cloth, and the boys and girls will regard you as quite a wonder-worker with the cue.

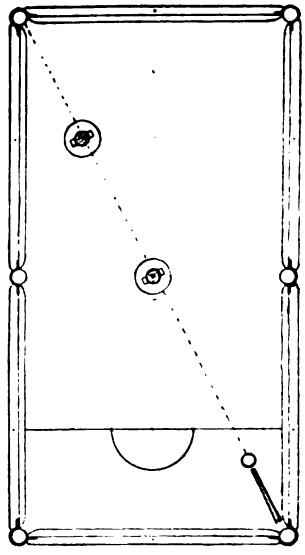


FIG. 6.—THE MATCH-BOX TRICK.

But you will not get a reputation for nothing if you bring off the "hat trick." This demands more than a little manipulative skill, to say nothing of three balls and a hard felt hat with a well-arched brim. Place the hat brim downwards over the centre spot and arrange the balls as shown in our diagram (Fig. 7). Then tell the company you intend to make a cannon "under the hat," and you can proceed to do it by playing the cue-ball slowly straight ahead, and at the same time tilting the hat with the point of your cue so that the moving ball can pass beneath as the hat wobbles from side to side and makes room for it. This is not at all easy, but is very effective when accomplished, and is so showy that

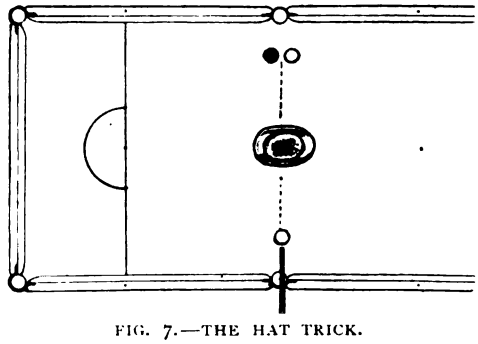


FIG. 7.—THE HAT TRICK.

one successful effort will compensate for many failures.

A very difficult proposition now demands attention. Our eighth diagram shows three balls placed on the spots on the baulk-line, and the idea is to pocket all three in the right top pocket in the following manner: Play first with the ball on the right-hand spot, then play the one on the middle spot, and finally send the one on the left-hand spot on its journey. But note that the balls must reach the open pocket *in the reverse order to which they were played*, and it will be a big test of skill to send the ball struck last first into the pocket, and to time the first ball so that it arrives last as all three balls converge towards their objective.

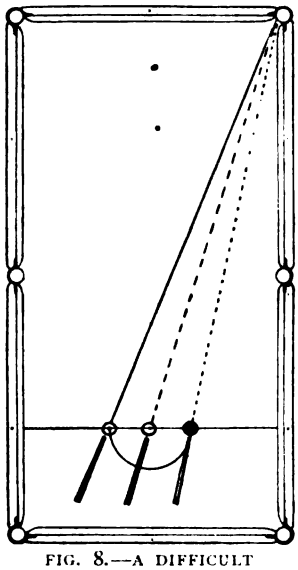


FIG. 8.—A DIFFICULT PROPOSITION.

Number nine is a "ten stroke," and wants a great deal of mastering. It looks easy; but place the red on the brink of the middle pocket, the white on the brink of the top pocket, use your own judgment as to the best place for the cue-ball in the half-circle, and then try to make the cannon and pot all three balls in one stroke. It will be found easy enough to cannon and pocket two balls, but the difficulty is to make the cue-ball strike the white in such a manner that it follows through into the top pocket.

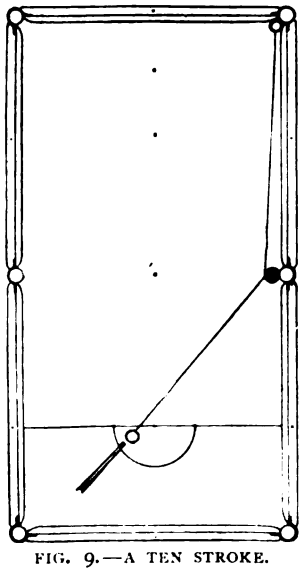


FIG. 9.—A TEN STROKE.

It seems quite easy to make fifty cannons with all the pyramid balls at your disposal before another man can pocket all fifteen balls, but the ordinary cueist will find that the man who is pocketing the reds will usually have the best of the argument. The balls are arranged as for pyramids, and the "potter" has first shot. He hits the balls as hard as he can, with a view of scattering them to the best of his ability, and then the cannon player gets to work. At first there are so many balls about and they lie so close together that cannon after cannon is made with ease, but the balls spread out with each successive stroke, and some hover dangerously near the pockets. So the game proceeds and the balls soon become scattered all over the table. Then cannons become more and more difficult, especially as each ball pocketed decreases the chance of making a cannon; and as all those pocketed accidentally by the cannon player count in favour of his opponent, it will be found that the fifty cannons are not so very easy to make after all.

For our last stroke arrange all the pyramid balls as shown in our tenth illustration. Make sure they are touching each other, and then try to pocket them all in the fewest number of strokes, starting from baulk. The sanguine, dashing player will think he can do it in a dozen strokes or so, but a little experience will soon convince him of his error and show him that to pocket the balls without wasting a stroke requires steady play and judgment.

One more "catch" for the youngsters, and we will finish. By wetting your finger-tip and pressing it firmly on a ball you can send the ball the length of the table without effort, but with a dry finger it is impossible to move the ball more than a foot or so. This trick can be played with great success all the while you can contrive to moisten your finger-tip without bright young eyes detecting you in the act.

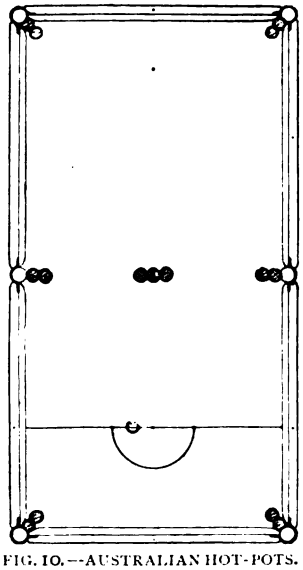


FIG. 10.—AUSTRALIAN HOT-POTS.

Lady Claverton's Bridge Class.

By W. DALTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE SUGGESTION.

REGGIE HOLFORD was a very fine bridge-player—there was no possible doubt about that. Everybody acknowledged it—and he had also published a small handbook on the game, which had met with a most unexpected success and had been much talked about; so that his reputation in the bridge-playing world was thoroughly established.

In other respects he was the ordinary type of young man about town—well connected, fairly good-looking, a member of several good clubs, with hosts of friends, and possessed of a moderate income of his own, with no ostensible means of adding to it. Truth to tell, his bridge-playing was his principal asset; but of late nothing seemed to go right. His partners that afternoon had thrown away game after game for him, and he had lost every rubber but one; so that he was in a somewhat despondent frame of mind as he walked down to Clarges Street to dine with his cousin, Mrs. Adrian Lambert.

He found himself seated at dinner next to Lady Claverton, whom he knew very well by sight and by repute, although he had never met her before. She was a rich and charming American, who had married Sir Francis Claverton some two years previously, and who entertained largely at her house in Berkeley Square.

Lady Claverton turned to him at once, and said: "I am so pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Holford. I have wanted to meet you for quite a while. I am just crazy about bridge, and I hear that you are such a fine player. I've read your book, too."

"I am highly flattered, Lady Claverton," he said. "I hope you liked the book?"

"Yes, I liked it very much—in parts." Then, after a slight pause, "Have you ever thought of giving bridge lessons?"

"No, I can't say that I have," said Reggie, rather taken aback. "I am afraid it is not much in my line."

"Why not? I suppose you are not above making a little money, easily and pleasantly, are you?"

"Certainly not. Quite the reverse. But how is it to be done? I can't fancy myself advertising in the *Morning Post*, 'Mr. Reginald Holford, member of several London clubs, is prepared to give bridge lessons at two shillings and sixpence an hour.'"

"Who said anything about advertising? There is no need for that. There are plenty of people who would be only too pleased to take lessons from *you*."

"Possibly. But how am I to find them? A clever man once said that starting any new enterprise without advertising was like trying to kiss a girl in the dark—you know what you are after yourself, but no one else does—and I quite agree."

"Don't be so ridiculous. I mean it—quite seriously. I know lots of women who play bridge for high points—mostly badly—and they would simply jump at the chance. If I could arrange it, would you come to my house, quite privately, and give some lessons?"

Reggie grew thoughtful. "I would do it," he said at last; "but—I hate to say it—it becomes rather a question of £ s. d., doesn't it? It would have to be well worth my while."

"That is understood," said Lady Claverton. "Leave that to me. But we can't discuss it here. Let me see—to-day is Tuesday. Will you lunch with me next Friday, at 1.30, and talk the matter over? That will give me time to look round."

"I shall be charmed," said Reggie. "Friday, at 1.30."

All through this conversation our hero's

attention had been constantly straying across the table. Just opposite to him was a slight, fair-haired girl of about nineteen or twenty, whose face seemed strangely familiar to him, Without being exactly pretty, she had a charming, mobile face, with beautiful dark eyes, and the dead black in which she was dressed showed off the remarkable fairness of her colouring to the greatest advantage. He had a sort of fleeting recollection of having seen that face before in very different surroundings, but he could not place her at all. He was fairly puzzled.

His eyes turned once more in the same direction, when Lady Claverton startled him by saying suddenly, "Do you think her pretty?"

"I think her very attractive," he said, simply. "Who is she? Do you know?"

"You are quite right," said Lady Claverton. "'Attractive' describes her better than 'pretty.' Naturally, I know who she is, as she happens to be staying with me. Her name is Myra Brooking."

"Brooking! How very extraordinary!" said Reggie, in a tone of great surprise.

"What is extraordinary about that?" asked Lady Claverton.

"Let me tell you. About five years ago I was over in America. While I was at Boston I used to play bridge almost every afternoon at the Somerset Club, and there I met an eccentric old gentleman named Brooking. He was mad on bridge, but the poor old man was paralyzed in both arms, and was quite unable to manipulate the cards, so he used to bring his son to the club with him—a little chap of thirteen or fourteen. The boy played the cards, while the father sat behind and told him what to do. It was the quaintest thing I ever saw. I made great friends with them both, and I got quite fond of that boy—he was such a dear little chap, and I felt so sorry for him. The extraordinary part of it is that I have been racking my brains to think who Miss Brooking reminded me of. Now I know. It was that boy. She must be a near relation of his."

"She certainly is not," said Lady Claverton, quite sharply. "Myra has not a single relation in the world, except the aunt whom she lives with."

"How very odd!" said Reggie. "Is she an American?"

"Yes," said Lady Claverton; "but she comes from Washington—not Boston. She lives with an old maiden aunt at Washington, and she has such a deadly dull time that I thought it would be a charity to give her a season in London."

"I shall meet her on Friday, then?" said Reggie.

"Certainly you will, and, if you like, I will introduce you to her after dinner. Now do your duty by your other neighbour. You've talked to me quite enough."

Lady Claverton was as good as her word, and introduced him after dinner, but he was woefully disappointed. Miss Brooking showed not the slightest desire to cultivate his acquaintance. Far from it. He could get nothing but monosyllables out of her.

On the following Friday he duly turned up in time for luncheon at Berkeley Square. Sir Francis was lunching out, and the two ladies were alone. Luncheon over, Lady Claverton said:—

"Now, let's get to business. I have secured eight pupils for our class, with power to add to their number. Myself and Myra, to begin with; your cousin, Mrs. Lambert; Lady Chieveley and her sister, Mrs. Ramsden; old Miss Atherley—she is a bridge enthusiast, and plays in very exalted circles—you know her, don't you, Mr. Holford? I thought so. Mrs. Heygate, a rich widow. And last, but not least, Mrs. Holroyd, the shining light of Crockford's Club. You know her, of course?"

"Oh, yes, I know her," said Reggie; "but what in the world induces her to take lessons? I am quite sure that she thinks she knows a lot more about bridge than I do."

"What her reasons may be I cannot say," said Lady Claverton, "but she is coming, anyhow. That makes our party. The first lesson is to be next Wednesday afternoon, if that suits you—at three o'clock—here. As regards terms, we are to pay one pound a lesson each. How will that do?"

"It's too much," said Reggie. "I really couldn't take it. It is not worth it."

"That is our affair entirely. We are quite prepared to pay that, so the matter is settled. Now, what preparations do you want made?"

"I shall only want two card-tables. I will provide the cards myself, as I must prepare them beforehand. The only trouble will be having to manage two tables at the same time. I wonder whether you would help me at one table, Miss Brooking, if I showed you exactly what I want done?"

"Oh, no, I couldn't, really," said Miss Brooking, getting very red. "I know so little about bridge."

"Myra, what a story!" said Lady Claverton. "Why, Mr. Holford, she is one of the best lady players in America. I really think you might do it, Myra."

"Do, please, Miss Brooking," said Reggie. "It would be such a help."

"I suppose I must, if you put it like that," said the unhappy Myra. "But you will find me very stupid."

"I'll chance that," said Reggie, highly pleased. "Everything is settled, then. Next Wednesday at three; and I will come round before then, if I may, to explain matters to Miss Brooking. Now I must run away."

As soon as he had gone Myra said:—

"You don't think he knows, do you, Emmie?"

"I am sure he doesn't, dear. Without knowing it he told me the whole history of his meeting you and your father at Boston. He actually asked me whether you were related to yourself. I perjured myself for you, my dear. I told him that you had not a relation in the world. Seriously, Myra, I cannot imagine how your father, eccentric as he was, could ever have allowed you to masquerade as a boy before a lot of men."

"He hated it, poor darling. It was entirely my own doing. You see, his one pleasure in life was playing bridge, and he had no one but me to help him. He couldn't take a girl into the club, so the only way that I could think of was to dress up as a boy. It was horrible, but no one ever guessed."

"I trust no one ever will," said Lady Claverton.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST LESSON.

REGGIE found Miss Brooking a very apt pupil. To his great surprise she seemed quite familiar with all his little peculiarities, and she was never at a loss to know what he was likely to do next.

"It is wonderful," he said. "You seem to know all my fads, as if you played bridge with me every day."

This innocent remark appeared to annoy her excessively.

"What nonsense!" she said. "Your play is no different to anyone else's. How could I know anything about it?"

Notwithstanding the lady's quickness, they were closeted together for an hour and a half. Possibly they touched on subjects other than bridge.

On the momentous Wednesday Reggie presented himself at the appointed hour, and found his eight pupils assembled in the library. Having been introduced to those of the party whom he did not know, he took up his stand on the heathrug, and proceeded to address them.

"I must explain to you, ladies, that this is an entirely new experience for me. I have not the remotest idea how bridge lessons are usually conducted, so I must invent a method of my own. I take it that this is in no sense a beginners' class—that you are all more or less experienced players—and that you know all the ordinary leads and conventions. That is so, is it not? Very well, then. It is quite unnecessary to go through the declarations—you doubtless know them as well as I do. We will get on at once to the play of the cards. I have brought with me rather an interesting hand, which I propose to play out myself, as I should in an ordinary game, and to give you my reasons, as we go on, for the play of every card. Will you kindly seat yourselves, four at each table? The cards are there in front of you. I hope that any lady will ask the reason for anything which she does not understand. Ask any questions you like—the more the better. The score is love-all."

The dealer's hand and the dummy are turned up.

DEALER.	DUMMY.
Hearts—King, 8, 7.	Ace, 6, 4.
Diamonds—Queen, 5, 4, 2.	Knave, 7, 3.
Clubs—Ace, 8, 4.	King, 9, 7, 6, 3.
Spades—Ace, 9, 3.	Queen, 6.

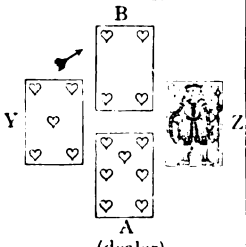
"I want you each to imagine yourself the dealer, and to ask yourselves how you would engineer the two hands. The dealer has an undoubted no-trump call, and the dummy is also useful. The *five of hearts* is led. There it is. Now, how would you proceed with this hand?"

"I should win the first trick in my own hand," said Mrs. Holroyd, without a moment's hesitation, "and then clear the club suit, keeping the *ace of hearts* in dummy as a card of re-entry. That is simple."

"Quite so," said Reggie. "That is what most people would do, but there is a great deal more in the hand than that. If I were the dealer I should pause and review the situation before playing a card from either hand. First, I ask myself what the lead of *five of hearts* indicates. It tells me something. The two and the three are missing; therefore the lead is probably from a five-card suit. It may be from six, or it may be from four—time will show. Next, I review my forces. I have two certain tricks in hearts, four in clubs with ordinary luck, and one in spades—seven altogether. But nine are required to win the game. How am I to get the other two? Supposing the dealer to hold five hearts, the game will turn

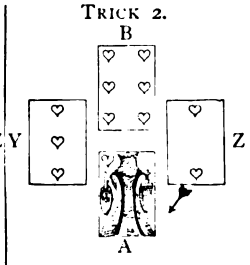
upon whether they can be brought in. Three tricks in hearts, and the ace and king of diamonds, which they must make, will save the game, therefore my whole attention must be turned to stopping the heart suit. That idea governs my play to the first trick. It often puzzles me why so few players ever think of holding up two commanding cards of their opponents' suit. They will all hold up one—say the ace—as long as possible, but it never seems to occur to them that it is doubly valuable to hold up two, especially in a case like this, where it is of vital importance to block the suit. Personally, I should never dream of winning the first trick here. I should let the third player win it. Let us play the cards.

TRICK 1.



Tricks: A B, 0; Y Z, 1.

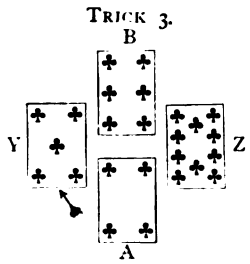
TRICK 2.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 1.

"The third player returns the suit, and this tells me exactly what I want to know. Both the return of the two, and the leader's play of the three, tell me that the leader had five originally, and that the third player has no more. You see that? Good! Now I proceed with my own game. I lead a small club, and the third trick is":—

TRICK 3.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 2.

"Oh, but Reggie—I beg your pardon—Professor," said Mrs. Lambert. "Why not win with the king? Are you never going to win any tricks?"

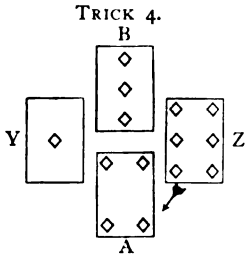
"I shall win plenty presently," said Reggie. "By passing this trick I put the lead into the third hand, and I know that he cannot lead another heart. If the leader had played a higher card than the nine, I should have been obliged to cover it; but this suits me much better. I am bound to lose one trick in clubs, and I may just as well lose it at first. That is what our American cousins call 'ducking'—you know the expression, I expect, Miss Brooking. 'Ducking' is a very useful asset for the dealer, as it so often enables him to place the lead where he wants it."

"It sounds very pretty, but what do you gain by it?" asked Miss Atherley.

"I gain this. Supposing I play out the ace and king, and the dealer held three clubs originally, he must come in on the third round, whatever his clubs were. He then clears his hearts and has the ace or king of diamonds to bring them in with. As it is he cannot possibly win a club trick, unless he had four, which is not likely. We go on.

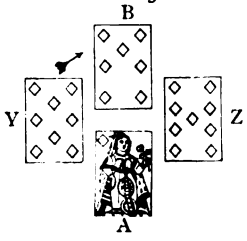
"The third player leads a diamond, and the leader wins with the ace, showing that he has not got the king. I make a mental note of that, and at once place the king on my right. Now, the only possible card of entry which the leader can have is the *king of spades*, and his next lead will tell me whether he has got it or not. If he has it he will clear his heart suit, trusting to come in again with the *king of spades*. If he has not got it he will return his partner's lead of diamonds.

TRICK 4.



Tricks: A B, 1; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 5.



Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 3.

"He has not got it. That's all right. I can now see my way to winning the game. The player on my right has king, ten of diamonds, either one or two clubs, and the king and other spades."

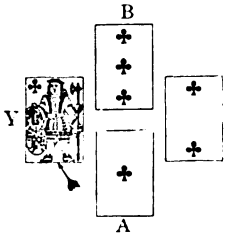
"But I don't quite see why he should let you make your queen of diamonds," said Mrs. Ramsden. "I should have put on the king and returned the ten."

"*Vous avez raison, madame*," said Reggie. "He might play it like that, hoping the diamonds would lie evenly. Either play would be right, but the fact is that I made him finesse the nine for the sake of illustrating another point later on.

"The game is now practically over, knowing as I do how so many of the cards are placed. We will play the next few tricks.

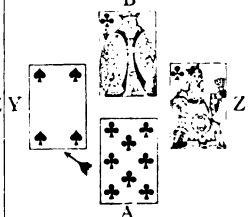
"I then lead the *ace of hearts* from dummy. I can count the hand on my right exactly. He has king, ten of diamonds, and king and another spade, and I have got him in a cleft stick. If he discards a diamond I discard a

TRICK 6.



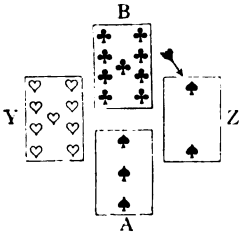
Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 7.



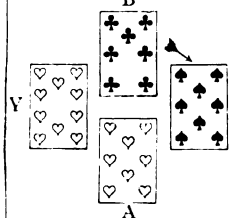
Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 8.



Tricks: A B, 5; Y Z, 3.

TRICK 9.



Tricks; A B, 6; Y Z, 3.

spade, and then lead dummy's knave of diamonds, making the *ace of spades* and the last diamond in my own hand. If he discards a spade, I discard a diamond and lead the *six of spades* from dummy, catching the king, so that I have got him either way. Thus we win three by cards and the game, which I think you will allow is a fine result with the materials which we had to work on. Please understand that this hand is not an instance of any exceptional play; it is just an example of intelligent reading of the cards and of drawing inferences as the cards fall, which enable one to play them to the best advantage."

"Yes," said Mrs. Holroyd; "it is very nice, and works out very well; but it is so easy to play right when you know how every card is placed. Any of us might have done it equally well if we had prepared the cards ourselves."

"I think that is hardly a fair criticism," said Reggie. "Certainly I prepared the hand myself, in order to illustrate certain points, but I did not play the cards blindly. I told you my reasons—and I think they were sound reasons—for the play of every card."

"You played it very well, and I own that your arguments were sound," said Miss Atherley; "but suppose you had played it in the ordinary straightforward way, as Mrs. Holroyd suggested, by winning the first trick and clearing the club suit, would not the result have been the same?"

"Not by any means," answered the Professor. "Let us play it out that way and see what will happen. It is quite easy to replace the cards, as each hand has a different coloured back. We will expose all four hands. There they are on the table":—

Hearts—Ace, 6, 4.
Diamonds—Knave, 7, 3.
Clubs—King, 9, 7, 6, 3.
Spades—Queen, 6.

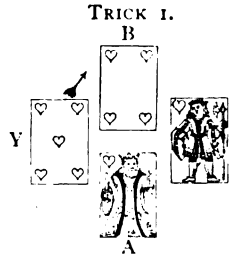
Hearts—Queen, 10, 9, 5, 3.
Diamonds—Ace, 8.
Clubs—Knave, 5.
Spades—Knave, 7, 5, 4.

B
(dummy)
Y Z
(dealer)
A

Hearts—Knave, 2.
Diamonds—King, 10, 9, 6.
Clubs—Queen, 10, 2.
Spades—King, 10, 8, 2.

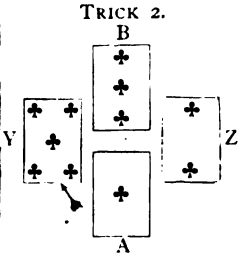
Hearts—King, 8, 7.
Diamonds—Queen, 5, 4, 2.
Clubs—Ace, 8, 4.
Spades—Ace, 9, 3.

TRICK 1.



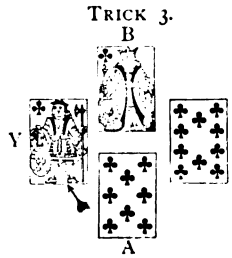
Tricks; A B, 1; Y Z, 0.

TRICK 2.



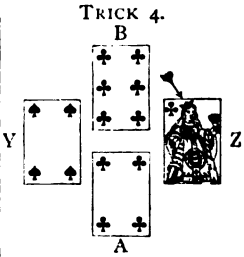
Tricks: A B, 2; Y Z, 0.

TRICK 3.



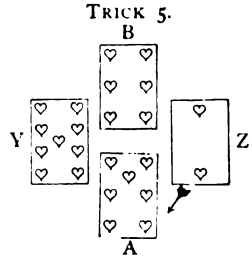
Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 0.

TRICK 4.



Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 1.

TRICK 5.

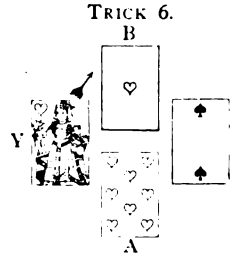


Tricks: A B, 3; Y Z, 2.

"You must not play the ace of hearts," said Mrs. Holroyd. "It must be held up."

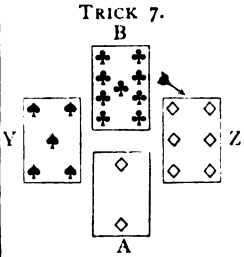
"Very well. It makes no difference. Let us substitute the six for the ace."

TRICK 6.



Tricks: A B, 4; Y Z, 2.

TRICK 7.

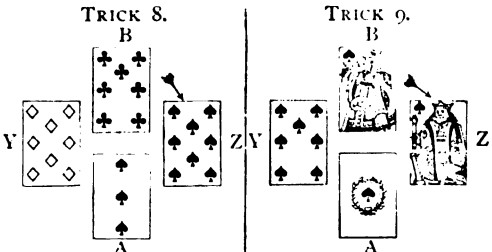


Tricks: A B, 5; Y Z, 2.

"What would you do now, Mrs. Holroyd?"

"I should lead the queen of spades and finesse it, of course."

"Very good. Let us see what happens."



Tricks: A B, 6; Y Z, 2. | Tricks: A B, 7; Y Z, 2.

"Now, whatever is led, the opponents must make the last four tricks, and the dealer wins the odd trick only, instead of three by cards. That is a very wide difference, and it must convey to you some idea of the importance of what I call an intelligent reading of the cards. It really makes all the difference between winning and losing at bridge."

"I quite see that," said Lady Chieveley, speaking for the first time; "but you can't expect us poor women to carry all that in our heads. I should want a piece of paper and a pencil to put it all down."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't—not after a little while. It is entirely a question of practice, and of 'taking notice,' as the children say. The great thing is to cultivate the faculty of drawing plain inferences from what you see on the table, and of remembering those inferences. As in everything else, you must begin in a small way. Make a mental note of one point in a hand—one simple little inference. You will soon be able to add a second to it, then a third, and after that you will wonder why it ever seemed difficult. Say that the leader opens with the two of a suit against a no-trump call—he has only four cards of that suit. Make a note of that fact, and don't forget it. When the third player, not being the dealer, plays the ace of a suit he has not got the king. Make a note of that. When he plays the king he has not got the queen, and so on."

"But can one always depend upon that?" asked Mrs. Heygate. "Does everybody play their cards in the same way?"

"All good players do," answered the Professor. "You can always depend upon a good player playing his cards correctly, unless he is dealer and has no partner to deceive. It is quite impossible to account for the vagaries of bad players, who play their cards just anyhow. You have to discriminate a little, and to know your players. Does any lady wish to ask any other question?"

No one had any further conundrum to propose, and the séance terminated.

CHAPTER III.

THE SECOND LESSON.

A WHOLE week elapsed, after the first lesson, before the class could be got together again. During that week Reggie's acquaintance with Lady Claverton and her *protégée* had progressed by leaps and bounds. He had taken them to the play, and to Sandown, and Lord's, and had made himself useful in so many ways that they began to look upon him as almost a necessary part of the establishment. He lunched with them on the following Wednesday, and met several of his pupils there. Soon after three o'clock the others arrived, and the second lesson commenced.

"In our last lesson," he began, "I touched on the subject of pausing for a moment to review the situation before playing to the first trick. I want to emphasize the importance of that most strongly. It is the one great secret of success in playing the two hands as dealer—especially in the no-trump game. You will see all first-class players do it. They make a distinct pause before playing a card, and then and there form a definite plan of campaign, and also form some sort of estimate of the probable result of the hand. Never mind if an irritable opponent says, 'What are you waiting for? There can be no possible doubt what to play there,' when you have in dummy the two, three, four of the suit led. Smile sweetly on him, and go on with your thinking. Notice the exact value of the card led, and draw any inferences that you can from it. If the two is led, you know that the lead is from four cards only. That knowledge may not be of any use to you; but, on the other hand, it may sometimes be of great value. That first trick is of paramount importance. I have seen a number of games lost by the dealer playing too quickly to the first trick, before giving himself time to think the situation out.

"I will show you an instance of what I mean. Here are the cards. We will turn up the dealer's hand and the dummy.

DEALER.	DUMMY.
Hearts—Ace, 10, 4.	Queen, 8, 2.
Diamonds—Queen, 10.	King, knave, 9, 6, 5, 2.
Clubs—Ace, 9, 8, 7, 5.	10, 3.
Spades—Queen, knave, 6.	8, 5.

"The dealer declares no trumps, and the six of hearts is led. What happens? The ordinary player, who perhaps rather prides himself on playing quickly, says, 'A small

one, please,' the third hand plays the nine, the dealer wins it with the ten, and congratulates himself on having won the trick cheaply. Then he starts to think what to do next. If he has any sense in his constitution he will soon realize that he has entirely destroyed the value of dummy's hand, as the long diamond suit can never be brought in now. Do you see what I mean?"

"I suppose you mean that he ought to have put up dummy's queen of hearts," said Mrs. Holroyd, "but I don't agree with you."

"No," said Reggie, "that would have been worse still. I certainly did not mean that. The dealer ought to have won the first trick in his own hand with the ace, not the ten."

"But is it not rather rash to give away a certain trick like that?" said Mrs. Heygate.

"It is not giving away a trick," was the answer. "The dealer can only win two tricks in hearts, and whether he wins with the ace and ten or with the ace and queen is quite immaterial. Let us consider the hand in our own way. First, we note the value of the card led, the six. That tells us, by the Eleven rule, that the third player has one card higher, and one only. Next, we review our forces. We see that we shall win two tricks in hearts, one each in clubs and spades, and five in diamonds, *if we can get them in.* How can we do it? The only possible card of entry in dummy is the queen of hearts; therefore we must part with our ace, whatever the third hand plays, so as to make the queen in dummy good. To begin with, the six must be covered by the eight in dummy, so as to force out the high card in the third hand. You must always remember that the third player will apply the Eleven rule also, and, if his high card should be the king, he would probably hold it up, unless the six was covered. In this case his high card is the nine, so it makes no difference. Now, having won with ace of hearts, not the ten, we lead the queen of diamonds, which the opponents are certain to pass; then the ten of diamonds, which we take over with dummy's knave, and we clear the diamond suit, having the queen of hearts to come in with. Do you understand that, ladies?"

"I suppose I am wrong," said Lady Chieveley, rather nervously, "but if you win the first trick with the ten of hearts, you have still got the queen in dummy."

"Yes, it is still there, but it can never make. The ace and the king will win the next two heart tricks. It is absolutely necessary to get the ace out of the way."

"Oh, I see now," said Lady Chieveley, "but I am quite sure that I should never do it in play. Why, it is a sort of problem."

"Oh, no, it's not, really," said Reggie. "Possibly you might not rise to it just at present; but I hope that, after a few more lessons, you will do it every time. Surely it is easy to see that those diamonds must be brought in somehow. That ought to set you thinking, and then the solution is easy; only—you must think at first, before you play the trick, otherwise it will be too late. That is the whole secret—do it at first. Bridge writers don't lay half enough stress on this point, possibly because they want to keep it up their sleeve, but more probably because they don't recognize it themselves. While we are on the subject of playing to a trick without weighing the situation carefully I should like to show you a hand which I saw played last night. The score was 28 to 16 against the dealer. His hand was:—

Hearts—Ace, king, queen, 8.
Diamonds—Ace, queen, knave, 9.
Clubs—10, 4.
Spades—6, 5, 3.

To begin with, what would you declare on that hand with the score 28 to 16 against you?"

"Hearts," said Lady Claverton, without a moment's hesitation.

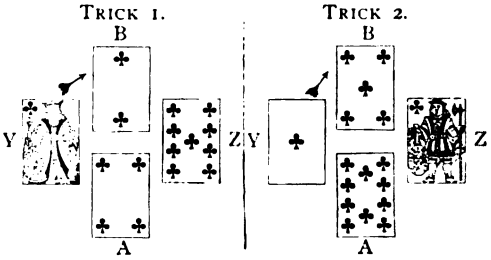
"I should go 'No trumps,'" said Mrs. Heygate. "Why not? The hand comes easily within the Robertson rule. It actually counts 26."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Heygate," said Reggie; "it does not come within the Robertson standard. It certainly counts 26, but two suits are altogether unguarded, and a *sine qua non* of the Robertson rule is that at least three suits should be properly guarded. Lady Claverton is right. It is an undoubted heart call, especially as only two by cards are required to win the game in either hearts or no trumps.

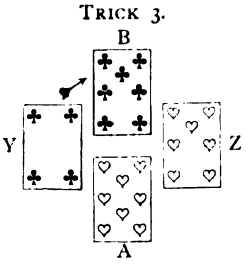
"The dealer declared hearts, and dummy put down—

Hearts—Knave, 6, 4.
Diamonds—10, 4, 2.
Clubs—Queen, 7, 5, 2.
Spades—9, 8, 2.

"The first three tricks were:—



TRICK 3.



"Do you see the mistake which the dealer made at trick three?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Holroyd. "He ought not to have over-trumped. He ought to have discarded a spade."

"In that case the opponents lead three rounds of spades, and he is in the same position again. No, that is not the point. If he had reviewed the situation properly, he would have seen that the only possible chance of winning the game was that the king of diamonds was on his right, and that it was imperative to put the dummy in to lead the ten of diamonds. To do that he must over-trump with an honour, and then lead three rounds of trumps, winning the third round with dummy's knave. Unless there are four trumps on his left, they will all fall. Then he leads the queen of clubs, discarding a spade, and then the ten of diamonds. If the finesse succeeds, as it would have done, he will win two by cards, and perhaps three."

"But supposing the finesse does not succeed?" asked Lady Claverton.

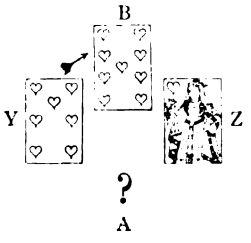
"Then he will lose the game; but, with the opponents a game up and 28, that is not worth thinking about. He will probably lose it in any case. It was a fine opportunity for playing a coup, but it was missed, and missed solely because the dealer played too quickly. He saw it a moment afterwards, and turned to me—I was sitting out, watching him—and said, 'What a chance I've missed!' As a matter of fact, he did manage to win the odd trick, but he lost the rubber on the next hand.

"I have one more instance here of the supreme importance of playing right to the first trick. It is the last game of the rubber—score 24 to 0 against the dealer. He leaves it and dummy declares no trumps.

DEALER.	DUMMY.
Hearts—King, 6, 5	Knave, 9.
Diamonds—10, 7, 2.	Ace, knave, 4.
Clubs—Queen, 7, 6, 4.	Ace, king, 3.
Spades—Knave, 10, 3.	Ace, queen, 9, 6, 2.

"The seven of hearts is led.

"Dummy's hand is a very fine one, and the game seems to depend entirely upon whether the finesse in spades comes off. If it does, we win one heart, one diamond, five spades, and probably four clubs—five by cards. So far, so good. But suppose the finesse is wrong. The lead of the seven of hearts looks like a suit of five at least, possibly six. We can only stop the suit once, and if it comes in our chance of winning the game is gone. The first trick goes—



"Now what shall we do? The obvious play is to win the first trick and lead the knave of spades. Obvious, but wrong. By passing the first trick we make a certainty of winning the game. The heart suit will be returned, the ace will have to go on to beat the knave, and our king remains good. Then it will not matter a bit whether the finesse succeeds, as the leader's partner will not have another heart to lead, or, if he has another, the leader will only have had four originally, and the game will still be won.

"An inexperienced player would very likely put up the knave, second hand, from dummy; that would be beaten by the queen, and then the king would have to go on. He might then make four tricks in clubs, but sooner or later he must come to the spade finesse, and if it goes wrong the game is lost—or, rather, not won.

"I may seem to have harped a great deal on this plan of campaign question, but it was my special subject to-day, and it is a very important one indeed. If you have caught the idea at all, as I quite hope you have, you will be certain to find that you get a much better grasp of the next no-trump hand which you have to play.

"Thank you for your kind attention."

"We have to thank you, on the contrary, Mr. Holford, for the very clear way in which you explain things to us," said Lady Chieveley. "I am sure I have learnt a great deal, but I doubt if I shall be able to remember it at the card-table. I wish I could have you behind me. I should like to see you play a real hand, and to know exactly why you do things."

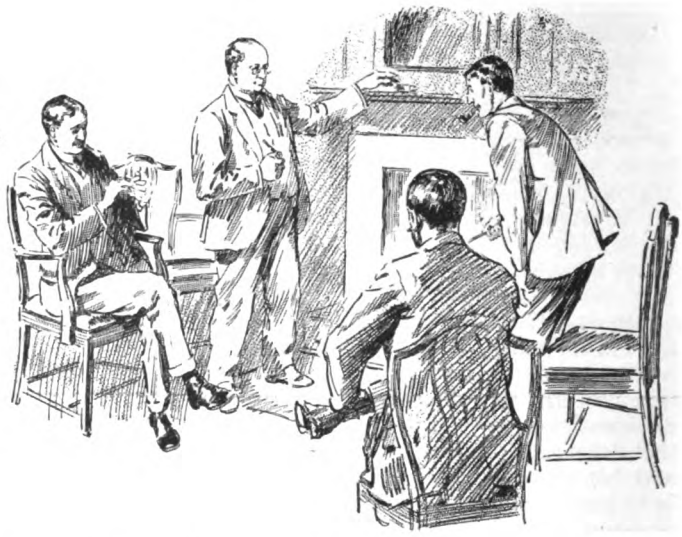
"Well," said Reggie, "I played a hand a few nights ago which I was rather proud of. I remember every card, so if you like I will play it over again at our next lesson, and explain all my reasons to you. Shall we say next Friday?"

Friday suited everybody, and so it was arranged.

(To be concluded next month.)

Perplexities.

Christmas Puzzles.



By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

22.—WILSON'S QUEER RELATIONSHIP.

"SPEAKING of perplexities——" said Mr. Wilson, throwing down a magazine on the table in the commercial room of the Railway Hotel.

"Who was speaking of perplexities?" inquired Mr. Stubbs.

"Well, then, reading about them, if you want to be exact—it just occurred to me that perhaps you three men may be interested in a little matter connected with myself."

It was Christmas Eve, and the four commercial travellers were spending the holiday at Grassminster. Probably each suspected that the others had no homes, and perhaps each was conscious of the fact that he was in that predicament himself. In any case they seemed to be perfectly comfortable, and as they drew round the cheerful fire the conversation became general.

"What is the difficulty?" asked Mr. Pankhurst.

"There's no difficulty in the matter, when you rightly understand it. It is like this. A man named Parker had a flying-machine that would carry two. He was a venturesome sort of chap—reckless, I should call him—and he had some bother in finding a man willing to risk his life in making an ascent with him. However, an uncle of mine thought he would chance it, and one fine morning he took his seat in the machine and she started off well. When they were up about a thousand feet, my nephew suddenly——"

"Here, stop, Wilson! What was your nephew doing there? You said your uncle," interrupted Mr. Stubbs.

"Did I? Well, it does not matter. My nephew suddenly turned to Parker and said that the engine wasn't running well, so Parker called out to my uncle——"

"Look here," broke in Mr. Waterson, "we are getting mixed. Was it your uncle or your nephew? Let's have it one way or the other."

"What I said is quite right. Parker called out to my uncle to do something or other, when my nephew——"

"There you are again, Wilson," cried Mr. Stubbs; "once for all, are we to understand that both your uncle and your nephew were on the machine?"

"Certainly. I thought I made that clear. Where was I? Well, my nephew shouted back to Parker——"

"Phew! I'm sorry to interrupt you again, Wilson, but we can't get on like this. Is it true that the machine would only carry two?"

"Of course. I said at the start that it only carried two."

"Then what in the name of aerostation do you mean by saying that there were three persons on board?" shouted Mr. Stubbs.

"Who said there were three?"

"You have told us that Parker, your uncle, and your nephew went up on this blessed flying-machine."

"That's right."

"And the thing would only carry two!"

"Right again."

"Wilson, I have known you for some time as a truthful man and a temperate man," said Mr. Stubbs, solemnly. "But I am afraid since you took up that new line of goods you have overworked yourself."

"Half a minute, Stubbs," interposed Mr. Waterson. "I see clearly where we all slipped a cog. Of course, Wilson, you meant us to understand that Parker is either your uncle or your nephew. Now we shall be all right if you will just tell us whether Parker is your uncle or nephew."

"He is no relation to me whatever."

The three men sighed and looked anxiously at one another. Mr. Stubbs got up from his chair to reach the matches, Mr. Pankhurst proceeded to wind up his watch, and Mr. Waterson took up the poker to attend to the fire. It was an awkward moment, for at the season of goodwill nobody wished to tell Mr. Wilson exactly what was in his mind.

"It's curious," said Mr. Wilson, very deliberately, "and it's rather sad, how thick-headed some people are. You don't seem to grip the facts. It never seems to have occurred to either of you that my uncle and my nephew are one and the same man."

"What!" exclaimed all three together.

"Yes; David George Linklater is my uncle, and he is also my nephew. Consequently, I am both his uncle and nephew. Queer, isn't it? I'll explain how it comes about."

Mr. Wilson put the case so very simply that the three men saw how it might happen without any marriage within the prohibited degrees. Perhaps the reader can work it out for himself.

23.—THE EIGHT DINERS.

"ONE of the most perplexing things I have come across lately," said Mr. Wilson, "is this. Eight men had been dining not wisely but too well at a certain London restaurant. They were the last to leave, but not one man was in a condition to identify his own hat. Now, considering that they took their hats at random, what are the chances that every man took a hat that did not belong to him?"

"The first thing," said Mr. Waterson, "is to see in how many different ways the eight hats could be taken."

"That is quite easy," Mr. Stubbs explained. "Multiply together the numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8. Let me see—half a minute—yes; there are 40,320 different ways."

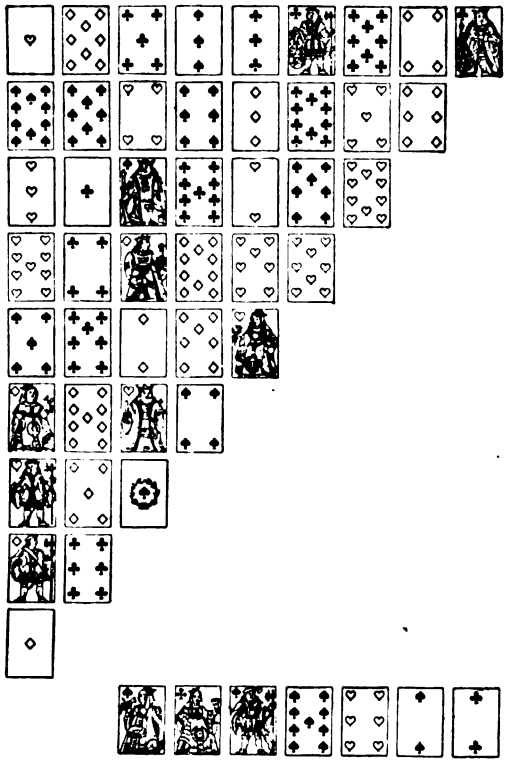
"Now all you've got to do is to see in how many of these cases no man has his own hat," said Mr. Waterson.

"Thank you, I'm not taking any," said Mr. Pankhurst. "I don't envy the man who attempts the task of writing out all those forty-thousand-odd cases and then picking out the ones he wants."

They all agreed that life is not long enough for that sort of amusement, and as nobody saw any other way of getting at the answer the matter was postponed indefinitely. Can you solve the puzzle?

24.—MR. PANKHURST'S "PATIENCE."

"LET me introduce to you a fine problem patience," said Mr. Pankhurst, taking from his pocket a pack of cards. "It is one of the most fascinating things I have seen for a long time, and everybody I show it to gets enamoured of it. I know one person who made it come out six times in succession, but the average for good players is about five successes out of twelve attempts. I call it 'The Triangle.'"



He then dealt out the cards in the manner shown—in nine piles containing successively 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, and 1 cards, all face upwards. The cards overlap and all are thus exposed, the bottom card of the first pile being H ace and the top card D ace. The seven cards left over are also exposed and playable as you require them.

The problem is to remove and pack all the cards into suits in ascending sequence from the ace upwards. For this purpose we may at once put up the D ace and the S ace as foundations, and, if we like, can then play S 2 on S ace. You may move any card on to one of a different colour in descending sequence. Thus, in the above deal, which is the one actually dealt out by Mr. Pankhurst, the only possible first moves are H queen on C king, or S knave on H queen, or S 9 on H 10, or either S queen or C queen on H king. You have to take your choice, and it is well to consider all the subsequent possibilities of the situation before moving a card. The cards can only be moved one at a time, but the great thing is to get vacant spaces. Thus, if the H queen and the C king had happened to be transposed, we might have placed the queen on the king, and at once have obtained a vacant space to which any card can be removed. If you have one vacant space it enables you to transfer two cards that are in sequence from one pile to another (provided the transfer is legitimate); if two spaces, you can transfer four; if three spaces, eight; if four spaces, theoretically sixteen, which is more than a complete sequence. The importance of obtaining vacant spaces is therefore immense. It is allowable to bring a card back from a suit heap to one of the piles, if correctly played.

Now, the case dealt by Mr. Pankhurst can be made to come out correctly, and it is an interesting problem to discover how he brought about success. Of course, when all the piles are in proper sequence they can be played straight out and the problem is solved, and many players aim at a record with as few cards put up for the suit heaps as possible. I believe it has been done with as few as three cards, and I shall show how Mr. Pankhurst's deal may be made to come out with only five cards put up. Readers should try to bring this about: it is not so difficult as some cases that arise.

25.—MR. WATERSON'S CHESS ENDING.

"JUST as Pankhurst always carries a pack of cards about with him, to play patience in odd moments," Mr. Waterson remarked, "so I always have with me as a companion this pocket chessboard. It is an infallible source of entertainment to me on railway journeys and at times of solitude. Here is a queer position that occurred to me in a game I had with a man in a West-country town the other day."

He showed them the position given in our diagram.

"I was White," he continued, "and it was my move. What would you do in such a case?"

"Well," said Wilson, after a brief examination, "Black threatens to win your queen next move by discovered check, unless you do one of two things: check at bishop's eighth or take the rook with the queen."

"If I had taken the rook I should have lost the game," said Mr. Waterson.

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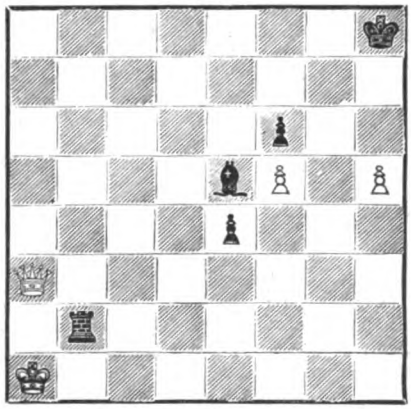

WHITE.

Mr. Waterson's Chess Ending.

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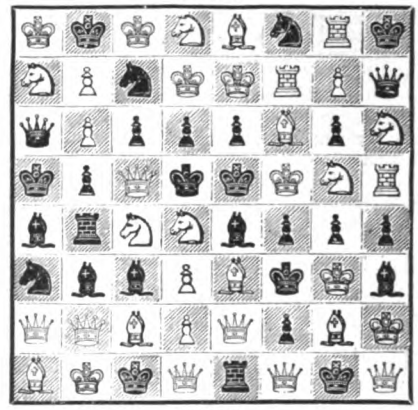


WHITE.

Eight Chess Problems.

"But anybody can see that if you check at bishop's eighth you have an easy draw by perpetual check," Mr. Stubbs correctly pointed out. "If Black goes to his rook's third you mate him."

"What do you think, Pankhurst?"

"As there are only two courses open to you—one resulting in a drawn game and the other a loss—you must select the draw. As a matter of fact, what did you actually do?"

"Well," declared Mr. Waterson, "I won the game! It is a certain win for White, if properly played."

They sought in vain for the pretty solution until Mr. Waterson showed them how it is done. Could the reader have won in that position, playing White?

26.—EIGHT CHESS PROBLEMS.

"YOUR producing that little chessboard, Waterson, reminds me," said Mr. Wilson, "of something in your line that I have had in my pocket for a long time, if I can only find it."

After hunting through a bulky collection of letters and papers he discovered the extraordinary diagram that we reproduce.

"What in the name of Caissa do you call that?" inquired Mr. Pankhurst. "That's not chess! Why, every square is occupied!"

The three men laughed in derision, but Mr. Wilson waited until they were quiet.

"If you have quite finished," he said, a little bitterly, "perhaps you will let me explain that that single diagram contains as many as eight chess problems. If Waterson will take the trouble to set up on his board the eight pieces in any single file he will have a problem in which White is to play and mate in three moves."

"That's very ingenious," Mr. Stubbs said, "and a noble example of economy in printing. I assume every separate problem must be set on the file on which it is shown?"

"Certainly," Mr. Wilson replied; "but unfortunately the problems on the Queen's file and the King's Knight's file have several solutions. The others appear to be quite sound."

They selected the problem on Queen's Bishop's file and did not leave it until they had solved it.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

19.—BOYS AND GIRLS.

THERE are a good many different solutions to this puzzle. Any contiguous pair, except 7-8, may be moved first, and after the first move there are variations. The following solution shows the position from the start right through each successive move to the end:—

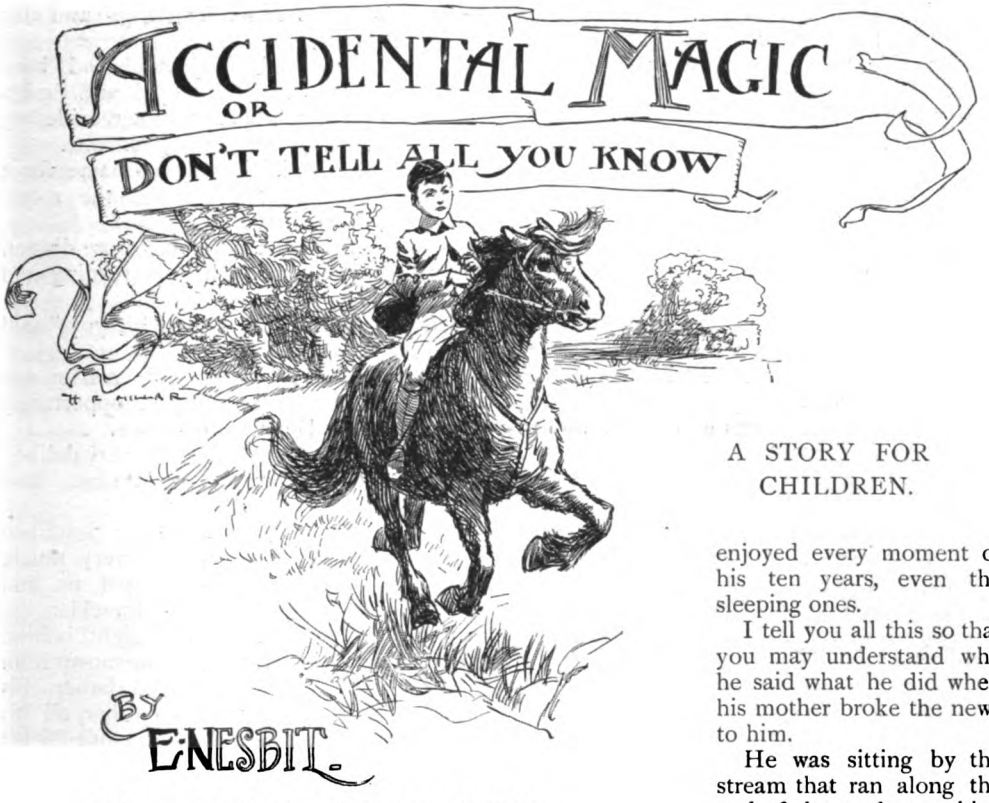
. . 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8	4 3 1 2 7 . . 5 6 8
4 3 1 2 . . 5 6 7 8	4 . . 2 7 1 3 5 6 8
4 3 1 2 7 6 5 . . 8	4 8 6 2 7 1 3 5 . .

20.—THE TRAVELLER'S PUZZLE.

There are 462 different routes from A to B under the conditions. There are 6 squares due East from A, and 5 squares due South. Now, 6 added to 5 makes 11; multiply together the numbers from 1 to 11, and you get 39,916,800. Also multiply together the numbers from 1 to 6 and from 1 to 5, and you get 720 and 120, which multiplied together will produce 86,400. Then divide 39,916,800 by 86,400, and you have the answer, 462.

21.—THE MYSTIC ELEVEN.

Most people know that if the sum of the digits in the odd places of any number is the same as the sum of the digits in the even places, then the number is divisible by 11 without remainder. Thus in 89674301 2 the odd digits, 20468, add up 20, and the even digits, 1379, also add up 20. Therefore the number may be divided by 11. But few seem to know that if the difference between the sum of the odd and the even digits is 11, or a multiple of 11, the rule equally applies. This law enables us to find, with a very little trial, that the smallest number containing nine of the ten digits (calling 0 a digit) that is divisible by 11 is 102,347,586, and the highest number possible, 987,652,413.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY E. NESBIT.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

QUENTIN DE WARD was rather a nice little boy, but he had never been with other little boys. His father was in India, and he and his mother lived quite alone in a little house in the New Forest. Mrs. de Ward read a great many books, and she used to tell Quentin about them afterwards.

Thus he came to know quite a lot of odd, out-of-the-way things, and to have opinions of his own concerning them.

Quentin did no regular lessons, such as most boys have, but he read all sorts of books and made notes from them.

You will, perhaps, have supposed that Quentin was a prig. But he wasn't, and you would have owned this if you had seen him scampering through the green wood on his quiet New Forest pony, or setting snares for the rabbits. And once he fought the grocer's boy and got licked, and didn't cry, and made friends with the grocer's boy afterwards. He was ten years old, and he had enjoyed every moment of his ten years, even the sleeping ones.

I tell you all this so that you may understand why he said what he did when his mother broke the news to him.

He was sitting by the stream that ran along the end of the garden, making bricks of the clay that the stream's banks were made of. His mother came out, and she had a letter in her hand.

"Halloa, boy of my heart!" she said. "Very busy?"

"Yes," said Quentin, importantly, not looking up, and going on with his work.

"Quentin, dear!" she said, and something in her voice made him look up suddenly.

"Oh, mother, what is it?" he asked.

"Daddy's been wounded," she said; "he's all right now, dear—don't be frightened. Only I've got to go out to him. I shall meet him in Egypt. And you must go to school in Salisbury, a very nice school, dear, till I come back."

After a moment he said, "Salisbury? Then I shall see Stonehenge?"

"Yes," said his mother, pleased that he took the news so calmly; "you will be sure to see Stonehenge some time."

The journey to Salisbury was made in a motor, which was very exciting, of course, and rather took Quentin's mind off the parting with his mother, as she meant it should.

I believe it was quite a nice school. But

Quentin hated it from the very beginning, for when his mother had gone the head master said: "School will be out in half an hour. Take a book, De Ward," and gave him "Little Eric and His Friends," a mere baby book. It was too silly. He could not read it. He saw on a shelf near him "Smith's Antiquities," a very old friend of his, so he said, "I'd rather have this, please."

"You should say 'sir' when you speak to a master," the head said to him. "Take the book by all means." To himself the head said, "I wish you joy of it, you little prig."

When school was over one of the boys was told to show Quentin his bed and his locker. The matron had already unpacked his box, and his pile of books was waiting for him to carry it over.

"Golly, what a lot of books!" said Smithson minor. "What's this? 'Atlantis'? Is it a jolly story?"

"It isn't a story," said Quentin.

And just then the classical master came by. "What's that about 'Atlantis'?" he said.

"It's a book the new chap's got," said Smithson.

The classical master glanced at the book.

"And how much do you understand of this?" he asked, fluttering the leaves.

"Nearly all, I think," said Quentin.

"You should say 'sir' when you speak to a master," said the classical one; and to himself he added, "Little prig." Then he said to Quentin, "I am afraid you will find yourself rather out of your element among ordinary boys."

"I don't think so," said Quentin, calmly, adding as an afterthought, "sir."

"I'm glad you're so confident," said the classical master, and went.

After supper the boys had half an hour's recreation. Quentin, who was tired, picked up a book which a big boy had just put down. It was the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

"Hi, you kid," said the big boy, "don't pretend you read Shakespeare for fun. That's simple swank, you know."

"I don't know what swank is," said Quentin, "but I like the 'Midsummer,' whoever wrote it."

"Whoever *what?*"

"Well," said Quentin, "there's a good deal to be said for its being Bacon who wrote the plays."

Of course, that settled it. From that moment he was called, not De Ward, which was strange enough, but "Bacon." He rather liked that. But the next day it was "Pork," and the day after "Pig," and that was unbearable.

The book called "Atlantis" had been looked at by most of the school, and Smithson major—not nearly such an agreeable boy as his brother—hit on a new nickname.

"'Atlantic Pork' is a good name for a swank," he said. "You know the rotten meat they have in Chicago."

This was in the playground, before dinner. Quentin shut the book he was reading and looked up.

"If you call me that I shall hit you," said Quentin, "as hard as I can."

Smithson looked round. No master was in sight. It seemed an excellent opportunity to teach young De Ward his place.

"Atlantic pig-swine!" he said, very deliberately. And Quentin sprang at him. And instantly it was a fight.

As the fist of Smithson major described a half-circle and hurt his ear very much, Quentin suddenly screwed himself up and hit out with his right hand, knuckles up, straight, and with his whole weight behind the blow, as the grocer's boy had shown him. All his grief for his wounded father, his sorrow at the parting from his mother, all his hatred of his school and his contempt for his schoolfellows went into that blow. It landed on the point of the chin of Smithson major, who turned green and fell to the ground like a heap of rags.

"Well done, Piggy! Bravo, young 'un! Well hit, by Jove!"

Friendly hands thumped him on the back. Smithson major was no popular hero.

"Get up, Smithie!" cried the ring. "Want any more?"

Smithson moved and grunted. A sigh of relief swept the ring as a breeze sweeps a cornfield.

"He's all right. A fair knock-out. Piggy's got the use of 'em. Do Smithie good." The voices hushed suddenly. A master was on the scene—the classical master.

"Fighting?" he said. "The new boy? Who began it?"

"I did," said Quentin. "But he began with calling names."

"Sneak!" murmured the entire school; and Quentin, who had seen no reason for not speaking the truth, perceived that one should not tell all one knows, and that once more he stood alone in the world.

"You will go to your room, De Ward," said the classical master. "The headmaster will consider your case to-morrow. You will probably be expelled."

Quentin went to his room and thought over his position. It seemed to be desperate.

"If mother had known what it was like," he said to himself, "she would never have left me here. I've got the two pounds she gave me. I shall go to the White Hart at Salisbury—no, they'd find me then. I'll go to Lyndhurst, and write to her. It's better to run away than to be expelled."

His dinner was brought up on a tray—bread and water. He put the bread in his pocket. Then, when he knew that everyone was at dinner in the long dining-room at the back of the house, he just walked very quietly down the stairs, opened the side door, and marched out, down the garden path and out at the tradesmen's gate.

He went quickly down the street, turning the first corner he came to so as to get out of sight of the school. He turned another corner, went through an archway, and found himself in an inn yard—very quiet indeed.

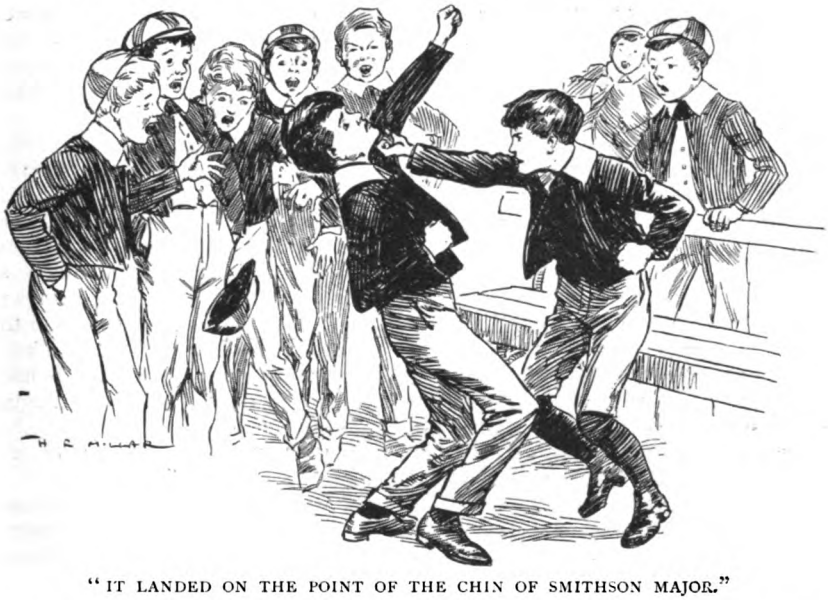
Quentin was just turning to go back through the arch when he saw a big covered cart, whose horse wore a nose-bag and looked as if there was no hurry. The cart bore the name, "Miles, Carrier, Lyndhurst."

Quentin climbed up by the shaft. There were boxes and packages of all sorts in the cart, and at the back an empty crate with sacking over it. He got into the crate, pulled the sacking over himself, and settled down to eat his bread.

Presently the carrier came out, and after a long while the cart shook to the carrier's heavy climb into it, the harness rattled, the cart lurched, and the wheels were loud and bumpy over the cobble-stones of the yard.

The black horse seemed as sleepy as the streets, and went very slowly. Also, it stopped very often, and wherever there were parcels to leave there were slow, long talkings to be exchanged. I think, perhaps, Quentin dozed a good deal under his sacks. At any rate, it was with a shock of surprise that he suddenly heard the carrier's voice saying, as the horse stopped with a jerk :—

"There's a crate for you, Mrs. Braddock, returned empty."



"IT LANDED ON THE POINT OF THE CHIN OF SMITHSON MAJOR."

"I'll go and call Joe," said a voice—Mrs. Braddock's, Quentin supposed—and slow feet stumped away over stones. Mr. Miles leisurely untied the tail canvas of the cart, ready to let the crate be taken out.

Quentin spent a paralytic moment. What could he do?

And then, luckily or unluckily, a reckless motor tore past, and the black horse plunged, and Mr. Miles had to go to its head and "talk pretty" to it for a minute. And in that minute Quentin lifted the sacking and looked out. It was low sunset, and the street was deserted. He stepped out of the crate, dropped to the ground, and slipped behind a stout and friendly water-butt that seemed to offer protective shelter.

Joe came, and the crate was taken down.

The cart rattled away. Joe and the crate

blundered out of hearing, and Quentin looked cautiously round the water-butt.

Hastily turning his school-cap inside out —the only disguise he could think of—he emerged from the water-butt seclusion and into the street, trying to look as if there was no reason why he should not be there. He did not know the village. It was not Lyndhurst. And, of course, asking the way was not to be thought of.

There was a piece of sacking lying on the road; it must have dropped from the carrier's cart. He picked it up and put it over his shoulders.

"A deeper disguise," he said. And walked on.

He walked steadily for a long, long way as it seemed; and the world got darker and darker.

"I shall have to sleep behind a hedge," he said, bravely enough; but there did not seem to be any hedges. And then, quite suddenly, he came upon it.

A scattered building, half-transparent as it seemed, showing black against the last faint pink and primrose of the sunset. He stopped, took a few steps off the road on short, crisp turf that rose in a gentle slope, and at the end of a dozen paces he knew it. Stonehenge! Stonehenge he had always wanted so desperately to see!

He stopped to think. He knew that Stonehenge stands all alone on Salisbury Plain. He was very tired. His mother had told him about a girl in a book who slept all night on the altar-stone at Stonehenge. So it was a thing that people did—to sleep there.

There was just enough light left amid the stones of the wonderful broken circle to guide him to its centre. As he went, his hand brushed a plant; he caught at it, and a little group of flowers came away in his hand.

"St. John's wort," he said; "that's the magic flower." And he remembered that it is only magic when you pluck it on Midsummer Eve.

"And this *is* Midsummer Eve," he told himself, and put it in his buttonhole.

"I don't know where the altar-stone is," he said; "but that looks a cosy little crack between those two big stones."

He crept into it, and lay down on a flat stone that stretched between and under two fallen pillars.

The night was soft and warm; it was Midsummer Eve.

"Mother isn't going till the twenty-sixth," he told himself. "I sha'n't bother about hotels. I shall send her a telegram in the morning and get a carriage at the nearest stables and go straight back to her."

Then he fell asleep on the smooth, solid, steady stone.

He awoke on the stone in a world that rocked as sea-boats rock on a choppy sea.

He went to sleep between fallen, moveless pillars of a ruin older than any world that history knows.

He awoke in the shade of a purple awning through which strong sunlight filtered and purple curtains that flapped and strained in the wind; and there was a smell—a sweet, familiar smell—of tarred ropes and the sea.

The stone on which he lay dipped and rose to a rhythm which he knew well enough. He had felt it when he and his mother went in a little boat from Key Haven to Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight. There was no doubt in his mind. He was on a ship. But how—but why? Who could have carried him all that way without waking him? Was it magic—accidental magic? The St. John's wort, perhaps?

There was the pat-pat of bare feet on the deck, a dull sort of shuffling as though people were arranging themselves; and then people outside the awning began to sing. It was a strange song—not at all like any music you or I have ever heard. It had no tune, but it had a sort of wild, rough, glorious, exciting splendour about it.

Quentin lifted a corner of the purple curtain and looked out.

Instantly the song stopped, drowned in the deepest silence Quentin had ever imagined. It was only broken by the flip-flapping of the sheets against the masts of the ship. For it was a ship—Quentin saw that as the bulwark dipped to show him an unending waste of sea, broken by bigger waves than he had ever dreamed of. He saw also a crowd of men, dressed in white and blue and purple and gold. Their right arms were raised towards the sun—half of whose face showed across the sea—but they seemed to be "struck so," for their eyes were not fixed on the sun, but on Quentin. And not in anger, he noticed curiously, but with surprise and—could it be that they were afraid of him?

Quentin was shivering with the surprise and newness of it all. He had read about magic, but he had not wholly believed in it, and yet — now — if this was not magic, what was it?

The silence became awkward. Someone had to say something.

"Good morning," said Quentin, feeling that he ought, perhaps, to be the one.

Instantly everyone in sight fell on its face on the deck.

Only one, a tall man with a black beard and a blue mantle, stood up and looked Quentin in the eyes.

"Who are you?" he said. "Answer. I adjure you by the sacred Tau!" Now this was very odd and Quentin could never understand it, but when this man spoke Quentin understood *him* perfectly; and yet at the same time he knew that the man was speaking a foreign language. So that his thought was not, "Halloa, you speak English!" but, "Halloa, I can understand your language!"

"I am Quentin de Ward," he said.

"A name from other stars! How came you here?" asked the blue-mantled man.

"*I* don't know," said Quentin.

"He does not know. He did not sail with us. It is by magic that he is here," said Blue Mantle. "Rise, all, and greet the Chosen of the Gods."

They rose from the deck, and Quentin saw that they were all bearded men, dressed in strange dress of something like jersey and tunic, but with heavy golden ornaments and bright, earnest eyes.

"Hail, Chosen of the Gods!" cried Blue Mantle, who seemed to be the leader.

"Hail, Chosen of the Gods!" echoed all.

"'WHO ARE YOU?' HE SAID. 'ANSWER. I ADJURE YOU BY THE SACRED TAU!'"

They brought him bread and bananas and oranges.

"Take," said Blue Mantle, "of the fruits of the earth, and specially of this, which gives drink and meat and ointment to man," suddenly offering a large cocoa-nut.

"Nothing," he continued, "is too good for the Chosen of the Gods. All that we have is yours—to the very last day of your life you have only to command, and we obey. You will like to eat in seclusion. And afterwards you will let us behold the whole person of the Chosen of the Gods."

Quentin retired into the purple tent, with the fruits and the cocoa-nut. When he had had enough to eat he peeped out again. Blue Mantle was on the watch and came quickly forward.

"Now," said he, very crossly indeed, "tell me how you got here. This Chosen of the Gods business is all very well for the vulgar. But you and I know that there is no such thing as magic."

"Speak for yourself," said Quentin. "If I'm not here by magic I'm not here at all."

"Yes, you are," said Blue Mantle.

"I know I am," said Quentin; "but if I'm not here by magic, what am I here by?"

"Stowawayishness," said Blue Mantle.

"If you think that, why don't you treat me as a stowaway?"

"Because of public opinion," said Blue Mantle, rubbing his nose in an angry sort of perplexedness.

"Very well," said Quentin, who was feeling so surprised and bewildered that it was a real relief to him to bully somebody. "Now look here. I came here by magic—accidental magic. I belong to quite a different world from yours. But perhaps you are right about my being the Chosen of the Gods. And I sha'n't tell you anything about my world. But I command you, by the sacred Tau" (he had been quick enough to catch and remember the word), "to tell me who you are, and where you come from and where you are going."

"Well, then," said Blue Mantle, "I am a priest of Poseidon, and I come from the great and immortal kingdom of Atlantis."

"From the temple where the gold statue is, with the twelve sea-horses in gold?" Quentin asked, eagerly.

"Ah! I knew you knew all about it," said Blue Mantle; "so I don't need to tell you that I am taking the sacred stone, on which you are sitting (profanely, if you are a mere stowaway and not the Chosen of the Gods), to complete the splendid structure of a temple built on a great plain in the second of the islands which are our colonies in the North-East."

"Tell me all about Atlantis," said Quentin. And the priest, protesting that Quentin knew as much about it as he did, told.

And all the time the ship was ploughing through the waves, sometimes sailing, sometimes rowed by hidden rowers with long oars. And Quentin was served in all things as though he had been a king.

"We are less than three days' journey now from the Eastern Isles," Blue Mantle said one day, "and I warn you that if you are a mere stowaway you had better own it. Because if you persist in calling yourself the Chosen of the Gods you will be expected to act as much—to the very end."

"I don't call myself anything," said Quentin; "though I am not a stowaway, anyhow, and I don't know how I came here—so, of course, it was magic. It's simply silly your being so cross. *I* can't help being here. Let's be friends."

"Well," said Blue Mantle, much less crossly, "I never believed in magic, though I *am* a priest; but if it is, it is. We may as well be friends, as you call it. It isn't for very long, anyway," he added, mysteriously.

And then, to show his friendliness, he took Quentin all over the ship and explained it to him. And Quentin was fed well all the time and made much of, so that when the ship reached land he was quite sorry. The ship anchored by a stone quay, most solid and serviceable, and everyone was very busy.

And after a very great deal of talk the altar-stone was lifted — Quentin, curtains, awning, and all—and carried along a gangway to the shore, and there it was put on a sort of cart, more like what people in Manchester call a lorry than anything else I can think of. The wheels were made of solid circles of wood bound round with copper. And the cart was drawn by—not horses or donkeys or oxen, or even dogs, but by an enormous creature more like an elephant than anything else, only it had long hair rather like the hair worn by goats.

You, perhaps, would not have known what this vast creature was; but Quentin, who had all sorts of out-of-the-way information packed in his head, knew at once that it was a mammoth.

And by that he knew, too, that he had slipped back many thousands of years, because, of course, it is a very long time indeed since there were any mammoths alive and able to draw lorries. And the car and the priest and the priest's retinue, and the stone and Quentin and the mammoth, journeyed slowly away from the coast, passing through great green forests and among strange grey mountains.

Where were they journeying?

Quentin asked the same question, you may be sure. And Blue Mantle told him.

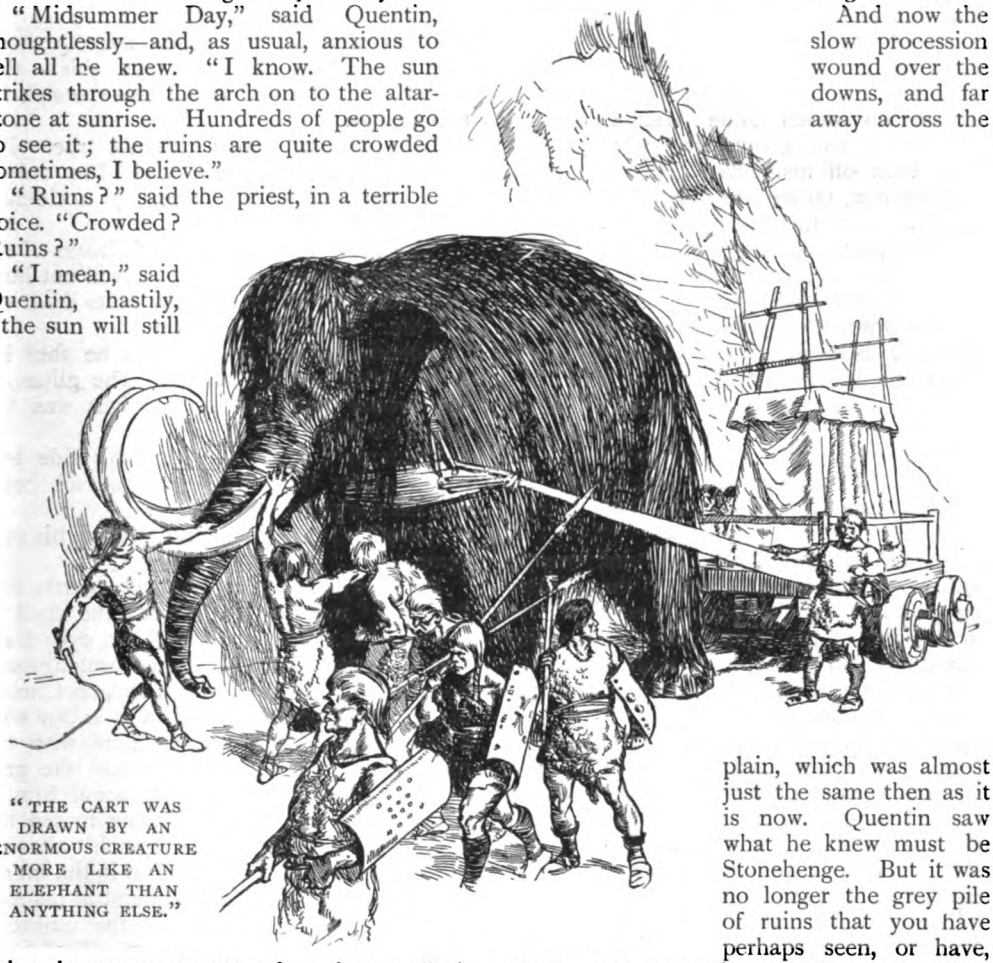
"To Stonehenge." And Quentin understood him perfectly, though Stonehenge was not the word Blue Mantle used, or anything like it.

"The great temple is now complete," he said; "all but the altar-stone. It will be the most wonderful temple ever built in any of the colonies of Atlantis. And it will be consecrated on the longest day of the year."

"Midsummer Day," said Quentin, thoughtlessly—and, as usual, anxious to tell all he knew. "I know. The sun strikes through the arch on to the altar-stone at sunrise. Hundreds of people go to see it; the ruins are quite crowded sometimes, I believe."

"Ruins?" said the priest, in a terrible voice. "Crowded? Ruins?"

"I mean," said Quentin, hastily, "the sun will still shine the same way even when the temple is in ruins, won't it?"



"THE CART WAS DRAWN BY AN ENORMOUS CREATURE MORE LIKE AN ELEPHANT THAN ANYTHING ELSE."

"The temple," said the priest, "is built to defy time. It will never be in ruins."

Now, though Quentin had been intensely interested in everything he had seen in the ship and on the journey, you may be sure he had not lost sight of the need there was to get back out of this time of Atlantis into his own time. He knew that he must have got into these Atlantean times by some very simple accidental magic, and he felt, no doubt, that he should get back in the same way. He felt almost sure that the reverse action, so to speak, of the magic would begin when the stone got back to the place where it had lain for so many thousand years before he happened to go to sleep on it, and to start—perhaps by the St. John's wort—the accidental magic. If only, when he got back there, he could think of the compelling, the magic word!

And now the slow procession wound over the downs, and far away across the plain, which was almost just the same then as it is now. Quentin saw what he knew must be Stonehenge. But it was no longer the grey pile of ruins that you have perhaps seen, or have, at any rate, seen pictures of.

As they drew near to the spot Quentin perceived that the great stones he remembered were overlaid with ornamental work, with vivid bright-coloured paintings. The whole thing was a great circular building, every stone in its place. At a mile or two distant lay a town. And in that town, with every possible luxury, served with every circumstance of servile homage, Quentin ate and slept.

That night, for the first time since he had

first gone to sleep on the altar-stone, Quentin slept apart from it. He lay on a wooden couch strewn with soft bear-skins, and a woollen coverlet was laid over him. And he slept soundly.

In the middle of the night, as it seemed, Blue Mantle woke him.

"Come," he said, "Chosen of the Gods —since you *will* be that, and no stowaway— the hour draws nigh."

The mammoth was waiting. Quentin and Blue Mantle rode on its back to the outer porch of the new temple of Stonehenge. Rows of priests and attendants, robed in white and blue and purple, formed a sort of avenue up which Blue Mantle led the Chosen of the Gods, who was Quentin. They took off his jacket and put a white dress on him, rather like a nightshirt without sleeves. And they put a thick wreath of London pride on his head and another, larger and longer, round his neck.

And by this time it was grey dawn.

"Lie down now," said Blue Mantle, "lie down, O Beloved of the Gods, upon the altar-stone, for the last time."

"I shall be able to go, then?" Quentin asked.

"You will not be able to stay," said the priest. "If going is what you desire, the desire of the Chosen of the Gods is fully granted."

Quentin lay down, with his pink wreaths and his white robe, and watched the quickening pinkiness off the East. And slowly the great circle of the temple filled with white-robed folk, all carrying in their hands the faint pinkness of the flowers which we nowadays call London pride.

And all eyes were fixed on the arch through which, at sunrise on Midsummer Day, the sun's first beam should fall upon the white, new, clean altar-stone. The stone is still there, after all these thousands of years, and at sunrise on Midsummer Day the sun's first ray still falls on it.

The sky grew lighter and lighter, and at last the sun peered redly over the down, and the first ray of the morning sunlight fell full on the altar-stone and on the face of Quentin.

And as it did so a very tall, white-robed priest, with a deer-skin apron and a curious winged head-dress, stepped forward. He carried a great bronze knife, and he waved it ten times in the shaft of sunlight that shot through the arch and on to the altar-stone.

"Thus," he cried—"thus do I bathe the sacred blade in the pure fountain of all light, all wisdom, all splendour. In the name of the ten kings, the ten virtues, the ten hopes, the ten fears, I make my weapon clean! May this temple of our love and our desire endure for ever, so long as the glory of our Lord the Sun is shed upon this earth. May the sacrifice I now humbly and proudly offer be acceptable to the gods by whom it has been so miraculously provided. Chosen of the Gods, return to the gods who sent thee!"

A roar of voices rang through the temple. The bronze knife was raised over Quentin. He could not believe that this — this horror—was the end of all these wonderful happenings.

"No, no," he cried; "it's not true. I'm not the Chosen of the Gods! I'm only a little boy that's got here by accidental magic!"

"Silence!" cried the priest. "Chosen of the Immortals, close your eyes! It will not hurt. This life is only a dream; the other life is the real life. Be strong, be brave!"

Quentin was not brave. But he shut his eyes. He could not help it. The glitter of the bronze knife in the sunlight was too strong for him.

Suddenly a sharp touch at his side told him that for this, indeed, it had all been. He felt the point of the knife.

"Mother!" he cried, and opened his eyes again.

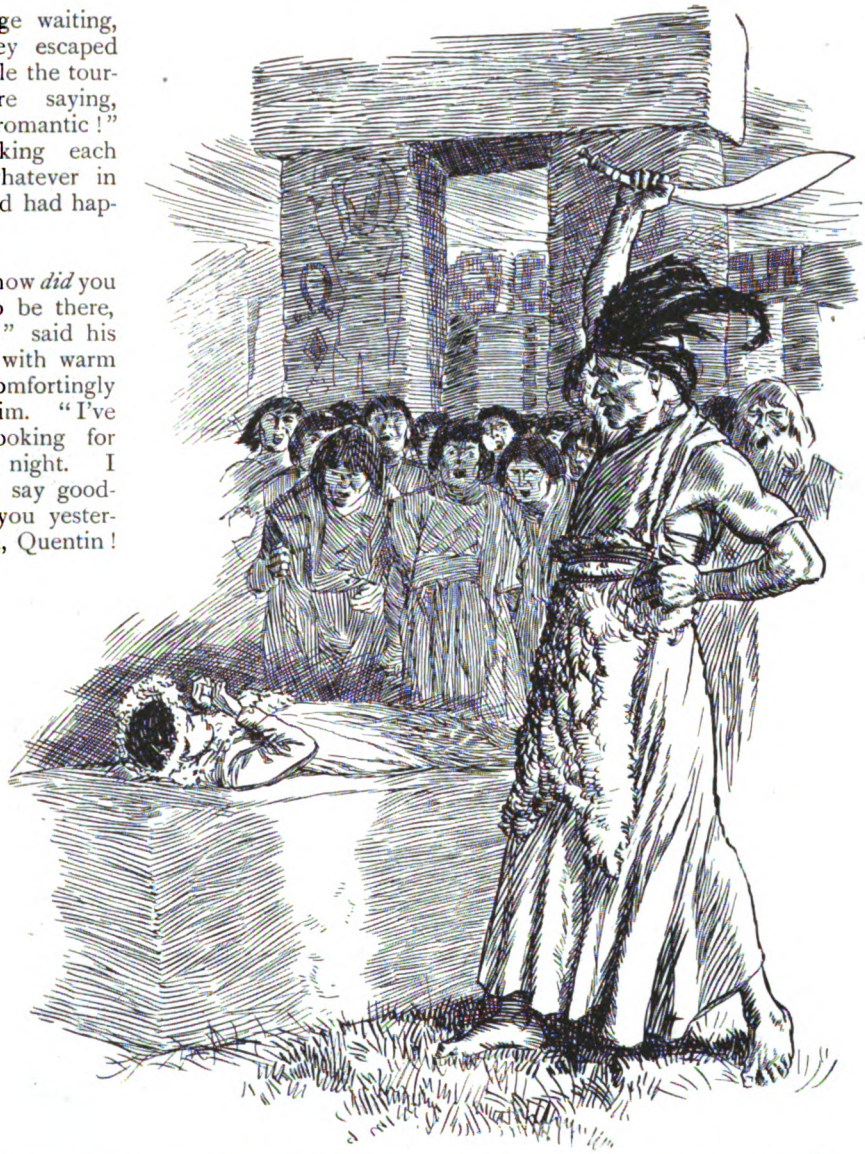
He always felt quite sure afterwards that "Mother" was the master word, the spell of spells. For when he opened his eyes there was no priest, no white-robed worshippers, no splendour of colour and metal, no Chosen of the Gods, no knife—only a little boy with a piece of sacking over him, damp with the night dews, lying on a stone amid the grey ruins of Stonehenge, and, all about him, a crowd of tourists who had come to see the sun's first shaft strike the age-old altar of Stonehenge on Midsummer Day in the morning. And instead of a knife-point at his side there was only the ferrule of the umbrella of an elderly and retired tea-merchant in a mackintosh and an Alpine hat—a ferrule which had prodded the sleeping boy.

And then, in a moment, he knew that he had not uttered the spell in vain, the word of compelling, the word of power—for his mother was there kneeling beside him.

The tourists were very kind and interested, and the tea-merchant insisted on giving Quentin something out of a flask, which was so nasty that Quentin only pretended to drink, out of politeness. His mother had

a carriage waiting, and they escaped to it while the tourists were saying, "How romantic!" and asking each other whatever in the world had happened.

"But how *did* you come to be there, darling?" said his mother, with warm arms comfortingly round him. "I've been looking for you all night. I went to say good-bye to you yesterday—oh, Quentin!



"'SILENCE!' CRIED THE PRIEST. 'CHOSEN OF THE IMMORTALS, CLOSE YOUR EYES!'"

—and I found you'd run away. How *could* you?"

"I'm sorry," said Quentin, "if it worried you. I'm sorry. Very, very. I was going to telegraph to-day." Then he told her all about it. She held him very tightly and let him talk.

Perhaps she thought that a little boy to whom accidental magic happened all in a minute, like that, was not exactly the right little boy for that excellent school in Salisbury. Anyhow, she took him to Egypt with her to meet his father.

Quentin's father is well now, and he has left the Army, and father and mother and Quentin live in a jolly little old house in Salisbury, and Quentin is a "day boy" at that very same school. He and Smithson minor are the greatest of friends. But he has never told Smithson minor about the accidental magic.

You may think that the accidental magic was all a dream, and that Quentin dreamed it because his mother had told him so much about Atlantis. But, then, how do you account for his dreaming so much that his mother had never told him?

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

A SERIO-COMIC TRAGEDY.

THERE is no need to be alarmed at this apparently terrible scene, for it is, after all, but a clever piece of illusion. Two sticks were run into the ground and gaiters and boots placed on them, while the hat and walking-stick were thrown down close by to add to the actuality of the scene. The girl, who appears to be immersed up to her knees, is merely kneeling. This photograph was taken on Dartmoor.—Mr. E. M. Lush, Teffont, Dorchester.

"PICKLEED POSK" AND "BROWN BREED."

I THINK perhaps you may consider this printed advertisement worthy of a place in your "Curiosity" pages as one more illustration of the way the English language is "murdered" in foreign countries. I believe the advertiser is a Chinaman, but, needless to say, although he guarantees his little "luscuries," I have not sampled any of his "pickleed posk" or his "brown breed."—Mr. Hugh A. Blunt, Casilla 699, Iquique, Republic of Chile.

NOTICE

Jhave the pleasure of fferlng to the public at most moderate.

Prices the following novelties which owino to the fact of sheir being seldon made in Iquiqne wil J. treust find favour amonjst those who appreciate these little luscuries.

Corned Spice Beel
,, Plain Beef
,, Breaest of mutton rolled
,, Pickleed posk

Olso Brown Breed and Scones. & &.

Y guarantee that once you try these you well be well satisfie as they are made of the best ingredients thas can ße procured and wilh the greatest care, all orderes will be promptly attended any famile requireng any of the above goods please gi-ve their orders to

J. SMITH.

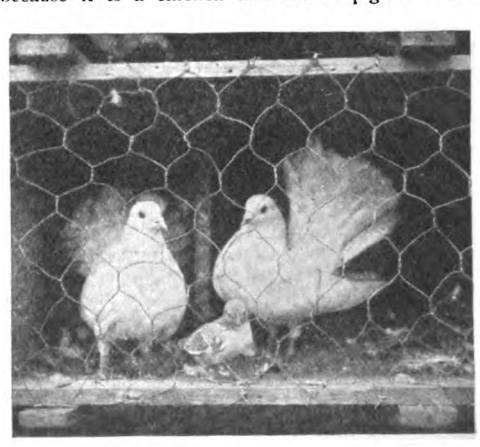
Ternis Cash — Serrano N° 233.

IS THIS TIE-PIN UNIQUE?

I AM curious to know whether there exists another tie-pin similar to the one of which I send you a photograph. The centre is a pearl formed over a small crab which strayed into the oyster, and apparently had to stay there.—Mr. E. J. J. Smith, Sergeant R.N.W.M. Police, Dawson, Yukon Territory.

A STRANGE FAMILY.

THE following experience I have recently had may be of interest to your readers. I have two fantail pigeons, both *cock birds*, and I noticed one day that they built a nest and then were sitting on it alternately, as if they were going to hatch eggs. It struck me that it might be a good idea to put an egg of my bantams into the nest to compensate the pigeons for the trouble they had taken in building it. Apparently they appreciated my doing so, as from that time they never left the nest for about three weeks, when, to my great surprise, I found a little chicken peeping from the pigeon's nest. It was touching to see how the pigeons tried to feed the chicken by opening their beaks, like pigeons do, and inviting the youngster to help himself to the contents of their crops, which, of course, it refused to do, because it is a chicken and not a pigeon. The



pigeons are very fond of the little one, and take it under their wings to keep it warm whenever it wants it, exactly like a hen treats her chickens. The picture shows it in company with its foster-parents, who always get very excited when it slips through the wire net into the open, and are quite happy again when it returns home.—Mr. Ernst Schupp, Beechcroft Avenue, Stafford.

LAST MONTH'S BRIDGE PROBLEM.

THE following is the solution of the bridge problem which appeared in our last issue: Z leads heart; Y leads diamond, Z trumps with five; Z leads spade, A takes it and leads a heart; Y trumps with four, Z plays three of trumps; Y leads a diamond, B trumps with ten, Z discards six of clubs. Y Z must win the rest.

A NEW IDEA FOR GARDENERS.

THESE curious plant stakes were photographed in a garden in Germany, where they are quite common. They are carved out of wood, and when painted in bright colours give a decidedly novel appearance to the flower border.—Mr. S. Leonard Bastin, Morningside, Lyndhurst, Hampshire.

LACING A SHOE WITHOUT A BOW.

IN a previous number of this Magazine we described and illustrated a method of lacing the boot without tying the lace in a bow or any other kind of knot. This method excited a good deal of interest, and has been very widely adopted on account of its simplicity and neatness. Its principle, however, depended on the hooks of the boot, and therefore did not apply in the case of a shoe, in which, however, the absence of a bow is much more important, as the manner in which the ends of the trousers are apt to catch in it is both unsightly and uncomfortable. A method of doing away with the shoe-bow has been communicated to us by Mr. Eille Norwood, the well-known actor. The accompanying photographs will help to make the method clear. One metal tab of the lace is cut off and a knot substituted, which can be flattened by a hammer to avoid any possible pressure on the foot; the lace is then threaded through one of the uppermost laceholes of the shoe from *underneath*, so as to leave the knot concealed. It is then passed through the opposite eyelet from *above*, as shown in Fig. 1. The lacing is then continued in the same manner *downwards*, as shown in Fig. 2. When the last eyelet has been threaded, the lace is passed up, and between the upper and lower cross rows of the lace, as shown in Fig. 3. The loops are left quite slack to enable the shoe to be put on easily, and the lace is then tightened by pulling the second loop taut, and so on downwards, keeping hold of the free end of the lace with the other hand. The free end is then drawn tight, as shown in Fig. 4, and it should be cut so as to leave a length of five or six inches. It can be tucked away comfortably out of sight in the side of the shoe. The finished effect is shown in Fig. 5. To unlace, draw the end out of the shoe, and release the bottom loop first, and the others in succession up to the top. Nothing could be neater or more simple. We believe that those of our readers who try this method will not readily discard it.

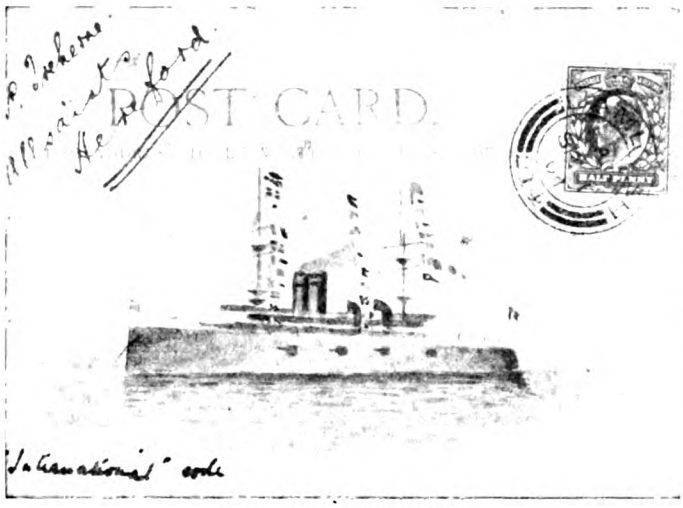
FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.



AN ADDRESS IN FLAGS.

I RECEIVED this postcard from my son when he was on H.M.S. *Mars*, the name and address, as you will see, being given in flags in the international code, which appears to have presented little difficulty to the postal authorities.—Mrs. M. Treherne, All Saints' Vicarage, Hereford.

A PROUD FOSTER-MOTHER.

IN one of your recent issues you published a photograph showing a rat being "mothered by a cat." The photograph I now send is of a much more curious instance—that of a hen mothering a litter of pigs! The hen lost her brood and at once took on the responsibility of looking after the litter of about a dozen young pigs, the sow being still living. She would spread her wings out in approved style and try to cover the whole of the dozen while they were sucking, and refused to leave the sty at night. The vigorous "clucking" to get her unwieldy family together was quite amusing. The sow and others of this strange family belong to Mrs. Ing's farm, Lyndhurst, Hants.—Mr. F. W. Howard, High Street, Lyndhurst.

A PUZZLE FOR DOMINO-PLAYERS.

THIS puzzle consists in arranging a set of twenty-eight dominoes in seven rows of four each, so that the total number of spots in each row is twenty-four and in each column forty-two. The above

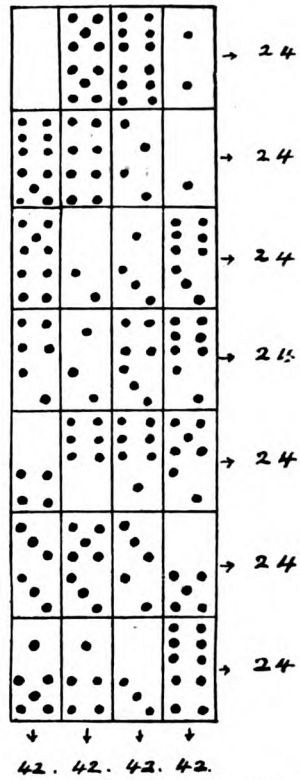
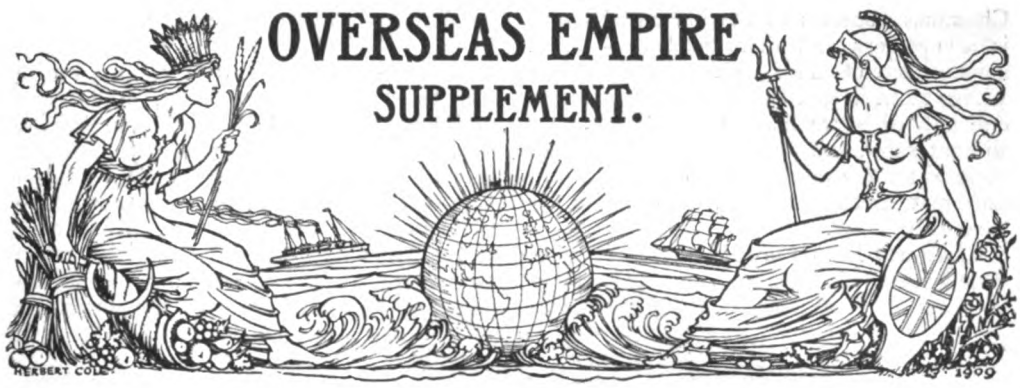


illustration shows how this may be done; but, of course, other solutions may be obtained by interchanging dominoes of equal value.—Mr. T. H. Neal, St. Martin's, Marlborough, Wilts.

STILL MORE SUPPLE FINGERS.

IT has interested me to see your reproductions of supple fingers. If none of your readers can imitate this example, which represents how far, in this particular manner, I can bend my own digits, I think I may claim (to my surprise) to be able to do an uncommon thing. Yet it seems simple enough, and no doubt others *can* do the same thing. It should be noted that the finger-points are almost "dug" into the neighbouring finger-roots, instead of being placed merely on the knuckles above.—W. W. D. C.



CHRISTMAS IN CANADA.

By HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY.

ON a Christmas Eve in London, now many years ago, I called on a Canadian friend who was over here on a visit. I found him crouching over a fire, with his overcoat on, and a chest protector and a back protector, besides all the ordinary clothes he was used to wearing in his Canadian home in mid-winter; and still, he said, he could not keep warm. The temperature was not very low, according to the thermometer; he was just having a first experience of the damp, gloomy, chilling air that surrounds us for weeks at a time, and he felt as if he were sitting in a refrigerator.

I took him out to a suburb and showed him people playing lawn-tennis on the green turf of their garden. He was impressed, and even astonished. "But it doesn't make me warm to look at them," he added. "I have never felt so cold in my life in Canada. I could stand it for a while out of doors, moving about, but the idea of having the same sort of atmosphere indoors and outdoors is a little too much for me. You say 'A green Christmas makes a full churchyard.' You can have your churchyard, and welcome; I want to stay above ground, so I am going off by the next steamer to Canada, where there's plenty of snow and sunshine and I can keep warm without any trouble, either outdoors or in."

I know that some Canadians are inclined to shrink from saying much in public about the snow and frost of their winter, in case they might frighten the timid and the ignorant. It is interesting to see, however, that the Canadian Prime Minister himself robustly refuses to harbour any such nervous apprehensions. Replying to an address in the West the other day, he said:—

"I have no fault whatever to find with the Canadian climate. Some few years ago Rudyard Kipling, the Imperial poet, referring to Canada as 'Our Lady of the Snows,' caused some critics to find fault with the title. I approve the appellation. The climate of Canada is the glory of Canada. It is the climate of Canada which makes 'No. 1 Hard Wheat.' It is the climate of Canada which puts the bloom upon the cheeks of the better half of the audience before me. When I rise on a winter morning and see the smoke rising in the atmosphere a hundred feet above the chimneys perpendicularly in the clear, cold, still air, I know what it is that makes our men strong and our women beautiful. This country has not been made by God for the effete, for the timorous or the laggard, but the strong and willing will find labour rewarded as in no other part of the world."

It is cheering to hear good sense like that.

Delightful as it is to sail and float in summer on the lakes that lie scattered in thousands over the face of Canada, it is not till winter that the tide of pleasure rises to its height. Lacrosse is a magnificent game—a finer display of combined grace and skill than any other game, in my humble opinion. But the snow and frost, which make lacrosse and baseball and football impossible, make possible a whole group of sports that we are deprived of by our half-hearted winter climate.

The crisp, sparkling snow that we are presented with on Christmas cards and in the

Christmas numbers of the illustrated papers is a mockery and delusion here — but a genuine fact in Canada. Of the many winters I have spent in that happy land, I remember one only when we had to spend Christmas without snow, and we did not like it, though there was some compensation for skaters in the great stretches of clear ice that did not have to be swept.

Christmas is to Canadians what it is to Old-Country folk, only more so. It is sacred both as the anniversary of the Christ-Child and as the time of family gatherings and festivities. I am not likely to forget the first Christmas I spent in Canada. As a young emigrant I fancied I might have a rather dismal experience at such a time, thinking of the family gathering at home three thousand miles away. My fears were soon blown away by the breeze of good fellowship that I met. I found that in Canada, if a man did not hold aloof from others in chilly isolation, others would not hold aloof from him. Friendship is a plant easily cultivated, and it repays cultivation a hundred fold ; but indifference, whether it is real or only a mask worn by shyness, cannot produce anything better than indifference in those who might have become friends.

Imagine yourself now awaking on a Christmas morning, let us say, in the city of Montreal. I will not ask you, by the way, to imagine anything that I have not actually experienced. Instead of an English fog or weak diluted sunlight, the atmosphere is flooded with brilliance. Instead of cabs and milkmen's carts rattling over the paved and muddy street, you hear only the musical jingle of the horse-bells as the otherwise noiseless sleighs glide by under your window, and high above all, as the morning grows, the chimes of church-bells rise.

CURLERS AT THEIR "ROARIN' GAME" IN THE RINK—APPARENTLY THERE IS NO NEED FOR HEAVY WRAPS.

By courtesy of "Canada."

Before going out perhaps you look at the thermometer—not for fear it is cold, but to make sure it is cold enough. You have learnt by experience that the thing to be disliked is not a hard frost, but a thaw. The winter that you enjoy is one of good, steady frost, with snow falling often enough to make a new road-bed from time to time when the old snow is getting worn and dirty. The winter that you would like to avoid is one that is broken by spells of untimely mildness, when the snow gets moist and slushy.

To-day the mercury is good and low, and you sally forth in confident hope of a fine time. Perhaps you wear a fur cap, and even a fur coat; but that is a matter of taste, not of necessity. With a good ordinary overcoat, a cap that you can pull down if your ears begin to tingle, a pair of fleece-lined gloves, and rubber overshoes to give you a good foothold, you are as warm and comfortable in the open air as if you were sitting in front of a fire.

I will not ask if you are going to church. If you are, you have all varieties to choose from. I remember Mark Twain saying, when he visited Montreal and we gave him a public dinner, that he could not throw a stone in the streets of that city without breaking a church window!

In the afternoon I hope you will join us in a snow-shoe tramp over the mountain—the lovely wooded height on whose slopes the city is built. Mount Royal is a truly royal park which any city in the world might envy.

You may be an expert with the Norwegian snowshoes—and this sport of ski-ing has become quite acclimatized in the New World of late years. But this time I hope you will condescend to wear the good old Canadian snow-shoe, a network of gut stretched on a light wooden frame. Your feet, for this excursion, are encased in soft deerskin moccasins and several pairs of woollen socks; and, though you can wear anything else you please, for comfort there is nothing like the old snow-shoeing costume of blanket tunic and knickerbockers.

You feel awkward enough at first; but if you trip over your own shoes and plunge into the pure white snow you will treat the incident as an exhilarating joke; and in half an hour, to your own astonishment, you will be footing it as deftly as a native. Shod like this, you will presently discover that the going is easier on the snow than it would be in ordinary shoes on a common road. Twenty miles will be nothing to you. But it is Christmas Day, and there is a great evening ahead of us, so we shall take no long tramp to-day. In and out among the trees we wind and climb till we draw breath at the top and feast our eyes on the glorious view—the great plain stretching away to a range of mountains, a plain broken by groves of trees, and dotted with villages sending up their little wreaths of smoke and firing your imagination with dreams of country pies and dough-nuts.

We come down a good deal faster than we went up, sliding down the steeps, and change our clothes for the family dinner. Our host and hostess and their children are all Canadian born, and have never even visited the Old Country; but the Old-Country guest finds their spirit delightfully home-like, and their dinner, too. Here is the familiar big turkey, and here is the familiar plum-pudding. The pies are round and flat, with upper crust and under crust, and the cakes are wonders of architectural cookery, rising storey over storey to a roof of chocolate or icing and walnuts. If you do not ask a second help of both you must have extraordinary self-restraint.

The Christmas-tree, too! No trumpery little thing in a flower-pot, but a handsome young spruce as high as the room, felled by the big boy of the family on a farm not two miles from town, and dragged home on a toboggan, to be planted in a bed of big Christmas presents on the drawing-room floor, with little Christmas presents dangling from the branches among constellations of lighted candles.

It is a lively evening we spend when Father Christmas (or Santa Claus, as he has a way of calling himself) comes blustering in, shaking the snow off his blanket coat in the hall, and sets us playing games that the fashionable world (poor thing!) has almost forgotten the names of.

We must put off our tobogganing party till the following night—but then! Ah, then, if your experience of the sport has been limited to a feeble imitation on Hampstead Heath, you will have "the time of your life." The great slide is on the top of the mountain. I will not attempt to portray your indescribable sensations as you shoot down the chute and the ice-track. "I wouldn't have missed it for a hundred dollars," said a Yankee visitor whom I had piloted on his first run, "and I wouldn't go again for a thousand." But he did. After his second run he wanted to go on all night, and I could hardly get him home to the dance and the supper that crowned the festival.

Words fail me when I think of the curlers at their "roarin' game" in the curling rinks night after night, and the ice-hockey matches in the bigger skating rinks, and the fascination of a sleigh-drive in the dazzling moonlight.

Do you think it is only the townsfolk who enjoy themselves in winter? Well, another Christmas I should like you to come with me to a farm-house up in Ontario. It is not in one of the "crack" counties where they grow peaches and grapes by the ton. It is just a common farm in an ordinary district; but

the farmer is prosperous, like almost every other farmer in Canada who knows his business, with a fine herd of dairy cattle, and a little apple-orchard, and a strawberry-field, and I don't know how many bee-hives as "side-shows."

"A friend of yours is a friend of mine," he writes, "so bring him along."

When we alight from the train we find him waiting with a great sleigh capable of holding a dozen, and a handsome team capable of drawing them and a dozen more. Passing through the village, we stop at a little house and load up with a whole family of the farmer's kinsfolk. It is a close fit, but we manage it, and, with feet and legs covered with old buffalo robes, we make a gay party as we skim down the hill and race along the level, only slackening up when we turn out of the road for a short cut through the deeper snow in the woods—the "bush," where the farmer taps the maple trees every spring and boils down the sap into sugar and syrup.

A warm country welcome awaits us when we drive up to the veranda steps of the red brick house—on the site, by the way, of the old log hut where our host's father made his first Canadian home. The ladies are deep in kitchen mysteries, and when the table is loaded and groaning and smoking under the result of their efforts you wonder whether any mere city repast could ever come up to this. The mistress of this house does not look on household work as drudgery; she is an artist in housekeeping, and takes a pride in the miraculous variety and quality of her preserves and pickles, without in the least neglecting such fundamentals as meat and bread. Both she and her husband, hard as they work, seem to arrange their duties so that they can have plenty of time and energy and interest left for enjoyment, and no one, old or young, in that crowded houseful of family and guests could enter with more zest than they do into the pleasure of the evening—the games, the songs, and the Christmas-tree.

"THE TIME OF ONE'S LIFE"—THE START OF A TOBOGGANING RUN.
By courtesy of "Canada."

The night is no longer young when the big saucepan of toffee is poured out into the snow to cool; but there is no need to think of going home, for the sleeping accommodation is wonderfully elastic—where there's a will to be hospitable there's a way.

What with parties in the village and on neighbouring farms, and "socials" at the churches, our country friends have no lack of winter recreation, even if the towns have the advantage in organized sport. Whether in town or country, the season is kept in the fine old spirit of good cheer and good fellowship, and I, for one, shall enjoy as long as I live the happiest memories of Christmas in Canada.

FIG. 1.

FASHIONS OF THE MOMENT.

By "EvE."

Dec., 1910.

MOST women's thoughts are directed to the subject of evening frocks at the moment, the favourite colours for these being black, maize, pale heliotrope, and Irish green, allied to trimming bands and bows of ermine. This note of green is also much seen in the latest evening wraps, but a stronger rival is crushed mulberry. Beaver and ermine trim many of these effectively round the lower edge, but deep facings of satin take the place of the peltry in less expensive models, embroideries of silk and gold threads in Persian design adorning the collar parts. Another evening mode is the all-velvet "overcoat," lined with white satin and edged with ermine, the front of which wraps right over and fastens at the extreme left with one immense button of elaborate workmanship.

FIG. 2.

SMART YET SIMPLE

Fig. 1.—This delightful sketch illustrates one of the latest modes in evening coiffures. It is puffed out over the hair-covered wire frame, particularly at the back, where the ends are turned in and secured. A tail of hair is then brought over the front and tucked in well over the ears. The two front strands of hair are loosely waved and combed back over this to conceal the fastenings, and are deftly pinned into the tresses behind the ears, the ends being allowed to hang carelessly.

Fig. 2.—A delightfully simple wrapper which can at once be made to do duty for any occasion of the day according to the particular material in which it is expressed. As a dressing-gown it would look well in soft coral pink cashmere with silk trimmings of the same shade. As a tea or rest wrap, wedgwood blue would be delightful, combined with oxidized silver ornaments and cord and gold tassels finishing the sash and throat knots.

A DAINTY MORNING SHIRT.

FIG. 3.

Orders for paper patterns, accompanied by postal order, should be addressed to "The Strand Fashions" Pattern Dept., 3-13, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Fig. 3.—A becoming blouse for home wear, which is equally suitable for cashmere, wool-back satin, silk, or even velvet. A flat pattern can be obtained in a 22in. or 24in. waist size post free for 6½d.

The high-waisted effect is very noticeable, also the narrow skirt, which, though mostly freed from any restraining band, gives very little sign yet of any great increase of fulness. Two and a half to two and three-quarter yards round the hem is the present accepted width.

Now that the principal items of winter outfits are provided, more attention is being given to the "little things" that go so much to the making or marring of a toilette. Mourning has necessarily brought out many shades of grey and "dulled" tints, but here and there peeps are already given us of tiny touches of vivid tartans, bright green, blue, orange, and Venetian red.

Mist, pewter, iron and storm greys, china blue, jade, heliotrope, and rose—not "old" rose—are the most fashionable colours of

Fig. 4.—House-gowns of the Russian persuasion show no signs of diminishing in popularity, this design being modelled on the one-piece idea. Soft cashmere, satin-faced cloth, or heavy silk materials should fashion this dress, the trimmings being of velvet or satin in a darker shade. The original of this model was in mustard yellow with black trimmings. A flat pattern is obtainable in a 22in. or 24in. waist size for 6½d., post free.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

Fig. 5.—This costume strikes a new note in the matter of the skirt, which has been particularly designed for country walking in windy weather. The effect of the pleats is extremely becoming, while the undesirable fulness usually resulting from these at the foot part is effectively kept down and secured by the broad footband. It should be expressed in hop-sack or rough serge, and ornamented with narrow black fancy braid and steel buttons.

Fig. 6.—A soft smooth-faced coating allied to dull silk of the same shade, with covered buttons of the same, is answerable for this very simple but chic model, which relies solely for its effect on its smart cut. This is one of the newest models received from Paris, and it will be noticed that the sleeve fulness at the shoulder already shows a slight sign of the increase that is predicted.

FIG. 6.

FIG. 7.

Fig. 7.—Another model of simple cut and trim effect, relieved from hardness of outline by the pretty cuff and collar trimming, which is edged with knife pleated silk frilling. The skirt, it will be observed, is quite narrow in width, but its studied cut enables it to hang with all the fulness needful both for comfort and looks.

FIG. 8.

AN EVENING TOILETTE.

Fig. 8.—Simple evening blouses are being very much exploited at the moment for hurried theatre visits and hotel dinners. Our design shows a confection of plain and spotted silk becomingly tucked over the shoulders, and daintily trimmed with fine insertion. This latter may be sewn with sequins, crystal beads, or pearls. A flat pattern for a 24in. waist size is obtainable for 6½d., post free.

the moment for gowns, and also ochre and mustard yellows, which, however, must have black accompaniments.

Velvet holds firm sway in the millinery realm, and the more carelessly it is gathered on to the various toque shapes the more *chic* and becoming it looks, especially if the brim is lined inside with a gathered lace frill, and an aigrette or buckle ornament upstanding at the left side.

So many readers have expressed their delight at seeing the fashions in this magazine, and have also wished that patterns were obtainable for some of the more simple designs, that we have pleasure this month in inserting for them several carefully-thought-out models which can usually be made up by the home pattern-user or small dressmaker.

Our readers will find these a great advantage, too, for handing over to their maid when any alterations are required in existing costumes or a smart little confection is needed to be run up suddenly and quickly from any available materials at hand, without waiting the convenience of the usual dressmaker.

Fig. 9.—A pretty home gown, specially designed for thin materials, in a smoke grey tint, of soft silk, crêpe de Chine, ninon, or Indian cashmere. A pretty embroidered pattern decorates the foot part of skirt and front of bodice effectively in three shades of silk, such as coral, turquoise blue, and olive green, with silver tinsel.

AN EMBROIDERED GOWN

FIG. 9.